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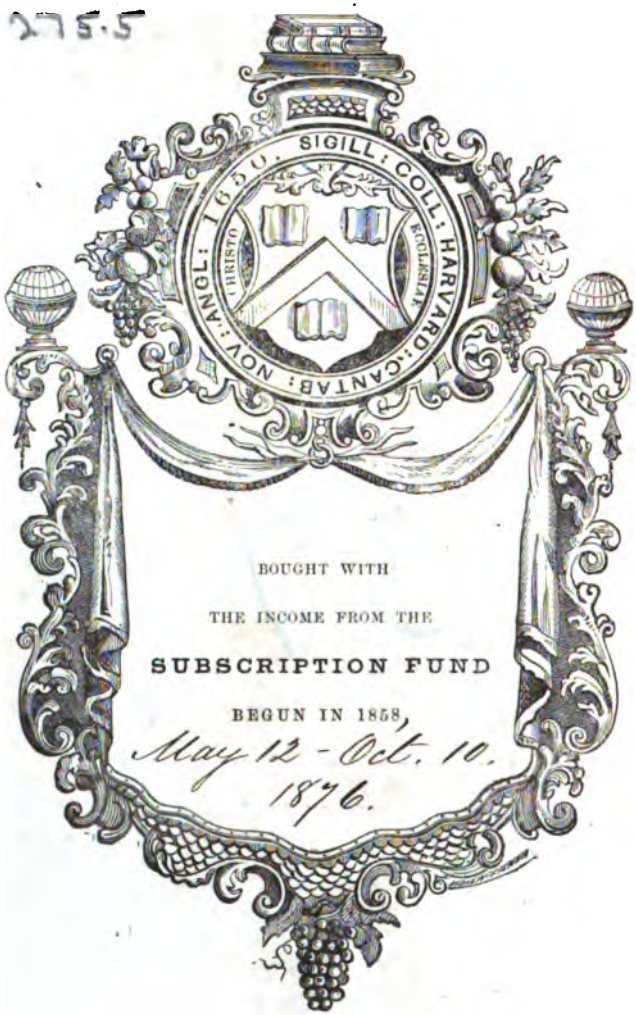

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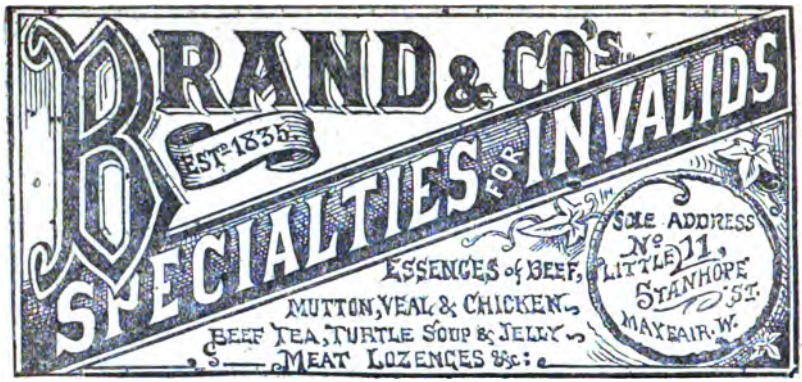

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do, and as I have done myself, the layer of vapour in a spheroidal state preventing any chemical contact with the skin. As for the walking over red-hot ploughshares, or carrying a red-hot iron bar three paces in the palm of the hand, its fraudulent nature fits with the fact that the ecclesiastics who administered it took their precautions against close approach of spectators much more carefully than the jugglers do who handle the red-hot bars and walk over the ploughshares nowadays; and, moreover, any list of cases will show how inevitably the friend of the Church got off, while the man on the wrong side was sure to "lose his cause and burn his fingers." Remembering how Queen Emma in the story, with uplifted eyes walked over the ploughshares without knowing it, and then asked when the trial was to begin, and how, after this triumphant issue, one-and-twenty manors were settled on the bishopric and church of Winchester, it may be inferred with some probability that in such cases the glowing ploughshares glowed with nothing more dangerous than daubs of red paint.

Almost the only effect of ordeals which can be looked upon as beneficial to society, is that the belief in their efficacy has done something to deter the credulous from crime, and still more often has led the guilty to betray himself by his own terrified imagination. Visitors to Rome know the great round marble mask called the Bocca della Verità. It is but the sink of an old drain; but many a frightened knave has shrunk from the test of putting his hand into its open "mouth of truth" and taking oath of his innocence, lest it should really close on him as tradition says it does on the forsworn. The ordeal by the mouthful of food is still popular in Southern Asia for its practical effectiveness: the thief in the household, his mouth dry with nervous terror, fails to masticate or swallow fairly the grains of rice. So in old England, the culprit may have failed to swallow the consecrated cor-snæd, or trial-slice of bread or cheese; it stuck in his throat, as in Earl Godwin's in the story. To this day the formula, "May this mouthful choke me if I am not speaking truth!" keeps up the memory of the official ordeal. Not less effective is the ordeal by curse still used in Russia to detect a thief. The *babushka*, or local witch, stands with a vessel of water before her in the midst of the assembled household, and makes bread pills to drop in, saying to each in order, "Ivan Ivanoff, if you are guilty, as this ball falls to the bottom, so your soul will fall into hell." But this is more than any common Russian will face, and the rule is that the culprit confesses at sight. This is the best that can be said for ordeals. Under their most favourable aspect, they are useful delusions or pious frauds. At worst they are those wickedest of human deeds, crimes disguised behind the mask of justice. Shall we wonder that the world, slowly trying its institutions by the experience of ages, has at last come to the stage of casting out the judicial ordeal; or shall we rather wonder at the constitution of the human mind, which for so many ages has set up the creations of delusive fancy to hold sway over a world of facts?

From the Ordeal we pass to the Oath. The oath, for purposes of classification, may be best defined as an asseveration made under superhuman penalty, such penalty being (as in the ordeal), either magical or religious in its nature, or both combined. Here, then, we distinguish the oath from the mere declaration, or promise, or covenant, however formal. For example, the covenant by grasping hands is not in itself an oath, nor is even that widespread ancient ceremony of entering into a bond of brotherhood by the two parties mixing drops of their blood, or tasting each other's. This latter rite, though often called an oath, can under this definition be only reckoned as a solemn compact. But when a Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered over with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit if he breaks his word, or when in our police-courts we make a Chinaman swear by taking an earthen saucer and breaking it on the rail in front of the witness-

box, signifying, as the interpreter then puts it in words, "if you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like this saucer," we have here two full oaths, of which the penalty, magical or religious, is shown in pantomime before us. By the way, the English judges who authorised this last sensational ceremony must have believed that they were calling on a Chinaman to take a judicial oath after the manner of his own country; but they acted under a mistake, for in fact the Chinese use no oaths at all in their law-courts. Now we have to distinguish these real oaths from mere asseverations, in which emphatic terms, or descriptive gestures are introduced merely for the purpose of showing the strength of resolve in the declarer's mind. Where, then, does the difference lie between the two? It is to be found in the incurring of supernatural penalty. There would be no difficulty at all in clearing up the question, were it not that theologians have set up a distinction between oaths of imprecation and oaths of witness. Such subtleties, however, looked at from a practical point of view, are seen to be casuistic cobwebs which a touch of the rough broom of common sense will sweep away. The practical question is this: does the swearer mean that by going through the ceremony, he brings on himself, if he breaks faith, some special magic harm, or divine displeasure and punishment? If so, the oath is practically imprecatory; if not, it is futile, wanting the very sanction which gives it legal value. It does not matter whether the imprecation is stated, or only implied. When a Bedouin picks up a straw, and swears by Him who made it grow and wither, there is no need to accompany this with a homily on the fate of the perjured. This reticence is so usual in the world, that as often as not we have to go outside the actual formula and ceremony to learn what their full intention is.

Let us now examine some typical forms of oath. The rude natives of New Guinea swear by the sun, or by a certain mountain, or by a weapon, that the sun may burn them, or the mountain crush them, or the weapon wound them, if they lie. The even ruder savages of the Brazilian forests, to confirm their words, raise the hand over the head or thrust it into their hair, or they will touch the points of their weapons. These two accounts of savage ceremony introduce us to customs well-known to nations of higher culture. The raising of the hand toward the sky seems to mean here what it does elsewhere. It is in gesture calling on the Heaven-god to smite the perjurer with his thunderbolt. The touching of the head, again, carries its meaning among these Brazilians, almost as plainly as in Africa, where we find men swearing by their heads or limbs, in the belief that they would wither if forsworn; or as when among the Old Prussians a man would lay his right hand on his own neck, and his left on the holy oak, saying: "May Perkun (the thunder-god) destroy me!" As to swearing by weapons, another graphic instance of its original meaning comes from Aracan, where the witness swearing to speak the truth takes in his hand a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth, and a thunderbolt (that is, of course, a stone celt). The oath by the weapon not only lasted on through classic ages, but remained so common in Christendom, that it was expressly forbidden by a Synod; even in the seventeenth century, to swear on the sword (like Hamlet's friends in the ghost scene) was still a legal oath in Holstein. As for the holding up the hand to invoke the personal divine sky, the successor of this primitive gesture remains to this day among the chief acts in the solemn oaths of European nations.

It could scarcely be shown more clearly with what childlike imagination the savage conceives that a symbolic action, such as touching his head or his spear, will somehow pass into reality. In connection with this group of oaths, we can carry yet a step further the illustration of the way men's minds work in this primitive stage of association of ideas. One of the accounts from New Guinea is that the swearer, holding up an arrow, calls on Heaven to punish

him if he lies; but by turning the arrow the other way, the oath can be neutralized. This is magic all over. What one symbol can do, the reverse symbol can undo. True to the laws of primitive magical reasoning, uncultured men elsewhere still carry on the symbolic reversal of their oaths. An Abyssinian chief, who had sworn an oath he disliked, has been seen to scrape it off his tongue and spit it out. There are still places in Germany where the false witness reckons to escape the spiritual consequences of perjury by crooking one finger, to make it, I suppose, not a straight but a crooked oath, or he puts his left hand to his side to neutralise what the right hand is doing. Here is the idea of our "over the left;" but so far as I know this has come down with us to mere schoolboy's shuffling.

It has just been noticed that the arsenal of deadly weapons by which the natives of Aracan swear, includes a tiger's tusk and a crocodile's tooth. This leads us to a group of instructive rites belonging to Central and North Asia. Probably to this day, there may be seen in Russian law-courts in Siberia the oath on the bear's head. When an Ostyak is to be sworn, a bear's head is brought into court, and the man makes believe to bite at it, calling on the bear to devour him in like manner if he does not tell the truth. Now the meaning of this act goes beyond magic and into religion, for we are here in the region of bear worship, among people who believe that this wise and divine beast knows what goes on, and will come and punish them. Nor need one wonder at this, for the idea that the bear will hear and come if called on is familiar to German mythology. I was interested to find it still in survival in Switzerland a few years ago, when a peasant woman, whom a mischievous little English boy had irritated beyond endurance, pronounced the ancient awful imprecation on him, "The bear take thee!" (der Bär nimm dich!) Among the hill tribes of India a tiger's-skin is sworn on in the same ·nse as the bear's head among the ·yaks. Rivers, again, which to the savage and barbarian are intelligent and personal divinities, are sworn by in strong belief that their waters will punish him who takes their name in vain. We can understand why Homeric heroes swore by the rivers, when we hear still among Hindus how the sacred Ganges will take vengeance sure and terrible on the children of the perjurer. It is with the same personification, the same fear of impending chastisement from the outraged deity that savage and barbaric men have sworn by sky or sun. Thus the Huron Indian would say in making solemn promise: "Heaven hears what we do this day!" and the Tunguz, brandishing a knife before the sun, would say: "If I lie, may the sun plunge sickness into my entrails like this knife." We have but to rise one stage higher in religious ideas to reach the type of the famous Roman oaths by Jupiter, the Heaven-god. He who swore held in his hand a stone, praying that, if he knowingly deceived, others might be safe in their countries and laws, their holy places and their tombs, but he alone might be cast out, as this stone now—and he flung it from him. Even more impressive was the great treaty-oath where the pater patratus, holding the sacred flint that symbolized the thunderbolt, called on Jove that if by public counsel or wicked fraud the Romans should break the treaty first—"in that day, O Jove, smite thou the Roman people as I here to-day shall smite this swine, and smite the heavier as thou art the stronger!" So saying, he slew the victim with the sacred stone.

These various examples may be taken as showing the nature and meaning of such oaths as belong to the lower stages of civilization. Their binding power is that of curses, that the perjurer may be visited by mishap, disease, death. But at a higher stage of culture, where the gods are ceasing to be divine natural objects like the Tiber or Ganges, or the Sun or Sky, but are passing into the glorified human or heroic stage, like Apollo or Venus, there comes into view a milder kind of oath, where the man enters into fealty with the god, whom he asks to

favour or preserve him on condition of his keeping troth. Thus, while the proceeding is still an oath with a penalty, this penalty now lies in the perjurer's forfeiting the divine favour. To this milder form, which we may conveniently call the "oath of conditional favour," belong such classic phrases as "So may the gods love me!" (*Ita me Dii ament!*) "As I wish the gods to be propitious to me!" (*Ita mihi Deos velim propitios*). I call attention to this class of oaths, of which we shall presently meet with a remarkable example nearer home. We have now to take into consideration a movement of far larger scope.

Returning to the great first-mentioned class of savage and barbaric oaths, sworn by gestures or weapons, or by invocation of divine beasts, or rivers, or greater nature-deities—the question now to be asked is, what is the nature of the penalties? They are that the perjurer may be withered by disease, wounded, drowned, smitten by the thunderbolt, and so forth, all these being temporal, visible punishments. The state of belief to which the whole class belong is that explicitly described among the natives of the Tonga Islands, where oaths were received on the declared ground that the gods would punish the false-swearer here on earth. A name is wanted to denote this class of oaths, belonging especially to the lower culture; let us call them "mundane oaths." Now it is at a point above the savage level in culture that the thought first comes in of the perjurer being punished in a world beyond the grave. This was a conception familiar to the Egyptians in their remotely ancient civilization. It was at home among the old Homeric Greeks, as when Agamemnon, swearing his mighty oaths, calls to witness not only Father Zeus, and the all-seeing Sun, and the Rivers, and Earth, but also the Erinnys who down below chastise the souls of the dead, whosoever shall have been forsworn. Not less plainly is it written in the ancient Hindu Laws of Manu—"A man of understanding shall swear no false oath even in a trifling matter, for he who swears a false oath goes hereafter and here to destruction." To this higher stage of culture then belongs the introduction of the new "post-mundane" element into oaths. For ages afterward, nations might still use either kind, or combine them by adding the penalty after death to that in life. But in the later course of history there comes plainly into view a tendency to subordinate the old mundane oath, and at last to suppress it altogether. How this came to pass is plain on the face of the matter. It was simply the result of accumulated experience. The continual comparison of opinions with facts could not but force observant minds to admit that a man might swear falsely on sword's edge or spear's point, and yet die with a whole skin; that bears and tigers were not to be depended on to choose perjurers for their victims, and that in fact the correspondence between the imprecation and the event was not real, but only ideal. How judgment by real results thus shaped itself in men's minds we may see by the way it came to public utterance in classic times, nowhere put more cogently than in the famous dialogue in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. The old farmer Strepsiades asks, Whence comes the blazing thunderbolt that Zeus hurls at the perjured? "You fool," replies the Sokrates of the play, "you smack of old Kronos' times—if Zeus smote perjurers, wouldn't he have been down on those awful fellows Simon, and Kleonymos, and Theoros? Why, what Zeus does with his bolt is to smite his own temple, and the heights of Sunium, and the tall oaks! Do you mean to say that an oak-tree can commit perjury?" What is said here in chaff full many a reasonable man in the old days must have said to himself in the soberest earnest, and once said or thought, but one result could come of it—the result which history shows us did come. The venue of the judicial oath was gradually changed, till the later kind, with its penalties transferred from earth to the region of departed souls, remained practically in possession of the field.

As a point in the science of culture which has hitherto been scarcely if at all

observed, I am anxious to call attention to the historical stratification of judicial oaths, from the lowest stratum of mundane oaths belonging to savage or barbaric times, to the highest stratum of post-mundane oaths such as obtain among modern civilized nations. Roughly, the development in the course of ages may be expressed in the following two classifications—

Mundane.	Oaths.	Curse.
Mixed.		Conditional Favour.
Post-Mundane.		Judgment.

Though these two series only partly coincide in history, they so far fit that the judicial oaths of the lower culture belong to the class of mundane curse, while those of the higher culture in general belong to that of post-mundane judgment. Anthropologically, this is the most special new view I have here to bring forward. It forms part of a wider generalization, belonging at once to the science of morals and the science of religion. But rather than open out the subject into this too wide field, we may do well to fix it in our minds by tracing a curious historical point in the legal customs of our own country. Every one knows that the modes of administering a judicial oath in Scotland and in England are not the same. In Scotland, where the witness holds up his hand toward heaven, and swears to tell the truth as he shall answer to God at the Day of Judgment, we have before us the most explicit possible example of a post-mundane oath framed on Christian lines. In contrasting this with the English judicial oath, we first notice that our acted ceremony consists commonly in taking a New Testament in the hand and kissing it. Thus, unlike the Scotch oath, the English oath is sworn on a *halidome* (Anglo-Saxon *hâligdōm*, German *heiligthum*), a holy or sacred object. Many writers have fallen into confusion about this word, mystifying it into sacred judgment or "holy doom;" but it is a perfectly straightforward term for a sanctuary or relic, as "On tham haligdome swerian"—to swear by the relic. Now this custom of swearing on a halidome belongs to far præ-Christian antiquity, one famous example being when Hannibal, then a lad of nine years old, was brought by his father to the altar and made to swear by touching the sacred things (tactis sacris) that when he grew up he would be the enemy of Rome. In classical antiquity the sacred objects were especially the images and altars of the gods, as it is put in a scene in Plautus—"Touch this altar of Venus!" The man answers, "I touch it," and then he is sworn. When this ancient rite came into use in early Christian England, the object touched might be the altar itself, or a relic-shrine like that which Harold is touching with his right forefinger in the famous scene in the Bayeux tapestry, or it might be a Missal, or a book of the Gospels. In modern England, a copy of the New Testament has become the recognized halidome on which oaths are taken, and the practice of kissing it has almost supplanted the older and more general custom of touching it with the hand.

Next, our attention must be called to the remarkable formula in which (in England, not in Scotland) the invocation of the Deity is made, "So help me God!" or "So help you God!" Many a modern Englishman puzzles over this obscure form of words. When the question is asked what the meaning of the oath is, the official interpretation practically comes to saying that it means the same as the Scotch oath. But neither by act nor word does it convey this meaning. So obvious is the discrepancy between what is considered to be meant, and what is actually done and said, that Paley, remarking on the different forms of swearing in different countries, does not scruple to say that they are "in no country in the world, I believe, worse contrived either to convey the meaning, or impress the obligation of an oath, than in our own."

This remark of Paley's aptly illustrates a principle of the science of culture which cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of all who study the institutions of their own or any other age. People often talk of mystic

formulas and mystic ceremonies. But the more we study civilization in its earlier stages, the more we shall find that formulas and ceremonies, both in law and in religion, are as purposeful and business-like as can be, if only we get at them anywhere near their origin. What happens afterwards is this, that while men's thoughts and wants gradually change, the old phrases and ceremonies are kept up by natural conservatism, so that they become less and less appropriate, and then as their meaning falls away, its place is apt to be filled up with mystery. Applying this principle to the English oath-formula, we ask what and where it originally was. It was Teutonic-Scandinavian, for though corresponding formulas are known in Latin (*Ita me adjuvet Deus*) and in Old French (*Ce m'ait Diex*, &c.), these are shown by their comparatively recent dates to be mere translations of the Germanic originals. Now although ancient English and German records fail to give the early history of the phrase, this want is fortunately supplied by a document preserved in Iceland. Some while after the settlement of the island by the Northmen, but long before their conversion to Christianity, the settlers felt the urgent need of a code of laws, and accordingly Ulfliot went to Norway for three years to Thorleif the Wise, who imparted to him his legal lore. Ulfliot went to Norway A.D. 925, so that the form of judicial oath he authorised, and which was at a later time put on record in the Icelandic Landnâmabôk, may be taken as good and old in Norse law. Its præ Christian character is indeed obvious from its tenor. The halidome on which it was sworn was a metal arm-ring, which was kept by the godhi or priest, who reddened it with the blood of the ox sacrificed, and the swearer touching it said, in words that are still half English, "Name I to witness that I take oath by the ring, law-oath, so help me Frey, and Niördh, and almighty Thor (hialpi mer svâ Freyr, ok Niördhr, ok hinn almâttki Âss) as I shall this suit follow or defend, or witness bear or verdict or doom, as I wit rightest and soothest and most lawfully," &c. Here, then, we have the full and intelligible formula which must very nearly represent that of which we keep a mutilated fragment in our English oath. So close is the connection, that two of the gods referred to, Frey and Thor (who is described as the Almighty God) are the old English gods whose names we commemorate in Friday and Thursday. The formula belongs, with the classic ones lately spoken of, to the class of oaths of conditional favour, "*so* help me *as* I shall do rightly," while Frey and Niördh are gods whom a Norse warrior would ask for earthly help, but who would scarcely concern themselves with his soul after death. It is likely that the swearer was not indeed unmindful of what the skalds sang of Nåströnd, the strand of corpses, that loathly house arched of the bodies of huge serpents, whose heads, turned inward, dripped venom on the perjurers and murderers within. But the primary formula is, as I have said, that of the oath of conditional favour, not of judgment. With the constituents of the modern English oath now fairly before us, we see that its incoherence, as usual in such cases, has a historical interpretation. What English law has done is to transplant from archaic fetish-worship the ceremony of the halidome or consecrated object, and to combine with this one-half of a præ-Christian formula of conditional favour, without the second half which made sense of it. Considering that to this combination is attached a theological interpretation which is neither implied in act nor word, we cannot wonder if in the popular mind a certain amount of obscurity, not to say mystery, surrounds the whole transaction. Nevertheless we may well deprecate any attempt to patch up into Scotch distinctness and consistency the old formula, which will probably last untouched so long as judicial oaths shall remain in use in England.

Being in the midst of this subject, it may not be amiss to say a few words upon old and new ideas as to the admi-

nistration of oaths to little children. The Canon Law expressly forbade the exacting of an oath from children under fourteen—*pueri ante annos XIV non cogantur jurare.* This prohibition is derived from yet earlier law. The rough old Norsemen would not take oaths from children, as comes out so quaintly in the *saga* of Baldur, where the goddess made all the beasts and birds and trees swear they would not harm him, but the little mistletoe only she craved no oath from, for she thought it was too young. Admitting the necessity of taking children's evidence somehow, the question is how best to do it. In England it must be done on oath, and for this end there has arisen a custom in our courts of putting the child through an inquisition as to the theological consequences of perjury, so as usually to extract from it a well-known definition which the stiffest theologian will not stand to for a moment if put straight to him, but which is looked upon as a proper means for binding the conscience of a little child.[1] Moreover, children in decent families learn to answer plain questions some years before they learn to swear, and material evidence is often lost by the child not having been taught beforehand the proper answers to make when questioned as to the nature of an oath. I heard of a case only lately, which was expected to lead to a committal on a charge of murder, and where an important point rested on the evidence of a young lad who was, to all appearance, truthful, but who did not satisfy the bench that he understood the nature of an oath. Those in whom the ceremony of swearing a child arouses the feeling of physical repugnance that it does in myself, may learn with interest a fact as yet little known in England, and which sufficiently justifies my bringing forward the subject. Hearing that there was something to be learnt from Germany, I applied to the eminent jurist, Dr. Gneist, of Berlin, and hear from him that under the new German rules of procedure, which are expected shortly to come into force, the evidence of children under sixteen may be received without oath, at the discretion of the judge. In these days there is a simple rule which an Englishman will do well to act up to, and that is, "Don't be beaten by a German!" Let us live in the heartiest fellowship with the Germans, and never let them get ahead of us if we can help it. In this matter of children's legal evidence, they are fairly leaving us behind, by introducing a plan which is at once more humane and more effective than ours.

If now, looking at the subject as one of practical sociology, we consider what place the legal oath has filled in savage, barbaric, and civilized life, we must adjudge to it altogether higher value than to the ordeal. At certain stages of culture it has been one of the great forces of society. There was a time when Lycurgus could tell the men of Athens that the oath was the very bond that held the democracy together. There was a time when, as Montesquieu insists, an oath was so binding on the minds of the Romans, that for its observance they would do more than even patriotism or love of glory could draw them to. In our own day, its practical binding power is unmistakable over the consciences of a numerous intermediate class of witnesses, those who are neither truthful nor quite reckless, who are without the honesty which makes a good man's oath superfluous, who will indeed lie solemnly and circumstantially, but are somewhat restrained from perjury by the fear of being, as the old English saying has it, "once forsworn, ever forlorn." Though the hold thus given is far weaker than

[1] Two illustrative cases are given me by a friend learned in the law. In court lately, a little girl was asked the usual preliminary question as to the consequence of swearing falsely, and answered in due form, "Please, Sir, I should go to burning Hell!" Unluckily, however, the unusual question was then put, how she knew that? which brought the reply, "Oh, please, another girl outside told me I was to say so!" It is Bar tradition, though there may be no record in print, that years ago the most sarcastic of English judges put the whole matter in a nutshell. The question having been asked of a child-witness, if she knew what would become of her when she died, she answered simply, "Don't know, Sir!" whereupon the judge said, "Well gentlemen, no more do I know—but the child's evidence cannot be taken."

is popularly fancied, it has from time to time led legislators to use oaths, not merely in special and solemn matters, but as means of securing honesty in the details of public business. When this has been done, the consequences to public morals have been disastrous. There is no need to hunt up ancient or foreign proofs of this, seeing how conspicuous an instance is the state of England early in the present century, while it was still, as a contemporary writer called it, "a land of oaths," and the professional perjurer plied a thriving trade. A single illustration will suffice, taken from the valuable treatise on Oaths, published in 1834 by the Rev. Jas. Endell Tyler:—"During the continuance of the former system of Custom-house oaths, there were houses of resort where persons were always to be found ready at a moment's warning to take any oath required; the signal of the business for which they were needed was this inquiry, 'Any damned soul here?'" Nowadays this enormous excess of public oaths has been much cut down, and with the best results. Yet it must be evident to students of sociology that the world will not stop short at this point. The wider question is coming into view — What effect is produced on the everyday standard of truthfulness by the doctrine that fraudulent lying is in itself a minor offence, but is converted into an awful crime by the addition of a ceremony and a formula? It is an easily-stated problem in moral arithmetic; on the credit side, Government is able to tighten with an extra screw the consciences of a shaky class of witnesses and public officers; on the debit side, the current value of a man's word is correspondingly depreciated through the whole range of public and private business. As a mere sober student of social causes and effects, following along history the tendencies of opinion, I cannot doubt for a moment how the public mind must act on this problem. I simply predict that where the judicial ordeal is already gone, there the judicial oath will sooner or later follow. Not only do symptoms of the coming change appear from year to year, but its greatest determining cause is unfolding itself day by day before observant eyes, a sight such as neither we nor our fathers ever saw before.

How has it come to pass that the sense of the sanctity of intellectual truth, and the craving after its full and free possession, are so mastering the modern educated mind? This is not a mystery hard to unravel. Can any fail to see how in these latter years the methods of scientific thought have come forth from the laboratory and the museum to claim their powers over the whole range of history and philosophy, of politics and morals? Truth in thought is fast spreading its wide waves through the outside world. Of intellectual truthfulness, truthfulness in word and act is the outward manifestation. In all modern philosophy there is no principle more fertile than the doctrine so plainly set forth by Herbert Spencer —that truth means bringing our minds into accurate matching with the realities in and around us; so that both intellectual and moral truth are bound up together in that vast process of evolution whereby man is gradually brought into fuller harmony with the universe he inhabits. There need, then, be no fear that the falling away of such artificial crutches as those whose history I have here been tracing should leave public truth maimed and halting. Upheld by the perfect fitting of the inner mind to the outer world, the progress of truth will be firmer and more majestic than in the ancient days. If, in time to come, the grand old disputation before King Darius were to be re-enacted, to decide again the question "What is the strongest of all things?" it would be said, as then, that "Truth abides, and is strong for evermore, living and conquering from age to age." And the people as of old would say again with one voice, "Truth is great, and prevails!"[1]

E. B. Tylor.

[1] 1 Esdras iv. 41: *μεγάλη ἡ ἀλήθεια, καὶ ὑπερισχύει—Magna est veritas, et prævalet.*

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

THE pronunciation of the word *allegro* is not a matter of very grave moment. A man may make a mistake about it, and nevertheless be a good Christian and a loyal subject. All the same it was this trifling affair of a wrong accent that suddenly and unexpectedly changed the whole course of Miss Violet North's life.

The girl had an impatience of pretence of all kinds which she carried to an extreme. While she was at Miss Main's school not one of the girls dared to wear a bit of sham jewellery. Now Lady North was not a highly accomplished woman, and, like most persons of imperfect education, she had the habit of adorning her talk with scraps of languages with which she was but scantily acquainted. The resentment of Violet North against this species of affectation was implacable. It was no use telling her that human nature had developed more deadly crimes than that. It was no use urging that the difference between *álllegro* and *allégro* was not a matter to keep one awake o' nights.

"Why should she use the word at all? Why should she pretend to know a language that she doesn't know? I hate the meanness of that perpetual shamming!"

And of course Lady North, again like most imperfectly educated persons, was deeply incensed when she was corrected; and out of this small matter—a long *e* or a short *e*—sprang up a quarrel which pointed to but one conclusion. The hollow truce was broken. Stepmother and stepdaughter could not remain in the same house. Neither wished it, so it remained for Sir Acton North to say what was to be done.

Sir Acton was, as usual, quite submissive. He could not understand why two women should quarrel over an Italian word; but then he had long ago given up the hope of understanding anything about women. He asked his wife what she wanted him to do about Violet; Lady North refused to intermeddle in that young lady's affairs in any way whatsoever. He went to Violet herself, who told him that she did not care what happened to her so long as she got out of the house. She also hinted that she was quite able to earn her own living, at which Sir Acton laughed and went away not much enlightened.

In this extremity he bethought himself of that small household on the south of the river, in which Violet had often taken refuge, as if it were her natural home; and it occurred to him that as Mrs. Warrener and her brother had been good enough to offer to take Violet with them for their autumn holidays, they might perhaps be inclined to extend their hospitality further, provided that some proper recompense were made them. Violet, he knew, would be amply satisfied with that arrangement; and it was an arrangement, moreover, which could only be but temporary, for, of course, the girl was sure to marry.

Sir Acton found Mr. Drummond busily engaged in greasing a pair of enormously thick shooting boots, while a pair of very old leather leggings lay beside him on the table of the small dining-room.

"I can't shake hands with you, sir," said he, laying down his wooden pipe. "You see, we are just preparing for our plunge into an absolutely savage life, and you never can trust anybody to grease your boots but yourself. I hope Miss Violet quite understands the sort of life she will lead when she comes with us?"

"It was about her I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Drummond," said Miss Violet's father, and then he sat down and told Mr. Drummond the whole story, as well as he could make it out.

This was a delicate mission on which Sir Acton had come, and several times he seemed rather embarrassed, but the quick, direct speech of Mr. Drummond helped him on.

"Do I understand you, then, that Violet is without a home?"

"She has none in prospect—that is to say, of course we could arrange about her staying with some one——"

"She can always have a home here, and a hearty welcome—my sister will assure her of that."

"I expected you would say as much—the girl is indeed fortunate in having such friends," said Sir Acton, who was really touched with the frank, unhesitating way in which the offer was made; "and I will confess that I had some notion of this when I came over to see you. Still, it is an awkward thing for one man to ask another man to take his daughter off his hands——"

"Don't speak about that. If Violet will come and live with us we shall be glad to have her. Of course she knows what she must expect. We are very plain-living folk, and we are not rich enough to alter our ways in entertaining a guest, although we should like to do that."

"I don't think she has found your ways unsuited to her," her father said, with a smile, "to judge by the readiness with which she always comes here. No, she has more sense than that; there is nothing of the petted child about her. But on the other hand, Mr. Drummond," continued Violet's father, with obvious embarrassment, "you will forgive me if I suggest that—that the obligation you put me under would be too great if you did not allow me to make you—some recompense—a sum might be stated——"

He was in great dread of offending this shy, capricious, strange man, and he was greatly relieved to find Mr. Drummond, instead of drawing himself up and looking hurt, breaking out into a hearty laugh.

"No, no, Sir Acton, we don't take in boarders—and to think of our being paid for having Violet North come to live with us—But I must tell Sarah about it—excuse me for one second, Sir Acton."

Off he went, leaving the worthy and practical-minded baronet very much puzzled. It was true, he knew, that Mr. Drummond was a gentleman; but was he not, also, very poor; and had not the offer been made with great delicacy; and surely it was most unreasonable that this family should bear the expense of supporting a rich man's daughter? His sister returned with him. They were both of them apparently greatly delighted over this probable addition to their household. When would she come over? Would he remember to remind her of her music? Ought Mrs. Warrener to come and help her to move her small belongings? And would he make her promise before she left not to do all Amy Warrener's lessons for her, seeing that that young lady had now got out of her child-period?

Sir Acton North began to wonder less over his daughter's liking for this quiet little house and its occupants. There was a wonderful sense of homeliness about the place, and a bright humorous frankness about this tall lounging man and his gentle sister. But, before Sir Acton left, Mr. Drummond took him aside, and said to him, with more seriousness—

"There is one point, sir, about which we ought to have a clear understanding before your daughter comes over to live with us. I believe that that young fellow Miller is in a fashion paying his addresses to her; that is with your sanction, I presume?"

"Why, yes," said Sir Acton, rather staggered by the directness of the question, and also by the calm observant look of those singularly bright and intelligent eyes. "The young man saw me—that nonsense was all explained away—and indeed it was a thoughtless frolic that may be forgotten now. If the

girl likes him I see no reason why they should not marry. Do you?"

"I?" repeated Drummond, almost with a start. "What have I to do with it? It is her father who must give his consent."

"Do you know anything against the young man?"

"Nothing in the world," was the hearty answer.

"Well, then, he is a fairly shrewd, practical-headed young fellow; he will have quite enough money; his family is respectable—I really don't see any objection."

"That is very well, Sir Acton; I merely wished to be entirely clear from all responsibility——"

"Mind you, my dear sir," broke in Sir Acton, as if he had suddenly remembered something, "don't imagine that I am anxious to get rid of my daughter—by marriage or otherwise, merely because she and her stepmother don't agree. No, no; rather than see her uncomfortable I'd—I'd—confound it, I'd send the whole pack of 'em flying. Violet's a good girl—she's worth twenty dozen——"

But here Sir Acton thought he had said enough.

"I understand you, then, sir," said Mr. Drummond, quite calmly, "that you have no objection to Mr. Miller meeting your daughter while she is under my care; and if they should engage to marry each other, good and well?"

"I see no objection; but why do you speak of that as if it were something to be feared?"

"Pardon me; I am sure I had no such intention."

"Good-bye, Mr. Drummond," said Sir Acton, at the door, "you have done me a great kindness; I will try to repay you some day. Oh, by the way, I suppose I may get a saloon-carriage reserved for you when you go North?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Drummond, quietly. "We always go second-class, and I don't think Miss Violet will expect us to alter our ordinary habits."

Next day a young lady burst into the room where Mrs. Warrener was sitting sewing, and threw herself down on her knees, and put her hands in her friend's lap.

"And oh! is it quite true? and am I to live with you always?" she cried, and the fine, frank, handsome face and the dark and eloquent eyes were full of joy and gratitude.

"You are to stay with us as long as you please," said Mrs. Warrener, much more gravely, as she kissed the girl.

Violet looked up quickly, and scanned her friend's face.

"Are you displeased with me?"

There was a gentle hand laid on her head.

"Violet, you are no longer a girl. You ought not to give way to your temper, under whatever provocation. And it does not look well to see any girl so glad to leave her home."

"I have not left my home," said the girl, in a low voice, with her head bent down; "I have come to the only home that I ever have had."

No woman could resist that speech; there was an arm round her neck in a moment, and she was listening to many a protestation that that home at least should never be wanting to her as long as she lived.

But the girl freed herself, and looked up again.

"And Mr. Drummond," she said, "what does he think? Does he think I have done wrong?"

"Well, he regrets what has happened, of course, although it has brought you to us. He thought you had resolved to be a little more patient, and gentle, and obedient——"

The girl rose quickly, turning her head aside; but all the same her friend had caught sight of the sudden tears that had sprung to those long black lashes.

"Violet!"

"I can go back."

"You shall not go back, Violet; listen to reason——"

"Oh! you don't know—you don't know the life I had to lead in that

house," the girl cried passionately, with the tears running down her face; "and you think that I am proud and ungrateful, and perhaps you are afraid to take me? But I am not ungrateful to those I can love and respect—no—you will not find me that—and there is nothing I would not suffer for my real friends, as you may find out some day. But I have had no friends—you know I have had no friends—but the friends in this house; and what would I not do for them? Only to be in the house with you I would be a kitchen drudge for you—indeed I would—I would work my eyes blind for you—there is no patience and obedience you would not have. But I must respect and love the people whom I serve, and then I am ready to become their slave from morning till night——"

Mrs. Warrener strove to hush the wild, piteous words.

"You must not take so much to heart what I said, Violet," she remonstrated, gently. "And you won't have to do all these things in order to please your friends. Only be true to your own better nature, and you will be a constant delight to them."

The girl took up her friend's hand and kissed it: then she left the room. Mrs. Warrener understood the mute promise of obedience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CASTLE BANDBOX, N.B.

THE great white mists of the rain had lifted; and all the world behind stood revealed—a strange, new, dream-like world, colourless, still, its various tints of grey shining with a suffused and mystic light. The grey sea was like glass; the grey islands had but a faint glimmer of green along their shores; the grey mountains were pale and distant; and in all this vague and phantom-like picture that had been so suddenly disclosed, there was but one sharp and definite object—a coasting-vessel lying motionless out there on the shining grey sea, its hull as black as jet; its brown sails throwing perfect shadows on the mirror beneath. It was as yet early morning; no one could say whether that luminous glow throughout the grey would turn to clear sunlight, or whether the slow, soft fingers of the rain-clouds would again pass over the world-picture, obliterating successively island, and mountain, and sea.

Early as it was, a young lady had managed to write the following letter, which she was just putting into an envelope:—

"CASTLE BANDBOX, IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS, 12*th August.*

"MY DEAR PAPA,—You have known for many a year that I am the most dutiful of daughters; so here is the account I promised you of our explorations in this wild country. It was on the evening of the 10th of August, in the present year, that we effected our disembarkation, and were most hospitably received by the inhabitants of this coast, two of whom willingly agreed (after much talk among themselves in a language we did not understand) to carry our luggage and accoutrements for us (on wheelbarrows). Throwing out a scout or two, in the shape of bare-headed children, with very brown faces, bare legs and feet, and tattered kilts (a peculiar species of costume, very unlike that worn by Englishmen under the same name), we struck a trail which eventually led us away from the coast into the mountains. By and by we ascended, until behind us we could behold the open waters of the Atlantic, with various long and beautiful islands, and the lofty mountains of Morven and Mull; while in our front, crowning a small knoll that stands in the midst of an amphitheatre of heather-clad hills, we beheld a small, peaked, white building, which we made bold to call Castle Bandbox. By whom, or when, this solitary place, in the midst of the moors, was built, I do not know. We have already discovered it to be the most delightful of toy-houses, once you have got accustomed to knocking your head against the sloping roof of your bedroom.

"Scarcely had we arrived when the youngest member of the party and myself, leaving to our elders the business of unpacking, started off on an exploration of the adjoining mountains, the nearest of which is separated from the garden by a wire fence to keep out rabbits. The garden, I should have said, goes all round the side of the knoll; the borders of the various plots are adorned with tree-fuchsias, rose-bushes, sweet-williams, and marigolds; but the plots themselves contain such more useful plants as carrots, turnips, beans, and potatoes—the last in flower. The first mountain on the other side of the wire fence we named Mount Glorioso. Its chief peculiarity is its tangle of furze, brambles, meadow-sweet, and ferns round its lower slopes; then you come to a forest of young larches, trees which tear your hair to pieces, and leave tufts of sticky white all over your clothes. Passing across the summit of this mountain, the adventurers reached another peak, which they named Mount Magnificoso. The chief peculiarity of this eminence is its immensely high heather—beautiful to look at, but desperately difficult to walk through. The third and last of this chain of mountains we ventured to call Mount Extremitoso; the chief peculiarity of which is an abundance of steep grey rocks, up which you must scramble to find yourself on a high and windy summit of close and slippery grass. We got no further than that.

"But, oh, papa, if you could see what we saw then—what we can see now from the windows of this place—the long stretches of sea, and the distant mountains that appear to rise right out of the water, and that change in colour every minute of the day. I remember, just as we were getting to the station, Mr. Drummond saying to me, 'You will find a difference between Euston Square and Morven,' but I had no idea of what a difference. Not that he ever speaks disrespectfully of Euston Square; on the contrary, he says one ought to grow very wise living there—looking on at the mutability of life—the coming and going of cabs and carriages, some people with dogs and guns, and others with coffins. And did you ever notice simple country-people asking the way to Holborn or London Bridge, and then setting out to walk there with all their luggage, just as if they were going round a corner in a village? Mr. Drummond says he has seen them; but he is a very imaginative man. Oh, by the way, did you ever notice, papa, the architecture of St. Pancras Church—the steeple and the stone women, especially? I have found out that is the only way of enraging him—to talk about St. Pancras Church, and say you rather like it.

"We have the most delightful evenings—so cheerful and homely; and although Mr. Drummond professes to have become a thorough savage, and to have forsworn all books and writing, and to be interested only in cartridges, and setters, and so forth, in the evening he talks about everything you can think of, and it is worth a thousand lectures to hear him, besides being much more amusing than a lecture. I never knew a man so bright-spirited; it is quite delightful to hear him laugh; and you would scarcely think there was so much wisdom in what he says, if you were not accustomed to his joking way. He is a great favourite here; already various gentlemen in the neighbourhood (in the neighbourhood means twenty miles of mountains) have offered him shooting; and one, who is going to China, has placed his yacht at his disposal for the whole of September, if he chooses to have it. Now I must say good-bye; for Amy and I are going out to see some of the shooting; and it is time we started.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"VIOLET NORTH.

"P.S.—Mr. Drummond is quite delighted with the gun you sent him; and yesterday he tried it by getting old Peter to throw empty bottles into the air. Mr. Drummond did not hit any of the bottles, however. I could see that it must be a very difficult thing to do."

"Violet! Amy! Come along now, and bring all your waterproofs, cloaks, wrappers, and umbrellas!"

A tall, gaunt figure was standing in the doorway, clad in a rough shooting-jacket, leggings, and thick boots. A much smaller, and older man—a curious, little, weather-beaten man—was standing outside, holding in leash a very ragged-looking setter.

"It'll no rain the day," the old man said, abruptly.

"But it is raining," responded Mr. Drummond.

The wiry little man cast a glance around, at the grey skies and the still grey sea.

"Na, na," he said, "it'll no rain the day."

"But, confound you, it *is* raining!" cried Drummond. "What do you call that?"

He pointed to the rain-drops formed by the drizzle that had fallen on the well-oiled barrels of his breechloader.

"Well, and ef the gun iss to come to harm with that," said old Peter, testily, "you will better be for leafing it at home. It iss the gentlemen now they will tek sich care of their guns ass if the guns wass no for shooting at all. You should hef brought a gun that wass good for this country."

"You will have to clean this gun very carefully, I can tell you, Peter; and every night, too."

"I will not," said the old man, sturdily. "There iss no man will know more apout guns as me; and effery Saturday night, that will do ferry well. It wass Mr. Maclean of Carn-Sloe, he used to say to the gentlemen at the house, 'Kott, what would we do without ta Sunday effery week; our guns would neffer be cleaned at all.' But the Sunday it wass made for other things as the cleaning of guns; and the Saturday night that will do better for me."

"Then you won't clean my gun every night?"

"There iss no use of it."

"Then I must do it myself, I suppose?"

"Ferry well."

The two girls now came down stairs, fully equipped for the expedition; and the oddly-assorted party now set out.

"Is that dog of yours any better-behaved, Peter?"

"He's a gran' good dog, a ferry good dog," said the old Highlandman. "There iss just nothing that will pass the nose of him. Ay, I will say this, that sometimes he is a something too eager in the rinnin' in—ay, just a wee thing too eager."

"Yes," said Mr. Drummond, "he has no fault at all—beyond a fancy for eating every bird you shoot."

The old man was nettled; but there was a humorous twinkle in his eyes all the same.

"Ay, sir; but even then he will not get too fat when he iss out with you, sir."

"Confound you, Peter, you are more impertinent than ever."

"Na, na, sir; I will only speak the truth to you, ass you will speak it to me; and there iss no harm in that."

"I think, Mr. Peter," said a certain tall young lady, with great asperity and dignity; "I think you might speak the truth a little more respectfully."

The old keeper gave her a side glance as he trudged along.

"Ay, I am no in the use of heffing leddies come out to the shooting."

"Peter and I understand each other very well, Violet," Mr. Drummond said. "You will soon learn not to mind what he says—especially when he reports about the game. I suppose you are quite prepared, Peter, to find the forms of thirty or forty wholly imaginary hares at a moment's notice?"

Peter but half understood the sarcasm.

"There iss plenty of game if there wass any one to shoot it," said he, coolly; and then he added, with another twinkle in his eye, "Did you effer hear, mem, of John MacFarlane, that wass sent out by Mr. Maclean of Carn-Sloe with the two English gentlemen?"

"No, I never did," said Violet.

"Ay, it iss ferry cleffer some of the

English gentlemen are; and they wass coming to see a piece of shooting that Carn-Sloe had to let; and John MacFarlane he went with them; and Carn-Sloe he had told John to gif a good account of the ground. And they wass asking him 'John, iss there any pheasants here?' and he will say 'They're just in soosands,'[1] for he would get Carn-Sloe a good price. And they wass asking him 'John, is there any parrtritches here?' and he will say 'They're just in soosands.' And one of the English gentlemen he wass a cleffer young man; and for the joke of it he will ask 'John, iss there many gorillas too?' and John, he will see him winking, and he will say 'No, there iss no many gorillas here; they comes and goes in twos and threes, just like yoursels.' And it wass a ferry good answer to the young man."

By this time they had reached the margin of the shooting, and the tall sportsman was transferring to his pockets some of the cartridges which Peter carried, when suddenly the whole world seemed to grow black around them. They had passed the last signs of cultivation; and the only possible shelter from the impending storm was a wall of rough stones that ran up the valley between two hills. As the first heavy drops were already splashing down, they had to make a race for this dyke; Peter following up the retreat with ill-concealed disgust. Here was the mischief of taking ladies out shooting—and on the 12th, too.

The small group successfully crouched under the wall, the driving wind carrying the fierce torrents of rain well over them; while Peter stood out in the open, unconcernedly looking out towards the sea.

"Why, Mull has disappeared altogether!" cried Violet, who was also looking that way.

"Oh, yes, they sometimes have a drop of rain in Mull," said Mr. Drummond, contentedly doubled up like a trussed fowl. "I asked a Mull man last year, in August, what he thought of the Mull weather; and he said quite complacently, 'It uz verra good weather—ay, verra good weather; there waz a whole week in June we hadna a single drop o' rain; but the weather it uz a little bit broken after the twentieth of August.' But do you see Mull now? Isn't that wonderful? And look at Morven!"

What strange apparition of a world was this—far behind the rain, and shining in pale yellows and greens? The intermediate veil of a rainy cloud served to show the distant sunlit sea and the hills as something pale, magical, and remote; while the island of Lismore, nearer at hand, began to gleam through a mass of rainbow colours that seemed to lie along the sea for a space of fifteen or twenty miles. This strange and spectral world was full of motion, too—its aspect changing every minute—as the black clouds broke overhead to show bold dashes of white and blue; as the distant sunlight drank up the rain-clouds, and then the great hills came out distinct and clear, and all round the splendid coasts of Morven, Mull, and Lorne the rushing blue seas of the Atlantic shone in the light.

This warm burst of sunlight roused the crouching party; and when they stood up they found the beautiful bright day showing the colours of the hills around at their very richest—the clear, shining greys of the rocks, the pink patches of heather, the yellow-greens of the bracken, and the curious blue-greens of the furze, with everywhere to each point of light a sharp black shadow.

"Are ye ready now, sir?" said Peter, impatiently.

"You needn't be in a hurry, Peter; there's nothing to shoot, you know."

Now these words had scarcely been uttered when an extraordinary circumstance occurred. The party were passing by the side of a small inclosure of young larches planted along the side of the hill; and just at this moment a hare ran out right in front of them.

"Shoot, sir, shoot!" yelled Peter, seeing that the sportsman calmly con-

[1] "Soosands"—thousands.

templated the hare, without putting up his gun.

The animal had been so startled by coming unexpectedly on its foes, that, for a second, it had remained motionless, staring with large paralysed grey eyes at them; then the next moment it was off and up the hill like lightning. Peter could not restrain the rage and disappointment that possessed him; he uttered a whole series of ejaculations in Gaelic; and then flung up his hands in despair.

"Did you see her beautiful eyes?" asked Mr. Drummond of Violet.

"Yes, only for a moment."

"Who could put up a gun and bang the head off an animal that was looking at you like that;" he said, absently.

"Uncle, mamma will laugh at you again," said Miss Amy. "Peter is sure to tell her."

"Did you see how she ran?" he asked again, quite unconcernedly. "What a wonderful piece of mechanism—if you could think of speed as an abstraction, and put it in a coat of brown fur, that would be a hare—well, come, on!"

"Will I tek home the dog?" asked Peter, in bitter sarcasm.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I thought you wass maybe going up to the loch with the leddies. Or would you rather try the shooting?"

"Try the shooting? If I tickled you under the fifth rib with a charge of number six shot—and it would serve you right—you wouldn't be so desperately facetious, Peter. Let loose that precious dog of yours. We'll see if we can get him something to eat."

They had now reached a series of heathery and rocky knolls forming a ridge along the side of the mountain; and here the ragged brown setter was set at liberty, to the no small alarm of many small birds which he industriously hunted up as he plunged madly about.

"Have a care, Jack!" Peter called out, in a muttered whisper. "Now, sir, now!"

Mr. Drummond hurried forward, though with a dark suspicion that Jack was drawing him on to a chaffinch or a thrush. The suspicion was wrong, however, for just as Jack, yielding to temptation, suddenly darted his nose into a tuft of heather, there was a wild whirr of wings and a rapid discharge of two barrels.

"Down charge, confound you!" were the last words heard by Jack, as the gallant animal forthwith darted off in joyous pursuit of the bird, which had flown off unharmed.

"That's a nice dog of yours, Peter," remarked Mr. Drummond, when his ancient came up.

"The poor beast thinks the bird maun be got somehow," retorted Peter, with composure.

"How could you miss him!" exclaimed Violet.

"Uncle, he got up under your feet!"

"And he seemed to me to be as big as a peacock."

"You might have hit him with your cap, Mr. Drummond."

The sportsman was not affected by these taunts and jeers.

"Ay, that was just it," he said, seriously. "I fired too soon."

"'Deed, that iss ferry true, sir," interposed Peter. "You fired eight days too soon."

"What do you mean?" said the victim of all this sarcasm, with a stare.

"Did you not see it wass a grey hen?"

"Good gracious!"

There was a shout of merciless laughter from the two young ladies, which drew down upon them the remark that if they treated so grave a matter as the 12th of August with levity and ridicule, they had better go on at once to the fresh-water loch and gather lilies. And indeed they resolved to accept this advice; for struggling through the heather was somewhat fatiguing work; and now the sun was shining down with a scorching heat. So, with Amy as a guide, the two young ladies set off up the hill towards a small and lonely mere which was to be the trysting-place for luncheon; while Mr. Drummond and his faithful companion went on their way through the thick heather.

"Ay, we will do ferry much better now," said Peter, with an air of relief. "There iss no shooting at all when the leddies will come out—and the talking—and the talking——"

Out of a bunch of sedges growing in one of the hollows started, with a sudden whirr and cry of alarm, a strange grey animal that seemed to fill the air with fireworks and impossible angles; there was a loud bang from one of the barrels; then a confused tumbling of wings as the snipe fell dead on a bit of rock.

"Did I not tell you, sir," said Peter, indignantly, as he rescued the bird from the jaws of Jack, "that there would be no shooting when the leddies wass here with their talking——"

"Confound you, you talk more than any dozen ladies——"

"And you will shoot as well ass any one when you will not mek a joke of it; and it iss not every one will shoot a snipe——"

"What a fool the bird must have been to run against the shot like that," remarked the sportsman, apparently to himself; "if it had only flown straight like another bird it would be alive now."

On they went again, with the blazing sun scorching face and hands, and not a breath of wind coming in from that wide expanse of blue sea. Jack moderating his first transports at finding himself free, was working a little better, and the garrulous ancient was for once holding his tongue. But there were no birds.

"Here, sir, here!" shouted Peter, in an excited whisper—"a rabbit!"

"Where?"

He pointed to a tuft of bracken just at his foot, in which the rabbit had taken refuge.

"Be ready, sir."

"Stop a bit," remarked the sportsman, calmly, seeing that the rabbit was determined to remain there until it was kicked out, "I cannot take advantage of this poor creature's confidence——"

"Will ye no shoot her?" said the exasperated Peter. "Tam her, I will wring her neck then and tek her home!"

"Hold hard, you merciless old scoundrel! I am mapping out a radius of forty yards—she shall have that chance for her life—forty-one yards, indeed, for I will shoot a yard ahead of her—and if she gets beyond that she can do what she likes—call a hansom, or turn round and have a look at us——"

Peter's impatience was too much for him—he would not wait for his master to finish; he kicked out the rabbit. The frightened animal bolted out from the other side of the breckans, ran tilt against Mr. Drummond's feet, and then went straight up the side of the knoll which was here almost perpendicular. The sportsman looked on in astonishment. He had not thought it worth while to map out the radius in this direction.

"Shoot her, sir; shoot her!" called out Peter, in rage and despair, as the rabbit disappeared over the edge of the rock above their heads.

"I don't like firing at rabbits in the air," observed Mr. Drummond, with much composure. "That rabbit was last seen in Covent Garden—in the opera of *Der Freischütz*—the preservation of my soul is of more importance than a rabbit-pie—and what would become of you, Peter, if you ate a witch-rabbit, a demoniacal pie, a slice of hideous enchantment——"

"Kott pless me, sir, are we to hef any shooting the day, sir?" exclaimed Peter, observing that the sportsman was quite absently staring out at the sea while he talked—and while Jack, by the way, had got about a quarter of a mile ahead.

"Not much, not much," was the reply. "Where are the birds, Peter?"

Indeed there were no birds to be found along these lower ridges of the hills, but Peter would have every inch of the ground gone over before going up to the heights. At last, however, after two hours' fruitless work in the blazing sunlight, they began to ascend, and finally found themselves on the crest of a mountain which seemed to place the whole world at their feet. Even if he had been less fatigued with the climb,

the gallant sportsman would have paused in the chase to look at the wonderful panorama now spread out around him.

Which was the more lovely, then—the sea-ward view, or the land-ward? The far-stretching arms of the still blue water lay around the soft green islands; the sunlight shone on the white tower of a light-house some dozen miles away; one or two ships, looking like toys, lay becalmed; and away beyond these, over the dazzling brightness of the sea, rose the majestic shoulders and peaks of the Morven hills, grown pale and ethereal in their summer hues. Inland, again, the eye rested on an endless series of mountain-ranges — mountain-billows they almost seemed to be—decreasing in intensity of colour until they appeared as mere clouds at the horizon. Those nearer at hand were mostly of an olive-green colour where the sunlight caught their slopes, with here and there a patch of pale purple, telling of a motionless cloud overhead. Which was the more lovely—the blue summer sea, with its low, long islands, its white ships, and its faintly-coloured hills, or this vast and silent world of mountains, close up to the sky?

"Are ye no goin' on, sir?"

Mr. Drummond started, for the sound of a human voice sounded strangely in the great stillness.

"All right, Peter."

Again they pushed forward, and it almost seemed as if their bad luck was following them up here also, when Jack suddenly ceased his wild plunges over the moor. He had got into a gentle hollow between a mass of rocks, and appeared convinced that the rusty tufts of heather and the green masses of bracken concealed something mysterious and awful.

Suddenly the absolute silence of the mountain-top was broken by what was nothing less than a wild and general scrimmage. From all parts of the heather, one after another, rose a succession of huge brown masses, that flew this way and that with a noise like the throbbing of a paddle-steamer infinitely quickened; and bang after bang came from the re-loaded gun. The dog seemed to be rushing everywhere, with Peter howling oaths in Gaelic at him; the air was filled with sulphurous smoke; the hills were echeing the heavy musketry-fire.

Then there was a pause—an awful silence, and a look of bewilderment on the face of the sportsman. Had he shot anything? he seemed to ask, after all this terrible commotion.

There was a loud howl from Jack; for Peter—assured that the firing was over, and his life no longer in danger—had rushed at the dog to admonish him with a whip, at the same time getting hold of a bird that was doubtless on the point of being devoured.

"That *is* a nice dog of yours, Peter."

"He iss a ferra good dog whateffer," contended Peter, sturdily, as he went to pick up two more birds. "Ass I wass saying afore, there will be nothing will pass the-nose of him, and if he iss a little too eager in the rinnin', we can cure him of that. And we will not cure him of that unless you will shoot the birds."

"Are you grumbling still? Haven't I just shot some birds?"

"Three, sir; ay, sir, you hef shot three. But ass for the number of them that you hef missed, ay, Kott only knows that."

"By heavens, I have a great mind to shoot *you*, Peter."

"You would miss me, sir," said Peter, imperturbably.

"I don't mean to rob the hangman, anyhow," said his master. "Now put the birds in your bag, and we will go down to the loch."

"Already, sir?" said Peter; but the remonstrance was of no avail, the sportsman proceeding to cross the ridge of the hill until he came in sight of a fresh-water loch lying in a small hollow far below him.

It was a picturesque little lake that lay there in the cup of the mountains. One half of its surface was hidden by water-lilies, the white stars of the flowers gleaming here and there among the

broad green leaves; the other half of the lake showing a perfect mirror of the overhanging hills and sky, with this difference that, whereas the brilliant colours of the sky were faithfully reflected, the spectral mountains that went away down into those blues and whites, were of a uniform rich, shining brown, as deep in colour as a newly-cut peat. That, indeed, was the colour of the clear dark water itself, come from the mountain rills.

There was a small boat on the lake, lying motionless; and there were two figures in the boat, one distinguished by a white feather that gleamed in the sun. When the sportsman, high on the mountain-top, sent down his view-halloo, he was answered by the fluttering of two handkerchiefs; and presently, as he proceeded to descend the hill, he saw two tiny oars put out, and the boat begin to creep slowly to the shore.

"Now, girls, set to work to get luncheon ready," was the command. "Why, you might have had the hamper opened, and the cloth spread on the grass, and everything ready, instead of idling out there in a boat. Is this a fit reception for a weary hunter returning from the fatigue of the chase?"

"What spoils has the weary hunter brought back with him?" demanded the elder of the two girls, whereupon she was admonished not to indulge a vain curiosity, but instead to put the bottles of beer into the lake to cool. The weary hunter contentedly sate and beheld these and other preparations being made for his comfort.

It was a sufficiently picturesque and enjoyable little meal, up here by the side of the solitary lake, amid the silence of the hills, in the breathless warmth and brilliancy of a summer day. The discontented Peter and his erratic companion Jack were both seated at some distance off, on a bank of green breckans; and with them was the boy who had brought the basket all the way from Castle Bandbox. In front of the mighty hunter lay the four birds that had been taken forth from the bag for purposes of display. The luncheon itself was distributed in a promiscuous manner over such bits of rock, tufts of heather, and clumps of breckan as were most convenient.

And when a soothing pipe followed the frugal meal, and introduced a new perfume into the warm air, the hunter, with a great look of contentment on his face, began to discourse; and his discourse was of all things in the earth, and the air, and the sea. First of all, if the report of a faithful listener is to be credited, it treated of the dying-out of metaphoric speech in literature. It pointed out that the whole of Shakespeare is written in that now unknown tongue; it dealt with the substitution of similes for metaphors; it traced the degeneracy of similes into the "allusions" of newspaper articles. And then, harking back upon Shakespeare, it asserted that the greatest good fortune which could befall a certain young lady, then present, was that she might never lose her sense of wonder; that she should never get into the habit of taking the facts and phenomena of the world as matters of course; that always the mystery of life should be before her eyes. What happiness it would be, continued this indolent orator, if one could come fresh to the reading of Shakespeare; if one's familiarity in youth with the existence of Juliet, and Rosalind, and King Lear, and Autolycus, could be absolutely wiped out; if one were introduced, with all the sense of novelty and wonder, to the magic world of Puck and Ariel, to the mysterious horrors of *Macbeth*, and the idyllic quiet of Arden Forest. By and by, remarked the master to his attentive pupil, you will understand better what I mean when we take you to the lonely shores of Mull and the solitary coasts of Skye; and there you will learn how the ways and doings of humanity, which are the whole world to a dweller in cities, are really but a trifling and temporary accident in the history of that awful world that existed through innumerable ages without a sign of life in its empty seas and its silent lands.

"You ask me sometimes," said he, apparently addressing Violet, but with his eyes fixed idly on the still waters of the lake, "why I laugh at very serious people who are desperately in earnest about their affairs. Well, I think it was those lonely hills in the west Highlands did that for me. If you only think of it, it seems strange enough this intense preoccupation during the brief moment that one calls life—this forgetfulness of why and wherefore, and to what end. The man who has made his eighty thousand is miserable until he makes it ninety thousand; and he works away as if he had a whole series of lifetimes to fall back upon, instead of one, and that one the most puzzling of all mysteries. Those mountains of Skye, in their awful age, and silence, and desolation—I wonder if they take any notice of the race of little creatures temporarily occupying the surface of the earth—children who take no heed of yesterday or to-morrow—they don't know where they came from; they don't know where they are going; but the present hour is enough for them, and they must be desperately in earnest over their pastimes and occupations; some strumming on drums and making a great noise in the world; others wearing wigs and looking wise; others picking up bits of metal and anxious only to say 'My hoard is bigger than yours.' And then, at the end of the day, sleep comes down on the children—the gentle mother Death hushes all that strife of drums and tongues, the quarrelling, and striving, and anxiety—and the mystery of that strange day and its doings remains unsolved. Perhaps the new day will bring more light," he added, after a pause.

"Are ye goin' on, sir?" said Peter, coming up with evident impatience in his face.

"Gracious goodness, this man is as intent on killing birds as if he hadn't a soul to be saved!" exclaimed the indolent sportsman. "Peter, do you know you have a soul to be saved?"

"I ken we hef been here for an hour and more as an hour," said Peter, gloomily.

"You see, he won't answer. He is like that countryman of his who wouldn't tell a cross-examining counsel whether he was a Protestant or a Roman Catholic for fear of committing himself. All that could be got out of him was, 'I tell you, sir, I hef no bias.' And yet it is very curious," he continued, just as if there was no hiatus in his train of thought, "what rich people could do if only they were less in earnest and tried to amuse themselves. I have often thought that, if I were a rich man, I should like to stand at Temple Bar with a thousand sovereigns in a bag, and give one to each person who passed, irrespective of his appearance. Mind you, you could confer a great deal of happiness that way; for even those who were themselves rich would feel a comfortable sensation in getting an unexpected sovereign—they would get a little glow of satisfaction just as if they had drunk a glass of dry sherry before sitting down to dinner ——"

"Are ye goin' on, sir?" again asked the impatient Peter.

"Yes, I am goin' on, Peter, but not with the shooting—not at present. Why, your head is as full of the shooting—you remind me of the Highland boatman who took out a celebrated traveller in his boat for an evening's fishing; and when he was asked afterwards what he thought of the great man, he said, with great bitterness, 'Ay, hass he trafelled much? Well, there iss no appearance of it; for I wass thinking he would speak of killing and fighting the lions and teegers; but it wass nothing but the feshen and the feshen he will speak of, and there wass nothing in his head but the feshen and the feshen, and any one knows about the feshen.' But if we must go we must. You girls must put back those things in the basket, and give it to the boy. Amy, when you have reported yourself at home, go down to John Maclean and tell him we shall want his boat to-night. Take a brace of birds apiece. Good-bye!"

"Any more orders, please, sir?" asked Violet, meekly.

"Go away, and don't be impertinent to people older than yourself," said the sportsman, as he shouldered his gun, and set off.

Now that afternoon, whether it was that he considered something due to the 12th, or whether it was that he wished to provide the small household with game sufficient to give him two or three days' idleness, Mr. Drummond went seriously and diligently to work; and by dint of firing a great many times, whether the birds rose wild or not, he managed to make a bag which even satisfied Peter. As they walked home, indeed, in the evening, Peter was quite cheerful and loquacious—in his grim fashion, that is to say, for in his most mirthful moments he spoke in a discontented, querulous tone, as if he dared not admit to himself that he had nothing to grumble about. And on this occasion his unwonted levity took the form of telling stories about a relative of his, one John MacFarlane, who was keeper to Mr. Maclean of Carn-Sloe; and the aim of those stories, so far as could be made out, was to show that John MacFarlane was a stupid man who said and did ridiculous things, but that all the same John MacFarlane was more than a match for the English, who were more stupid still.

"Ay," said Peter, "there wass a ferry cleffer Englishman, and he will know all about the stones and the rocks, and he will say to John, 'John, you belief in your Bible, and you belief that all the people that hef lived in the world will rise again on the last day;' and John, he will say, 'Yes, sir, I belief that.' And the Englishman, he will say, 'Now, John, I will tell you something; and it is this, that if the whole world wass made of phosphates, there would not be enough of phosphates to make bones for all those people; and what do you say to that, John?' And John, he will not wait long for his answer, 'Well, sir,' this wass what John will say, 'the Bible will tell us that them that are dead in the Lord will rise first; and I am sure there will be plenty of phosphates for them; and as for the wicked people, I do not care if they hef not a leg to stand on.' And it wass a ferry good answer to gif to the Englishman."

"It was a very good answer, but it is a very wicked story, Peter."

"There wass another story," continued Peter, with a twinkle in his eye, but the same grumbling tone in his voice, "ferry wicked; but many's the time I will hef a laugh at that story. That wass about two men in a boat, and the night it was so black they could not find their way into the harbour at all, and the wind it wass blowing ferry hard. And the one he says to the other, 'Duncan, you must gif a prayer now, or we will neffer get into the harbour at all.' And Duncan, he says, 'I canna do it; you maun do it yourself, Donald.' And Donald, he will say, 'Tam you, Duncan, if you do not gif a prayer, we will be trooned as sure as death, for I can see nothing but blackness.' And so it wass that Duncan will stay in the stern of the boat, and he will kneel down, and he will say, 'O Lord, it iss fifteen years since I hef asked you for anything; but it will be another fifteen years before I will ask you for anything more, if you will tek the boat into the harbour.' And then, sure enough, at this moment there wass a great sound of the boat going on the beach, and Donald, that wass up at the bow, he will cry out, 'Stop, Duncan, do not pray any more; do not be beholden to anybody, bekass the boat's ashore already.'"

"It seems to me, Peter," said his companion, slowly, "that there is a great deal of latent villainy about you."

"What, sir?"

"You are a jiber and a jeerer at solemn things."

"Indeed I am not, sir," said Peter, indignantly. "A story iss only a story, and you will get a laugh from it; and the man who iss afrait of a story iss a foolish man, whether he iss an Englishman or whether he iss not an Englishman."

"In my country they don't understand joking about such things, Peter."

"Kott pless me, sir, in your country I am not sure that they will understand anything," said Peter, coolly.

This general proposition Peter proceeded to justify by quoting instances of extraordinary ignorance on the part of English people whom he had met—people who did not know the difference between a sea-trout and a grilse, who called a loch a lock, and wore kid gloves when they went out shooting. Mr. Drummond listened with great patience and in silence, apparently deeply ashamed of his country and countrymen.

And now, as they trudged along the solitary road, they got down into the valleys; and though there was a wooded hill on their left that shut off the sea, they saw by the great blaze of crimson over the dark line of the trees that the sun was setting in the west; while in the wide and silent hollow before them, over the cold greens of the marsh, a pale white mist was beginning to gather. Suddenly, however, they got out of this pale and cold valley, and were confronted by all the bewildering colours of the sunset over the sea. Along the western skies lay a sultry and dusky redness—a confused mist of coloured light; and the mountains of Mull and of Morven, rising into it, were of a beautiful reddish-purple, and seemingly transparent. Out there the long green islands were growing dark over the silver-grey of the sea—a silver-grey broken by olive-green splashes as the water lapped round the rocks; but further out still the sea was a smooth plain of crimson, bewildering to the eye, and causing one long neck of land to look as black as jet. They were in the land of gorgeous sunsets; and the stranger had not as yet become familiar with such splendid exhibitions of colour. It was with a dumb regret that he had to turn away from the shore again, and take to the hills, though now the warm red light was shining across the slopes of heather and bracken. The small white house on the high knoll gave him a kindly welcome. A pair of swallows were flying about the gables. A tiny terrier wagged her tail as he approached. There was a scent of meadow-sweet in the evening air.

Three brace of grouse, three hares, a rabbit, a brace of snipe, a black-cock (shot by misadventure, and carefully hidden away at the foot of the game-bag by the unscrupulous Peter), and a land-rail: this was the spoil which the mighty hunter had brought home, and which he stoutly contended was all that a man could get off that piece of ground in a single day. Nevertheless there was a fierce war of words during that evening meal at Castle Bandbox; and proposals to call in Peter to give testimony as to the number of misses. The hunter treated these suspicions with scorn.

Greater peace prevailed when the small household came out again into the cool evening—indeed, they were struck silent by the transformation that had come over the world. All round the horizon the great mountains were black as night; over them was the smooth and lambent expanse of the sky, with the full orb of the moon glowing in its mellow light; far away, in the east, over the black range of the hills, a planet burned clear in the blue. Then the moonlight fell on the furze, and brackens near them touching them with a soft grey; while along the slopes of the mountains behind them, where there were strips of cultivated land, it lit up those small patches of corn almost to a silver whiteness among the ebony-black shadows of the overhanging rocks. There was not a cloud in the clear dark heavens, nor a murmur from the far expanse of the sea.

They went away down to the shore, and got out a small rowing-boat, and rowed away from the land. It was the two girls who pulled; and the sound of the oars was the only sound to be heard in the stillness of the night; for even a certain loquacious philosopher did not choose to break the mystic silence that reigned over the world. The rocky shores they had left behind became blacker and blacker; the points of

orange fire that told of distant cottages became smaller and smaller; the white moonlight glittered on the wet blades of the oars. Mull and Morven were awful in their gloom, where the great mountains seemed to be alone with the stars.

"What a dreadful thing it would be," Violet said, letting her oar rest for a minute, "to go up one of those mountains at night, all by yourself—you would imagine every sound was something horrible——"

"Now, Violet, that is all founded on a common mistake," said another voice. "Just think what you would do if you were a ghost. You wouldn't go away into lonely places, where you could see nothing, of a cold night, and prowl about there. Wouldn't you rather take a nice warm forenoon, and sit invisible on a stile, and see the country-folks drive by to market in the brisk sunshine? I do believe that ghosts are friendly fellows, and wouldn't frighten you for the world. Often, when I am passing a wood, I wonder whether any of them are sitting on the fence, having a quiet hob-nob among themselves, and perhaps laughing at the way you walk. Of course, if ghosts could plague people by appearing at night, they ought always to plague rich people. The night is the day of the poor; then they have everything redressed and made right in their dreams. A rich man in actual life can't enjoy himself half so much as a poor man who dreams he is rich, or a neglected man who dreams he is famous, or a sickly man who dreams he is an athlete. But do you know who must have the happiest dreams in the world?"

Nobody did know.

"A dog. They are full of life and action, without remorse. And were you ever asked a conundrum in a dream, the answer to which it cost you a desperate effort to make out; although of course the one side of your brain that made the conundrum must have known the answer all along? In going to sleep, too, haven't you had a clear and delightful consciousness that your perceptions and fancies were growing quite the reverse of clear—the confusion meaning the approach of the sleep you are waiting for? Then there is another —— Gracious goodness! what's that?"

He had been interrupted by a loud splash, apparently proceeding from a rock some forty or fifty yards off.

"It must have been a seal," said he; and thereupon he began to tell his companions an exciting story of an elderly and near-sighted gentleman who came back to his hotel one day complaining that he had fired three bullets at a seal but missed him each time; and of a negro who came running in to declare, in wrath and indignation, that, while bathing, he had been fired at three times from the shore and had his ear cut off. Everybody knew that that true legend was about three minutes old.

By and by they set off again for the shore, and when they had put up Mr. Maclean's boat, they proceeded to walk away up into the hills, where the moonlight was shining coldly on the stone walls, the furze-bushes, and the scattered patches of corn. The voices of two young girls broke the silence of the night, singing an old school-song they had often sung together. Then they bade farewell to the magic world of moonlit sea, and mountains, and sky; and a peaceful, beautiful, and memorable day came to a welcome end! If one's life could all be made up of such!

CHAPTER XIX.

ABRA.

So the brisk, bright days and weeks went by; and the ceaseless round of activities in the open air—whether the blue seas lay shining in the light, or the fierce south-west winds sent the foam flying high over the rocks—brought glad health and happiness to this little band of strangers, and plenty of sun-brown to their faces. Violet had by this time quite simply and naturally fallen into her position in the household. She felt so thoroughly at home that she never thought of the time when she had been only a visitor; and to her

friends it seemed as though she had always been with them. She would have been well content—as she frankly told Mrs. Warrener one evening—to spend the rest of her life with them up here in this Highland cottage.

A woman cannot occupy a place in a household without having some sort of occupation; and it was almost insensibly that Miss Violet, while helping Mrs. Warrener in certain things, managed to create a new series of duties for herself. These had for their open and ostensible object the greater care and comfort of that somewhat shy potentate who presided over this household of women; and it is probable that any other man than himself would have been embarrassed by these attentions. He accepted them, however, as a matter of course, which greatly pleased the giver of them, who never felt so proud and glad as when he asked her to do something for him—not in the language in which one would beg a favour from a visitor, but in a much more curt and familiar way. So it came about that no one thought of interfering with Miss Violet in her self-imposed duties, which were performed with a scrupulous care and accuracy. When Mr. Drummond came down of a morning, he never noticed that his slippers were invariably in the same spot; that his table-napkin was never missing; that the newspaper which had arrived by post was carefully opened, cut, folded, and placed beside his plate. His shooting-boots and leggings were always at hand the moment he wanted them; his gun—which seemed to keep marvellously clean, although Peter absolutely declined to polish it every day—awaited him in the corner; there were always the proper number of cartridges in the bag. Nay, she had succeeded so far in becoming his henchman that, after having assisted him on several occasions in measuring out powder and shot for the cartridges, she had made bold to make the cartridges herself, out-and-out, and never were cartridges more accurately constructed. She kept a game-book; but she refused to compare the number of cartridges she made with the number of entries in that small volume. His pocket-flask was always mysteriously full; she invariably prepared the luncheon bag; on the fine days she and Amy would walk out to meet him—and he could recognise the proud and graceful carriage of the girl a mile off—and on the wet days, she had dry socks and slippers awaiting him. No matter what he wanted, it seemed to be always just by; and he did not know what pleasure he gave her in falling into the habit of invariably turning to her with a "Violet, I wish you would do this;" or "Violet, I wish you would do that."

Mrs. Warrener was amused; but ventured to remonstrate.

"Violet, do you know that you are becoming James's slave?"

The girl flushed for a second; but all the same she said, with a smile—

"I don't care, so long as I have so good a master."

As for him, he seemed to take her presence in the house as a matter of course; and made fun of her, or lectured her, or teased her, with an absolute freedom of intimacy and friendliness. And yet there were one or two subtle distinctions between his treatment of her and his treatment of her companions which she did not fail to notice. In walking about the mountain-paths in the evening, he was in the habit of taking the hand of his companion; but he never took Violet's hand. When he was impressing some profound moral truth, in enigmatical language, upon his sister or his niece, he frequently put his hand on the shoulder of the patient listener to enforce his precepts: he never put his hand on Violet's shoulder. Sometimes, indeed, he seemed to recall to himself that she was a guest in the house, and ought to be treated with a special kindness and respect, rather than with an easy familiarity, and thereupon he would make some essay in that direction. He did not know how these efforts, at once perceived by the quick sensitiveness of the girl, wounded her to the heart, so

that, instead of being pleased by his gentle courtesy, she was like to have gone away to her own room and burst into tears over what seemed a rupture of the old and friendly relations between the master and his slave.

But although she was hurt when he endeavoured to treat her with respectful consideration, she, on the other hand, was fierce enough if any one failed to show sufficient respect for him. If a boatman, encouraged by the jocular freedom of Drummond's manner and speech, became in the faintest degree familiar, he received a reminder there and then which he was not likely to forget. She had completely overawed old Peter; who was at first sulky, then betrayed a sort of grumbling admiration of her courage; and finally said she was a fine lass, and must have something better than English blood in her veins. Indeed, she seemed inclined to check over familiarity on the part of Mr. Drummond's own sister and niece. The master of the house was the master of the house.

One evening he had just got home from the shooting, and had been stopped at the door by his sister, who called attention to the singular light shining across the sea. The sky was covered over with thick purple masses of thunderous cloud—almost black they were, indeed, except where one bold slit showed a glimpse of the high sunny green of the sunset; while underneath this heavy and ominous sky a great flood of yellow light came over from the west, causing the masts of one or two yachts to gleam like silver against the black clouds.

"Why, here comes Violet up the road; she has been down persuading Mr. Morrison to give us a piece of beef for to-morrow. He won't listen to anybody but her. If it wasn't for her, we should have nothing but mutton from one week's end to the other."

The girl was coming along the valley at a good pace.

"Do you know," said Mr. Drummond, rather absently, "that it is a happiness to me—a positive delight—merely to see that girl walk. The proud gracefulness of her figure—the freedom of her step—it gives one a sense of her having perfect symmetry of form and splendid health——"

"I don't know what we shall do without her, now we have got so well accustomed to her," said his sister, ruefully.

"Ah, yes, of course," he said, with an effort to look brisk and matter-of-fact; "of course she will go; that is but natural—the young bird flies from its nest as soon as it has wings. Well, Violet has made our little place brighter since she has been with us."

His sister stood silent for a moment.

"I declare," she said, "I cannot make up my mind about that young man. Sometimes I like him; sometimes I hate him. If we could only look ahead a few years, we should know better what to do——"

"You forget, Sarah," said her brother, somewhat stiffly, "that neither you nor I have anything to do with that matter. Why should you talk as if you were responsible? The girl is old enough to judge for herself."

"If you loved Violet as I do, you would be more anxious," said Mrs. Warrener, with a sigh; for she could not understand how her brother, ordinarily so solicitous about the welfare of everyone around him, should betray an absolute indifference as to such an important question as Violet North's marriage.

The conversation was in any case broken up by the girl herself, who came up through the steep little garden with a fine flush of colour in her face, and with gladness in her dark eyes. She was glad to have secured the piece of beef; glad to have escaped the rain; glad to have Mr. Drummond's game-bag to explore. These were sufficient reasons for the bright look on her face; but indeed Mrs. Warrener had remarked ever since their arrival in these Highlands that no especial cause was needed to bring that happy light into Violet North's eyes which now always dwelt there.

"Now, Violet," she said, putting the girl's hand within her arm, and taking her off for a little walk round the plateau (Mr. Drummond having gone into the house), "I have a secret to tell you. That is, we thought of keeping it a secret—to give you a surprise; but perhaps it is fairer I should tell you. Mr. Miller arrives to-morrow evening."

Violet stopped suddenly; and unconsciously withdrew her hand from her friend's arm.

"Why should that be a surprise—or a secret—for me?" she asked, coldly.

Mrs. Warrener smiled in her gentle way: the pretence of indifference on the part of those girls about their lovers was charming.

"I thought he was a friend of yours, Violet," she said, with demure sarcasm.

"I hope it is as a friend of your own that you have asked him to your house," responded the girl. "I should have said that we were happy enough without him."

This was a little too much.

"Do you mean to say, Violet, you will not be pleased to see him?" her friend asked—but the question was hardly a serious one.

"Of course I shall be glad to see him—as I should be to see any other friend," answered Miss Violet, with the same proud indifference. "But—but I thought we were comfortable enough without visitors—and I hope it is not on my account that you have asked Mr. Miller to come here."

Her cheeks began to turn red; and it was clear that affectation of indifference was rapidly going.

"I scarcely think it is fair—" she was beginning to say, in quicker accents, when Mrs. Warrener gently stopped her.

"Don't be vexed, Violet. Of course, a girl does not like to have her private feelings known, or even guesed at, where a gentleman is concerned; and I must tell you at once that Mr. Miller would have come to see us whether you had been here or not. He was asked to come a long time ago. He is very fond of shooting and yachting; but as there was no shooting worth speaking of, James thought he had better wait till now, and go with us in the *Sea-Pyot*——"

"Oh, *he* is going, is he?" said Violet, quickly.

"Yes; so I believe. You know there is plenty of room in that big boat."

Nothing more was said at the moment. Violet made some excuse, and went indoors. There she got hold of Amy Warrener, and asked that young lady to come into her room for a minute. She shut the door, and sate down.

"It's all over now," she said.

"What is all over now, Violet?"

Her hands were folded in her lap; her eyes fixed idly on them.

"All the pleasant time we have been spending up here—it seems a long time, and yet it has passed quickly. Good-bye to it: I shall never forget it—never!"

"What do you mean, Violet?"

"A stranger is coming to-morrow; and everything will be different."

"A stranger! Do you call Mr. Miller a stranger!"

"Oh, you knew about it, too?" said Miss Violet, raising her eyes quickly. "Why was it all kept secret from me?"

"Why?" said the younger girl, with some embarrassment. "I suppose mamma fancied you would not care to have such things spoken about."

"What things?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

Her young companion was gentle enough; but even she could be goaded.

"You know quite well you are engaged to him, Violet; and what is the use of making a mystery about it?" she said, sharply.

"I know quite well I am nothing of the sort; I know quite well I shall never be engaged to him—never!" said the girl, vehemently. "Engaged to him? I wish he was dead!"

"Oh, Violet!"

"Well, I don't exactly wish that," she said, with some compunction, "but I really cannot bear to have it supposed we are engaged, or likely to be; and

what will his coming here do but make discomfort and misery. Haven't we been happy enough by ourselves?—we don't want anybody else. And then it appears he is to go with us in the *Sea-Pyot.* Well, if he goes in the *Sea-Pyot,* I know somebody who won't; and the initials of her name, as the Irishman said, are Violet North."

This was uttered with considerable decision. Now Amy Warrener, young as she was, had a good deal of her mother's shrewd and quiet common-sense; and instead of fighting this determination by any argument or appeal, she only said, simply—

"It won't look very friendly, Violet, if you alone refuse to go with us; and Mr. Miller, as a stranger and visitor, is entitled to whatever courtesy we can show him. It isn't his fault if you don't like him. Then, you didn't always appear to dislike him so much. I thought it was quite the other way at one time—and now if you treat him badly, he will think you are only acting the coquette, and wanting to show your independence."

"I don't care what he thinks," she said, with her cheeks hot, but looking down.

"Others will think the same."

"Who?" And again she looked up, with a quick surprise and inquiry in her glance.

"All of us."

"You—will—all—think—that—I—am—a—coquette," she said, slowly.

"Well," said her friend, doubtfully, "you know you encouraged him a great deal."

"And to save myself from that reproach," she continued, quite as slowly and thoughtfully, "to keep your good opinion, I must marry Mr. George Miller?"

There was no answer to that question.

CHAPTER XX.

SETTING OUT.

Mr. George Miller arrived in due course; and very handsome the young fellow looked as he stepped ashore from the steamer to shake hands with his friends on the quay. Violet had been persuaded to accompany the others; and she could not help greeting him with a pleasant smile—indeed, there was something in this sudden meeting that recalled other days. With great prudence, too, he forbore to express any special pleasure in seeing her again. She was only one of the little group of friends. He addressed himself almost exclusively to Mrs. Warrener, as they proceeded to find their way up to Castle Bandbox.

Nor, on this first evening, were any of Violet's predictions fulfilled. All the happy old time had not completely gone. They were quite as joyous and homely as ever; and a certain discursive orator had as large a share of that talk which could only by courtesy be called conversation; that is, nobody else had a share. Mr. Miller laughed and enjoyed himself with the rest; he did not embarrass Violet with the least specialty of attention; his whole interest was apparently absorbed in his chances of getting a shot or two before starting in the yacht, and in the prospects held out by the *Sea-Pyot* of a comfortable voyage. All was so far well.

It was only by degrees, and that almost imperceptibly, that his influence in this small household begun to tell. He was a young man of system, of minute observation, of careful, business-like provision; and could not understand at all the happy-go-lucky carelessness which marked most of Mr. Drummond's arrangements. With him a nine o'clock breakfast meant a nine o'clock breakfast; not a breakfast at ten, or half-past nine, or a quarter-past eight, as chance might dictate. For the first time his friends perceived that the pattern of the wall-paper was rather ludicrous, and that a defect in the framework of the window produced a draught. They were ashamed to confess they could not tell him whether the local whiskey was under or over proof; indeed, none of them knew exactly what proof meant. There was now no vague

loitering on the hills for the contemplation of landscape, nor needless waste of time over luncheon; the ground that had to be got over was got over in a proper fashion. Moreover, there was much less missing now; the young man showed himself an excellent shot, and there was no amount of fatigue or discomfort which he would indolently shirk if he believed there was a chance of getting a single bird. Old Peter had enough of it now; he was pretty nearly walked off his legs by this new pupil; while his former pupil ignominiously gave up the chase, lit a pipe, stretched himself on the heather, where he could command a view of Morven, Mull, and Lismore, and told his companions to come back that way for him when they chose.

Moreover, the incorrigible carelessness of the head of the house became all the more apparent, for his accoutrements now lacked much of Violet's superintendence. She had been accustomed to come down early—before any of the others—to look after his cartridge-bag, his boots, leggings, and what not; but now she never appeared till breakfast was announced, and then she invariably came downstairs with Amy. They generally found Mr. Miller impatiently pacing up and down in front of the house, and looking at his watch every third minute.

They had beautiful moonlight nights at this time; and they were accustomed to go out for a stroll after dinner, either up into the black hills, where the wan and mystic light was palely shining on the furze and rocks, or down to the shore, where the long, monotonous rush of the waves on the coast alone disturbed the profound and mysterious silence. Here, too, there was a great difference. The party was broken up somehow. Violet resolutely and ininvariably walked with Amy Warrener, chatting, when they did chat, about schoolgirl themes; Mrs. Warrener generally stayed with them; Mr. Drummond and his guest led the way, the latter giving all the latest information about big-company swindles, stock exchange transactions, the cooking at the Judæum, and so forth.

"Why do you never talk to Mr. Miller, Violet?" Amy Warrener asked one night.

"I don't understand politics; and I don't care about commercial matters," replied the young lady, evasively.

"I don't mean that at all," her friend said. "Why do you scarcely ever address a word to him, even at dinner?"

"Good little girls should be seen and not heard. I speak when I am spoken to," was the reply.

It was very clear that Violet did not at all care for the presence of Mr. Miller in Castle Bandbox. She seemed restrained and dispirited. A sort of indefinite apprehension appeared to hang over her, which Mrs. Warrener did not fail to notice.

Now Mr. Miller, from the moment of his arrival in the Highlands, had been most considerate to the girl, and, whatever he might judge to be her feelings towards him, he had not sought to intrude himself upon her in the slightest degree. But after all a young man is but a young man; and he grew to think that, considering their past and present relations, she was dealing very harshly with him in so obviously and systematically avoiding any private conversation with him. His difficulty was to find an opportunity of speaking with her alone; and it almost appeared as if she recognised the fact, and was determined to outwit him.

At last he caught her. She had inconsiderately ventured down to breakfast without her ordinary companion, under the impression that Mrs. Warrener had preceded her. When she opened the door of the room, and saw Mr. Miller there alone, she would have retreated, but it was too late.

"Violet," said he, "I want to speak to you for a second."

She knew what was coming; she advanced into the room, outwardly calm, but inwardly full of dread; she was vaguely aware that his face was pale.

"Have I offended you?"

"No."

She spoke in so low a voice that he could hardly hear.

"Why do you avoid me so? Why won't you speak to me?"

She did not answer.

"I am sure I have not persecuted you, ever since you seemed to wish to be left free; haven't I done everything you could wish?"

"Yes, you have," she answered, with a trifle more emphasis.

"Then why do you treat me as if I were an enemy—as if you were afraid of me?"

"Oh, I hope I don't do that," she said; but her eyes were still fixed on the ground.

For a second or two she stood irresolute, and then she seemed to summon up her courage to speak frankly.

"And if I am afraid of you, in however slight a degree," she said, in clear, low tones, "I have myself to blame. I am deeply to blame—I know that. I—I wish I had never seen you, nor you me; that would have been better for both of us."

"No, no, Violet," he said, kindly, and he came a step nearer, "that is what every girl says—natural timidity, you know—she doesn't know what is before her, and is afraid. For my part, I am very glad we have met, whatever comes of it; and if you would only give me a chance, I should soon cure your mind of all that apprehension. But how can I do that if you always avoid me? Don't you think it is hardly fair? Would you treat any other friend of yours like that?"

"Oh, if I was only sure," she said, with a sort of despairing earnestness, "that we were friends, and only friends, how glad I should be to do all you wish. Believe that of me, any way. If you would only let me think that—if you were satisfied with that—I should be so grateful to you. Will you?"

She was looking at him now, with her eyes full of entreaty. He, on the other hand, appeared to be wholly astounded.

"Violet," said he, slowly, "you have hinted this once or twice before. Do you really mean it? Do you wish me to abandon all hope of our being anything to each other?"

It was precisely what she did wish; but there was a reproach in his tone which she felt keenly; and for the sake of old times she could not bring herself to wound him too cruelly.

"No, not altogether," she said, quickly. "We need not become strangers; we might always remain friends. If I could only persuade you not to think of anything else!"

He was deeply mortified of course; and yet he could not quite believe her. Her liking for him had been declared years ago. There was no obstacle that he could see to the marriage. He had not even a rival.

At this moment steps were heard on the stairs. He seized her hand for a second, and said, rapidly—

"Don't make this final, Violet. There is some misunderstanding. You must let me hope."

She did not answer as she left the room; but there was that in her face that rendered him somewhat uneasy. Was it true, then, that her aversion from all thought of marriage with him was something more than mere girlish timidity? Was it true that she really wished him to abandon all hope of securing her for his wife?

He put on his cap, and went out into the fresh morning air; he wished to be alone for a few minutes; for there was something about all this that he could not well understand. Again and again, as he walked up and down the bit of gravel, he tried to account for Violet's change of feeling towards him—or, at least, for her change of intention; and he could see no reasonable explanation. At this moment he heard Mr. Drummond inside calling "Violet! Violet." A wild fancy struck him.

Was it true that he had no rival? Could it be possible that the girl had let her declared admiration—her worship, almost—of this middle-aged man run into a more passionate feeling? The

mere suspicion sent a flash of fire tingling through his heart; and he found himself rapidly running over a series of incidents, unnoticed at the time, which now appeared to give at least plausibility to this random conjecture.

In the most commonplace of natures there is always enough of imagination to fan the fires of jealousy; the relations existing between Mr. Drummond and his girlish pupil now assumed a wholly different complexion; in his first flush of anger, and surprise, and envy, the young man was ready to accuse his friend of having inveigled Sir Acton North's daughter into his house, that he might marry an heiress.

But after all, Mr. Miller was a sensible and prudent young fellow. He reasoned with himself. Was it likely that this gay-hearted, handsome girl, rejoicing in all the boundless hopes and activities of youth, should give away her life to a moping, dreaming, middle-aged man, who had just enough money to keep a moderately decent coat on his back? She was very fond of him—as his niece was. She had a profound admiration for him—as his sister had. Mr. Miller reasoned himself out of his first glow of belief and anger; but he went into breakfast in a somewhat sullen and suspicious mood.

Now, indeed, the smallest trifles were magnified in the young man's alarmed imagination. He noticed how she brought the newspaper and placed it beside a certain cup. He felt sure that she had been out to bring in the fresh bell-heather, ferns, marigolds, and fuchsias for the table. When all had sat down to breakfast, he observed that Mr. Drummond addressed most of his chance remarks to her; and that she invariably looked up with a bright glance of gratitude when he did so.

A sufficiently trifling incident occurred. Mr. Drummond, like most rather shy and sensitive folks, had a nervous dislike to being watched by furtive glances, especially at meal-times. He would infinitely have preferred to go without mustard, or butter, or anything of that sort, rather than be reminded that some one was continually observing his plate. Now, on this occasion, he happened to look up, and finding his sister's eyes fixed curiously on him, he called out—

"On my solemn word of honour, Sarah, I am only going to eat an egg. Is there anything awful in that?"

His sister looked shocked and offended, whereupon he continued, in great good humour—

"I declare that there is in the world only one human being with whom it is comfortable to have breakfast — who leaves you alone to struggle with your fish-bones—who never turns her eyes upon you except when she speaks to you: who is it? Do you all give it up?"

"It is Violet, of course, uncle," said Amy Warrener, with a laugh. "Violet is always right."

Now surely there was not much in complimenting a girl for minding her own plate at a breakfast-table; but all the same the young man looked upon the innocent exclamation of Violet's schoolfellow as only confirming some of his gloomiest suspicions. But he would observe still before speaking or acting.

Meanwhile there was a great bustle convulsing the ordinary quiet of Castle Bandbox, in the midst of which no one had time to notice how Violet treated her former lover. Everyone was preparing for the approaching voyage in the *Sea-Pyot;* Mr. Drummond making the wildest suggestions about potted meats, condensed milk, and baskets of soda-water; Mrs. Warrener making more sober calculations about the necessary stores for a week's cruise; the girls anxious about waterproofs and thick shoes; and Mr. George Miller, with great care and accuracy of method, getting his fishing-tackle into order. They knew they were about to play at keeping house, just like so many children; and every one pretended to know a vast deal about those very things which, in serious living on land, they had treated with indifference.

The *Sea-Pyot*, which they could now distinguish lying at her moorings in the bay, was a yawl of some thirty-two tons register and about fifty tons yacht measurement; but she was an exceedingly roomy and comfortable vessel considering her size. She had a fairly commodious ladies' cabin, a couple of staterooms for single gentlemen, and a spacious saloon, no less than twelve feet six inches in beam. For the rest she was anything but a quick sailer with light winds, but she could stand a thoroughly stiff breeze with absolute safety, and then she could do her nine or ten knots an hour. She was worked by four men and a lad, the latter officiating as cook and steward.

It was universally resolved that, as Miss Violet was the most experienced voyager of the party, she should go on board and overhaul the table linen, locker accommodation, bedding, permanent stores, and the like, and this commission she gladly accepted, while stipulating that the others should accompany her. It was with the eager excitement of a party of discovery that they entered the gig which had been sent on shore for them, and were pulled out to the yacht. The skipper—a handsome good-humoured looking man of thirty-five or so, with a sun-tanned face and a light yellow beard, who was an old friend and ally of Mr. Drummond's—received them with much ceremonious dignity at the gangway, and, in showing them over his ship, seemed particularly anxious to gratify the tall young lady, who was continually asking him abrupt and business-like questions. She was graciously pleased to express her approval of the whiteness of the decks, the spaciousness of the saloon, and the painting of the skylights, but she was of opinion that the small state-room next the forecastle ought to have been a pantry, and she gently but firmly remonstrated with Captain Jimmy for not having a swinging-table in the large cabin.

"That is true, mem," said the yellow-bearded skipper, with just a trace of Highland accent, "I hef often said that to Mr. Sinclair, and it will only cost 5*l.* the more."

"Come, Violet, it isn't fair to look a gift-horse in the mouth. You ought to be sufficiently grateful to Mr. Sinclair," said Mr. Drummond.

"So I am," she said, doubtfully; "but suppose she is lying well over from the wind, how are we to get anything to eat and drink?"

"Hold on to your glass, and make the plates steady each other."

"Then supposing we are beating up to windward, every time she is put about everything will go flying across to the other side."

"Well, the people on the other side can catch them?"

"In their lap?"

"Why not?"

However, there were no great fears on that score, and the party returned home only regretting that a night must intervene before starting. A great joy of expectation, indeed, prevailed through Castle Bandbox that evening, for the talk was all of the wonderful places they would see, and of the wonderful adventures they would meet, and no one had any suspicion that they were taking a Jonah on board.

To be continued.

MRS. THRALE: THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—1780—1821.

Such was the little Welshwoman's first reception of her future husband, and her friends and foes remembered it long afterwards. It was not, however, until August 1870, and then at Brighton, that she made Signor Piozzi's acquaintance.

Brighton was dull enough for her that season. Dr. Johnson was in hot, empty London, dining at Sir Joshua's with Mrs. Cholmondeley, busy with his *Lives*, and writing letters to Mrs. Thrale. "I stay at home to work," he told her, "and yet do not work diligently; nor can tell when I shall have done, nor perhaps does anybody but myself wish me to have done; for what can they hope I shall do better? Yet I wish the work was over and I was at liberty. And what would I do if I was at liberty? Would I go to Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Porter, and all the old places, and sigh to find that my old friends are gone? Would I recall plans of life which I never brought into practice, and hopes of excellence which I once presumed and never have attained? Would I compare what I now am with what I once expected to have been?" And he adds: "If you please, madam, we will have an end of this, and contrive some other wishes. I wish I had you in an evening, and I wish I had you in a morning; and I wish I could have a little talk, and see a little frolick. For all this I must stay; but life will not stay." Miss Burney was also in London, drinking tea in Bolt Court, calling upon Sophy, and picking up gossip among her high friends about Lord George Gordon, who was now safe in the Tower. The prim little worldling would, in spite of her airs, be fine company now at Brighton. "My master," Mrs. Thrale writes to her, "is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothes; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent; and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest, but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K——, too, sister to the Duchess of M——, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Tum*bridge. These, however, are all the people we ever speak to,—oh, yes, the Drummonds—but they are scarce blest with utterance." But, while she complains of mere tedium, her heart is heavy with a sense of coming evil. Another parliamentary election is pending, while her husband's health causes her hourly anxiety for his life; her letters to Johnson are few and far between, and with but little "frolick" in them. The philosopher grows captious. "I hope," he wrote, "you have no design of stealing away to Italy before the election, nor of leaving me behind you, though I am not only seventy, but seventy-one. Could you not let me lose a year in round numbers? Sweetly, sweetly sings Dr. Swift:

> 'Some dire misfortune to portend,
> No enemy can match a friend.'

But what if I am seventy-two? I remember Sulpitius says of Saint Martin (now that's above your reading), *Est animus victor annorum et senectuti cedere nescius.* Match me this among your young folks! If you try to plague me,

I shall tell you that, according to Galen, life begins to decline from *thirty-five.*" And again, in still more irritable mood: "You write of late very seldom. I wish you would write upon *subjects;* anything to keep me alive. You have your beaux and your flatterers, and here am poor I, forced to flatter myself; and any good of myself I am not very easy to believe, so that I really live but a sorry life. What shall I do with Lyttelton's life? I can make a short life and conclude. Why did not you like Collins, and Gay, and Blackmore, as well as Akenside?" The lady takes up her pen at last, and can write brilliantly enough when she chooses, and whet his appetite for more. She has been reading his last *Lives,* and has some piquant criticism for each of them. Then:—"And now, if you call this flattery, I can leave off in a minute without bidding; for, since you *lions* have no skill in dandling the kid, we *kids* can expect but rough returns for caresses bestowed upon our haughty monarch. So be diligent, dear sir, and have done with these men that have been buried these hundred years, and don't sit making verses that never will be written; but sit down steadily and finish their lives who *did* do something. And then, think a little about mine, which has not been a happy one, for all you tease me so concerning the pleasures I enjoy, and the flattery I receive, all which has nothing to do with comfort for the present distress; and sometimes I am angry when I read such stuff."

It was about the time when these letters were travelling to and fro between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale that, walking with Queeney early one morning on the cliff at Brighton, Mrs. Thrale saw Piozzi standing at the library door, and accosted him in Italian. Her impromptu proposal that he should give Miss Thrale a lesson or two was on that occasion coldly declined. He had come to Brighton for his health, was composing some music, and lived in great retirement. He did not remember her, in fact; and the ladies continued their walk, disappointedly. On their way home, passing again the library door, Piozzi, no doubt instructed in the meantime by the gossiping librarian, started out of the shop, apologised for not knowing Mrs. Thrale before, and protested his readiness to obey her commands. And so their acquaintance began. In her diary occur the following jottings:—"Brighton, July 1780. I have picked up Piozzi here, the great Italian singer. He is amazingly like my father: he shall teach Hester." And again:—"13th August, 1780. Piozzi is become a prodigious favourite with me. He is so intelligent a creature, so discerning, one can't help wishing for his good opinion; his singing surpasses everybody's for taste, tenderness, and true elegance; his hand on the *forte piano,* too, is so soft, so sweet, so delicate, every tone goes to the heart, I think, and fills the mind with emotions one would not be without, though inconvenient enough sometimes. He wants nothing from us; he comes for his health, he says; I see nothing ail the man but pride."

Towards the close of this eventful August, soon after their return to London, Mr. Thrale was attacked with apoplexy. Sir Lucas Pepys, being with them at Brighton, had observed symptoms of danger in his patient, and had sent him home, not to Streatham, but to a furnished house in Grosvenor Square, to be within easy reach of himself. It was too late, however; the crisis came, and the brewer's life was saved only by bleeding him till he fainted. Once more Mrs. Thrale's energy for business is called into play. She is at the counting-house daily, chases a clerk who has absconded with money, discovers new ruinous speculations of her husband, and does her best to straighten matters around him. The election too is not far off. In March 1781 she writes to Johnson:—"I am willing to show myself in Southwark or in any place for my master's pleasure or advantage, but have no present conviction that to be re-elected would be advantageous, so shattered a state as his nerves are in just now. Do not you, however,

fancy for a moment that I shrink from fatigue, or desire to escape from doing my duty. Spiting one's antagonist is a reason that never ought to operate, and never does operate with me. I care nothing about a rival candidate's innuendoes; I care only about my husband's health and fame; and, if we find that he earnestly wishes to be once more member for the Borough,—he *shall* be member, if anything done or suffered by me will help to make him so." The dying man, heavy half his time with apoplectic sleep, still made love to Sophy, and was intent on enjoying his life. Grosvenor Square was gayer than ever Streatham had been. "Yesterday," writes Mrs. Thrale, "I had a *conversazione*. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well. The way to his heart is connoisseurship, it seems; and for a background and contour—who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know!"

On Sunday, April 1st, there were at dinner, at Grosvenor Square, Boswell, Johnson, Sir Philip Jennings Clark, M.P., and Mr. Perkins, the head clerk at the brewery. The talk was of the American war; and Johnson's "boisterous vivacity," says Boswell, "entertained us. Presently Mrs. Thrale chanced to praise highly a witty friend of her own. 'Nay, my dear lady,' replied Johnson, 'don't talk so,' and proceeded to turn her friend into ridicule, and to scold her for her habit of *blasting by praise*. 'Now there is Pepys' (Mr. Thrale's physician); 'you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserved. His blood is upon your head. By the same principle your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet,' looking to her," says Boswell, "with a leering smile, 'she is the first woman in the world could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers; she would be the only woman could she but command that little whirligig.'" Mr. Perkins must have felt himself much edified by this discriminating censure of his master's wife, while Boswell, no doubt, strained every nerve to fix the delicious words upon his memory. But the end of it all was near. On April 4th, 1781, in the midst of preparations for a magnificent concert and supper, another sudden stroke of apoplexy ended poor Thrale's life, and ended too, in Dr. Johnson's life, its happiest episode.

When the brewer's will was read it was found that Mrs. Thrale had the interest of 50,000*l.* for her life, with Streatham Park and the town-house in the Borough—the Brighton house falling to the share of the daughters. The business might be carried on conjointly by Mrs. Thrale and the executors, among whom was Dr. Johnson, or sold for what it would bring. Dr. Johnson is said to have wished to keep on the brewery; but Mrs. Thrale was the better man of business of the two, and it was sold, in June 1781, for 135,000*l.* to Mr. Barclay the Quaker, and her old friend Mr. Perkins, the head clerk; the dwelling-house in the Borough being thrown in at the last as a gift from Mrs. Thrale to Mrs. Perkins.

For fifteen years Johnson had called Streatham his home. The white house on the common had come to be dear and familiar to the old man beyond what he or the world knew; and he would willingly have continued a fixture there to his life's end. Any change was for him simple loss. His dear "mistress," saddened but not quite broken-hearted, with the pretty Queeney growing into womanhood at her side, and himself in her cosiest easy-chair, or presiding among the wits and notables at her sumptuous board:—this was the pleasant picture he had drawn for himself of what might still be. "Let us pray for one another," he had written to her in the early days of her widowhood;

"when we meet, we may try what fidelity and tenderness will do for us." The sale of the brewery and subsequent retrenchments disturbed to a considerable degree the magnanimity of Johnson's sorrow. His dream-fabric tottered visibly. "The diminution of the estate, though unpleasing and unexpected, must," he said, "be borne, because it cannot be helped." He and she were to make good resolutions before they met, which on his side he hoped to keep; but such hopes are very deceitful, and "I would not willingly think the same of all hopes," he added, very ambiguously. From Lichfield, with poor dying Lucy Porter at his side, palsied Mrs. Aston, and other aged and ailing friends, he wrote to her:—"There is little of the sunshine of life, and my own health does not gladden me. But, to scatter the gloom, I went last night to the ball, where, you know, I can be happy even without you. On the ball, which was very gay, I looked a while, and went away." What dreams of the preposterously happy, what visions of far off sunny Streatham, filled the old man's mind as he stood watching the dancers through dim half-closed eyes on that last night of October 1781, are not now to be recorded. The little widow's replies to his constant letters are sprightly and trim, with here and there a touch of filial tenderness, or of half-concealed pain, as when she says, "Come home, however, for 'tis dull living without you . . . . You are not happy away, and I fear I shall never be happy again in this world between one thing and another." Their re-union at the close of the year did not bring to either the comfort they expected. Signor Piozzi the singer, sent for by the Queen of France, had also been absent, and was now also returned, "loaded with presents, honours, and emoluments." "When *he* comes, and *I* come," Johnson had said in one of his letters, "you will have two about you that love you; and I question if either of us heartily care how few more you have." The philosopher was already jealous; and still more so when Mrs. Thrale's pleasure in Piozzi's society increased day by day. To make matters more difficult, Johnson, now in his seventy-third year, was already sinking into an unhealthy old age. The huge frame was tortured by symptoms of asthma, dropsy, and other painful diseases, partly inherited, partly the result of unwholesome habits of living. His rich, full mind and big heart had as much of vitality as ever, or more; but the temper, never a gentle one, had become, to those who loved him most, captious, fretful, and extortionate. He had reached a period in his life when the most unfit companion for him in the world was a lady, herself weighed down with suffering and domestic anxiety, but with a spirit of joy in her that rebelled at the prospect of sorrow. By a process too natural to require explanation, Johnson's residence at Streatham became less habitual than formerly. But he continued to write from the dusky retreat of Bolt Court, *dunning*, as she expressed it, his old friend for kindness, wishing himself back with her at Streatham, detailing his complaints and medicines, and peevishly repining at his own old age. The tie of many years was hard to break; and, when Streatham Park was let on lease, in 1782, to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, Dr. Johnson accompanied Mrs. Thrale and her family to Brighton, returning with them in the winter to Argyle Street, London, where Boswell found him, very ill but kindly tended, in the following March.

Between this last date, however, and June 17th, 1783, an irremediable break had occurred in the friendship of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. No sooner had her husband been laid at rest beside his little son in Streatham Church than the gossips had set themselves to map out his widow's future. She was angry enough at them for fancying her "such an amorous idiot." Lord Loughborough, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Piozzi, Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Johnson, every man that came to the house, she complained, was put in the papers for her to marry. She wrote to the *Morning Herald*, begging it to say no more about her, good

or bad, took refuge in the country, and had more than half a mind to leave England altogether. "One day," she writes in her diary, "the paper rings with my marriage to Johnson, one day to Crutchley, one day to Seward. I give no reason for such impertinence, but cannot deliver myself from it. Whitbread, the rich brewer, is in love with me too: oh, I would rather, as Anne Page says, be set breast deep in the earth and be bowled to death with turnips." Still, though incensed at this random gossip, Mrs. Thrale had a fair consciousness of her own eligibility and power. She remembered her wealth, her ancient lineage, her reputation for wit and learning, and triumphed to herself, between the pages of her diary, that to marry for love would be rational in her, who wanted no advancement of birth or fortune; and, "till I am in love," she added, "I will not marry, nor perhaps then." That she did eventually promise her hand to the singer Piozzi has puzzled her biographers as it at first puzzled, nay, astounded, her family and friends. They regarded the act as little less than a crime against society, her children, and herself. What could a woman with three thousand a year, half a dozen daughters, and a considerable reputation for talent, care for a man who was known only for his music? True it was, the singer had long since lost his voice, that he was neither poor, nor very handsome, nor in any sense an adventurer. He was in fact eminently respectable and harmless; and—she loved him. This fact constituted his greatest virtue and her most unpardonable folly. Johnson and Burney bemoaned together with wet eyes the weakness of their former hostess and their own loosened hold of her affection. The two drove into London from Streatham on one occasion together—Burney in the secret of the love affair, and very grave and sad; Johnson either innocent of it or pretending to be so. But the heart of the old man was none the less heavy. "His look," says the lady, "was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle;" and he was overcome with emotion as, with a shaking hand and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving, and, when they faced it from the coach window as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaimed, "That house . . . is lost to *me*—for ever!" Too long indeed had the "Streathamites" dreamt that Mrs. Thrale and all that was hers belonged to them; and now it was a bitter thing to find that she was strictly and wholly free, and knew it. Could someone among that crowd of literary men and women, who had feasted and paraded all those years in the gardens and gay rooms of Streatham, have been sufficiently heroic to think and say that she was in the right! And, still more, could that single-handed champion have been the great and revered Dr. Johnson! A word from him at that time would have silenced the whole midge swarm of discontents, with Burney at their head. And might it not have been? Might he not, sitting over his fire on his two-legged stool in Bolt Court, have called to mind her long and spirited service to her "master," her tears over her dying babies, her bright and innocent wit, which had so often dispelled for him the gathering clouds of gloom and sickness? And might not he, the wise old man, have given due weight to the fact that all her tenderness, all her devotion, all her vanity, had hitherto been called into play only by old men, by children, by strangers! But other and less kind thoughts rankled in the heart of the old lexicographer. He joined, alas, the midge swarm; hated Piozzi, with his plain face and broken English, despised Mrs. Thrale, and let the inquisitive world know that he did so. There are few more ugly stories on record than that of Johnson's quarrel with the little widow.

Early in 1783, Mrs. Thrale was induced by the persecution of her children and the public to bid good-bye to her lover, who at her request at once gave up her letters to her eldest daughter, and prepared to leave England. The poor lady's health appeared at this time com-

pletely broken, and she was moreover much harassed by debts, the heaviest of which had been incurred by her father, and fell now upon her as his heir. Placing her younger children at school in Streatham, she left Argyle Street, and went with the elder ones to Bath, where she hoped to live in retirement, out of reach of her "friends," and to pay her debts. The little Streatham school-girls, however, fell ill in the spring of measles and whooping-cough, and one of them died. The poor mother, herself seriously ill, started from Bath to visit them. She lodged in Streatham, avoiding "hateful London," "for fear of encountering Piozzi's eyes somewhere." Nor did she know, until Piozzi told her long after, when all their troubles were over, that he had been sitting at a front window of a public house on the road "all that dreadful Saturday," to see her carriage pass backwards and forwards to where the children resided. She had maintained her resolution not to see him again, and returned to Bath with a heavier heart than ever. When her child died, she had written to Dr. Johnson to inform him of her trouble; but the old friends did not meet whilst she was at Streatham; and his reply to her letter beginning, "I am glad that you went to Streatham, though you could not save the dear pretty little girl," went on at once to relate how he had been dining at the opening of the Exhibition, with a splendid company, and other irrelevant gossip. A few more letters passed between them; he telling her the news of the day, and praising her "placid acquiescence" in her present mode of life; she writing back in a softened, broken-hearted strain, "very sick," she says, "and a little sullen, and disposed now and then to say like King David, *My lovers and my friends have been put away from me, and my acquaintance hid out of my sight.*" These words were probably on their way from Bath to Bolt Court when Johnson was struck dumb by paralysis on the early morning of June 17th, 1783. It was a strange impulse which made him, within a few hours of his visitation, write an elaborate and eloquent account of it to Mrs. Thrale; and this was followed up for some time by a regular diary of his disease addressed to her. Her replies amused him, and she, in her bitter solitude, accepted his lectures in a humbled spirit, and was "obliged, consoled, and delighted" by them. "You are now retired," Johnson tells her, "and have nothing to impede self-examination or self-improvement. Endeavour to reform that instability of attention which your last letter has happened to betray." Oh, soul of Quintilian! Here was stuff for your copy-book headings, with a vengeance!

Mrs. Thrale's miserable life during the year 1783, at Bath, was varied by a visit to Weymouth in the autumn, illnesses of her children in the winter, and correspondences with Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney. The last was in some sort her confidante; to her she could speak of her sufferings and their cause, and the two ladies regretted that they lived so far apart. Mrs. Thrale's daughters were now growing up about her, a bevy of proud, handsome girls, with fortunes of their own, and no little ambition of a small kind. "I have read to them," she tells Miss Burney in March 1784, "the Bible from beginning to end; the Roman and English histories; Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Young's works, from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's criticisms on the poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and the classics—I mean English classics—they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; *Rollin des Belles Lettres*, and a hundred more. But my best powers are past; and I think I must look out a lady to supply my deficiency to attend them, if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath." Here at least she had her physicians about her, who knew how ill she was, and would do their best not to let her die; but of what other friends could she say as much? Her children's utter lack of sympathy with her, and Dr. Johnson's

flagrant egotism, at length exasperated the poor lady into something like vigour of speech. "You tell one of my daughters," she wrote to Johnson, "that you know not with distinctness the cause of my complaints. I believe she, who lives with me, knows it no better." The lady then scolds him roundly, and in English as eloquent as his own. "It is kind in you to quarrel no more," she says, "about expressions which were not meant to offend; but unjust to suppose I have not lately thought myself dying. Let us, however, take the Prince of Abyssinia's advice, and not add to the other evils of life the bitterness of controversy. . . . All this," she continues, relenting again, "is not written by a person in high health and happiness, but by a fellow-sufferer, who has more to endure than she can tell or you can guess; and now let us talk of the Severn salmons, which will be coming in soon: I shall send you one of the finest, and shall be glad to hear that your appetite is good." The lady did not forget her promise, and three weeks later Dr. Johnson wrote: "The Hooles, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hull (Wesley's sister), feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, but I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left."

While Dr. Johnson was enjoying an interval of comparative good health among his London friends, Mrs. Thrale was becoming each day more ill and more unhappy; until at length her good physician, taking the matter into his own hands, informed her daughters that he must write to Signor Piozzi concerning their mother's health. Piozzi, who was living in Milan, received Dr. Dobson's welcome epistle; and in eleven days he was at her side. In the meantime Mrs. Thrale had made up her mind to be broken-hearted no more. The guardians whom Mr. Thrale had placed over her children were formally acquainted with the fact; and that the three eldest, having heard that Mr. Piozzi was coming back from Italy, had left Bath for their own house at "Brighthelmstone." But Dr. Johnson received, in addition to the "circular," the following letter:—

"BATH, *June* 30.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The inclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands somewhat more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connexion which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain; I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments; and, though perhaps I am become by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

"Your faithful servant."

This was Dr. Johnson's reply:—

"MADAM,—If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, reverenced you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours,

"*July* 2, 1784. SAM. JOHNSON.

"I will come down if you permit it."

Mrs. Thrale lost no time, but despatched a letter by the coach, "the more speedily and effectually to prevent" the Doctor's visit. She was very angry now, and bid him rather a fiery farewell. The next post brought to her a softer missive, "one more sigh of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere." Her old irascible friend did not forget, he told her, in this moment of final separation, "the kindness which had soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." His last advice was, however, that she should induce Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, "where her fortune would be more under her own eye;" his last peroration, enforcing that advice, was an eloquent allusion to the story of Queen Mary, who had

crossed the fatal Solway in spite of a similar warning, and—suffered for it.

The marriage which all the world was execrating was solemnised at Bath on July 25, 1784, and in a few weeks the Piozzis were on their way to Italy. Here, among her husband's own people and friends, Mrs. Piozzi found him popular and respected, while the proud Lombardians were at first disposed to doubt whether his wife whom he had brought to visit them could be a gentlewoman by birth, since her first husband was a brewer! The travellers were feasted and honoured wherever they went. When dukes, duchesses, marquises d'Araciel, and princes of Sisterna, showered kindness on her for Piozzi's sake, Mrs. Piozzi took good care to let her English friends hear of it. "Here's honour and glory for you!" she wrote home, in the joy of her heart. But it was not long before she had forgiven her enemies. To her children she lost no opportunity of sending presents and letters; and on December 7th, 1784, she wrote to a young law student, Samuel Lysons, afterwards Keeper of the Tower Records: "Do not neglect Dr. Johnson; you will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my chimney." A week later, and her old friend had breathed his last in his dingy home in Fleet Street, London. No sooner was the event known, and the old philosopher at rest under the stones of Westminster Abbey, than the printers were busy issuing "Anecdotes." Everybody who had a story of the dead lion was in a hurry to tell it; and of course Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi were looked to by all the world for the largest and most interesting collections. Her *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, during the Last Twenty Years of his Life*, were written in Italy immediately after the news of his death reached her, shipped off to England from Leghorn, and published in London in 1786, young Samuel Lysons making her bargain for her with Mr. Cadell the publisher. "Judge my transport and my husband's," she wrote nearly thirty years afterwards, "when at Rome we received letters saying the book was bought with such avidity that Cadell had not one copy left when the King sent for it at ten o'clock at night, and he was forced to beg one from a friend to supply his Majesty's impatience, who sate up all night reading it." Boswell, who was preparing his "pyramid," as he called his *Life of Johnson*, was outraged at this sudden flare of feminine popularity, and strove to undermine his rival's position by accusing her of inaccuracy and untruth. His efforts were in vain. The whole of the first impression of her little book was sold on the first day it was published; 300*l.* were lying ready for her in her publisher's hands; and her "Anecdotes" were the gossip of the whole town, although Walpole sneered at them, Hannah More yawned, and Peter Pindar grew funny.

During their residence in Italy, the Piozzis visited Salzburg in Bavaria, the ancient seat of the little Welshwoman's race; and the heralds there, examining her "schedule," acknowledged her, "to the triumphant delight of dear Piozzi," a true descendant of their own Prince Adam. Mrs. Piozzi, though this was perhaps no great feather in her cap, shone with some *éclat* among the stars of the Della Crusca Academy in Florence, and wrote a preface to their "Miscellany" of verses, which Walpole called "short, sensible, and genteel." On their return to London in 1787, Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi lived first in Hanover Square, and afterwards at her old home at Streatham Park. In the meantime her children had become partially reconciled to their Italian stepfather; and Cecilia, the youngest, afterwards Mrs. Mostyn, remained constantly resident with her mother. Mrs. Piozzi's old friends discovered by degrees that her marriage was after all no very dire misfortune to her or to them. Her dinners were as good as formerly, and her drawing-room was as much as ever the resort of notables and eccentrics. After a few years, Piozzi, having become enraptured during

a tour with the scenery of North Wales, built an Italian villa on the banks of the Clwydd, near to his wife's ruined mansion of Bachygraig, to which they gave the pretty hybrid name of Brynbella; and to this spot he and his wife retired in 1795. The French war in Italy in 1799 having involved Piozzi's relations in great difficulties, Mrs. Piozzi rescued from the general wreck a nephew of her husband, whom his parents had christened John Salusbury, after herself. The little Lombardian, with recollections in his baby head of bloody scenes in fighting cities, was brought to England; and Mrs. Piozzi adopted him as her heir. When he was old enough, she placed him at the school where her own son Henry Thrale had conned his Latin grammar some thirty years before; and the young Salusbury-Piozzi was reared by Henry's mother with exceptional tenderness and care.

Mr. Piozzi died at Brynbella in 1809, and was buried at the little church there. Legends of the courteous Italian linger in the neighbourhood—of his broken English, and gentle, kindly manners. A portrait of him is preserved among the family pictures at Brynbella, which represents him as good-looking, about forty years old, in a straight-cut brown coat, with frill and ruffles, and some leaves of music in his hand; and one wing of the Italian villa which he built is still said to be haunted by the sounds of his violin. During his life Mr. Piozzi had attended with much prudence and economy to the somewhat confused money-matters of his little wife. He had steered her safely through her debts; and at his death he left her mistress of everything they possessed, except a few thousands which he had saved before their marriage, and which he bequeathed to his relatives in Italy.

The loss of her husband left Mrs. Piozzi once more solitary in the world; but no sorrow, not even the greatest sorrow of remembering happier things, could quench now the sunshine which filled her life. During the twelve years which remained for her, we see her, in her letters, and in the records of her friends, still happy, still triumphant, still supremely satisfied. For her, old age was no uglier, no sadder, than a plucked flower that lies doomed and sweet in the sunlight. She had had her full share of earthly joy, and the brightest day in her calendar was ever the anniversary of her second marriage. "No, my dear sir," she wrote to a friend from Bath in 1817, "I will not stir from home till after the 25th of July, which day made me happy thirty-three years ago, after the suffering so many sorrows; and here will I keep its beloved anniversary, always remembering

"St. James's Church and St. James's Day,
And good Mr. James that gave me away."

Until 1814 she had continued to live at Brynbella, visiting occasionally both Bath and Streatham. But at this date young Salusbury left the university and married, and Mrs. Piozzi very generously relinquished to him and his young wife her little Welsh estate and its revenue. To compensate her daughters for their loss of it, she set to work to improve Streatham Park, which they would inherit at her death, and landed herself by this means in new and serious money difficulties. Nevertheless she jogged on, as light-hearted as ever, in her Bath lodging, with her two maids, and with a drawing of Brynbella over her chimney-piece—often, in spite of her 2,000*l.* a year, without 5*l.* of ready money to spend on herself. She almost rejoiced in her self-imposed poverty. When bills were thronging in upon her every hour, she told a friend that a certain heavy account for expenses concerning her nephew's marriage had just been sent in from a solicitor, and added, "I call that the *felicity* bill." Her devotion to Piozzi's nephew was not ill rewarded. He was made sheriff of his county, and knighted in 1817; and he and his wife were uniformly dutiful and kind to their benefactress, and at least added no one pang to those she had previously suffered.

In 1819 Tom Moore visited Mrs. Piozzi, and found her "a wonderful old lady." "Faces of other times," he wrote, "seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, Reynoldses, &c. &c. Though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman." It was about this time that she became acquainted with the young actor Conway, and interested herself so enthusiastically in his fortunes that people laughed at her, and said she was in love again. Her eightieth birthday, Jan. 27, 1820, was made the occasion of a brilliant *fête* at Bath, to which the Salusburys from Wales, and friends from all parts of the island, gladly flocked. A concert and supper to between six and seven hundred guests, in the public rooms of Bath, commenced the proceedings; and she led off the ball herself at two in the morning with her adopted son Sir John Salusbury, dancing, said those who were present, with astonishing elasticity and true dignity.

The autumn and winter of that year were spent quietly at Penzance, where she had been told the blasts of winter never came. There she whiled away what she called "six months of exile," looking out over the sea, observing Cornish human nature, with its adjuncts vegetable and mineral, writing witty anecdotic letters to her absent friends, and longing to return with the swallows to her own beloved Bath. But that Cornish winter of 1820-1 was exceptionally severe, and the poor little lady found it hard to maintain her cheerful mood. "Conway," she wrote to a friend, "is in high favour at Bath, the papers say; so indeed do private letters. That young man's value will be one day properly appreciated; and then you and I will be found to have been quite right all along."

On her way homewards to Bath in the spring of 1821, Mrs. Piozzi met with an accident. Recovered from this, she reached Clifton, where an attack of illness overtook her; and she died there, after very little suffering, on May 2nd, 1821. To her nephew, Sir John Salusbury-Piozzi Salusbury, she left her Welsh estates, and all that she possessed, with the request to her executors that they would be careful to transmit her body, wheresoever she might die, to the vault constructed for their remains by her second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, in Dymerchion Church, Flintshire. And accordingly this last act completed the story of a long and not too happy life. Her three daughters, Lady Keith, Mrs. Hoare, and Miss Thrale, summoned at the last, were round her dying bed. By her written wish the portrait of her mother by Zoffany was given to Lady Keith, who alone of her family could remember her; and that of Mr. Thrale was given to the one daughter who still bore his name. Two days before her death, she had sent the actor Conway a draught for 100*l.*; which he, like an honest man, returned to her executors. The act speaks warmly in his favour, and one is sorry that he was not quite so great a genius as his warm-hearted patroness believed him to be. He drowned himself in 1828. Among his books was found a copy of the folio edition of Young's *Night Thoughts*, in which he had made a note that it was presented to him by his "dearly attached friend, the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi."

Of Dr. Johnson it may be said that his personality and talk were more memorable than anything he ever wrote, and the same is true of his friend Mrs. Piozzi. Her "Anecdotes" were popular, but they scarcely deserve to be mentioned in the same category with Boswell's splendidly full and compactly arranged "Life." Her *British Synonymy; or, An Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation*, published in 1794, was a compendium of bright table-talk and anecdote; but its pretentious name put the critics and Gifford out of temper. The *Retrospection; or, A Review of the most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations and their Consequences, which the last Eighteen Hundred Years have Presented to the View of Mankind*, was pub-

lished, in two quarto volumes, in 1801, and consists of rather more than a thousand pages. "It would," says Mr. Hayward, in his interesting account of her life and writings, "have required the united powers and acquirements of Raleigh, Burke, Gibbon, and Voltaire, to fill so vast a canvas with appropriate groups and figures." She was indeed too ambitious; and we have to fall back on her letters and what we know of her life, that we may once more understand and believe in her genius and good sense.

Mrs. Piozzi's verdict concerning her own personal appearance was a severe one. "No," she used to say, "I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty." And she would boast that she owed her "vigorous, black manuscript" to her large and too muscularly built hand. Boswell called her "short, plump, and brisk;" but Dr. Burney was more polite when in 1782 he included among his lady "wits,"

> "Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
> Sits a soul above disguise."

The little half-length miniature of her painted in Bath in 1817, in a closely fitting dress and hat very nearly resembling the present fashion, represents her as small, well built, with features finely cut, and a clear brave glance in the eyes.

It was impossible that she should have lived for so many of her best years in the society of Dr. Johnson without retaining through life many of the results of that companionship. Few women among her younger contemporaries could vie with her in extensive reading and retentive memory, or in readiness of wit. Dr. Johnson had taught her to hate cant; and her honesty both in speech and action was among her most striking characteristics. But he failed utterly to hem her mind round with the prejudices and perversities which beset his own. Her "piety" was less sententious, less methodical; but her charity was undoubtedly of a better sort.

Her sweet temper also, her vivacity and unselfishness, increased as she grew old; and her last years contrasted most remarkably in this particular with Dr. Johnson's gloomy and hypochondriacal decay. Some of our contemporaries can remember her as far back as 1813, —a kind little old lady, who used to walk in her garden on Streatham Common and hand cakes through her park palings to fair-haired little boys. When the oft-recurring birthday reminded her how old she and the world were growing, she welcomed it with a good grace. "My *jour de naissance* is coming round in a few days now," she wrote in 1816, and quoted some pretty lines of Pope, adding, "Yet I will not, like Dr. Johnson, quarrel with my birthday." On the seventy-sixth anniversary, she wrote gaily to her kind friend Sir James Fellowes about the new fashions that were deforming the world, and added, "Do not suffer yourself to be too sorry that I am so near out of it." Three years before her death she was quoting in a letter to the same friend some verses of Cowley upon the old sad subject; and this was her brave comment:—"Meanwhile, let us die but once, and not double the pang by cowardice, or poison the dart by wilful sin, but meet the hour with at least as much deference to God's will as every Turk shows to that of the Grand Signior. 'It is the Sultan's pleasure,' says he, 'and so ends the matter,—here's my head.'"

ROSALINE ORME MASSON.

APRIL DAYS.

'O Primavera—Gioventù dell' anno!
O Gioventù—primavera della Vita!"
METASTASIO.

IT is the Spring! prepare the seeds,
And tender plants, new bloom to show,
Turn the rich earth; pull up the weeds;
And clear each cumbered garden row!

Waste not the wealth of April showers,
Nor sunshine, which our need befriends;
Think! on these evanescent hours
The harvest of the year depends.

Already, necklaces of buds
Adorn the sapling's tender stem;
And firs, bedewed with diamond studs,
Rear up a greener diadem.

Already, gleams of colour break
Where all was black with thorns before;
And gentle waves sweet murmur make,
Slow rippling to the silent shore!

Nor only dumb, quiescent things,
The spell that broods amongst them, own;
The beaten air is full of wings,
Earth thrills with many an insect tone:

God's woodland innocents prepare,
For gladder days and fresher life;
Close sits the timorous brooding hare,
With wooing birds the boughs are rife.

All nature wakes from wintry sleep,
Throws off her veil of frosty rime,
And calls from mead and mountain steep,
"Now is the time; *now* is the time,
Now is the Hour of Golden Prime!"

Oh, YOUTH! Sweet Spring of human birth,
Shalt THOU not claim our equal care?
Shall all the gladness be for earth—
Nor sentient souls the guerdon share?

Shall not a goodlier grain be brought,
Than ripens 'neath the orb of day,
Shall we not prune the shoots of Thought,
And bind the Passions where they stray?

Shall we not yearn, with ceaseless watch,
To win God's blessing on our toil,
Hoping those beams of grace to catch,
Which warm a far more priceless soil:

A soil, whose garden is the heart,
Where flowers of Paradise may bloom,
If grafting skill true growth impart
And leave the worthless weeds no room?

Yea! though at times mysterious blight
Frustrate the joy we thought to earn,
Still let us hail the Lord of Light
And look for harvest in return,

With the poor Labourer's simple trust,
Who in the book of Nature reads
How glory climbs from mouldering dust,
And plenty from the smallest seeds.

And so, through pliant April days,
Of childhood weak and immature—
Train, towards the Light, the tender sprays,
And make their Heavenward growth secure.

Nor, in the barren after years,
Live to lament the vernal hours,
Which might have kept our eyes from tears
And crowned our path of life with flowers;

While, haunted by the past, we mark
An echo like a funeral chime,
Toll through the ever-deepening dark,—
"Then was the time; *then* was the time,
THEN was the Hour of Golden Prime!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

SOCIAL, REPRESENTATIVE, AND RAMBLING PLANTS.

THAT ambiguous animal the Arctic dog, with his cur's head and fox's tail and mixed yelp, is the miserable witness in the high latitudes beyond Alten (N. lat. 70°), the limit of Finnish cultivation, that there is vegetation somewhere, even if the snow hides it; since the prey of that carnivorous prowler could not exist without vegetation, however scanty it may be. The reindeer moss (*Cenomyce rangiferina*) is the weak link, if the term may be used, between the animal and the earth; and if the reindeer's provender failed him in Finmark, he would have to cease digging there in the snow and move further from North Cape, rattling his broad, loose hoofs like a deer in pattens, except when his foot fell softly on that white carpet which is spread so widely over the reindeer's native land. The turnip and potato could never have climbed to 70° north latitude, and the cabbage, carrot, parsnip and barley to from 64° to 66°, if the industrious sun did not sit up all night at Midsummer, in that region, so that a few quick plants have time to smile among the hills round Tornea before winter locks up the glens with ice for nine months. The reindeer finds meadows in Lapland, but not green pastures; for the reindeer's lichen, which forms the pasturage of Lapland, is bright yellow in summer and snow white in winter. The bear's moss (*Muscus polytricha*) also covers large tracts and makes excellent pasture, and soft stuffing for mattresses that are reported by travellers to be most comfortable. Searching for representative plants we find the Alpine saxifrages and the white cotton grass (*Eriophorum*), which is not a grass but a sedge, an occasional bog plant in England, and one which covers hundreds of acres in the peats of Orkney and Shetland. Nearer St. Petersburg (60° N. lat.) are found the first of the grasses which cover half the cultivated land of England and pass through Europe into Siberia, in a belt whose greenest end lies on Holland while its eastern limit may be compared to a brown overcoat, much the worse for the drought that prevails in the interior of Asia. The first grass is a foxtail (*Alopecurus alpinus*), which strays into the northern districts of Britain, and is allied to the *A. pratensis* and *A. agrestis* of our English pastures and arable fields.

The first flowers of the north are beautiful, and many of them are familiar. The yellow and white water lily are wild flowers of Lapland; the little *Daphne mezereum*, which breaks into flower here in February before its leaves appear, is common there. Many of our early flowers, which blossom here with the first smile of spring, bloom more beautifully, if possible, on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia and of the Baltic, such as the wood anemone, hepatica and cowslip. Our early shrubs, the dog rose, guelder rose, hawthorn and hazel, are found on the same shores, and the sloe reaches as far north as the Swedish river Dal-Elf. The trees that venture nearest the line of perpetual snow are the dwarf birch and willow, the latter being so small that several specimens of the full-grown tree, with roots, stems and branches, might be laid on a sheet of note paper. Glancing at a corresponding region in the western hemisphere, we find that timber trees and textile plants are wanting on the shores of Baffin's Bay, and, on the arrival of Captain Sir James Ross and the Arctic Expedition, the Esquimaux were equally puzzled by his shirts and the materials of his ships. Wood was something quite new to them, and a linen shirt they looked

upon as a very beautiful skin, though not particularly warm without the fur! Returning to Europe and continuing to travel towards the south, we find ourselves among the plants which form groups subsidiary to the natural zones of vegetation, tribes that may be described as being sociable, from their habit of living in close society. The heath is one of the sociable plants that once covered Blackheath and still shelter the blackcock on the sand hills of Surrey. Large tracts of fir, with heath as a carpet, encircle the sand flats of Northern Germany, and a broad tract of heath blackens great part of the landscape in Mecklenburg, Heide-Hanover, the north of Prussia, and to the extremity of Jutland, stained here and there with livelier patches of the whortleberry and cranberry which, with the gorse, are among the sociable tribes that occur in wild and inhospitable places as if to smooth the asperities of existence amongst rugged scenes, soften the rude features of poor and barren spots, iron out the wrinkles on the face of Nature, clothe her in suitable attire, and make her more cheerful than she could have been in such retreats if they were unadorned by the sociable plants.

The trees and shrubs nearest the dwarfs of high latitudes are the birch of northern Europe and Asia, the mountain ash, the Scotch fir, and after it the spruce, the cold alder, bird cherry, aspen, gooseberry and raspberry. Afterwards we reach the northern limit of the ash, the oak and the beech at Drontheim, in Norway (N. lat. 63°), on the Atlantic coast, 800 miles further from the equator than they are found in the colder shores of the Pacific in Asiatic Russia. Forests cover great part of northern Russia, and are to the peasantry what the sea is to the fishermen. They plait their shoes from the rind of the young lime shoots, and use the wood of the all-prevailing birch for every imaginable purpose, including the distillation of a fermented liquor and of the tar used in preparing Russian leather.

The oak, beech, yew and holly of our English landscapes, and of the apple and pear countries which lie between the needle-leaved conifers and the vine, mulberry and maize, lead us on to Italian slopes, whence we may ascend the Alps, passing through successive belts of oak and beech (*i.e.*, at 2,500 feet and at 3,000 feet), to the higher levels of the spruce, larch and Scotch fir. The birch stage commences at 4,500 feet and ends at 6,000 feet where a stunted, dark, and wiry-looking conifer (*Pinus cembra*), rivals the birch and generally beats it by about 100 yards; and then the dwarfs enter the field, including an alder (*Alnus viridis*), and in company with rhododendrons, appropriately named Alpine roses, and with gentians and saxafrages and other little perennials, which anchor safely on the high Alps, hugging the ground with short stems that become thick and bushy from being naturally pruned and cut back every year. Annuals, being less abundantly provided with ways and means of living, are confined to spots where the yearly pinch of seed which is their only hope may ripen more surely, and where the giants of frost trample the ground less frequently.

Higher yet, amidst the snow, we find the *Gentiana nivalis*, an inch-high mouse ear, and the last saxifrage, and then the latest effort of vegetation stains the snow-topped rocks with lichens and mosses. We may add the auricula to this list of plants that have descended to our gardens from the upper declivities of the mountain chains of Europe. Among those which came from lower levels are the peony, the Christmas rose, the yellow aconite, the laburnum and *Althæa frutex*, which last was found on the south side of the Alps in the high valleys of Carniola, far removed from the *Althæa rosea*, or hollyhock, which is a native of China, and looking down on the plains of Italy where other species of the mallow family (*Malvaceæ*) abound and become trees, having started, in our colder climate, from the humbler position of herbaceous wayside plants, bearing a flat, ribbed fruit in a calyx, like a cheese wrapped

and indeed called "cheeses," and "fromageons," by rustic England and France. Azaleas and andromedas help to paint the physiognomy of those mountain regions whose water supply above forms bogs below; but in latitudes whose heights do not reach the snow line, as in the mountains of Java and Sumatra, the Alpine vegetation is starved for want of nourishment, and is a very poor copy of that of Europe.

Perhaps the best epitome of mountain vegetation is that of Mount Ventoux in Provence, described by Professor Charles Martins, of Montpellier. There are six botanical regions on the southern slopes of the mountain, and five on the opposite side. At the southern foot of Ventoux the Aleppo pine and the olive are found with the peculiar vegetation which those two plants encircle by the girdle they draw round the Mediterranean. The olive outclimbs the pine and reaches 1,400 feet, the rosemary and Spanish broom keeping its company, with the Kermes oak (*Quercus coccifera*), an evergreen bush of from seven feet to twelve feet high, common on poor spots in the Mediterranean regions, whose leaves like those of the cactus (*cochinillifera*) are depastured by the cochineal insect. Then come the other evergreen oaks with thyme and lavender for under shrubs, and then beautiful beeches fill the sheltered ravines and deep valleys, whose exposed edges are covered with humble bushes rolled into hard balls with a crowd of closely knotted branches, and squatting on the ground like little old pigmies, counting more years, perhaps, than the giant beeches close by. Sub-alpine plants grow around, such as the buckthorn, gooseberry, and wallflower. At 6,000 feet intense cold and violent wind have banished all plants except one of the conifers (*Pinus uncinata*). The common juniper is the companion of the beeches on Mount Ventoux, as it is on the north downs of Surrey, on whose southern slopes it forms, at Shiere, clumps of cypress-like shrubs twenty-five feet in height, instead of being constrained, by an annual burden of snow, to trail on the ground, as on some of the mountains of Europe. On the northern sides of Mount Ventoux, the vegetation of the loftiest ridges of the Jura and the Pyrenees, and that of the shores of Spitzbergen are watered by the melting snow, with many specimens of the flora of Lapland and Iceland. Professor Charles Martins mentions finding the mountain germander (*Veronica montana*), the tufted saxifrage (*S. cæspitosa*), the orange flowering poppy, the violet of Mount Cenis, the purple saxifrage, three arenarias, one ononis, and the common stinging nettle, looking quite like an old friend. The stinging nettle, like the shepherd's purse (*capsella bursa pastoris*), follows man wherever he goes, and may, perhaps, have gone up Mount Ventoux at the time of Petrarch's ascent, since it is found growing about a chapel built near the summit to commemorate that event.

Our trees and shrubs of ornament fill the woods and groves of the Mediterranean coasts. Among them are the chestnut, olive, orange, evergreen oak, holly, laurel, cistus, and strawberry trees, the bay, and the myrtle, the dwarf palm, and the outlying evergreens of the tropics. We pass on to the Caucasian gardens where the ancient Mediterranean nations helped themselves, and from which no doubt the gardens of Alcinous and Laertes were stocked with the fruit trees whose offspring are now found in all temperate and warm temperate zones, from Oregon to Australia. In the valleys of Georgia, between the Black sea and the Caspian, sheltered by the chain of Caucasus and under the heights of Ararat, the vine grows wild in its native country, festooning the tallest trees of the forests of Mingrelia and binding them with brobdignag cables of six inches in diameter. There is winter at Tiflis, but it begins in December and ends with January, and there are no early frosts in the home of our wall fruits to cut off the blossoms which, in our climate, are somewhat premature in making their appearance. From this ancient cradle of plants, swinging between the two seas, from the heights of

Caucasus, we reach the Oxus, which flows through another of the gardens of Asia; but first we must pass through the desert of Bokhara and find the favourite provender of the camel, the camel's thorn (*Galenia Africana*), growing amongst the low brushwood and stunted herbage, and appropriately introducing the vegetation of the luxurious East. Beyond the desert there are thickets of lemon, pomegranate, pear, and cherry, and all the fruits of our south walls, growing wild, and having strayed, perhaps, from the ancient gardens of the sons of Noah, who dwelt in that famous valley of the Oxus, which conquerors have coveted from the days of Alexander, the birthplace of Timour, and the gateway between Europe and Cabul. Passing through this garden district to that of the tea and camellia, we shall note down the names of a few of its plants, such as the native cucumber and water-melon, a magnificent maize-like millet (*Holcus saccharatus*), cotton and the mulberry, the vine and tobacco, the castor-oil plant, the assafœtida plant, gum ammoniac, the manna bearing tamarisk, and the eastern plane.

Tea, like cocoa, is the product of a congregating plant, found side by side with the camellia, its near family connection, whose single white blossom is copied in miniature by that of the tea. The tea shrub had a mythological origin, like those useful plants which western nations owed to the favour of Osiris, Bacchus, and others of that ilk. Schouw relates a Japanese story of the mission of Darma, a Buddhist saint of the sixth century, who came to China to teach his faith, and had the misfortune to fall asleep when he had vowed to seek spiritual strength by twenty-four hours of prayer. To atone for his broken vow he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground, which forthwith produced a tea plant, whose leaves enabled the saint to withstand sleep, and were afterwards recommended by him to his disciples. Tea is as intolerant of too much warmth as of too much cold; it grows as far north as Pekin, and as far south as Cochin-China, but its profitable cultivation is confined to a narrow zone in China, Japan, and the adjacent British territories, among the valleys of the Himalaya in Assam. The nearest approach in England to the climate of the tea and camellia district in China is in Cornwall, where the myrtle and camellia grow luxuriantly in the open air, on the promontory terminated by Lizard Point, but as the apricot, grape, and greengage plum do not ripen there for lack of sufficient sunbeams, we have no faith that Cornish tea can ever rival Cornish tin.

There are some remarkable belts of characteristic plants on the Himalayas. In passing through Sikkim, where the vapour clouds of the Indian ocean are condensed in constant mist and rain, Dr. Hooker found the greatest settlement of rhododendrons in the world, comprising representatives of the tribe of different character at the several altitudes from the little *R. nivale* that trails in the snow to the *R. argentum*, a tree of forty feet, with enormous silvery leaves, that grows at the oak and chestnut level in the woods of Darjeeling. A region of silver firs, junipers, birch trees and willows, honeysuckles and berberies, follows successive belts of rhododendrons, and at 12,200 feet a loftier rhododendron forms an almost exclusive belt, 1,100 feet broad, with our common meadow grass (*Poa annua*) for a wayside fringe, and the humble shepherd's purse scattered about. The ground then becomes hard and frozen, and covered with vegetation very similar to that of Alpine heights in Europe. Grasses, saxifrages and potentils are scattered over the confines of vegetable life, and at 22,000 feet even the mosses and lichens disappear amidst perpetual snow. An arenaria (*A. rupifragra*) is the last Phanerogam on Mount Donkia in the Himalayas of Thibet, at 23,400 feet, having climbed rather further into the abode of snow (*i.e. Himalayas*) than the sheep's fescue (*Festuca ovina*) of our pastures, or the Woodsia, a little fern found near the summit. In that district the broad sides of the Sinchul and other mountains at 7,000 or 8,000 feet

are covered in May with a sheet of blossoms like a snow fall, by the white flowered rhododendron excelsa. At 13,000 feet, and nearly half way towards the peak of Kinchingunga (28,178 feet), which overtops all other heights on the face of the globe, several Himalayan villages carry humanity to its loftiest abode, and, with it, the cultivation of barley, millet, strawberries and currants.

When Robinson Crusoe landed in Cochin-China, he crossed Tartary on his western journey, and we shall do so too, for the sake of seeing the vegetation of the steppes of Onsk, and of the salt plains of the Caspian. A peculiarity of the Tartarian steppes is the gigantic size of some of our humble plants, such as milfoil (*achillea*), and wormwood (*artemisia*), which grow to a height of several feet. The mullein (*verbascum*), called "steppe-lights," is a gigantic plant; and the thistle shelters the hovels of the wilderness like the groves of other lands. In autumn, when a clump of thistles has dried into a light dome of interlaced branches, it is lifted up by the wind, and then earns its name of "wind-witch" by a weird performance in the air, described by Professor Schleiden, who witnessed it with the curious eye of a botanical explorer. "Numbers of such balls," he says, "often fly at once over the plain, with such rapidity that no horseman could overtake them; now hopping with short, quick springs along the ground, now whirling in great circles around each other, rolling onward in a spirit-like dance over the turf; now, caught by an eddy, rising suddenly a hundred feet into the air. Often one wind-witch hooks on to another, twenty more join company, and the whole gigantic yet airy mass rolls away before the piping east wind." This revolving mass is the "wheel" or "rolling thing" of the Psalmist (Ps. lxxxiii. 13), an image perfectly natural to the native of a country where gigantic wild artichokes (thistles) are a common weed.

Mountain chains and deserts have barred an intercourse of plants in Asia; the Mediterranean, running east and west, has kept the flora of Africa distinct from that of Europe; and the Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians have proved more impassable to wild plants than to civilized armies. The weeping willow might have wept for ever in Persia, the gladiolus and ixia might have blossomed only in South Africa, and the horse-chestnut, lilac, and sweet jessamine have adorned the shores of the Caspian only, if ancient and modern plant-collectors had not aided them to migrate. But there is less obstruction to the passage of plants in the New World; and the pines of the north are found all along the continent to the Isthmus of Panama, at the altitude which suits their habits. The liquid amber, a handsome tree, descends to the sea-side in latitude 43½°, and in latitude 18°—19° is as happily situated on the hills. The most singular groupings in the equatorial regions of America are those in the West Indian Islands, where the vegetation of the tropics is found at the base of the mountains, separated only by a mile or two from that of the temperate regions above, so that our culinary plants and vegetables are cultivated within a rifle-shot of the mango and banana tree. Confining ourselves, however, to representative and congregating plants, there is a saxifrage allied to "London-pride," blossoming nearer heaven than any other flower in the Old World, on the declivity of Chimborazo, at 15,770 feet, and beyond the limits of perpetual snow. The cinchona, or Peruvian-bark tree, is a mountain genus, which was confined to the sides and plateaux of the Cordilleras of the Andes when Humboldt botanised that region, but is now distributed over other equatorial hills in America, and has been planted successfully in the higher regions of British India. The tree was named after the Countess del Cinchona, wife of the Spanish viceroy at Lima, and the first European who was cured of fever by the specific. The Jesuit teachers of the colony received a large present of bark from the grateful convalescent, and in 1638 one of them brought the drug

to Europe, where Louis XV. was one of the first to take the new tonic, and after the monarch the poor of Rome experienced its virtues through the benevolence of an Italian cardinal. The cinchona, potato, and cactus are all typical plants of America.

The special habitat of the cactus is on the western sides of the Andes, wherever the soil is unrefreshed by rain or irrigation, as, for instance, on the sterile coast of Peru, and on the Andes of Tacna and Arequipa, or among the rocks of California, where the columnar cactus (*cereus giganteus*) keeps its own company on the dry, rock-bound, dreary coasts, and its trunk stands till old age withers it into the likeness of a gigantic spectre of forty feet in height. Herr Baldwin Möllhausen, in his "Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific," described a group of the columnar cactus growing near the Colorado River among stones and in clefts of the rock, with scarcely a particle of vegetable soil. The plant grows out of the ground like an immense club, but at twenty-five feet throws out branches which extend at right angles with the trunk and then turn upwards, giving the strongly-ribbed cactus column the appearance of a huge vegetable candelabra, which is adorned in summer with large white blossoms. The columnar cacti become curious spectacles after death, when their flesh decays and their skeletons stand year after year on the heights and declivities of the mountains: solemn, silent forms, motionless, even in a hurricane. Some, like petrified giants, seem to stretch out their arms in pain; others keep dreary watch on the edge of precipices, and stand as if gazing into the abyss. Birds don't alight on the thorny branches of the *cereus giganteus*, but wasps and woodpeckers live in its old wounds and scars. Amongst this tribe of succulents the globular cactus retaining its sap becomes a spring in the deserts of South America, which travellers open with their knives, while the wild asses get access to them by kicking off the prickly cactus coat with their heels, in doing which they are frequently lamed past recovery. The rough skinned cacti are examples of leathery and prickly plants, while ferns and aloes represent those that are graceful and rigid, besides being types of the fast and slow in vegetation. The American aloe is said to blossom only once in a hundred years, and if this be a mistake (since fine specimens have blossomed in Guernsey at thirty-five years old) still it is a slow plant, and any attempt to hasten it in a hot-house proves fatal. Perhaps the most striking specimen of the odd and unusual among plants is found in Sumatra and the Indian Archipelago, where a strange rhizanth, without leaf or stem, named after Sir S. Raffles, bears a blossom three feet in diameter, only rivalled in size by the South American Victoria water-lily, and the Aristolochias, with their enormous helmet-like flowers.

The Cyatheas, or tree-ferns of the West Indian Islands, are most striking and majestic forms of vegetation. Like the cocoa and American fig (*Ficus giganteus*), they shun the sun's rays, and seek solitudes with little light and a stagnant air in inland forests, approaching the coasts only under cover of thick shades where the moist and heated air covers the foliage and trunks of trees with a drapery of aroids, bromeliaceæ, and ferns; where the earth is overloaded with vegetation, and the trees are matted together by lianes—gigantic, rope-like, woody climbers—passing sometimes from one tree to another at a great height from the ground. Among typical plants we must include the tallest individuals of the vegetable kingdom, which are found among the conifers and the gum trees (*Eucalypti*) of Australia. The *Wellingtonia gigantea* is an American conifer overtopping "all creation" of its kind, and growing only in one or two Californian valleys in the Sierra Nevada. The "Mother of the Forest" measured 327 feet in height when 116 feet of its bark were stripped off for the purpose of being set up in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where, until the disastrous fire, it formed one of the chief orna-

ments. Three hundred feet of the "Father of the Forest" lay prone on the earth after the top had been removed, and it was estimated, according to the average taper of the trees, that its height must have been 450 feet. Dancing parties of four sets of cotillons, besides musicians and lookers-on, have assembled on the solid stump of this tree, which is ninety-six feet in circumference; and a horseman has ridden through the hollowed trunk.

The tallest palms are the cabbage-palm (*Areca oleracea*) and the wax-palm (*Ceroxylon audicola*), which reach from 160 feet to 200 feet; the most singular of the tribe is the fan-palm, and the most beautiful the Jagua palm, with its lofty stem crowned with leaves sixteen to seventeen feet long, and curling at its extremities like plumes. One need not travel further than the palm-house at Kew to be convinced that, in the vegetable world, the palm of beauty belongs to the palms. The most beautiful exogenous tree, when young, is perhaps the *Araucaria excelsa*, or Norfolk Island pine, a specimen of which pines in the open garden at Kew, while an avenue of these lovely evergreens, in the full beauty of their exquisite foliage, decorates the nave of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

We have thus travelled rapidly among a few of the representative plants, and may be pardoned, perhaps, if we return home at last to notice a very comely tree-shrub whose shining green leaves cheer the hedgerows and covert sides at all seasons, and which, when decked with red berries at Christmas, is so dearly associated with that festive period. A sprig of holly would stir a deeper chord in the heart of a wanderer of our widely-scattered race than any other plant he could meet with; and we may safely pronounce the holly to be the plant sweetest in song and memory. It was not a wreath of bay or myrtle that Burns had seen in his vision when he sung—

"And wear thou this, she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away."

H. Evershed.

THE BLAKE DRAWINGS AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

It is not alone for ill that the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges; not only the dark and vicious fact that, as the wheel comes round, meets its inevitable compensation. Seen from the other side, this dark menacing disc of retributive fate becomes a bright hopeful circle, bringing round to pure and lofty but unobtrusive goodness its moment of recognition and enthronement. And this order of things in the moral world has its direct counterpart in the artistic world—if indeed the two be not more intimately connected than is sometimes admitted. As certainly as that which is false and pretentious in art, however be-lauded by contemporary trumpet-blowing, meets eventually with the predestined fate of

> "All things vain, and all who in vain things
> Build their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,"

so surely whatsoever is the production of true and genuine power, though possibly despised and rejected during the lifetime of its author, sooner or later, by general acclamation, mounts to its rightful place among the cherished intellectual possessions of mankind.

Perhaps it would be, in a sense, premature to assert that the name of William Blake has reached this unquestioned and unassailable position, as far at least as the general verdict is concerned. The temper of the average Briton towards his works—unless indeed (fearful thought!) they should become "the fashion"—will perhaps always be such as was pretty accurately embodied in a criticism passed in the present writer's hearing upon the painting shown at one of the winter loan exhibitions of the Royal Academy, by a stout segment of Respectability who looked at the picture, solemnly read aloud to his companion the title, *The spiritual form of William Pitt guiding Behemoth*, looked again, shook his head, and at last gasped out, "No—really—'pon my word, that is coming it a little too strong!" On the other hand, it has befallen Blake to have been made the subject of not a little prophetic raving at the lips of that particular section of artists and critics who constitute the Reciprocal Admiration Society, and whose mutualities marshal the way even in the very heat of their adoration for the chosen idol; and the more calm-judging section of educated persons have possibly been repelled rather than otherwise by such overwrought adulation applied to the work of a genius himself moving in a very eccentric orbit, and still further dragged beyond the line by the overweighting of critics who, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Matthew Arnold, "are not at the centre of their subject." These considerations, however, do not alter the significance of the fact that the designs (or a proportion of them) of the simple-minded, fervent, unworldly man of genius who died a little more than fifty years ago in a mean room in one of the Strand courts, known and lamented only by a few sympathising and appreciative kindred spirits, now form probably the most deeply interesting collection that the Burlington Art Club has ever gathered in its well-known room; and that Blake has attained to whatever glory may attach to being (through the courtesy of the members of the Club) one of the unquestionable attractions of the London exhibition season.[1]

What, then, is the real nature and value of these memoranda of the imaginings and aspirations of William Blake during his sojourn in an uncongenial world? what is the position of his genius in reference to the aggregate

[1] The writer is glad to acknowledge much kindness shown to him by the Committee of the Club in the course of the preparation of this article.

sum of the manifestations which we class under the name of works of art? This can hardly be adequately measured without a glance at the character and predilections of the man, and the peculiar attitude of his mind towards Life both in its natural and in its conventional or "society" aspects. No attempt can be made here to enter into a critical estimate of the Blake philosophy (on which head nothing of any consequence could be added to the remarkable analysis of Mr. Swinburne), or to define the literary status of his poetry, which, owing to the splendour of a few isolated pieces, has probably been estimated as a whole considerably above its real value. The fact which to the many is probably the most familiar one in regard to the artist, that he saw ghosts and visions which were present to his sight (in whatever manner) with sufficiently realistic detail to enable him to make careful drawings of them, has little real bearing upon his art, except perhaps as affording evidence of the possession in excess of a faculty generally highly developed in the case of remarkable artistic or delineative power. The well-known anecdote of Fuseli asking an Academy student who was looking vacantly before him "What do you see, sir?" and on receiving the equally vacant reply, "Nothing, sir," responding sharply, "Then you ought to see something, sir; you ought to see before you the object you mean to draw, and if you do not you will never be a painter," only assumes the existence in a lesser degree of that power which Blake seems to have possessed in a greater and entirely abnormal degree, of summoning up the actual bodily image of the idea which was in his mind, and which image was so readily within call as often to appear, as it seemed, without being sent for; in other words, we may probably say, without his having noticed the incidental train of thought which had led to the particular idea of which the vision was the counterpart.[1] This abnormal development, if it may be so regarded, of a faculty which in a lesser degree must be almost a necessary concomitant of a high artistic gift, perhaps accounts to a great extent for the remarkable power in drawing which, in spite of obvious defects, Blake really evinced, notwithstanding his want of regular training under the severe task-work of the Life-school. This he, in fact, disliked and even despised, deeming that the man who could not draw without a model before him was hardly worth calling an artist.

So far this so-called visionary faculty may be said to have had a direct relation to his power as an artist, but in no other sense. For the key to the spirit and form of Blake's art, we must look behind such a mere accident of constitution to the mental attitude of the whole man in regard to the moral and material world. Now, Blake's position in reference to the moral world is to be gathered from his poems and collective writings, which, as Mr. Swinburne has already clearly demonstrated, are by no means, for the most part, so inscrutable in their signification as those would suppose who have been deterred by their mysticism of expression from any careful examination of them. Once get the clue and hold it, and you can pretty generally find out where you are going, even amid the chaos of mingled real and mystical names—Albion, Los, Oöthoon, Enitharmon, Jerusalem, and the rest of them. And the general tenor of the philosophy which is crystallized in these fantastic forms, might perhaps be best summed up in the sentence which Blake uses more than once, and the purport of which he is continually reiterating,

[1] I am not aware that this precise way of putting the explanation of Blake's visionary faculty has been hazarded before. No attentive reader of the trustworthy records of Blake can doubt that the appearances he described were actually, for him, present to the bodily eye, and that his description of them was no intentional mystification of his hearers. That they should so often have taken the form of angelic or fairy presences can be no matter for surprise to any one acquainted with the tendency of his mind towards imagining spiritual presences or entities in everything. He may have thought that he depicted such beings because they appeared to him; but the real fact probably was that they appeared to him because his mind was bent on depicting them.

"Everything that lives is holy!" Every impulse which is direct from nature is not merely "right" (which is apart from the question altogether), but is necessary to the fulfilment of life; and the ordinary bonds of custom and religion are so many deadly fetters to shackle and tie down the soul from its true fulness of life. His system in fact is in a certain sense a kind of mysticised Spinozism. Wrath, pride, animal ferocity, all the manifestations of what we regard commonly as evil or brute passions, are "waves that beat on Heaven's shore." "Religion" Blake always read, by a sort of intuition, strictly in its original Latin sense, as the influence that restrains the soul of man from its free course of exuberant and joyful existence; and certainly he girds at it, in this sense, in no measured terms. "As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys," is only a typical specimen of his fierce denunciations against the whole of the tribe of Levi, past, present, and to come. The positive aspect of the same creed is flashed upon us in such passages as that extraordinary quatrain, which may be once more quoted here—

"Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair,[1]
But desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there,"

since (taken in the widest and most abstract sense) it embodies in a few words the very essence of the philosophy of Blake, alike in his poems, and in those designs of which the subjects spring from his own brain, and which are not the illustrations of other men's ideas. Needless to observe that the theory which regards "great nature's law" as the rule of life, was no new one even in Blake's own day; needless to add that, put in practice by violent natures and in violent times, it has been, and may at any time become, the parent of much unseemly and unrighteous excess. But the peculiarity in regard to the habitation of this doctrine in the mind of Blake, is that it was accompanied by an almost childlike simplicity and innocence of belief, and by a life so utterly blameless that even the Pharisaical measuring-rule which the artist so uncompromisingly denounced could scarcely have detected a deviation from the strict path. Hating "religion," in the ecclesiastical sense, he was yet overflowing with devotion and reverence, and with a certain solemn and pathetic tenderness of piety which, in some of his scattered expressions, and in such things as the little marginal comments of pen and pencil in the designs to the Book of Job, come upon one like bits of old-world Patriarchal faith in God, of a type which is not going about much at present. For the Bible he has the greatest reverence, but he looks at it from an almost opposite point of view from the popular one; as he says in some lines addressed to an imaginary orthodox interlocutor:

"Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white."

And as to the opposite kingdoms of darkness and light, symbolized to most people by the words "Hell" and "Heaven," these with Blake stand for two equally necessary and inseparable factors in the complete life of Nature; "Hell" generally in his writings representing the principle of active and creative energy and power, and "Heaven" the passive or receptive principle; in other words the masculine and the feminine, the positive and the reflex elements in the Universe—

"Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world,"

as Milton wrote when in a fortunate moment he managed to get a peep over the rim of his clock-work cosmogony. In connection with Milton it may be noted, as a significant illustration of Blake's

[1] It is hardly possible to accept the suggestion of Mr. Swinburne, that the rather illegible MS. here gives the option of reading "flowing." "Flaming hair" is in the very spirit of Blake. It is pleasant to recollect, too, how the epithet has been ratified in the sonnet of a living poet—

"Lo! Love, the child once ours, and Song, whose hair
Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath!"

application of the principle, that he accounts for the unquestionable fact that the finest portions of *Paradise Lost* are those which depict the fallen angels, and more especially the "mickle deevil" himself, by the simple remark that Milton, being a true poet, was himself, even without knowing it, naturally and inevitably on the side of the devils. It may be doubted whether any more pregnant and suggestive criticism upon "our national epic" has been written than is implied in that remark, if rightly considered.

It is necessary to bear in mind, though but in the roughest outline, the manner in which Nature and Nature's law thus presented themselves to the mind of Blake, in order to appreciate fully the love of, and sympathy with life in every form which blossoms so freshly and vigorously, often, even in his mere little border designs or headpieces, as well as in many of the larger book-illustrations. But after arriving at a perception of the basis of Blake's system of ideas, we have to consider also the manner in which he employed form and colour to represent those ideas; the relation which, with him, the means bore to the end. It must be remembered that the imitation of Nature was no object whatever with him. That materialistic view of the aims of painting, that hue-and-cry after "facts! facts! give us the conscientious representation of facts!" which has been raised most loudly by some of those very critics who, with characteristic inconsequence and want of logic, have been foremost in proclaiming the excellence of Blake's utterly opposite system, had no part in his scheme. It was a corner-stone of his intellectual faith that no physical fact in nature was worth anything save for the metaphysical meaning which lay behind it; that every outward form was only the material image of its counterpart in the world of ideas; that what was seen by the bodily eye was only the portal or window through which the reality of things was made visible. It was in a spirit of true critical insight that Gilchrist placed as a motto on the title-page of his biography that sentence in which Blake, in answer to an imaginary question, "When the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?" replies in his fervid manner, "Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, not with it." In that sentence is concentrated the secret of Blake's art, of his use of painting to express ideas. It is this way of regarding all natural objects as steeped in spiritual signification that gives to so many even among his slightest designs "the glory and the freshness of a dream." And it is only when considered in reference to this secondary (perhaps one ought rather to say primary) and, as it has been called, "supersensuous," meaning, that the true aim of his art can be appreciated. In all these designs, it will be observed, in everything that Blake ever drew, the human figure, in one aspect or another, is the central if not the sole interest of the design. He recognized, what in all the greatest eras of art always has been recognized, that the human countenance and form is the roof and crown of created things, the only adequate medium for the expression in art of the intellect and passion of the artist, for the visible delineation of joy, grief, hope, despair, and all the infinitely varied shades of feeling that chase each other across the human soul. Not only is that kind of elaborated prettiness of material decoration which, in the guise of Japanese pots and such-like toys, at present leads captive the souls of "silly women" of both sexes under the name of "art," and the predominance of which is a sure sign of a low state of intellectual art-culture, whether in nations or individuals—not only is such work utterly beneath the notice of Blake, but even the details of landscape, if recognised at all, are merely subordinate and accessory to the central idea expressed in the figures. Occasionally we find in the illustrations to his poems

brilliant little bits of natural detail of scenery, as in the exquisite head and foot illustrations to his own poem, *The Clod and the Pebble*, where the brook runs with such a living sparkle above, and below the serpent and the frog in the space of dank vegetation are so brightly touched;[1] but in such cases the central idea, the human interest, is supplied by the poem. Even in such specimens as the *Ruth and Naomi* (53), or the terrible design of *Famine* (140), where landscape is more predominant than usual, the dark twilight hills in the one, the hard iron leafless waste in the other, only serve to help out the intensity of pathos or of agony expressed in the figures. In short, landscape in Blake's artistic system occupies the same place that it occupies in real life; it is the setting, the decorative or scenic adjunct only, to the acts and expressions of the *dramatis personæ*. But in by far the larger proportion of his designs the expression and effect depend on the figures alone; and these, as hinted above, can only be rightly appreciated by bearing in mind the artist's spiritual view of nature, and regarding these figures as in fact the expression through physical forms of metaphysical meanings. Like Browning's *Pictor Ignotus*, he would "fling over canvas" all he saw of human energy and feeling—

> "Each face obedient to its passions' law,
> Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue;
> Whether Hope rose at once in all the blood,
> A-tiptoe for the blessing of embrace;
> Or Rapture drooped the eyes, as when the brood
> Pull down the nesting dove's heart to its place;
> Or Confidence lit swift the forehead up,
> And locked the mouth fast, like a castle braved;"

only that with Blake it is not so much the countenance alone as the whole body, in its pose and action, which lends itself to such expression. How utterly removed is such a use of the human form divine—with Blake, truly and significantly "divine"—from what is expressed in the offensive cant of such phrases as "the study of the nude," and carried out in art of such intolerable vulgarity as that of Etty, for example, let it be presumed that it is scarcely necessary to point out here. That this use of the art of painting to express idea rather than to illustrate form has its limitations—that it may land its votary on rocks and quicksands of which Blake has not always kept clear—is a consideration which, though obvious to every one who has ever given a thought to the aims of art, would open the door to a discussion far too extended for our limits of space here. It must suffice to recognise the existence of the dilemma, and to admit that while Blake's work is, from its very nature and aim, far less dependent on mere draughtsmanship than the work of more prosaic minds, it would assuredly have lost nothing by a greater purity of form and design, such as marks in so supreme a degree the hardly less imaginative work of Flaxman, whose noble and lofty style has been made the object of covert sneers, idly and foolishly indulged, on the part of headstrong admirers of Blake, who seemed to think the sacrifice at his altar incomplete unless the reputation of his gifted friend and *quasi*-rival were thereupon offered up.

To come from the consideration of the general principles of Blake's art to its special characteristics, especially as illustrated in the Burlington Club collection, it must always be borne in mind that these are the productions of one who received no regular training and followed no beaten path either in regard to principles of design or methods of execution. Like some of our most able artists, Blake commenced as an engraver; but he did not, like some of them, emancipate himself from this special branch of art-work to follow the steady pursuit of what would be generally considered a higher study. On the

[1] In frame No. 278 at the Burlington Club; but there are better and more brilliant copies than these, which are not all in very good preservation. The numbers in brackets in other parts of this article, it may here be observed, refer to the numbers in the Burlington Club Catalogue.

contrary, he was engraving, in one way or another, all his life; simultaneously, however, practising other methods of manipulation, some of them peculiar to himself. The tentative and experimental character thus imparted to much of his work, while removing it the more beyond the sympathies of ordinary exhibition-goers, is in itself the cause of some of the peculiar interest attaching to it, some of the marked individuality of style which it exhibits. We might say, indeed, that Blake combines in himself, in regard to style, several individualities so distinct that, except for the spirit and feeling pervading them, his collected works might well be set down as the production of several different men. There are the exceedingly dark mahogany-toned works, which, in a way, come nearest to the effect of oil-painting—a medium which he scarcely ever used and had a rabid horror of—and which are said to be tempera oiled over to give tone, of which the *Napoleon* and *Pitt* are specimens; in these the lights are partly relieved in gold, producing an extraordinary half-mysterious, half-decorative effect. Other works nominally executed in the same medium, such as the *Nativity* (89) and *Christ Blessing Little Children* (139), have however a totally different tone and texture; and the two life-size half lengths representing *Adam* and *Eve* (1, 30), and some others of similar manner, show again a different method, and have a flatness and comparative hardness of effect more akin to fresco than the others. Then there are the lightly-tinted water colours, such as the two grand compositions of the *Last Judgment* (68, 70) and the whole of the *Paradise Lost* series, and in this class are included many of his finest works; and, in strongest contrast with these, what may be termed the "prismatic" water-colours (*not* among his best type of work), and the strongly and one might almost say fiercely-coloured engraved works to which the colour has been added by hand afterwards, and which are among the most characteristic of his productions: and again a completely different type of manipulation is shown in what are distinguished as the "colour-printed" designs, such as the *Ruth and Naomi* and *Newton*, of which the *modus operandi*, in regard to some portions, seems almost inexplicable. Add to these the engravings to published works, and last, but not least, the illustrations to his own engraved poetical books, which form a class by themselves, and include at least three distinct manners of manipulation, and some notion may be formed of the strangely varied and multifarious character of the art productions of Blake, which in itself is sufficient to distinguish his work in the aggregate from that of any other artist.

Let us look, then, more closely at some of the most characteristic examples of these various methods of addressing the mind through the eye, thus brought together for comparison, and see what matter for reflection they suggest in regard either to the genius of their author or to the wider question of the power, the scope, and the boundaries of the art which he practised. Looking first at the two largest and most important of the purely allegorical paintings, *The Spiritual Form of Napoleon* (90), and *The Spiritual Form of W. Pitt guiding Behemoth* (201), we may note these as instances, much more striking than the "prophetic" books, of works which have been branded, even by the most admiring critics of the artist, with a charge of obscurity and density of meaning quite too pronounced for their deserts. No one expects allegory to be as legible as A, B, C; and, considered as allegories, these two paintings present nothing unusually or indefensibly obscure. The catalogue refers the reader to Gilchrist's Life for "a curious but not very reasonable account of this picture" (the *Pitt*). Blake's remarks upon some general art-topics *à propos* of it are wild and excursive enough, but his heading contains the whole gist of the subject, and tells us in plain words, what any one who bears a brain might conclude for himself—that "Behemoth" represents "the people" guided by Pitt, whose form, of course, loomed very

large in those days to his contemporaries both English and foreign. So again in the *Napoleon*, the strong energetic figure grasping at the sun and moon with his hands, yet chained to earth by one foot, and with a pavement of dead bodies before him in the foreground, is surely intelligible enough as a piece of illustrative imagery, to those who bring any imagination of their own to meet that of the artist. The angelic figures on either side of the Napoleon are, it must be confessed, less explicable; but in the main the explanation of the two works is simply this, that Blake considered that the influence and power of the statesman and the conqueror respectively might be indicated in painting not by bodily representations of the men, however effective, but by allegoric figures representing the peculiar power or genius and political force (in the widest sense) of each. The "Napoleon," which is the most striking conception of the two, is not the finest in execution; the central figure is but loosely drawn. In the other, the head of the principal figure is remarkably fine, and so is the extraordinary "halo" effect produced by the glistering coils of the serpent which encircle it; *à propos* to which we may notice how large a part the serpent, always a favourite form of life in all art that partakes of mysticism, plays in the designs of Blake. In connection with what have been here termed, by way of a rough distinction, the "mahogany-toned" paintings, we must glance at the remarkable design, of which two editions are hung here (182, 211), of *Satan calling up the Rebel Angels*. Of these No. 182 is the finer in execution; and here there is no mysticism, and no pretext for the slightest apologetic hesitation in speaking of it as simply a grand painting, colossal in conception and execution, in spite of its small size. The peculiar method of execution exactly suits the subject, and one scarcely knows whether most to admire the grand composition and lurid effect of the whole, or the power shown in the individual figures. One may pretty safely say that this is the finest illustrative work which Milton's poem has ever given rise to.

For an example of equally remarkable power of a totally different nature, and in connection with a totally different subject, we have only to turn to the little picture of *The Nativity* (89), a small tempera painting on copper. This is an extraordinary little production, in the child-like *naïveté* of its combination of the natural and the supernatural, and still more in the inexplicable dream-like light which pervades it. As the catalogue note expressesi t, the child "comes to life in the air," amid a halo of light, over the fainting body of Mary, supported by Joseph from behind; the two figures are full of a touching and simple pathos; and through the little open window is seen the "star in the East," no actual "star," however, to the eye, but a pervading white radiance, totally distinct from the other supernatural light within the interior. To analyse the painting, either in regard to idea or execution, is impossible; all one can say is that it has a wonderful and exquisite charm, and seems unlike any other painting one ever saw, even of Blake's. The peculiar character of its luminosity is something quite different from what one is accustomed to see produced in pigments, and must be seen; it cannot well be described. Among the works which in technique and surface most resemble this, a very sweet painting of *Christ Blessing Little Children* (139), may be mentioned, especially for the Raffaelle-like grace of the two women; the composition, in which the figure of Christ is seated under a tree facing the spectator, shows a much more detailed introduction of landscape than is common with Blake, and also illustrates one of his peculiar vagaries in regard to figure-drawing, in making the figures of little children of the same proportion as those of adults, so that they look only like miniature men and women; we see this over and over again; in fact, a genuine child-figure is rather a rarity with Blake. One cannot help reflecting how certainly this would have been different had he

had children of his own, and had the child-form and child-manner continually before his eye. The manner he does hit, often very beautifully; but the form, fond as he was of children, seems seldom, in its distinctive character, to have occupied his attention.

To the same period as the allegorical figures belongs the *Canterbury Pilgrims* (18), one of the most remarkable of Blake's productions, and one that has been brought more before public notice than some others in consequence of its connection with the history of Stothard's popular work in illustration of the same subject. In the qualities that go to make a "pleasing group" and a popular engraving, Stothard of course carries the day completely, especially in virtue of his horses, which prance in the prettiest style possible. In regard to the question of insight into and expression of the poet's characters, there is, on the other hand, no possibility of comparison. The heads in Stothard's picture might just be anybody's. The heads in Blake's picture are so intensely characteristic and individualised, that we feel as if we should know them anywhere for Chaucer's personages. How thoroughly Blake understood the poet's intention is evident from his admirable critical remarks (printed in Gilchrist, vol. ii. p. 122 &c.); admirable, that is to say, in intent, for they are expressed in the loose disjointed manner of a writer who was a stranger to refinements of literary workmanship. Leaving out of question some of the characters whose personal peculiarities are so fully indicated by the poet that there is little room left for the artist's imagination, how remarkable are the two figures, for instance, of the knight and the host, as the embodiment respectively of mediæval chivalry and mediæval jollity. In the knight especially, who rather suggests the idea of one of the grand monumental figures from the tombs of the Crusaders, animated and set on horseback, Blake has remarkably combined the expression of dignified courtesy with that of warlike strength and prowess. The armour, too, is painted and finished with a loving hand. As to the horses, certainly it is difficult to know what the artist was at. That he could not draw horses better than this it would be absurd to suppose: the probable explanation is that he gave them almost intuitively a stiff mediæval character, in his desire to impress on the whole work the old-world simplicity of the poet whom he was illustrating. This is of course a mistake—one of the aforesaid rocks upon which Blake's theory of his art occasionally drove him: the same peculiarity in the drawing of the horses is seen in the companion picture of the characters of the *Faerie Queene*. This is in conception a much inferior work to the *Pilgrims*; Una is poor (and, by the way, has not her lamb, a curious omission for an artist so fond of symbolism as Blake), and Britomart is a very florid and blowzy-looking queen of chastity. Some of the figures, as Sir Artegal and the "iron man," and Sir Calidore, are in his best manner; and the "blatant beast" is notably delineated. Before quitting the class of pictures which may be considered as occupying æsthetically the place of oil-paintings among Blake's works, we must glance at what are said to be the only real oil-paintings executed by him, the heads of the poets, of which four of the series of eighteen are at the Burlington Exhibition; Dante, Milton, Homer, and Shakespeare. These are life-size heads in monochrome, with marginal accessories suggestive of the works of their subjects; they are in a grand monumental, almost sculpturesque style, reminding one rather of Mantegna. The Dante is magnificent in its stern, almost grim treatment: the Shakspeare, it is noticeable, follows the type of the Stratford bust and the folio engravings; which type Blake declared to be the real likeness of Shakspeare, as he had appeared to him in a vision. Those who have recognised the distinct individuality of this type of Shakspeare portrait, as compared with the conventional standard of the Chandos portrait with the handsome face and silky beard, in which Americans are said to delight, might think that there needed

no ghost from the grave to tell us that. These heads of the poets, it is worth remark, were done for Hayley. The temporary connection of Blake with that piece of amiable nonentity which once prosed and twaddled under the guise (as Mr. Swinburne almost too cruelly and sardonically reminds us) of a "greatest living poet," is perhaps, one of the most "comic situations" in the whole range of artistic biography. A Hayley portrait, in the same style as the others, occupies the centre of the group at the Burlington Club; said in the catalogue to be that of Thomas Hayley, son of "the poet," but evidently the one referred to by Gilchrist as that of "the poet" himself. Whether Gilchrist or the catalogue is wrong, let any one find out who thinks it worth while.

In looking at Blake's water-colours, we may go back for a moment to an earlier period of his art, to notice the beautiful qualities of design embodied in the subjects from the history of Joseph (9, 37, and 54), which represent Blake's best style and power in his earlier days, and before he had fairly struck out his peculiar path. These are highly finished drawings, and as specimens of water-colour may be said to occupy about the same place in relation to modern figure subjects in water-colour that Girtin occupies in regard to modern landscape. The Raffaellesque grace of the figure of Joseph, especially in the one where he makes himself known to his brethren, is noticeable; and we detect in these drawings two specialities of Blake's, afterwards much more developed; the use of explanatory accessories in a conventional, half-decorative manner (as in the indications of corn and sheaves, a kind of "granary" back-ground, in No. 54), and the predilection for the effect obtained by consentaneous movement in a whole group of figures. A more marked and typical illustration of this may be seen in the drawing of the *Woman Taken in Adultery* (131: somewhat in the same manner as the *Joseph* scenes, though probably a later work), where the general movement of the whole group of the Pharisees receding from the spectator, and as if trying who could first get through the door, is given with great spirit. Some readers will not need to be reminded that this consentaneous movement of a group was a favourite source of effect with Flaxman. Blake in his later work carried it to the extent of a mannerism, sometimes verging on the absurd, as in the pointing figures of the three friends in one of the *Job* series, and in the two designs of *Samson Subdued* and *Samson Breaking his Bonds* (217, 224), where in the first the Philistine soldiers are seen rounding the angle of the doorway in military step, right foot first, and in the second are retreating in the same order, with a kind of unanimous "right-about-face" movement which has the most ludicrous effect, but which is evidently quite seriously intended: for in his art at all events, Blake seems to have had that utter want of perception of the humorous which frequently characterises men of genius of mystic and allegorical predilections.[1] This leads to his raising a smile sometimes at the moments when he wishes us to be most serious. In a design for *The Resurrection*, for instance, in the British Museum collection, there is a figure of a stout matron floating solemnly up from her grave, in utter nudity, but with a countenance and *coiffure* suggestive of nothing so much as a missionary tea-meeting, which is quite irresistible.

Among the numerous and extraordinary drawings in water-colour which form a large proportion of the Burlington Collection, and include much of Blake's finest work, two of the most remarkable are the small but grandly-conceived subjects of the *Last Judgment* (68 and 70), similar in general idea but differing in detail. These are crowded with small figures, many of them of the greatest force and power of action and design, and finished with unusual care and delicacy of modelling. They belong to Blake's light fresco-like water colour

[1] Milton and Spenser, for instance; who scarcely seem to have known what a joke meant.

style, in which very little positive colour is employed. Looking at these grand though minute works, one cannot but deeply regret that their author should not have had such opportunities as were furnished to the great Italian painters, of carrying out his designs on a great scale in connection with some important building. In the same style but on a much larger scale are the series of designs to *Paradise Lost.* Besides the principal set, lent by Mr. Strange, there are two other series here, one of the same size, and having rather the appearance of being the first and more freely executed studies for the more finished series; the others on a smaller scale and of equal finish with Mr. Strange's series, but presenting important though often slight differences of design. It is easy of course for any one to see the deficiencies in drawing in some of these; to notice that legs or feet are too long, or that some of the figures here and in other cases remind one of Hamlet's satire on old men as having "a plentiful lack of wit, together with" a certain corporeal deficiency apparent not seldom in Blake's figures, and producing sometimes an effect which, in the case especially of the body feminine, is, to say the least, not happy. Such technical deficiencies, however, cannot affect our admiration for the real beauty, even materially, of many of the groups and figures; quite apart from their intellectual expressiveness, which is beyond all question. One most serenely beautiful drawing is that where Adam is in converse with the angel, listening earnestly to the exhortation of the celestial guest, who

> "Points to Heaven with his paired half-moon wings,"

while Eve, a figure of most noble and chaste dignity of aspect, "ministers" to them as described by Milton. In the smaller study of this scene Eve also is seated; the design is of equal beauty with the other. In comparing some of the drawings in the larger and smaller series, it is noticeable that the figures in the latter are more realistically designed; in the larger series the "Eve" often presents a rather solid and built-up type of figure, deficient in apparent pliancy; if the larger design of *Satan Watching Adam and Eve* (159) be compared with the smaller copy (121), it will be observed that in the latter the figure of Eve conforms more to the ordinary type of a good female figure. "*Eve Eating the Forbidden Fruit*" (180), the serpent twined about her, the lightning breaking round, and the tree as it were simultaneously putting out thorny and spiny shoots, is one of the finest of the series. Another Milton drawing of the same type, but not belonging to this series, *God Presenting Eve to Adam* (59), lent by Lord Houghton, is remarkable for the fresh beauty and grace of movement in the Eve.

The terrible drawing of *The Lazarhouse* (19) is a specimen of a composition from Milton of a very different type from those we have been considering. This is an example, and a grand one, of Blake's lurid and Dantesque style, with which the execution is in keeping here; the colouring livid and unearthly, the drawing of the writhing, despairing figures grand in its sculpturesque simplicity and massiveness of style. Powerful as is Milton's description, it may fairly be said that Blake has thrown the poet into the shade in his pictorial translation, which affords a good instance of his wonderful *intensity* in realising the striking points of a subject. A very notable instance of this is in the illustration of the legend of *The Brazen Serpent* (129), where he has caught hold of the expression "fiery *flying* serpents," and represents the wretched Israelites whirled up into the air in the folds of the serpents, while a young woman who has been attacked by one of them looks up at the brazen effigy, and at the same instant the serpent hangs limp and discoloured round her neck. One of the seven Dante engravings exhibited (295 to 301), representing apparently the six-footed serpent attacking Agnolo Brunelleschi, is an even more powerful example in the same way. So, in a very different

style, we notice in the little engravings called *The Gates of Paradise* (285—287), among the most remarkable things Blake did in regard to suggestiveness, the same intensity in realising an idea. The "*Help, help!*" where the head and arm of a drowning man are seen just about to sink in the waves; *The Traveller Hasteth*, where the small figure seems possessed with the very spirit of anxious haste; the helpless, broken look of the little *Joy* lying on the ground, while the youth goes off in chase of another, are all instances of this. The look of utter prostration and helplessness in a dead figure fallen heavily to the earth is most powerfully given in *Lamech and his Two Wives* (171); this is a repetition of a figure found in the heading to one of the *Songs of Experience*. Indeed, it is undeniable that Blake repeated certain types of figures till they became more or less mannerisms, though these bear but a small proportion to the bulk of his works. On the other hand, some of the pencil outline studies of figures exhibited show how various were his experiments in regard to the action and expression of the figure. Among these pencil outlines one for *Caliban* (243) is a remarkably good conception of that perplexing creation—brutal, yet not too grotesque to claim kindred with humanity. Two small water-colour drawings of *The Entombment*, and *Mary Magdalen at the Sepulchre* (166, 173), are worth notice both for their fine and suggestive treatment as decorative "altar-pieces" (which is the idea they convey at least) and for their unlikeness in style to the artist's work generally; and the drawing in indian-ink of *Angels conducting the Souls of the Just into Paradise* (224*) curiously resembles the style and feeling of Flaxman, and might almost pass for one of his designs.

The series of illustrations to the Book of Job, which are shown in the Burlington Collection both in their original water-colour form and in the smaller engravings made by the artist from them, may form not inaptly a connecting link between the coloured and the engraved works. As a whole, perhaps, this series, which is one of Blake's latest productions, may be reckoned as the central and most characteristic example of his genius in its highest development. The grand and poetic imagery and deep moral significance of the Book of Job, was of a nature to call forth the highest sympathy and effort of the artist. Blake's intensity of conception is exemplified here again in the upspringing forms of the *Morning Stars singing together*; in the wild tumult of grief expressed by the uplifted hands of the three friends when they first visit Job; in the heartfelt pathos of the design where Job, prostrate on the ground and receiving the plagues poured out upon him, slightly raises his hands as in mingled bewilderment and resignation to his fate; in the touching humiliation of manner in Job and his wife when the friends come to help them after their misfortunes; in the embodied terror of the design *With Dreams upon my Bed thou scarest Me*, where we almost seem to hear the supernatural voice of the awful visitant with the mane standing out in great ray-like locks around his visage. Most unfortunately, one of the very finest of the set, that where Elihu, with noble and impassioned action, "justifies the ways of God" to Job, who listens with a wonderful expression of slowly-reviving hope in his countenance, seems to be wanting both in the coloured and engraved series at the Club. The accessory illustrations in the margins are as fine and poetic in their way as the central designs; in that particular one of Elihu just mentioned one may notice the beautiful suggestion of the solemn train of angels who ascend on each side of the picture and lose themselves among the stars at the top, as if in visible sympathy with the exhortation of Elihu. And in all these marginal comments, which are a subject of study by themselves, we see illustrated the constant tendency of Blake to employ natural objects in a half-decorative rather than a pictorial manner: as, for instance, in the kind of bas-relief representation of the sheepfold at the foot of the second design (*When the Almighty was yet with me*, &c.). Again and again we find this

in Blake's work; in many of the *Songs of Innocence and Experience;* in such a drawing as the background to the illustration from the *Ode on the Nativity* (103), where we see the "courtly stable" with flocks sleeping in symmetrical arrangement on each side of the doorway, which is flanked by two angels, the tips of whose wings meet over the gable. Blake's habit seems to have been to take objects of animate or inanimate nature which were connected by association with the subject of his picture or poem, and arrange them about it in such a manner as to produce a decorative effect; and it is in this light that his groups of sheep feeding in parallel rows, and other such devices, must be regarded; they are not meant to be natural. One may remark in passing how applicable this type of design from nature is for treatment in stained glass, and how full of suggestion Blake's designs are for the artist in stained glass (wherever he is to be found). The collocation of the coloured and engraved series of the *Job* suggests a remark in regard to Blake's colour. This has been much overrated by enthusiastic critics. He was not a great colourist; and to say that the majority of his engraved designs lose greatly from want of colour is to say the thing which is not. Of the water-colours, the finest are those where, as in the Milton illustrations and the *Last Judgment* drawings, only low tones of colour are used, rather to be described as "tinting." The grand design from the *Night Thoughts*, of the serpent and the female figure with stars in her hair, certainly loses rather than gains from the somewhat raw tinting in the copy at the Burlington Club. And if the coloured designs of the *Job* series be compared impartially with the engravings, it must be seen that in nearly all the finer points of expression the engravings are superior; and their manner of execution, peculiar as it is, has a high interest from its distinctive individuality of workmanship. The very strongly-coloured copies of the stamped prints form, it is true, a class by themselves, quite distinct in their aim from ordinary water-colour. An effect of what may be called lurid darkness seems to be aimed at in these; an idea which is implied in the extraordinary expression in one of Blake's visions, where he looks out into an abyss and sees far below him the sun, "black *but shining*," an expression which seems to throw a new light on many of the colour combinations of this class of works, and forbids us to accept the suggestion in the catalogue that in the copy of the *Ancient of Days* (267), for instance, the darkness was "unintentional." Going back for a moment to the engraved book illustrations, attention should be given to the little designs (292) for Phillips's *Pastorals* (not "Virgil's *Eclogues*," as stated in the catalogue), so remarkable as specimens of what may be called "first principles" of wood engraving, as well as for the simple *naïveté* of the figures, and the fine landscape effects hinted at rather than realized. It is curious to compare them with the style of the designs for Hayley's *Ballads*, produced when Blake was suffering under the hospitality of Felpham. Very carefully drawn, these are in quite an everyday manner in comparison with most of Blake's works, as if the vicinity of Hayley-dom was too much for his spirit.[1] Of the larger book illustrations the celebrated *Young's Night Thoughts*, to the public long one of the most typical because most accessible examples of the Blake genius, has perhaps been a little slighted by more recent critics. The work is unequal, but it contains designs in his greatest style; and even of such a one as the personification of thunder, not a fortunate idea, one must admit that if thunder were to be so represented, it could hardly be done more powerfully and directly. Of the greatest of all the book illustrations, those to Blair's *Grave*, more would certainly be said here, but that they are better known and more accessible than most others. These were engraved from Blake's draw-

[1] The superior drawings of the animals, however (the horse, the lion, &c.), in the Hayley ballads, may be taken as a further indication that the stiff drawing and action of the horses in the *Canterbury Pilgrims*, referred to above, was not altogether accidental.

ings by Schiavonetti, whose beautiful workmanship offers some compensation for the loss of the interest of the artist's own handiwork. It seems incredible that when these were produced, critics of the day uttered in print regrets that the ability of the brilliant engraver should have been employed on subjects so little worthy of it! Space forbids us to expatiate on these, further than to call attention to one which may be said to be the central and most sublime of all Blake's designs, for any parallel to which we can only go to Michel Angelo; that in which the aged figure enters the cavern of death, his long robes and beard blown before him by the blast, while above, in naked splendour, sits the "new man," a figure radiant with immortality, gazing upward, and in action as if just about to spring from the rock (the roof of the tomb), on which he sits.[1] What this design of Blake's has been to the writer of these imperfect comments since first seeing it, he will not attempt to express in words.

Of the remarkable illustrations to Blake's own poetic works, engraved along with the text, and which, as before observed, form a class by themselves, but a few brief remarks must here suffice. They are not well represented in the Burlington Collection; only the *Songs of Innocence and Experience* being there complete, and these in copies somewhat dulled and soiled. The British Museum possesses some fine copies of these works, worth the attention of all who have not access to specimens in private collections, and who wish to appreciate the imagination of Blake in its wildest and yet often its most suggestive and poetic forms. Among the earlier and less mystical of these is the *Book of Thel*, a short poem, exquisite throughout in imagery and expression, and full of high meanings. To peruse the British Museum copy, with its fair wide margin, its beautiful writing in a bright reddish medium, and its exquisitely graceful and poetic illustrations representing the virgin Thel questioning the lily, the worm, the cloud, of her fate and of the mystery of life, is to be transported altogether from the work-day world into a dream of some far away antique age, of whose literature this bright fanciful volume seems a remnant. The illustrations are very slightly executed, with little colour added to the outlines in the same reddish medium as the text, and they are better thus; Blake hardly improved them in treating some of them in the strong prismatic hues which he afterwards affected.[2] Drawings representing purely abstract things are often best in the pure clothing of abstract form. And in others of the poetic books the very imperfection and restrictions of the unusual media of expression which the artist adopted probably assist their abstract and ideal expression. A favourite form of execution is that of figures with the outlines and muscular markings delineated in a remarkably bold, free style, in strong thick lines, as if drawn with a blunt quill pen with plenty of ink in it; this style is used throughout the *America*, the marginal sketches and headpieces in which are grand, and certainly far superior, as intellectual art, to many of the elaborately and hotly-coloured plates. A specimen of this style of execution is to be seen in No.

[1] The rough idea of this design is to be found in one of the poetic books, the *America*. It may be suggested here that the copy of the *Grave* at the Club Exhibition should be placed so as to show this illustration.

[2] Some duplicates of the *Thel* designs, thus treated, are in the smaller Museum book of *Designs by Blake*: they are not improvements on the original simpler treatment. About this and others of the British Museum set more has been written, it may be here said, than the discreet reader need accept. It may be instructive to him, for instance, to note the following description of an illustration to the *Song of Los*, in the Supplementary Chapter of the editor of *Gilchrist's Life*:—"No finer example of Blake's power in rendering poetic effects of landscape could be found, than that almost miraculous expression of the glow and freedom of air in closing sunset, in the plate where a youth and maiden, lightly embraced, are racing along a saddened low-lit hill, against an open sky of blazing and changing wonder." If, on turning to the plate of which this description is given, he is inclined at first to suspect that he is the victim of a hoax, he will at least have had a hint of the real value of the sort of utterances which at present too often pass for art criticism in high places.

288 in the Burlington Collection, but it is by no means a good example. The *Jerusalem* contains still finer specimens of Blake's "classic" style, as this may be called, one or two of which have been published (Swinburne, p. 276; Gilchrist, vol. i. p. 193), but there are some still finer, notably one on page 46, where the two sitting female figures are grand. A totally opposite style employed in the same poem is that of slight sketchy engraving in white lines on a black ground, of which a specimen is seen in the impression of the frontispiece (No. 307 in the Burlington catalogue). Some of the designs in this medium are of the most extraordinary character, as, for instance, that on page 11, where a being with a human female body and swan's neck and head appears floating in and drinking from a truly "black-flowing river." Another, in the same style, represents two ancient prophetic-looking personages enthroned in a chariot drawn by apocalyptic-looking beasts, the wheels of which are formed of the coils of serpents, whose bodies and heads project forward as the carriage-poles. The *Milton*, a shorter work, contains what Mr. Swinburne truly calls "one of the grandest of Blake's designs," of which a very worn and untinted impression in the Burlington Collection (282) gives not the slightest idea; the British Museum copy of the plate, with its strange green light on the rocks, and the look of utter oblivion and forgetfulness in the two recumbent figures, and the whole landscape, is a thing not to be forgotten. Another remarkable and most Blakian design is that where a naked foreshortened figure, with back to the spectator, struggles violently with a hoary old giant, who seems half imbedded in the earth; beneath is the significant motto: "To annihilate the self-hood of deceit and false forgiveness." To close our excursion in these mystic regions under a somewhat milder light, let us glance finally at those little pages of decorated *Maxims on Religion* (304—306), and notice in how graceful a setting Blake can frame axioms whose purport, rightly understood, would seem to demand a very different manner of putting forth. Look at one in frame 304—"Reason, or the ratio of all that we have already known, is not the same that it shall be when we know more." Consider what is really implied in the proposition thus innocently put forth; what battles between philosophies of the conditioned and the unconditioned have been and may be fought on that ground; what anger of celestial minds it has had power to arouse; and turn to Blake's page with the delicately-pencilled spray of foliage at the top, then this tremendous text, and a little figure sleeping peacefully at the foot of it—how strange!

In expressing what many must feel of thanks due to a Society who have made this first representative collection of the art-work of William Blake, and who are so ready to afford access to it, we might, if space allowed of it, call attention to one or two mistakes in the hanging of the drawings and in the catalogue. These are, however, trivial irregularities, and the Burlington Club have done a good work in affording to many the opportunity, perhaps for the first time, of forming something like a due idea of the genius of a good and wonderfully gifted man. And if, looking round once more on this extraordinary collection of thoughts and aspirations presented in the language of the eye—designs which, as we turn from one to another, awake in us ideas and associations entirely inexpressible in ordinary forms of speech—we consider what can be the secret which gives to these works, with all their mechanical and executive imperfections, such a deep interest for our minds, we may perhaps best put the answer in the words used by the artist himself (and would that all artists could conscientiously use them!) in a letter to one of his best and most sympathising friends—"There is not one touch in those drawings and pictures but what came from my head and my heart in unison."

H. H. Statham.

VERMONT.[1]

III.

Our cousin across the water is still as sensitive to public observation as he has ever been reputed to be. Why is it that he shrinks from adverse criticism whilst he affects extreme independence? Of course, we none of us like to be told of our failings, but in New England, by high or low, learned or simple, the imputation that theirs is a questionable claim to be the "first people in the world" is resented, frequently with good humour, but resented very earnestly. Read the paper, in *My Study Windows*, on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." "So long as we continue to be the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world, I suppose we must consent to endure this condescending manner of foreigners toward us." "The more friendly they mean to be the more ludicrously prominent it becomes." If we foreigners are friendly and admiring we are condescending! If we are cold, negational, and critical, of course we are putting on absurd airs of superiority! And this professor thinks himself to be, and is, one of the best-educated, far-seeing, and liberal-minded men of the North! When I first came up into this section of the country, having no friend nor introduction, I thought I could not offend anybody by throwing my scattered observation into the familiar good-natured form of local ballads, very hazy and indefinite, be it said. My thunder (a New England oath), how the good wives scolded! "A precious form," cries Mrs. S. Smith, "of repaying hospitality." Hospitality, quotha! when the writer is at a village inn, and paying More, *O femme adorable*, than the ordinary class of customers who come there. Sad want of personal propriety, for a traveller who has stepped amongst a strange people with the openly avowed office of measuring, testing, and commenting upon their manners and habits, to utter these comments professionally and aloud! The fact is, this self-assertion, self-importance, self-appraisement, which underlie the extreme dislike of plain remarks, are ludicrous in the extreme, as has been shown a hundred times, or are to a sad-minded observer, or one super-sensitive, downright offensive. I have been amused at my first reception, after I have accepted an invitation pressed over and over again. Here is a village artisan, a sign-painter, a good-hearted, pompous, ignorant little fellow, to whom, on my opening call, I had to talk the whole time I sat under his veranda. And when I flagged in the conversation, or monologue, for that's what it was, he deliberately asked me to "read aloud to his family," as he had heard that I possessed a smattering of literature, and was an old theatre-goer. It is nothing for the whole of the family to leave you alone, whilst one goes to lie down, the second retires with her sweetheart, and a third is being put to bed. Yet the friendly but neglectful host, has not a dream that he or his have shown bad manners, and, most probably, has not the smallest thought about the matter. Where your entertainer has had, say a bettermost, or collegiate education, or is a professional man, he is more self-absorbed, silent, absent, ruthlessly wrapped up in his own pursuits or avocations.

It is no wonder to me to find this kind of lawlessness, as I cannot but regard it, even "in church." The Nonconformist edifices, Baptist, Congregational, or Methodist churches, are lent to minstrels (blacked or unblacked), lecturers, public readers, occasionally,

[1] See *Macmillan* for June, 1873, and May, 1874.

of histrionic effusions, sensational literature, and the like, without any scruple. Not far from the town where I am, a vile modern "crime and cursing" play, furnished with scenes and characters in costume, was presented in an ecclesiastical edifice. A travelling agent for gas burners requested the pastor of a church at Burlington to recommend his burners from the pulpit. Even bones and banjo have figured and sounded on the platform occupied by the "friend of man," *par excellence*, the renowned Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn. A member of the Episcopal congregation confided to me his extreme disgust because the minister requested him to take off his hat while inside the sacred building, where he was assisting a friend to decorate the church. "The puppy," he said, "and with such a cold as I had. Catch me at his church again."

The congregation talk aloud in the places of worship, and have a custom of sitting down at any part of the service they please, whatever may be the prescribed posture in the ritual. Many remain seated during the singing of the psalms or hymns, rising perhaps when "the Glory" is reached. No less than five churches about here, with, say, four hundred families, from whom come their followers, are all well supported. It has been represented to me that the ministers have a difficulty in realizing their stipends in many of the Nonconformist churches, but it is not so here. By hook or by crook, a fair income is secured for each incumbent. The Baptist minister may be priced at 1,000 dollars a-year with a house and ground; the Congregationalist obtains 1,200 dollars per annum; both from pew rents. The Methodist squeezes out from 700 to 900 dollars annually, and the Catholic will get perhaps 600 dollars, and enjoys as well-built a residence as any in the town, this erection being a freak of his predecessor, who, as a single man, and ministering principally to the Irish working population, designed and built a mansion with fourteen rooms to it. The income of the Episcopal rector, with an "excellently situated and convenient residence," amounts to 1,200 dollars a year. The pews in his church are free; the income is from the Sunday collections. There was a Baptist fair and festival for raising part of the good man's stipend, at which "General and Mrs. Thumb, richly and tastefully dressed, received in right royal style." These dwarfs were not even there themselves, but were personated by children. Such a museum "of Art and Curiosities" as was displayed, could only be seen up here. "Rarities," of which the dried mosses and ferns were only worth commendation. The "old woman in the shoe," of course; a saleswoman, the flowers, the "advice" trees, the lottery bags and tickets for children's toys, and the fancy work, mostly in worsted, came in for large and constant patronage. The local scribe, writing to the county journal, contributed his report terminating with a highly personal *encomium*. "There is one thing, however, we must not omit to mention; the clam chowder" (a shell-fish thick soup—a decided delicacy) "made under the supervision of a caterer hitherto unknown to fame in that line, but who last evening established for himself a reputation that will keep his services constantly in requisition for the future. Go and try some to-night." It is not stretching probabilities to assume that this last exhortation was an advertisement duly paid for.

It is not necessary, nor should I think it becoming, to criticise the performances within the walls of the separate sanctuaries. The Episcopal minister is a scholar and a gentleman, of mild, unobtrusive manners, uncommon up here. The Baptist, an elderly man of peace, has the repute to have a well-bridled and cautious tongue; he has a kind greeting for every one, observable by the most casual, and has served his townsfolk some forty years. The Congregationalist was a lawyer, but has found a more easy life in his present avocations I have heard all of them preach, and I should only care to encourage, by more frequent attendance, the Episcopal divine in his sermons—

all, at least, save the Methodist, to whose fervid outcry I stopped, for a five minutes' spell, outside, one Sunday evening, to listen, and had such a taste of his stentorian earnestness that I didn't care to go inside. But whether they do well or ill, *intra mœnia*, is not the object of these remarks. All I care for is the effect on the manners and habits of their congregations. With the exception of the Episcopal clergyman, the church pastors do not seem to me to be held in much consideration. The idea persistently remains in my mind that the several congregations look upon their spiritual teachers more in the light of hired servants, and have and express a strong settled belief that their ministrations are performed but as a means of livelihood. Donations, which arise from the surplus of admission money to oyster suppers, tea-drinkings, "the clam chowder and clam bake," wear a very business air about them, even to the uninitiated, and are associated with anything but self-sacrifice, oblationary and reverential considerations. Even to the support of their religion these keen trading folks incline to part with their money in an indirect fashion. Perhaps the churches may be said to have instigated the thought of "indirect claims"—who knows?

Frequent inquiries enable me to repeat my assertion that this township pays its ecclesiastical servants at an exceptionally high rate. It is thought by some of my informants that the competition of the several churches of the town stimulates each congregation to keep up with, if not go ahead of, the other in their contributions. The Baptist is not to be outdone by the Congregationalist, the Episcopal is mainly run by the banking interest, which is a rival to the Baptist banker, and everybody knows how the Irish will almost beggar themselves for their priest. The choirs are much cared for. Congregational singing, as in the larger city churches, is not encouraged. Much effort, at any rate, is expended to make the singing a direct attraction of the service: but the result is much cry and little harmony. The ex-governor of the State of Vermont plays the organ at the church he frequents. The "parsons"—'tis a dear old-fashioned word—recognise the fact that they are obliged to make "calls." They are called to their office by their congregation, after a probationary performance of a Sunday's routine, and they retaliate, according to rule and in reality, by calls from one week's end to another, mostly on the mistress of the house. Is it strange that the ministers become, *naturâ rerum*, saturated with the gossip, small talk, and scandal poured out upon them, and growing, as has already been explained, by necessity, into other recipient habits of "the sponge,"—is it a wonder that they preserve, with difficulty, any clerical power at all, and indeed possess a reputable status, only by something akin to arrogance and self-assertion? "The religious newspapers," writes a lady, with a facile pen, under the *nom de plume* of Gail Hamilton—it ought to be gale if an *afflatus* in style is worth considering—"blossom with hints and downright exhortations to parishes to make presents to their ministers, to take them on their journeys, to pay their expenses to national councils. There is often a certain space devoted to a record of the presents thus made; for indelicacy has come to such a pass that donors do not sometimes neglect to stipulate with the *donee* that their donations shall be given the publicity of print, and on the side of the clergy the argument is unblushingly used that the facts are bruited for the *sake of stirring up other parishes to make similar presents* to their pastors sometimes. The resources of ingenuity are exhausted in devising pleasant and playful metaphors to describe the presentation, and sometimes the statement is as formal and crisp as an advertisement. Donation parties are occasionally made the object of a little gentle satire; but it is not because they are donation parties, but because the donations are not big enough!" This expression, "gentle satire," reminds me of the humour of the Catholic priest of this place, who, after the last Easter gift

presentation to him of a purse of dollars, remarked that certain French members of his congregation invariably left the church when a subscription was going on. "Let them take comfort," exclaimed he, in public, "I shall never ask a soul here for a dollar. But I must be permitted to avow that their conduct savours much of that of a classmate at seminary with me, who, whenever speech-day came round, was found to labour under a cold that deprived him of the power of utterance." It is hardly necessary to add that the parents of this worthy ecclesiastic hail from the Emerald Isle. Every sensible observer of the voluntary system will thank Gail Hamilton for her frank outspeaking. "In the hands of the clergyman the gift has fallen from its high estate. They have solicited it, they have proclaimed it, they have computed and bruited its money value, and mocked at its insignificance. They have debased it into the payment of a debt, confounded it with the discharge of a duty, profaned it by association with a grudge. They owe it to the congregations they have tampered with to sit for a generation in sackcloth and ashes—sackcloth of their own buying and ashes of their own burning—and, with tight fists of integrity, to respect and repel the false gifts of tight-fisted meanness, of uncomprehending carelessness, while, with uplifted voice, they teach their people the eternal distinction between a tax wrung, a subscription badgered, a compromise effected, and the spontaneous offering of brooding and delighted love!" This is written with a quill from the inevitable bird o' freedom; but it is well written nevertheless.

That my remarks on this topic of the churches have been longer than usual is owing to the fact that the question of religious belief stands with the New England people next to the daily calling of life, which hunts up dollars and cents. Of late years all denominations of Christians have been urged to combine: and the *New York Independent* has more than once emphatically pointed out that there is no church which might not instantly coalesce with some other church on the list, published in that journal, of churches differing in their "sole foundation," if that "sole foundation" were not so prominently insisted upon. This list is a curious compilation, and is worth consideration.

"Taking the churches in alphabetical order, then, we say:

"The sole foundation of the Baptist Church is the theory that Christ requires every person who would be a member of His church to be immersed in water by some person who has himself been immersed.

"The sole foundation of the Congregational Church is the theory that Christ has given to all Christians an equal right to vote and act in the government of the church.

"The sole foundation of the Episcopal Church is the theory that Christ enables bishops to communicate to other persons, by laying hands on their heads, the power to give a peculiar spiritual efficiency to language, water, bread, and wine.

"The sole foundation of the Methodist Church is the theory that every Christian receives a special revelation to the effect that his sins are forgiven.

"The sole foundation of the Presbyterian Church is the theory that a representative church government is most agreeable to the teachings of Christ and the example of the apostles.

"The sole foundation of the Roman Catholic Church is the theory that Christ appoints each successive bishop of Rome lieutenant-governor of the universe.

"The sole foundation of the Swedenborgian Church is the theory that supernatural revelations, in addition to those contained in the Scriptures, were made to Emanuel Swedenborg.

"The sole foundation of the Unitarian Church is the theory that a man need not believe the doctrine of the Trinity in order to be a Christian.

"The sole foundation of the Universalist Church is the theory that men will not be punished to all eternity for the sins they commit in the present life."

Years back the deacons of the "dissenting churches"—perhaps the expression will be cavilled at, but let it stand—were potent, occasionally despotic, and held themselves to be masters of the congregations. Woe to the minister who withstood his deacons, or deacon, for the bully strives for a monopoly of power, and mostly obtains it, wherever he is. Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have said—let us hope it was one of his

jokes—"Deacons are worse than the devil; for rebuke the devil and he will flee from you, but rebuke a deacon and he will fly at you." Such in old times were those we are speaking of. The theory which is given out as the foundation of the Congregational Church, that all Christians have an equal right to vote and act in the government of the church, has been latterly more abided by and fulfilled.

Precise details touching the performance of the clerical service inside the church had better be omitted in these rambling remarks; but the performance of a funeral at a neighbour's house was not at all to my taste. In the best room in the house the body lay in a handsome rosewood coffin, dressed in the everyday clothes of the deceased—the coffin, or "casket," as it is termed, being without the lid. The adjoining rooms were crammed with women and children, seated, the men being mostly outside the house, all eager, and observant, and commenting, in whispers, as at a histrionic diversion. There were no mourning costumes on those present. Prayers were said, and hymns were sung: and, in the discourse which followed, the minister did his very utmost to harrow up the feelings of the relatives to poignant demonstrations of distress. This "bruiser" of the bruised reed pounded and pounded with persistent blows. Of course he succeeded, as he was aiming his cruel science at a father and mother; and there were devotees present, as frequently happens on these occasions, only too ready to join in the ejaculation, and sobbing and weeping which form the exciting portion of the entertainment. When the services were concluded there was a procession of all who cared to see the dead in its furniture, moving in single file; here and there came idle, curious, indifferent spectators, who should have been cudgelled for their intrusive folly. Then the corpse was conveyed, decorously enough, in a hearse to the cemetery belonging to the town, a pleasant, richly-shaded height—nearly a mile from the neighbourhood—followed by a string of vehicles carrying the mourners and friends. There is up here the sweet and tender fashion, still practised by all classes, at these events, of placing emblems of flowers on the coffin. At the burial of an episcopal clergyman which I attended, the flowers were more profuse, costly, and rare than any I ever saw, even at such a ceremonial in a Catholic country. Not only was the palled bier strewn with crowns, crosses, wreaths of camellias, tuberoses, cape jessamine, and white roses, but the steps of the chancel were graced with handfuls of the richest white exotics, carelessly flung there, with touching effect, amongst which fell the folds of the purple velvet pall. The Americans, as far as I have seen, are tender and true in their homage to the dead. Their poor and destitute are buried with respect. More than once the undertaker has assured me that the pauper, who was to be interred on the morrow, would have as good a coffin as the majority of those he had committed to the ground. The inside of the "casket" is sometimes a delicate specimen of upholstery work, satin or sarcenet, quilted and stuffed; and a notable economist of this vicinity insisted on removing the rich pillow on which the head of her mother was to repose, on the realistic plea that so much good satin could be better used by the living. The undertakers also supply, if required, "a dress" for the corpse of a male, consisting of pants, shirt-front, vest, collar, sleeves, necktie, all sewn together. It gave me quite a turn to see this ghastly sartorial equipment.

Travelling doctors have been casually alluded to, but the resident body-curers are a strangely mixed class. The distinctive, yet familiar title of "Doctor" is bestowed, after the fashion of most professional designations in New England, without discrimination. Apart from those of the clerical calling entitled by custom, or collegiate degree, to be so addressed, various individuals accept and adhere to this distinction from their neighbours. The farrier, and veterinary leech, the dentist, the corn-cutter, the chemist, and herb decoctor, receives and

abides by such an honorary grace to his name. There is even a stout elderly physician, of the other sex, living in the precincts of this town, whose only claim to this pleasant and venerable appellation arises from the fact that she sells a highly spiced whisky cordial, as an "All-ills" specific, by which she manages to make much money, and to laugh at the "liquor law," and the efforts of all her patients most probably, to enforce it. This ingenious and determined old harridan is an exaggeration of Mrs. Gamp and Moll Flagon in appearance, with the caution and self-possession, and observing habits of an undeniable Yankee. The clairvoyant empiric, with his infusions from herbs and roots, the Dulcamara of this section, with a bright span of horses, who proclaims that his "herbal ointment is an unparalleled equalizer of the nerve power;" the canny citizen round the corner, near the hotel, who deals in newspapers, "notions," and fancy stationery, and who "sloped out" of the medical profession because his clients nearly all left him for a better world; the dealer in artificial limbs, eyes, hands, and feet, have all been presented to me under the grave and expressive prenomen of "Doctor." Falling into the customs of those about me, when I have purchased a pot of cold cream, or an ounce of gum arabic at the drug store, I never failed to salute its owner as "Doctor." I felt that he would have resented the omission as an intentional rudeness. By many the word is abbreviated to "Doc." "Say, Doc, your folk ter hum?" is more readily jerked out than "I say, Doctor, are your folks at home?" An aurist and oculist issues from Burlington his advertisement sheet, entitled *The Bulletin*. It is filled with correspondence from grateful patients who have had "sight restored after fifteen years' impairment," cure of "deafness of twenty-one years' standing," cure of cross eyes, and the conquest of every description of catarrhal invasions. The Doctor declares that "no argument will save you; no matter what Dr. Jones or Dr. Brown says as to its curability; no matter what your neighbour's experience may have been (with patent catarrh cures), if you are not cured, with every breath of air, you inhale the seeds of consumption." All who read are urged to rush instantly to the writer of *The Bulletin*. "Waiting till your friend is cured is another dangerous speculation for you, for while you are waiting, is your disease waiting also? Can you hang up your catarrh like an old coat, and have it mended when you are ready? No; while you thus speculate, the precious time is lost, and the disease may slip beyond the curing point, and when you are ready to have it attended to, no human skill may be able to save you." In public esteem the writer of *The Bulletin* is as acceptable as any other doctor, and he signs himself M.D. with impunity, and his brother practitioners do not discountenance him. The village Galen, literally, be he homœopath, allopath, clairvoyant, or magnetist, here drives a hard trade. Four-fifths of his day's avocations are spent on the road rattling along in his buggy or sleigh. Ten miles out and ten miles in make no distance for a visit. My friend, the allopath, frequently drives twenty-six miles out, across Lake Champlain, over which is a sailing ferry for more than a mile, and back to see a single patient. And the clay roads in the rainy season render travelling a serious affair. The doctor sees many whom no one else goes near. Up in sequestered nooks in the mountains, hard by the bear, and the coon, and the fox, there are small human nests, in which the small farmer, cattle-dealer, the hind, or quarry labourer, or woodman lives, approached by no stranger to the roof-tree but the ill-paid Æsculapius. Any one desirous to practise medicine may do so without let or hindrance. The aspirant for a medical degree from the State Medical Society is supposed to go into the office of a general practitioner for three years, and is under the fiction of having attended two courses of lectures on medical subjects; but I am assured that a diploma is easily obtainable in any

of the States by the payment of fees. There is no public opinion against empirics. False teeth, hair dye, and wigs have been detected by me as being in not infrequent use among the ordinary farming population. Two or three dentists may be found in a village with less than eight hundred inhabitants. The very common consumption of candies and lollipops by grown-up women leads to frequent attendance on the dentist, and the younger male and female children soon begin to follow the fashion of their elders. Coming out of New York on the Hudson River Railroad, in a drawing-room car—that is its fitting name, for it is a "drawing-room" on a car—out of a bevy of five handsome grown-up girls three were filling up the pauses in reading serials or newspapers by sucking sticks of candy, with open and undisguised satisfaction. The candy shops in New York are a marked feature in the streets, more so than in Paris, Vienna, or Milan; there are many at which candies, and sugar stuff, chocolate *bon-bons*, and their varieties are alone obtainable. Nothing else is sold in the stores. From one of the general stores in the locality of my present residence I obtained the list of the candies, which principally formed the stock of the store. The sticks of candies, such as peppermint, "Black Crook"—part chocolate,—"O.K." with a herb flavour (but not 'ore 'ound candy as it might mean in the old country), lemon, cinnamon, cloves, seem to be most in demand; and alongside their attractions are arranged lozenges of every description, kisses, cocoanut strips and cakes, almonds frosted and sugared, chocolate creams, marsh-mallow paste, gum drops, and a prime favourite, "pea-nut candies," made out of shelled pea-nuts—the native delicacy above all other description of nuts—baked in clear sugar. At their country dances and gatherings the swain approaches the beloved object with candy in one form or other, and it is certainly a pleasant and sure mode of arresting the flow of a lady's tongue.

CHARLES A. COLE.

WANG-TI.

ONE PIECEE PIDGIN ENGLISH SING-SONG.

LAST year my look-see plum *tlees*[1] all flower whitey snow,
T'his sp*l*ing much plenty snow-flake like plum-t*l*ee blossom blow.
He snow-flake fallee, meltee—he *l*ed leaf turnee b*l*own,
My makee first-chop sing-song how luck go uppy-down.[2]

One tim belongey Canton-side,[3] one China-man Wang-ti,
He wantchee be one Man-da*l*in—he wantchee wailo[4] high.
In Fo*l*est of t'he Pencils[5] he like he name to see,
He wantchee go in Gate of Hung[6] and catchee first deg*l*ee.

Suppose one man no catchee cash he no can play at game;
Supposey pigeon no hab wing he no make fly all-same.
Wang-ti he t*l*y fly-up-can-go,[7] he workee hard for some,
But all-same one fire-*l*ocket stick he makee fly-down-come.[8]

But bat by night may b'longey, b*l*ight sun one butterfly.[9]
One tim you catchee angel when you look-see[10] devil-*kwei*.
Wang-ti no pass, he no can do, he no can catch deg*l*ee,
You make ear-hear, I talkee how t'his all come good for he.

One nightey Wang-ti walkee,—he feel like lonee goose
How allo study '*M-chung-yung*[11]—he never hit the use.
How some hab luck an' catch deg*l*ee while he stick fast behind,
Like one big piecee *l*ock[12] while waves fly pass 'um on the wind.

He tinkee deep, he walk like sleep—*man-man*[13] inside a wood,
Wat-tim[14] he hear some bobbery where one olo Joss-house stood.
Wang-ti he tink um devilos, an' wantchee wailo[15] wide,
He never tink t'hat Joss-house hab got one man room-inside.[16]

[1] T*l*ees, trees The italic *l* signifies r.
[2] This stanza is from the Chinese.
[3] Was in Canton; *side* indicates place.
[4] *Wailo*, to go.
[5] *Hoan-lam* (Canton). The Pencil-forest; *i.e.*, the highest class of literary graduates.
[6] "*Entering the Gate of Hung;*" *i.e.*, obtaining the first degree in the school of Confucius.
[7] *Fe-sheong-huy* (Cantonese), fly-up-can-go; *i.e.*, to ascend.
[8] *Fe-lok-loy* (Cantonese), fly-down-come; *i.e.*, to descend.
[9] A bat, by night, may be in the morning a butterfly. *Ming-yat*, bright sun; *i.e.*, to-morrow
[10] *Look-see*, expect.
[11] '*M-chung-yung*, useless, inapplicable.
[12] *Lock*, rock.
[13] *Man-man*, slowly.
[14] *Wat-tim*, what-time; *i.e.*, until or when.
[15] *Wantchee wailo*, wanted to go.
[16] *Room-inside*, within. This expression I got from a Chinese, and afterwards found it in a vocabulary.

Wang-ti t'hat tim he savvy,[1] some tief-man ve*ll*y bad
Hab wantchee kill one fo*l*eigner an' catchee all he had,
T'his *fan-kwei* he got knockee-down, he look-see colo[2] clay
But Wang-ti pull one 'volver out an' *l*obber man *l*un way.

Wang-ti he pickee st*l*anger up an' helpee allo can,
He look-see one young *fa-ke-kwok*[3]—a flower-flag nation man—
Wang-ti he take t'hat Me*l*ican—he ve*ll*y 'hood[4] can do,
An' puttee in he littee bed—an' pay 'um some *sam-shoo.*[5]

He Me*l*ican he soon get well an' walk topside he tracks
An' muchee-much chin-chin[6] Wang-ti for allo he good acts.
T'hey gettee f*l*in[7]—so muchee f*l*in—he each belongey half,
T'hat Yankee name he Doo-little—he makee photog*l*af.

If you t'h*l*ow rice in *l*iver an' *l*iver wailo f*l*ee,
It sartin sure one mornin t'hat rice swim down to sea;
If f*l*in catch some-ting inside heart, he ot'her f*l*in must know;
So Wang-ti talkee Doolittle he tubble[8] an' he woe.

He talk, "It blongee my pidgin[9] to study for deg*l*ee.
My tellee all, galaw,[10] suppose you pay[11] ear-hear to me,
My wantchee be one first-class man and pass examination——"
"I see!"—said Mr. Doolittle—"you missed it—like darnation."

"Now," say Wang-ti, "t'hat Tai-fo-neen[12] is comin *l*ound again,
Suppose my no get t'h*l*oo dis tim, my life be allo vain,
My be all-same one *lô*-flower when állo fadee dead—"
"That ain't the way," said Doolittle, "I vum[13] to go ahead."

"In olo tim," talk he Wang-ti, "man p*l*int some littee book,
T'hey hide-um in he pig-tail—or some-side,[14] hookey-c*l*ook,
T'hat book he blongey[15] Classics—but Government be pat
An' talk he killee p*l*inter-man who makee book like t'hat.

"If my hab catch t'hat littee book to hide in my pig-tail
My walk chop-chop[16] *l*ight t'h*l*oo Fo-shee[17]—for my could never fail;
T'hen my belongey big tai-pan—an' muchee happy too:—"
"I vow," said Mr. Doolittle—"I'll fix that thing for you.

"I spose when you're examined—if 'tisn't all my eye—
They let you wear your spectacles?"—"They do," said poor Wang-ti.
"Wall then," said Mr. Doolittle—"if you expect to pass,
You've got to git yourself a pair—of magnifyin' glass.

[1] Understood, knew. [2] Cold (as). [3] American.
[4] *'Hood* good (vocabulary). [5] *Sam-shoo*, rice spirits.
[6] *Chin-chin*, revere; here, thank. [7] F*l*in, friend. [8] Trouble.
[9] It is my business. [10] *Galáu*, an interjection. [11] *Pay ear-hear*, listen.
[12] *Tai-fo-neen*, the Great Examination Year to confer *Kuy-yun* degrees.
[13] *Vum*, Yankee for vow. [14] *Some-side*, somewhere.
[15] *Blongey*, is, pertains to. [16] *Chop-chop*, rapidly.
[17] *Fo-shee*, Examination the last of the three years when the Kuy-yun or Confucian degrees are conferred.

"And—secondly—about them books you want for your degree,
I can photograph the Scriptur—complete, inside a pea,
In fact I've *seen* the London *Times*—and that's ex-actly true,
On the leetle end of nothin'—and read it easy too.

"And if the thing will help you—if nothin' else avails,
I'll photograph the Classics upon your finger-nails.
I see you wear 'em awful long—(for gougin' I suppose!)
I'd put the Astor library upon such nails as those.

"I think the stuff is in us, so by gum! let's put it through,
We'll ring into[1] them College dons—and awful han'some, too,
And you shall shine as Number One and do the thing first-chop,
And be the Grand Panjandrum with a button on your top."

T'hey catchee book, t'hey makee work, t'hey keepee awful mum,
T'he books of olo Kung-fu-tsze[2] were all on Wang-ti's t'humb.
He blessee good Ame*l*ican t'he day he makee f*l*ins[3]
When allo larnin' t'hat he want was at he finga-ins.

On he eight' day of he eight' moon big bobbery have been,
For G*l*and Examination—wat he call he Tai-fo-neen;
T'hey look-see allo student-man insidee he pig-tails
But never tink of littee spots on Wang-ti's finga-nails.

He look-see muchee innocen'—he look-see muchee wise,
Hab got one piece new spectacle t'hat sit topside he eyes.
T'hey lock 'um up in littee house t*l*ee day till allo done,
An' t'hen Wang-ti come out *Tai-pai*[4]—first-chop an' Numpa One!

Wang-ti hab got t'hat ting maskee,[5]—Wang-ti be galanti[6] man.
He go topside all nother in allo China-lan',
But allo tim no man can tell or savvy[7] wat it meant,
How Doolitt' catchee cont*l*acts f*l*om he China government.

MORAL-PIDGIN.

My sposee one-tim some-tim you hab cussum poor Chinee,
It muchee betta makee f*l*in t'han catchee inimy.
You makee my one iron-face[8] my tink you betta t*l*y
To make all-same he Doolittle long-side he f*l*in Wang-ti.

Spose *you* much smart an' *he* much smart—my never makee joke
You betta work toget'a to cheatee nother folk,
Chinee an' Yankee in one firm could squeezee all worl' d*l*y,
Dis my g*l*ate mo*l*al-pidgin of he sto*l*y of Wang-ti.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

[1] *Ring into*, an American expression signifying to get the better of, or to impose upon.
[2] Confucius. [3] Friends. [4] *Tai-pai*, a large ticket, a grand chop, first-rate.
[5] *Maskee*, all right, anyhow. [6] *Galanti*, grand (from a native vocabulary).
[7] *Savvy*, know. [8] *Teet-meen* (Canton), an iron-face; *i.e.*, stern and obdurate expression.

PURE WATER AND PURE RIVERS.—EXPERIENCES.

EVERY house may have a constant supply of the most pure water. All our rivers may flow again uncontaminated from their original fountains. We are continually reminded of our water supply, first in the summer, then again in the autumn, and then again in the spring. Not long ago, Monday, October 25th, the *Times* gave us a leader and some reflections about the floods; they come and are gone. They do good or evil, and we are left in our wonder. The old subject of our water supply and of our rivers appears a mystery and wonder whenever particular occurrences, varying seasons, epidemics, &c., attract a momentary attention thereto. The subject, however, is simple, and may be comprehended by all men when properly examined and explained. Experience on such a subject is worthy of attention, and the writer's opportunities of observation and thought may perhaps justify him in attempting to popularize his conclusions. I am a clergyman of about thirty-seven years' standing, born in a populous manufacturing town of the West Riding, educated at the Grammar School, then at Cambridge in the mathematical tripos, attending at the same time Sedgwick on geology, Airy on mechanics and light, Henslow on botany, Farish on natural philosophy, &c. All this to prepare for the life of a country clergyman! I began as a curate, in another large manufacturing town of the West Riding, visiting house by house (except the higher classes), a district of 8,000 people. A month or two back, in an outside parish, I was at work, in two or three houses on the same day finding cases of typhoid fever or other zymotics. At this season of the year when I hear of a new case, I expect it to be a fever. A few years ago I had typhoid fever from 30th December into next April, fourteen weeks out of my church, and shall feel the effects to the end of life. A few years before that I had a low fever for six or seven weeks. When I talk with the medical gentlemen as to the cause of all these bad fevers, their conclusion generally is "bad water," "poisoned water." In the autumn, with these continual floods the ground becomes so saturated that the poisoned water finds many a crevice and defect in the usual water supply, especially in country places. Indeed, the atmosphere and the water get poisoned in all directions. Then the general dampness with occasional heats affects people's appetites, they cannot eat as before, they get out of tone, and the poisonous influence takes hold upon them. While pondering over these things some time ago in a bad season, the thought struck me of a deluge of typhoid fever all over the land, a black death again—a plague. I have determined, under these circumstances, to write "Experiences" of a country clergyman, and first on pure water and pure rivers.

Living for a long time near the water-shed between the two seas, in a hilly country, where the sources of our rivers are found, my attention has been directed to what I may call Nature's mode of collecting the most pure water, and storing it, and supplying it daily. Few people know much about the soil of our country, and its relation to the showers and rain so continually falling. From November to April this is the order:—From November to Christmas the upper surface of the ground gradually loses the heat which it had acquired in summer necessary for vegetation, and the cause of evaporation from showers; the soil is then continuously moist and wet. All the heat is gone from the soil during the three winter months. The dry winds of March come on, a change takes place, dryness

succeeds to moisture; then when the April showers come on, the sun has got high up in the sky, and thence heat has again accumulated in the upper part of the soil sufficiently to evaporate the water; every shower consequently beneficially affects the vegetation; this effect increases throughout the summer. In August a heavy shower is evaporated and gone at once.

From every shower and storm at every season Nature is collecting and storing pure water. With every shower and storm, moreover, Nature is giving us, both in town and country, pure water, if we knew how to collect and store it. How does Nature collect it, and where does she store it? She collects it through the soil (in the hill country) into crevices and caverns, and (on the plains) into loose strata and between the strata; that is, into a dark covered receptacle away from light and heat. In our mountains and hills where the rivers have their sources (and to this I wish to direct attention), the pure water is stored in immense crevices and underground caverns. The rain comes up from the ocean and falls over large tracts of country, it percolates through the soil which may have slight impurities sometimes on its surface or in it, it passes through a part of the subsoil, which is generally a natural filter; for the most part, however, it passes pure to the subsoil, there to meet with lime, ironstone, or somethiıg of the sort, in certain localities, and be slightly impregnated. But we must observe the sources of our rivers are mostly quite pure. And we must observe also that in the caverns it is protected from light and heat. As the crevices and caverns accumulate water, and fill to certain heights, the water rises to some soft place or outlet, or acquires force to burst the soil, and so flows down to the valley below. In this manner streamlet after streamlet begins to form the river; the water is clear, cool, sparkling, as from the sky. Such is the usual source of the river, from thousands of springs. The immense overflow from the storm, muddy and discoloured with the soils over which it has violently swept, is gone in a short time, past the great towns, sometimes flooding them, down to the sea. Afterwards the river runs on with its pure, clear supply from the springs. My attention was called to this "experience" in that very hot dry summer years ago, when for nearly three months we had no rain. Towards the close of this period I paid a visit to a gentleman whose house was a beautiful mansion near a large town, with ninety acres of park in front, well supplied ordinarily with water. The cattle and sheep were then in great distress. At dinner, however, good pure water was brought to me, which I drank with astonishment, and asked where, at such a time, it had been obtained. I was told that under the house, at its building, there had been constructed several large water tanks to collect and store the supply from the roof. This made an impression on my mind; I have often thought of it. I, living in the hills, am supplied near to my own house door with pure water bursting from Nature's cavern in the earth, and pouring forth thousands of gallons in a day. This living stream, however, after a few hundred yards' descent, becomes polluted into what is little better than a common sink. At length, with the contributions of some hundred fountains, it passes down that great sink under the wall adjoining the cathedral, and thence on to the sea. How often have I looked down on the river there and wondered when the last trout was caught in its streams, and (visionary and lunatic in such dreaming) I am writing this experience in hope that the angler may catch trout there again. Coming home from my visit, and the taste of cool pure water at the end of such a drought, I began to go about my mountain parish; thinking, as I passed any great gushing spring on the hill-side, thinking about the crevices collecting and the caverns storing and gradually supplying unthinking mortals all the way down from the mountain to the sea coast with the greatest necessary of existence.

Only a few, sometimes only the single family living near the spring-head, enjoy it; it soon becomes sink water, and the source of malaria and disease. After these reflections I began to observe other things—that in my church services I am continually reading of patriarchs digging wells, and fighting sometimes for a well, and that the wells were deep in those countries, because at Jacob's well the woman of Samaria said to the Saviour, "The well is deep, and thou hast nothing to draw the water with." Also of Moses striking the rock in the wilderness, and a river flowing thence and following the Israelites in their journey. Then from the wilderness my mind turned to the sandy deserts of the East, and the water preserved in skins and carried about for days and weeks on the backs of camels. Then I thought of the wine down in the cellar, away from light and heat, to keep it from continual putrefaction. Then I began to ask myself how many days will the pure water from the sky keep in the deep ground? How many weeks, months? Will it keep a year? Will it keep when bottled up as long as the wine? This we cannot tell. But this we know, that most people in towns think the water supplied to them one day will be deteriorated the next, because they have no proper place to store it in, and their supply comes from great reservoirs almost stagnant and exposed to the sun and atmosphere. This, then, we ought to observe: this we all ought to know. It is true that water for household purposes must not be stored on the top of the house or on the sides; it must be conveyed underground, like as in our mountain caverns. Every house in London, every house in every city and suburb of England may have a supply, a constant supply of the most pure water from the sky if they can find a place in the earth or subsoil under the house (and we occasionally read of hiding places being dug out in such localities), or in a garden or yard adjoining, where, a few feet underground, they can construct a perfectly tight cemented reservoir; a large square or round oak vat will store the water, how many years? The roofs of our houses are generally clean, we have so many showers. Architects and engineers will readily construct piping with various appliances for filtering soot or leaves, and an overflow-pipe back again to some outlet above ground as may be necessary, and the kitchen pump and a forcing pump. Such a tank, if really tight and secure against outside contamination, will be as good as our mountain crevices and caverns. Even down in a dark cellar, the pure rain-water may be preserved in casks for a couple of months, as in the holds of a ship at sea. What is well known as underground London is chiefly under the streets. Under the houses in London tanks may be constructed much more securely away from heat and outward contamination than those under country mansions, where stables and gardens and pastures surround them; but, indeed, everywhere they must be underground, and secure against outward contamination. The water now supplied to towns is not preserved as Nature teaches and preserves it for us. It is exposed in large open reservoirs not always very deep, liable, and as population increases more and more liable—where houses or buildings are near its banks, or adjoining the various aqueducts of miles long—to contamination. The supply from above is pure, just evaporated from the sea and ocean, and condensed purposely to supply us.

Now I have two or three "experiences" to narrate applicable to our rivers and agriculture. A country parson must have many a thought about the taxes. The income of my living was reckoned, after a twenty years' residence, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners at 103*l.* per annum, with a house fortunately. Included in this income is one farm of thirty acres, with buildings like a factory; another of forty acres much the same: they were built for manufactures which have long ago departed. The outer wall of one farm

having been built of lime and the inner of clay, first the front falls in, the gables fall in, then the roof breaks in.[1] I remember, like many others, fighting the window tax. What contrivances to keep out the tax-gatherer and the light of heaven behind him!

I was travelling some years ago with an intelligent and evidently wealthy gentleman—a Midland Counties' farmer he told me he was—and during conversation about drainage and agriculture I was struck by the remark, "The thing that England wants most of all, sir, is 'tillage,' 'manure.'" "But you can get lime," said I. The answer was, "We only use lime because we cannot get anything better; lime is only a makeshift." The beginning of all English prosperity is the land. This is too much forgotten. Suppose in half a century or so our commercial prosperity begins to decline (and we may call to mind Venice, the Dutch, &c.), well, the land has been wonderfully helped already; England is a garden; we could hold up our heads still, altering some things a little. But did not Lord Derby say a short time ago "That the land was capable of being made two or three times as valuable as it now is?" And now this is the general opinion. The great want is tillage, manure. No country is so populous as ours, no country "feeds" as we do, that is, "eating and drinking," and consumes rich food as we do. Our domestic and commercial tillage is worth millions annually. A few years ago it was nearly all thrown away. Generally it is looked upon as a nuisance and a source of disease. A little, that is of evident value, and can be easily treated, is now snatched up, and becomes a great profit to certain enterprising concerns. The rest generally goes into the sink, the river, as soon as possible. And with our present system we may thank God for these continual storms which wash it away. A beautiful stream, arising from two or three great gushing springs out of the earth, runs down a hollow not far from my parsonage house. This is about the story of its pollution and cleansing again. For ages it had been flowing and murmuring; perhaps a hundred years ago it began to turn a waterwheel; the falling water merely acting as a motive power, no great harm; the great factory and steam lower down in the valley at length supersede water power; then in time the mill falls into the hands of a cloth finisher. Tons of soap are consumed annually in his process; the water goes into the mill pure from the fountain and comes out filled with soap, the trout of the stream are seen no more, they cannot live, the beauty is gone, the sides all the way down are covered with an unsightly scum; all is soap wash, and very unwholesome in the hot season; science at length steps in and shows the finishers a simple method of recovering the valuable soap; a new industry, the manufacture of grease springs up; the rivulet clears again, there is no smell, the banks are quite renewed in a year; and so we have found one instance of what may be done. Under the hands of skilful chemists every particle of refuse of the mill, the farm, the house, is capable of being turned to some profit. We are now beginning to see what to do with the hard substances. Fire will pulverize, and at the same time where necessary deodorise the otherwise impracticable hard substances. I see fire burning on the engine ashes for days and weeks together. Sometimes, a great wind carries the powder away and deposits it imperceptibly on the fields. Thirty years ago I began my national schools. There were no buildings to be found then with the usual conveniences attached; now, with new schools and Government inspection, I have two systems of offices, each in a separate yard; consequently I have had to study out-door offices of all kinds, earth closets, water closets, &c., in freezing winter and burning summer; this is a great part of the sanitary problem, because of its difficulty and because of its money

[1] This will show the expense of such property.

value. I have come to the conclusion that in the country the old system is the best; an ash-pit flagged and well built round with solid masonry, into which the ashes and dust are thrown regularly, and which slowly day by day absorbing and deodorising whatever falls from the seat, and which is very valuable, produces on the whole far less annoyance than most other contrivances. We are obliged to pay a trifle to the farmer in order to have it regularly removed from our school, although it is so valuable. Every house requires careful occasional systematic attention of this kind. Formerly, in country places, farm houses and cottages in numbers were built without conveniences of any kind such as those to which allusion is made. This evil in part remains, showing the want of supervision and inspection. And I have come to the conclusion that every kind of refuse and pollution may be treated profitably without annoyance to the public, supplying a great need to agriculture, and assuring restored health and comfort to the community at large. The constant rains would then bless us doubly, carrying and working the different fertilising substances into the soil, and also filling the rivers with pure water and abundance of fish. Can it be done? how can such a thing be done? The great difficulty would be the manufacturing districts. Here, again, let me tell my experiences and cogitations. Many years ago, in company with a friend, I travelled leisurely in a private carriage over the whole line of country, chiefly hills, lying above the manufacturing towns of Lancashire, to the sea coast and back again. A sort of panorama of the towns below continually came to my mind as we crossed the streams and rivers leading thereto. The thought fixed itself on my mind, that it is not a large straggling country, but a compact and limited sphere to which the main difficulty would attach. These towns lie on the banks of certain rivers, one below another in close proximity, sometimes almost joining one another. At this same time there arose in my mind a vision, which has never left it since, of great canals, drainage canals and culverts, alongside of these rivers, through the dense manufacturing populations. What a story that is of the Duke of Bridgewater and his canal in these districts, enriching his family and promoting the prosperity of Manchester and its neighbourhood to an unknown extent. Canals might be constructed, covered where necessary, through the towns, or in circuitous routes outside, and culverts formed to them on all sides from villages and manufactories, for all waters that have passed through manufacturing processes and been cleansed again, and all which now defile our rivers. Some of the canals already existing in these districts might be utilized for these purposes. The canals, like the rivers, are always descending from higher levels to lower, and frequently alongside the rivers for distances. Here in the mountainous country on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, we have within a short distance of each other three sets of tunnels, through the solid rock for the most part, all of more than three miles long; one at Woodhead for Sheffield and Manchester; three at Standedge for Leeds, Huddersfield, Ashton, Oldham, Manchester; one at Blackstone-edge for Leeds, Wakefield, Rochdale, Manchester —all the necessities of commerce and travelling. At Standedge first there was a canal tunnel through the mountain for barges between Leeds and Liverpool, then a few feet above this two separate arched railway tunnels have been constructed. The lines of traffic on which these all are constructed have yielded since the commencement perhaps 4*l.* per cent on an average. In conclusion, then, in every town and village refuse and pollution of every kind might be regularly and systematically cleared away, all to the land, for a profit in one part or another. If a system of this kind had been begun in the early times of manufactures how much richer and happier we should have been?

Here is work for a great Government department (like the Post Office), with its chemists and engineers, and in every separate district surveyors and workmen and other appliances, possessing powers to visit every dwelling and manufactory, and execute stringent laws of health. Now the Factory Inspector goes at his will into every manufactory and workshop, and posts up Rules and Regulations with penalties attached, so likewise the certifying Surgeon. Here is a field for the gradual absorption of new and immense Government securities and investments, yielding a percentage from profits and local government taxes. We have men of science in numbers wanting such employment, and we can command money to any reasonable annual amount. In the solution of the great problem there are no unknown quantities. The country has all been surveyed and laid down on the maps, examples of the difficulties may be seen worked out in one place or another, the local boards are a beginning, but there wants a great autocratic will and a department.

WM. SIMPSON, M.A.

LORD MACAULAY.[1]

THESE two volumes of Lord Macaulay's letters and diaries, set in a modest and efficient narrative of his life by Mr. G. Trevelyan, will not add much to his fame as a writer, but very much to the esteem with which he must henceforward be regarded as a man. If these letters are fair specimens of his correspondence, and their number renders it all but certain that they are, Lord Macaulay will not take a high rank as a letter writer. They are pleasant enough to read and are not deficient in liveliness, but they lack individuality; and especially intimacy. Even when writing to persons to whom we know he was warmly attached, he dwells overmuch in the outer sphere of *news* and current events. There is too little expansion and *abandon*. These letters give us but very slight revelations of his inner mind, and when we have read them we have not added much to our knowledge of his deeper nature.

Much the same might be said of the journals which these volumes contain, only a journal is not expected to show the warmth of familiar letters. No doubt some men turn their journal from a record of daily events into a hushed dialogue with themselves, in which the solemn things of the spirit are poured out in faithful transcript. But no man was ever less disposed to such self-introspection than Macaulay. He was always ceaselessly energizing outwards, on objects external to his moral nature. He seems always to have read for knowledge, never for edification. The picture here given of a stupendous student is indeed quite wonderful. Macaulay's fame as a reader was already well established; but these journals will enhance it immensely. To meet with anything approaching his industry we must go back to those giants of erudition of the sixteenth century who read from morning to night and from youth to old age. He never seems to have been thoroughly happy unless his eyes were fixed upon a book. He roamed about London reading, he wandered through the leafy lanes of Surrey reading, he went to India in a sailing vessel, and read all the way. "Except at meals I hardly exchanged a word with any human being. . . . . I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English—folios, quartos, octavos, duodecimos." Of a journey to Ireland he writes: "I read between London and Bangor the lives of the Emperors, from Maximin to Carinus inclusive, in the Augustan history." Then a few lines lower we meet with this singular entry: "I put on my great coat and sate on deck during the whole of the voyage. As I could not read, I used an excellent substitute for reading—I went through *Paradise Lost* in my head. I could still repeat half of it, and that the best half." Surely the Irish Channel was never crossed in such fashion before or since. The athletic endurance of his reading is proved by the fact that he can read over two books of Herodotus in one day and fourteen books of the *Odyssey* in one walk. This could hardly have been genuine reading, and must have partaken largely of reminiscence. But no such extenuation can be made for the following "reading account" for the year 1835: "It includes December 1834. During the last thirteen months I have read Æschylus twice, Sophocles twice, Euripides once, Pindar twice, Callimachus, Apollonius Rhodius, Quintus Calaber, Theocritus twice, Herodotus, Thucydides; almost all Xenophon's works, almost all Plato; Aristotle's *Politics* and a good deal of his *Organon*, besides dipping elsewhere in

[1] *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his Nephew, G. O. Trevelyan. Longmans.

him; the whole of Plutarch's *Lives*, about half of Lucian, two or three books of Athenæus, Plautus twice, Terence twice, Lucretius twice, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Statius, Silius Italicus, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Sallust, Cæsar, and lastly Cicero. I have indeed"—the half hint of self-reproach in the next remark is delightful—"I have indeed still a little of Cicero left, but I shall finish him in a few days. I am now deep in Aristophanes and Lucian." Such "tough faculty of reading" is so extraordinary that one's wonder is scarcely heightened on recollecting that all this time Macaulay was engrossed with official work and preparation for his Penal Code, besides writing at least one article for the *Edinburgh Review*. Perhaps I may be permitted to add one more proof of his diligence which is not to be found in these volumes. In a copy of Lysias in my possession, which belonged to him, notes in his handwriting show that he read that author through twice while he was in India, and some of the Speeches five times. It is astonishing that with his great love and intimate knowledge of the classics he never produced a work on Antiquity, which would have done justice to his wide and robust scholarship. What German would have allowed such a rich treasure to lie idle? Except in the dainty extract from it in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, his accumulated store has been unprofitable to the world and to his own fame.

While his reading was so wide, in one sense comprising really the whole of European literature, ancient and modern, there is one side, which presents a singular exception, on which it was restricted. He seems to have been very incurious of his contemporaries. Few living authors are mentioned in these volumes, and hardly any with warm praise. Mr. Trevelyan regrets his defective appreciation of Carlyle and Ruskin; but there are many more whom he failed to recognise, or at least to leave evidence that he recognised them. To Grote there is only a reference which is like a half sneer; towards Thackeray there is a cordial expression of good will, but no allusion to his great achievements; towards Dickens about the same, but less cordial. But one might have expected that such a reader of novels would have taken note of George Sand, and such a student of history would have valued Michelet, and such a lover of poetry would have mentioned Victor Hugo. Yet to these great contemporaries, unless I am mistaken, no reference is made. Michelet was more catholic when he spoke of "l'illustre et regretté Macaulay."

But although Macaulay gains little or nothing from a literary point of view by these two volumes, he gains immensely as a man of warm emotions, simple tastes, perfect uprightness, and a high sense of duty. His behaviour as a son and as a brother is nothing short of exemplary. He appears to have had little communion of spirit with his father, and the austere religious views of the elder Macaulay infused something like harshness into his attitude with regard to his brilliant son. He chid him about the merest trifles: because his prize poem on Pompeii had not a moral appended to it; because he spoke at an Anti-Slavery Meeting, at which the Duke of Gloucester presided, with his arms folded; because he reflected on George IV. for mingling in festivities while the Queen lay unburied; above all, for writing in Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. Macaulay always defends himself in a way which is uniformly frank, dutiful, and firm; he never ceases to be manly, and he never ceases to be thoroughly respectful. This was the more generous, as his father's negligence had reduced the family from comparative opulence to comparative poverty, and Macaulay, after being brought up in expectation of an independence, found himself not only reduced to support himself, but to aid largely in the support of his brothers and sisters. In this crisis he showed an unselfishness and generosity truly noble. "He quietly took up the burden," says Mr. Trevelyan, "which his

father was unable to bear. . . . . He unlearned the very notion of framing his method of life according to his own pleasure, and such was his high and simple nature that it may well be doubted whether it ever crossed his mind that to live wholly for others was any sacrifice at all." He was forced, even after he had entered Parliament, to sell the gold medals he had won at Cambridge. Yet he not only never showed any chagrin or despondency, he never bated one jot of his bright cheery spirit. Lady Trevelyan says that those who did not know him in those hard times did not know him "in his most brilliant, witty, and fertile vein." And throughout his life he never ceased to combine the good-fellowship of a kind elder brother with the tender solicitude of a parent towards his nephews and nieces. Here is a graceful little scene. He had bought a "superb" sheet of paper on which to write a valentine to his niece Alice. "Alice," he says in his journal, "was in perfect raptures over her valentine. She begged quite pathetically to be told the truth about it. When we were alone together she said, 'I am going to be very serious.' Down she fell before me on her knees, and lifted her hands. 'Dear uncle, do tell the truth to your little girl. Did you send the valentine?' So I owned it." Mr. Trevelyan says: "It was long, very long before we guessed that the world thought much of one who appeared to think so little of himself. As years went on, it seemed strange and unnatural to hear him more and more frequently talked of as a great man, and we slowly and almost reluctantly awoke to the conviction that Uncle Tom was cleverer as well as more good-natured than his neighbours."

This is charming. But Macaulay had more virile qualities than avuncular tenderness. After the bleak wind came the hot sun, after the adversity the prosperity, and he bore one test as well as the other. No man could have had more excuse—if excuse be possible in such a case—for being spoiled than he. From the date of his first article in the *Edinburgh* he hardly made an effort towards distinction which was not received with boisterous applause. Not once was he made to wince under the sense of thorough failure. In literature, in Parliament, in Indian legislation, in his supreme historical work, wherein he had garnered up his heart, he had but to appear to bring down ringing plaudits: yet he never showed a trace of *morgue* or self-worship to the last. The astonishing success of his History did not elate him, though of course he was thoroughly pleased. On the contrary, he seems to feel, in a graceful way, the dread of a Nemesis following on too brilliant fortunes. "I am half afraid of this strange prosperity," he writes in his diary. "I feel extremely anxious about the second part; can it possibly come up to the first?" When his book was selling faster than his publishers could supply it, he says quite coolly of a eulogistic review, "Much of the praise I know to be undeserved." *Fortunam reverenter habuit*, as Johnson said of Garrick. A robust nature which refused equally to be soured or puffed up by the goods of this life, given or withheld. It is needless to say that tuft-hunting was far from him. He was no adept in the art of combining public insolence with private fawning towards "the Great." After he had mounted in the social scale a considerable height above the position in which he was born, he did not turn upon the old friends he had left below with a surprised stare of wonder and alarm at their presumption in claiming acquaintance. In consequence he led a life of singular contentment and happiness, as with his endowments he could hardly fail to do. Moderate passions, warm affections, robust health, success in all he undertook, competence won by his own right hand, fame and universal regard—what could a man want more? But it is not what a man *has*, but what he *is*, that regulates the limits of his desires. It was Macaulay's happiness that he did not want more. He says on one occasion that he is "sincerely and thoroughly contented." He rarely

seems to have been otherwise even when his outward circumstances were such as would have plunged many a man in melancholy or querulous complainings. A man who knew not jealousy or irritable self-love, who found in duty and self-sacrifice at once the most obvious and easiest path, he was an example to be envied, but can never be imitated by those who pass through life in a ceaseless contention with "unbridled desires."

Symptoms are not wanting that Macaulay's fame is, or shortly will be, on its trial. Such resounding contemporary fame as his could not be expected to pass to posterity without sharp challenge and summons to show its credentials. It is an ordeal through which every writer who succeeds in making a grand reputation necessarily has to pass; and it is quite proper, and represents only the normal reaction from lavish eulogy to cold scrutiny. The only point to be borne in mind is that such reactions are certain to be excessive and temporarily unjust. The generation which succeeds a writer of wide and resonant popularity is from the nature of the case incapable and not seldom unwilling to do him fair justice. The cold fit naturally succeeds the hot. He has been, as a matter of course, overpraised. Resentment follows, and his real merits are denied or undervalued. A few years suffice to change the popular point of view, the popular temper during which he gained distinction. To his immediate successors he is simply out of fashion without being old. The costume of twenty years ago appears grotesque, the costume of the last century appears interesting and picturesque. So it is with the writer. Much in him necessarily represents superficial modes of mental garb which have been discarded for reasons better or worse, and a somewhat snappish petulance is excited by them when they are no longer in vogue. Commonplace writers who have nothing but the garb of their time, at once perish under this change of fashion, and are no more heard of. The superior men survive it; and regain much, not all, the ground they lost during its first severity. The accidental peculiarities which had offended the generation immediately succeeding the one in which they wrote are easily pardoned by the next generation further off, which is generally as busy in criticising its predecessor as the latter was a short time before busy in a similar manner. Consequently the history of literature is full of reactions and counter-reactions. Consider the reactions which set in against Byron, against Pope, or the still more fierce reactions which set in against Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot. It is not so very far back that these last-named authors, even in their own country, were considered to be very effectually dead and buried; and now they are soaring aloft with restored lustre. One permanent fact seems to emerge out of this ebb and flow, which is that no really great contemporary reputation has ever proved in the long run entirely abortive and transitory. A considerable vogue may no doubt vanish like a cloud, but a fame which has once truly reverberated high and wide among contemporaries is safe against criticism and is justified to posterity. It is certainly to be admitted that the converse does not hold, and men who have passed unrecognised by their contemporaries have been crowned by a later age, Spinoza and Shelley for instance. But, as a rule—with very few exceptions—men who have loomed large to their contemporaries, and thoroughly riveted their attention, have had their preeminence ratified by after-times.

Macaulay's fame is, if we may trust certain indications, involved in this crisis. It is sinking in the trough of the sea between the two waves of his past overwrought popularity and his future assured distinction. He will emerge with little diminished lustre. The transition will take time. But it may perhaps be hastened by a resolute and frank recognition of his limitations and true stature. The hyperbolical language in which he was spoken of up to his death is visibly exciting discontent,

not altogether without cause. The surest way of abbreviating his partial eclipse is to blow away all frothy exaggeration of his great qualities and merits.

It is obvious at once that Macaulay has no pretension to take rank in the highest class of writers. He added nothing to the philosophical speculation of his age; he did not contribute to its treasure of lofty creations of supreme beauty. In other words, he was neither a great thinker nor a great poet. Must we therefore conclude that he has no merit and no value? It is a sterile form of criticism which remarks of every new poet that he is considerably below Shakespeare, of every new orator that he is far from coming up to Demosthenes, of every new philosopher that there is a great distance between him and Aristotle. We want to know of what height a man is, and it is futile to tell us of the stature he fails to attain.

To come out of these negations. It is manifest that Macaulay was quite unfitted constitutionally for the highest mental achievements by his moral nature, even if intellectually he had been competent thereto. That sobriety of passion which made his happiness as a man was a fatal bar to his loftiest performance as a writer. His genial benevolence and warm household affections made him a model of domestic virtue and kindness. His emotions were soft and gentle as the summer breeze. But of the strong winds of lofty passion he appears to have had no experience whatever. Now it is a truism to remark that no writer ever strongly moved other men who was not previously strongly moved himself; and there is no evidence that Macaulay ever was strongly moved, with one important exception to which I shall presently return. The equable flow of his spirits would have been impossible to a man of strong passions. His serene contentment hardly had a break. He knows neither exultation nor despair; there is no rage, impatience or impetuous fervour about him. This fact it is perhaps which accounts for a certain want about him which is difficult to define, which however comes to this—that he fails to inspire vivid interest or strong sympathy. He fills us with esteem, but leaves us rather cold towards him after all. There is no alternation of light and shade playing about him; no appeal to our pity, love, or resentment. We have nothing to forgive that terrible defect of all well-regulated minds. Now, it is not in the nature of things that a man so constituted should have made a deep impression on his age, much as he attracted the attention of his contemporaries. And Macaulay has failed to make a truly deep impression. How could it be otherwise? All the profounder questions of his age he passed by, with hardly a sign of recognition. I will mention three—(1) The great religious movement, headed by Dr. Newman; (2) The Chartist agitation; (3) The philosophical crisis provoked by Kant, as to the grounds of our ultimate beliefs. On all these points Macaulay had not a pregnant word to say; these subjects did not touch him enough to induce him even to examine them; and yet they are subjects which go to the very root of society, and even human nature. But his slight equipment of passion allowed him to live beside them with calm indifference. The Tractarian movement inspired him with the most amusing petulance. The Puseyites, as he called them, seemed to him a good subject for squibs, of which one not bad in its way is given in these volumes—but of the deep significance and import of the Tractarian movement he does not seem to have had the least notion. This is the more singular as he quite fairly appreciated the importance of Methodism in a previous age. Was it that unless men and events were presented to him in historical perspective he did not see them in their true proportions? Then, again, with regard to Chartism. When the hearts of men like Carlyle and Arnold were heavy with misgiving; when even the author of *Vivian Grey* was stirred to unwonted

depth and earnestness, Macaulay regarded the agitation with the wooden complacency of a Whig hack. His speech urging the rejection of the People's Charter is in the coldest style of the official *non possumus.* I do not say that the reasons he gave for rejecting the petition were bad. But what was bad and lamentable is the absence of lofty pity or generous regret that it should be right to refuse the petition, and—what is even more singular than bad—the absence of any merely intellectual perception of the dangers in store for the country and Whig principles and politicians to boot, if the state of things which had given rise to the Charter were not altered for the better in some way or other. Had Macaulay in the centre of his aristocratic Whig clique lost all life-giving contact with the external world? Had the spoiling he met with taken that form, and while leaving intact the integrity of his moral nature in other respects, blunted his social sympathies in this direction? I am not inclined to think that he suffered any perversion, because he ever showed a similar obtuseness to all great far-reaching questions which, by reason of their vastness and tremendous sweep, have necessarily something dim, shadowy, and vague about them, and need the heart to come to the assistance of the head, to make their contemplation possible or even endurable. Macaulay's pitifulness to a case of real distress which came before his eyes was tender in the extreme. But the great "Condition-of-England Question" was beyond the boundary of his emotional grasp. Hear him—"Imagine a well-meaning, laborious mechanic, fondly attached to his wife and children. Bad times come. He sees the wife whom he loves grow thinner and paler every day. His little ones cry for bread, and he has none to give them. . . . Is it strange that the poor man should be deluded and should eagerly sign such a petition as this? The inequality with which wealth is distributed forces itself on everybody's notice. The reasons which irrefragably prove this inequality to be necessary to the well-being of all classes are not equally obvious." Much less obvious, certainly; but it is abundantly strange that to such a student of history and books the thought never occurred that a time might come when the aforesaid reasons would not be obvious at all, and that whether the Charter were granted or withheld the inequality of property might be gravely threatened. It almost reminds one of the tender-hearted Princess, who, when told that the people were dying of hunger, exclaimed, "What affectation! If I were in their place I would eat plenty of bread and mutton." And now turn to the opposite pole of mental disposition, to abstract speculation. Macaulay rarely mentions metaphysics, except to speak of them in language bordering on contempt, and this not from the reasoned conviction entertained by many modern thinkers, that they offer insoluble problems, but out of mere dislike, such as he felt for Puseyism. He says in his diary, "I received to-day a translation of Kant; I tried to read it, but found it utterly unintelligible, just as if it had been written in Sanscrit. Not one word of it gave me anything like an idea, except a Latin quotation from Persius. It seems to me that it ought to be possible to explain a true theory of metaphysics in words which I can understand. . . . I wrote my acknowledgment" (to the sender) "with a little touch of Socratic irony." This is very characteristic. Macaulay could easily have known, if he had cared to inquire, what issues were involved in Kant's renovation of philosophy; what a momentous crisis in human thought it brought about, and how the whole complexion of human theory and practice had been modified by the sage of Königsberg. He would have known that under that crabbed terminology questions were discussed which excite the most passionate hopes, and stimulate the profoundest cravings of which human nature is capable. If he had felt those cravings, or cherished those hopes, his rapid and agile mind would

soon have mastered the difficulties of *das Ding an sich*, etc., and he would have abstained from his Socratic irony.[1]

What Lady Trevelyan tells us about his feeling for nature and scenery is not without significance. "He enjoyed the country in his own way. He liked sitting out on a lawn and seeing grass and flowers. . . . I doubt whether any scene pleased his eye more than his own beloved Holly Lodge, or Mr. Thornton's garden at Battersea Rise." Now it is assuredly no reproach to any one that he has not a landscape painter's delight in mountain, forest and cloud; and with the prevailing affectation on this subject it is a relief to be spared raptures which have no inward promptings. But there are reasons—omitted here—why a moody or radiant ecstasy in outward nature becomes a sort of test of a man's quality in these latter days. Doubtless some of the greatest minds have been careless on this point—Socrates to wit, and *longo intervallo*, Dr. Johnson and Madame de Staël. But what was the competitor with Nature in their interest? Man and men. The drama of human life with its pathos and its comedy had too potent a charm for them to care to leave it for the remote impersonal voices to be heard in the woods and fields. Man and men stimulated them as nothing else did; man's lot here on earth, and men with their tastes and talk. But Macaulay has no such alternative to fall back on. Neither man in the abstract nor men in the concrete interested him very profoundly. Imagine Socrates or Johnson living for three months in a ship and hardly exchanging a word with anybody! And this not out of moroseness, but simply because his folios quartos and octavos charmed him more. But indifference to the conversation of noodles, such as probably his shipmates were, would not amount to much. What does amount to a good deal is his want of lift and lofty outlook on human fortunes taken in their sum. Neither the greatness nor the littleness of man impresses him. He seems as incapable of philanthropy as of cynicism, which is philanthropy turned inside out. That brooding meditation on human destiny, that passionate inquiry of "Whence, O Heaven—whither?" which are never absent from the sovereign minds of literature, did not come to him. That *sæva indignatio* at the turpitude of man (not of individual men, which is a very different matter), which scorches like a furnace, was present as little. This accounts for his utterly bald and prosaic estimate of Rousseau and Byron. Of the former, he says, "he hated the fellow," and one would have been surprised if he had not. He has written out at length his views on Byron, and what can be less satisfactory, the more that he did his best to be just and even generous to the author of *Childe Harold*? But the moral conveyed in the story of that bright and gloomy spirit escaped him. Let any one compare, or rather contrast, the appreciation of Byron by Macaulay and by a living writer, Mr. John Morley; the one pointing to quite external matters, correctness, dramatic presentation and the like; the other seizing the inner mind of the great Poet of the Revolution and showing us the "genius which mastered so tremendous a conflict, and rendered that amazing scene with the flow and energy and mingled tempest and forlorn calm which belonged to the original reality."

I trust this will be considered a sufficiently frank confession of Macaulay's limitations on the part of an ardent admirer of his genius. I gladly revert to the important reservation I made above, to the exception as regards the general statement of Macaulay's want of passion. He was cold in reference to some of the profoundest yearnings of our race, and in consequence cold to

[1] I find I have fallen unconsciously into singular agreement with some remarks of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice published in the pages of this Magazine upwards of sixteen years ago; *e.g.*, "All those questions which were raised by the year 1848, questions affecting the most practical details of existence, questions reaching into the *very depths of social and personal life*, were not his questions." Again, "he has left no germs of thought to be developed hereafter." See *Macmillan's Magazine* for Feb. 1860.

the questions in which those yearnings offered themselves for solution in the age in which he lived. But there was one order of questions on which he was all fire. Those deep social problems concerning the condition of the proletariate touched him not, the deeper problems concerning the future religion or no religion of mankind affected him but slightly. Contemplation of man, "symbol of eternity imprisoned in time," did not rouse the depths of his nature. But of man as the victim of civil oppression he was an inspired prophet, radiant with wrath and pity. To uplift the weighty questions often referred to, he felt no inward call, no respondent impulse: the need for their solution did not oppress his spirit. To have been a leader in a social or religious revolt would have been repugnant to his whole nature. His entirely orderly and disciplined temper could not have endured rebellion on these topics. But political tyranny, despotic interference with men's harmless pursuits and conscientious opinions, with their property and right of public meeting, in short with their civil and religious liberty—this made his blood boil. Potentially Macaulay had the passion for freedom very strong within him, though it met with nothing to bring it out in his time. After the struggle for the Reform Bill was over his interest in current politics was languid. But had his lot been cast in another age when civil freedom was threatened with ruin by a domestic or foreign despot, had he been a contemporary of Pym or Hampden or his beloved Dutch William, either in England or Holland, we may be sure he would have borne no subordinate part in the great contest. He had also another strong sentiment which was an offshoot of that just named, an intense sympathy with hard fighting in a righteous cause. He has not Scott's mere mosstrooper's delight in hard blows and rough personal conflict. But heroism displayed to shield hearth and home and household gods from the spoiler kindles him in every fibre. Horatius keeping the bridge against fearful odds lifts him for a moment into real poetry, and in the verse—

> "He saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home,"

we see whence he drew his inspiration. It would no doubt have required much to make him a rebel or a fighter. But the sight of wanton cruelty and oppression with no hope of peaceful redress would have sent him, had he lived then, to charge with the Ironsides at Naseby, or to share his last crust with Walker in the defence of Londonderry.

How strong this sentiment was in Macaulay is shown not only in his great work, but in the numerous essays he devoted to the same subject. He is the Vates Sacer of English Constitutional liberty. In his time Englishmen had not attained that supreme polish of modern culture which makes such a theme insipid and apt to consign the bard who sings it to the class of Philistines. His youth had been passed in days in which liberty if not in peril, was gravely threatened. He had lived under Eldon and Castlereagh, and seen men imprisoned for reflecting on the personal charms of the Prince Regent. The liberty of England was an inheritance of which he and all generous men were proud. Abroad they saw anarchy alternating with despotism and both equally tyrannical. On looking back through the vista of English story he felt his heart glow within him; and through a busy career in Parliament; in India, through many breaks and interruptions, he pursued, at first with unconscious sympathy, afterwards with deliberate choice, the subject which appeared to him most worthy of grateful record, the history of a constitution which had given the largest expansion to liberty combined with order the world had yet seen, the most successful political experiment of modern times. To him the pedigree of English freedom seemed worthy to be celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance which the historic Muse could command, the great ancestors whose names appeared in its scroll to deserve the pious and reveren-

tial respect of the heirs of that rich inheritance, the valiant and sustained contest by which that inheritance was secured, the most filial and generous commemoration. For this purpose he wrote his History and many of his Essays, and wrote them in a style, whatever may be thought of it now, which appeared strikingly new and original to his readers. When he took up history it was a subject nearly confined to scholars and antiquaries; he made it popular in the best sense of the word. Like all great popularizers he has been exposed to the sneers of the fastidious. No one would say that his workmanship is perfect or even always good. But it has that vigour and magnificent swing about it which brings it into the class of compositions which are at once below and above criticism. Criticism may ponder and wonder over his success and declare it is very undeserved. But he has reached a public on which criticism is inoperative.

His style from having been the object of exaggerated praise is now being subjected to excessive censure. The able critic to whom reference has already been made, has recently published something like a formal impeachment of Macaulay's claims to be considered a great or even a distinguished writer. It is true Mr. John Morley makes such large concessions, that he acknowledges so plainly many of Macaulay's qualities, his clearness, his directness, his narrative power, his lofty sense of patriotism and love of freedom, that his warmest friends can hardly ask for more; but Mr. John Morley has contrived to put these eulogies in the back-ground of his picture, and to get at them we have to force our way over the spiky and hostile *chevaux de frise* of epigram and almost invective with which the foreground bristles. I am unable to see the justice or relevancy of many remarks. It is a matter of impression no doubt and *De Gustibus*, etc. If the sins of rhetoric and taste which he lays at Macaulay's door be really there, I will admit them to be very offensive indeed. But if I fail to see them of myself (and Mr. John Morley is so sparing of quotation that he gives me little help), I am reduced like the Jansenists to say that no question these things are very bad, but are they to be found in the incriminated work? The Jansenists acknowledged that the five propositions which the Jesuits forced the Pope to condemn in the book of Jansenius were heretical and worthy of anathema. But they declared on their conscience that they could not find them in that book, and that no man had ever put his finger on them. When Mr. John Morley speaks of Macaulay's "hectoring sentences and his rough pistolling ways," of his "stamping emphasis, over-coloured tropes, exaggerated expressions and unlovely staccato," and of much more in the same vein, I can only shake my head very sadly and say, that this is all very shocking indeed, if it be true. But is it true? When I turn to Macaulay from his critic I find a style not indeed distinguished by that subdued richness of tints and perfumes with which a recent fashion is apt to drench prose, not all the modulation and enharmonic change with which writers of a totally different cast of genius enchain and surprise the ear; but still something very different from what Mr. John Morley would make me believe, I ought to find. Mr. John Morley accuses him of "flat vulgarity of thought, of something of mean and ignoble association," and quoting a no doubt faulty passage of not quite five lines, calls it the "very burlesque and travesty of a style." Let the passage be condemned. But was there nothing to be quoted of very different quality? What would Mr. John Morley say of one who mishandled Burke and offered this as a specimen of his style?—"They are not repelled through a fastidious delicacy at the stench of their arrogance and presumption, from a medicinal attention to their mental blotches and running sores."[1] Or that other sweet passage about "the six great chopping bastards," and the delicate allusion to the "sow of imperial augury lying in the mud with all the prodigies of her fertility about her as

[1] *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, p. 151, edition 1790.

evidence of her delicate *amour*"?[1] Mean and ignoble association one would think was not wanting here. But nothing could be more unjust than to give these passages as fair specimens of Burke; and I venture to say that a similar injustice is done to Macaulay when a few of his worst sentences are quoted against him and none of an opposite character.

The blemishes of his style lie on the surface, they may be raised from the paper on the point of the pen. Its qualities lie deep, or rather hidden by the broad and striking result they co-operate to produce. Much is said about the *style soutenu* and the *style coupé*—of his fatal proclivity to the latter and incapacity for the former. Let us examine the matter a little more closely. The system of punctuation which he adopted led him often to use full-stops where other people use commas. This of itself gives an appearance to his style of being much more *coupé* than it really is. But that may pass. What really deserves notice is that the short trip of his sentences frequently conceals from unwary readers the long and sustained stride of his thought. Because he does not regularly involve himself in serpentine sentences of ten lines long he is pronounced wanting in the sustained style. But there are more ways than one of being sustained. Some writers are very carefully sustained from full-stop to full-stop, that is, they plunge without misgiving into a maze of clauses, a leafage of epithet and simile, a sweep and stateliness of cadence, out of all which one is glad to see them emerge on the other side, sound in wind and limb. They are often pleasant reading, but they are rarely sustained except in the sense I have just allowed. The traversing of each sentence is such a formidable business, the writers turn round so frequently before they find the proper exit, that when they come out at last they are not a little confused as to their bearings, and the direction in which their journey lies is not very clear to them. "Sustained," in this fashion, Macaulay certainly is not. But in another and a better form of sustension Macaulay is a master—in the organic sequence and lofty lucidity, not only of his thoughts, sentences and paragraphs, but of the whole composition, whether it be essay, chapter, or volume. There are not many writers in our language who succeed as he does in giving a sense of a sort of physical elevation over the matter in hand from which it may be surveyed with calm observation in all directions. He always seems to make us travel on a high causeway, from which the country to right and left, the prospect behind, and that in front, lie visibly stretched beneath us like a plain commanded from a mountain ridge. It is this facility of distant outlook which gives him that extraordinary lucidity which some resent almost as a defect. His "clearness, directness, and positiveness" are held to be cheap qualities, good no doubt in their way, but quite inferior to others which might be present but are not. Just as one who voyages in summer weather amid the Cyclades and sees the purple islands which stud the breast of the Ægean, scattered around him in that pellucid air, cannot believe that Andros, Naxos, Rheneia, as the case may be, which appear but a stone's-throw off, are really thirty, forty, fifty miles distant, so many a reader of Macaulay is deceived by his perfect clearness, and will not admit that what appears so plain, visible, and obvious, is in the least recondite or remote. A little haze would quadruple the distance, and a good Teutonic fog would have made him pass for one of the most profound thinkers of the age. A great test of a writer's quality, of his mastery of his subject and his tools, is his management of digressions, his faculty of temporarily leaving the matter in hand and taking short excursions to the right or the left, in which a new prospect can be gained, something of minor interest but yet worth a moment's pause can be seen. It is a proceeding involving some risk. When weak men digress they are lost.

[1] *Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts: sub finem.* Worse could easily be quoted, but it is too indecent.

The first field they cross, after forsaking the safe highway, confuses all their bearings, and they leave their readers to get home as they can. Macaulay is a master of digressions; he is fond of them; and he seldom goes far without one, longer or shorter. But no one ever feels that they are digressions or vexatious interruptions. Before we are aware we are made to step aside for a moment to examine some curious spot, some great man's tomb, some scene marked for memory by heroic deeds. Our interest is kindled and satisfied at the same moment, so pleasant are the ways, and so overflowing the local knowledge of our guide. We know quite well—when we are used to him—that the stoppage will only be short, that he will promptly and safely lead us back to the main road, and that we shall presently proceed all the faster and more cheerfully for our little excursion when he resumes the real object of the journey.

This lofty perspicuity, this power of sustaining himself at a height above a wide and complex subject, is as visible in the Essays as in the History, and is perhaps seen to more advantage in the former than in the latter, because the smaller compass and less rigorous form of the essay admit of a more agile and rapid method of treatment than the greater work. This quality, spaciousness of outlook, is such a note of Macaulay's style that it would not be easy to point to anything he has written in which it does not more or less appear. Take for example his Essay on Sir William Temple, by no means one of the most celebrated of his writings, and notice the enormous extent of ground he goes over, the audacious transitions, and the ease with which they are managed, the fulness of each part and the harmony of the whole, the complete unity of impression produced by the ever-varied detail. He opens with a leisurely judgment on Temple's character. But at once a prompt illustration takes us to the showy camp of Louis XIV. and Condé and Turenne. It is not long, just an effective spot of colour. In the next page we are in England after the Restoration, and the light-hearted corruption of the statesmen of that age is lucidly explained. "Zeal makes revolutions, and revolutions make men zealous for nothing." Then comes the pleasant sympathetic sketch of Temple's long courtship of Dorothy Osborne. Then a real digression about the "dignity of history." Further on the condition of Ireland under Cromwell and a warm eulogy of the Great Protector and a vindication of his policy. Now the narrative widens and deepens, and flows into the early years of the Restoration. The characters of Clarendon and Arlington are graphically rendered. The commencement of Temple's diplomatic career takes us into the heart of continental politics, the designs of Louis, the danger of Holland. Next Jean de Witt comes before us and the "modest dwelling and frugal table of the first citizen of the richest state of the world." Then the negotiation of the Triple Alliance, its merits discussed, and its renown justified. We are soon back in England amidst the intrigues of the Cabal, and shortly after we have that splendid burst on the heroism of the Hollanders. "To open their dykes, to man their ships, to leave their country, with all its miracles of art and industry, its cities, its canals, its villas, its pastures, and its tulip gardens, buried under the waves of the German Ocean, to bear to a distant climate their Calvinistic faith and old Batavian liberties, to fix, perhaps with happier auspices, the new Stadthouse of their commonwealth under other stars and amidst a strange vegetation, in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Seas—such were the plans which they had the spirit to form." I must abridge and pass over the thoughtful discussion of Temple's plan of government, the portraits of Shaftesbury and Halifax, the magnificent tribute to Dryden—the "glory of that gorgeous satiric Muse who comes sweeping by in sceptred pall, borrowed from the more austere victors." Temple and politicians leave the stage, and Swift and Stella take their place. In a moment we are in the midst of the

controversy touching the comparative merit of the ancient and modern writers. Then Bentley appears, and a discriminating eulogy of that great scholar, including the best account we have of his triumph over Boyle, puts a close to the varied scenes which we have traversed. Macaulay enlarged and transformed the historical essay as Haydn enlarged and transformed the sonata.

There is no space to discuss the merits of the History. It would be an interesting and not wholly unprofitable employment of time to examine its relative position to the great works of his predecessors, especially Gibbon. This would involve a consideration of the great change which has come over historic studies since the last century, of the vastly increased burden laid upon the historical writer since a more complex conception of society, and of the numerous and intricate topics he is now expected to treat, but which were passed over by older writers, has been obtained. If Gibbon were alive now, he would not be able to write the *Decline and Fall* on the plan he did. Almost every one of his chapters would afford material for a volume in this age of specialism. This is not without bearing on Macaulay, who is reproached with having devoted four volumes to thirteen years of the history of England, whereas Gibbon wrote in six the history of the world for thirteen centuries. I am far from thinking our excessive specialism a good thing. On the contrary, I think it a very bad thing; but it is a fact to be borne in mind when it is made a particular objection to Macaulay.

To sum up, I consider Macaulay secure of an honourable position among English classics. If I might venture to place him, I would say that he will stand much above Robertson, on a level with Hume, and only slightly below Gibbon; though it is difficult to bring to one standard works, separated by a century in their dates of composition, and also the comparison is unfair to the modern writer whose work is but a fragment, while those of his rivals are finished productions. The length and completeness of Hume's melodious narrative on the one hand, and the imperial grandeur of Rome's historian on the other, must not mislead us, and will assuredly not mislead posterity into any injustice to Macaulay. The great crisis in European story which he has depicted with such width, intensity, and power, was short measured by the outward scale of time, and small as regards the local area on which it was determined. But these restrictions do not affect its moral claims to remembrance. Macaulay, by his ardent love of freedom, by his just sense of the means by which alone it can be secured, was worthy to celebrate its great jeopardy and final triumph; and an honourable niche in the temple of fame will not be denied to the great writer, the upright citizen, and the blameless man, who was called Thomas Babington Macaulay.

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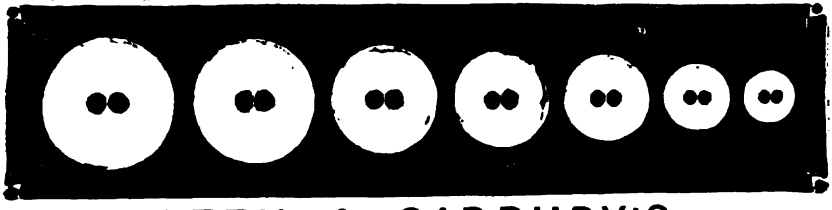

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June 13

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1876.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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RUSSIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.

THE Russian "Mir," or Village Commune, has in recent years acquired considerable notoriety in Western Europe. Historical investigators have discovered in it a remnant of primitive Indo-European institutions; and a certain school of social philosophers point to it as an ideal towards which we must strive if we would solve successfully the agrarian difficulties of the present and the future. "C'est une institution," said the usually cool-headed Cavour on hearing it described, "qui est destinée à faire le tour du monde!" Political economists, on the contrary—especially those of the good old orthodox school—condemn it as a remnant of barbarism, and as an obstacle to free individual action and untrammeled economic development. It may be well, therefore, that those who have had an opportunity of studying the institution, and observing its practical working, should explain clearly and accurately its nature and functions.

In the Russian Communal Institutions we must carefully distinguish two elements, the one administrative, and the other economic. And first of the administrative functions:

As an organ of local administration, the rural Commune in Russia is very simple and primitive. There is commonly but one office-bearer, the Village "Elder" (*Starosta*, from *stary*, old); but in the larger Communes there is also a communal tax-gatherer. The office-bearers are simple peasants, chosen by their fellow-villagers for one, two, or three years, according to local custom. Their salaries are fixed by the Commune, and are so small that "office" in these village democracies is regarded rather as a burden than as an honour; but a peasant, when once chosen, must serve whether he desires it or not. If he can show good and sufficient reason—such as ill-health or frequent absence—why he should be exempted, the Commune will generally free him from the burden on condition that he treats the members present with *vodka* (rye-spirit); but the simple desire to escape trouble and annoyance is not considered a valid ground for exemption. The chief duties of the Elder are to preserve order, and to act as a connecting link between the Commune and the higher authorities. Beyond this he has very little power, for all the real authority resides in the "Village Assembly."

The Village Assembly (*selski skhod*), in the wider sense of the term, comprises all the adult members of the Commune. When matters of great importance are under consideration, the heads of houses alone take an active part in the discussion. I say the heads of houses, and not the fathers of families, because the Russian term *khozaïn* (head of the household) does not indicate blood relationship; and it frequently happens that the *patria potestas* is in the hands of the oldest brother or of the mother.

Thus, strictly speaking, the Assembly is composed of the representatives of families, and when the head of a family happens to be absent from the village, his place is taken by some other member of the household, male or female. In the northern provinces, where a large part of the adult male population annually leaves home in search of work, the female representatives sometimes compose the majority. The meetings are held in the open air by the side of the Church, or in front of the Elder's house, or in some other convenient place where there is plenty of room and little mud; and, except in the case of matters which will not admit of delay, they take place on Sunday or on a holiday. Towards afternoon, when all have enjoyed their after-dinner siesta—or it may be, immediately after the morning service—the villagers may be seen strolling leisurely towards a common point. Arrived at the village Forum, they cluster together in little groups, and talk in homely fashion about the matter they have met to consider. The various groups pay no attention to each other till gradually one particular group, containing some of the more intelligent and influential members, begins to exercise an attractive force, and the others gravitate towards this centre of energy. In this way the meeting is constituted, or, more strictly speaking, spontaneously constitutes itself; and the same absence of formality continues all through the proceedings. Two, three, or more peasants often speak at once, and when the discussion waxes hot, the disputants probably use freely such unparliamentary expressions as "*Durák!*" (blockhead), "*Boltun!*" (babbler), "*Bolván!*" (scarecrow)—sometimes even stronger expressions, unsuited to ears polite. Strange to say, these strong terms never ruffle the good nature of those to whom they are addressed, and at most evoke a retort of the *tu quoque* kind, which, if well put, produces roars of laughter. If we hear a shrill female voice rising above the general hum, we may be sure it is that of a widow, or a wife whose husband is absent. Some of these female members possess great volubility, and a considerable power of pungent invective; unfortunately their dialectical efforts are in part counteracted by a tendency to wander from the subject, and to make indelicate, irrelevant allusions to the private life and domestic concerns of their opponents. In general there are no attempts at speech-making, but occasionally some young "village Hampden," who has been to Moscow or St. Petersburg, and has brought back with him a jaunty air and a large dose of self-conceit, makes something like a speech, and enjoys the sound of his own voice. Eloquence of this kind is, of course, appreciated only by the younger members, and makes no impression on the bulk of the audience. Very soon it is sure to be interrupted by some older member with a laconic "*Moltchi*, krasnobaï!" (hold your tongue, fine talker!) and the abashed orator hearing the titter of his former applauders, mumbles out a retort, or hides his diminished head behind the broad shoulders of a comrade.

The subjects brought before these meetings are of the most varied kind, for the Village Assembly has no idea of laws limiting its competence, and is ever ready to discuss anything affecting directly or indirectly the Communal welfare. It may be that an order has been received from the higher authorities, or a recruit has to be given for the conscription, or a herd-boy has to be hired, or a day for the commencement of the ploughing has to be fixed, or the dam across the stream is in need of repairs. Such are a few examples of the matters discussed. The manner of deciding them is quite as informal as the mode of discussion. Rarely, if ever, is it necessary to put the question to the vote. As soon as it has become evident what the general opinion is, the Elder says to the crowd: "Well, Orthodox! you have decided so?" "*Ladno! ladno!*" (agreed!) replies the crowd, and the proceedings terminate, unless where the decision refers to some future contingency, in which case it is committed

to writing and duly signed by all present. Those who cannot write affix a mark in the place of a signature. It is not a little remarkable that these apparently unanimous decisions do not always represent the will of the numerical majority. The crowd rarely ventures to oppose the will of the influential members.

The Commune no longer possesses any criminal jurisdiction over its members; but in the outlying provinces, ancient custom sometimes proves stronger than modern legislation. As one instance out of many which have come to my knowledge, the following may be cited: In a village in the province of Samara, the Commune condemned a wife who had been convicted of matrimonial infidelity to be stripped, yoked to a cart, and driven through the village by the injured spouse armed with a whip. This will recall to many a passage in the *Germania* of Tacitus: "Pæna præsens et marito permissa; abscisis crinibus, nudatam, coram propinquis expellit domo maritus ac per omnem vicum verbere agit."

So much for the Commune as an organ of local self-government. Let us now consider it as an economic unit. In this respect it has certain fundamental peculiarities which distinguish it from the Communal institutions of Western Europe; and in virtue of these peculiarities it is often believed to be not only a Communal but at the same time a Communistic organization. How far this belief is well founded will appear presently.

The Commune is legally and actually the absolute proprietor of the Communal land, and distributes it among its members as it thinks fit, subject to no control except that of custom and traditional conceptions of justice. Further, the members are responsible, collectively and individually, not only for voluntary Communal obligations, but also for the taxes of every member. These are the two fundamental characteristics, and the two cohesive forces of the institution: a common proprietorship of the land, and a common responsibility for the taxes and other dues.

The Communal land is generally of three kinds: (1) the land in and around the village; (2) the arable land; and (3) the pasturage.

On the first of these each family has a wooden house, an inclosed yard, a cabbage-garden, and sometimes a plot for growing hemp. Here there is no community of ownership. The house and garden are hereditary property, on which there is only one restriction: the owner cannot sell, bequeath, or otherwise alienate them to any one who is not a member of the Commune.

The right of property in the arable land and pasturage is of an entirely different kind. Here each family has, strictly speaking, no right of property, but merely a right of terminable usufruct, and enjoys a quantity of land proportionate to the number of males which the household contains. In other words, each member of the Commune, as soon as he begins to pay the poll-tax and other dues, receives a share of the Communal land. Thus the amount of land which each family enjoys is proportionate to the amount of taxation which it pays; and the taxes, which are nominally personal, are in reality transformed into a kind of land-tax.

To render this system equitable, it would be necessary to revise annually the tax-lists, and to inscribe only the adults. In reality neither of these conditions is fulfilled. The tax-lists are revised at long and irregular intervals —only ten revisions have been made since 1719; and infants, adults, and octogenarians are all inscribed promiscuously. The revenue officers pay no attention to the increase or decrease of the population during the intervals between the revisions, and exact from each Commune a sum corresponding to the number of members inscribed in the last revision lists.

The evil consequences of this system, when rigorously carried out, are graphically described in an official document of the year 1771, which might have been written at the present day: "In many places," it is there said, "the peasants distribute the land not according to the

number of workers in each house, but according to the number of males inscribed in the revision list; whence it happens that, instead of the equality which ought to exist, some of the peasants have to bear a ruinous burden in the supporting of their families, and in the payment of their taxes. If, for example, in a family containing five males, there is only one able-bodied labourer, whilst the other four are children or old men incapable of work, the one labourer must not only plough and sow for the whole family, but must also pay the poll-tax and other dues for the four others as well as for himself. He receives, it is true, a proportionately large amount of land; but it is of little use to him, for he has not sufficient working power to cultivate it. Obliged to let to others the superfluous amount, he receives for it only a small rent, for his neighbours know the position in which he is placed, and do not give him its fair value. Besides this, in some places where land is abundant, there is no one to rent the superfluous portions, so that the unfortunate peasant who receives too much land is obliged to leave his share partly uncultivated, and consequently sinks to ruin."

To prevent these evil consequences, many Communes have adopted an expedient at once simple and effective: in the allotment of the land and of the burdens, each family receives a share not in proportion to the number of males which it contains, but in proportion to its working power.

This expedient has for the moment the desired effect, but the natural course of events in the form of births and deaths renders it necessary to modify from time to time the existing arrangements, so as to restore the equilibrium between land and working power. First, there is the natural increase of population. To provide for this, some Communes keep a number of reserve lots, which the young members receive as soon as they become capable of bearing their share of the Communal burdens. Other Communes make no such arrangements. Whether such a provision is made or not, it inevitably happens that in the course of a few years the old evils reappear. Some families increase, whilst others diminish or die out, and a general redistribution of the land and taxes becomes necessary. In the Steppe region, where the soil is even in quality, and possessed of such natural fertility that it requires no manure—where consequently it is easy to divide the land into any number of portions equal to each other in size and quality, and no one has a special interest in particular lots, for the simple reason that one lot is as good as another—the general redistributions are frequent. Under such conditions, annual redistribution is by no means uncommon. In the North and West, on the contrary, where the inequalities of the soil render it difficult to divide the land into lots of equal quality, and where the practice of manuring gives to each family a special interest in the lot which it actually possesses, general redistributions produce an economic revolution in the Commune, and are consequently made at much longer intervals.

As these periodical redistributions of the land form the essential peculiarity of the Russian Communal system, and tend to illustrate its real nature, I shall endeavour to convey to the reader an idea of the way in which they are effected. Let us take first a case in which the operation is comparatively simple.

All over European Russia, except in the outlying provinces, which may for the present be left out of consideration, the arable land of the Communes is divided into three fields, to suit the triennial rotation or three-field system of agriculture universally practised by the peasantry. The first field is for the winter grain (rye or winter wheat); the second for the summer grain (oats, buckwheat, millet, &c.); and the third lies fallow. When a redistribution has been resolved upon, each of the three fields is divided into an indefinite number of plots, according to the quality of the soil, and each plot or each category of plots—if there are several plots

of equal quality—is then subdivided into a number of long, narrow strips, corresponding to the number of "Revision-Souls" (males inscribed in the revision or census lists) in the Commune. Thus each family receives at least one strip—and perhaps several strips of different quality—in each field. This complicated bit of land-surveying, in which both the quality and quantity of the soil have to be considered, is performed by the peasants themselves, with the help merely of simple measuring poles, and is accomplished with an accuracy which seems to the stranger truly marvellous. The shares are distributed among the members either by general consent or by casting lots.

This is the method commonly employed in the fertile and more densely populated regions where each family desires to have as much land as possible, and demands a number of shares corresponding to the number of "revision-souls" which it contains. In districts, on the contrary, where the land is barren and the population scant, considerable modifications have to be introduced, in order to obviate the evil consequences above described. Here the chief question is, not as to how much land each family shall receive, but as to what share of the Communal burdens each family ought to bear; and for the deciding of this question the revision-lists supply only very imperfect data. It may be, for instance, that a family appears in the revision-list as containing four males, and consequently as entitled to four shares of the land and burdens, but on examination it is found that the household consists of a widow and four little boys. To impose four shares on this family would be at once unjust and inexpedient, for the widow could not possibly pay a corresponding amount of taxation; and the Commune, being responsible for the taxes of the individual members, would have to make up the deficit. Before assigning the lots, therefore, the Commune has to decide how many shares each particular family shall receive. In this difficult operation, it is guided, not by any definite norm, but by an approximate calculation of the working force or tax-paying power of each individual household. When we have said that the calculation is made not by one or two dictators, but by the Communal Assembly, the reader may readily imagine the disputes and scenes of confusion that inevitably take place. If the Communal land is merely sufficient for the wants of the members, the heads of families easily come to a satisfactory arrangement as to how many shares each one shall take; but if the land is superabundant or very poor in quality, each one naturally strives to get as little of it as possible, so that he may have less to pay. In the latter case the discussion is sure to wax hot, and a casual spectator may overhear debates of this kind:

"Come now, Ivan," says an elderly peasant, who has evidently an air of authority, to one of the bystanders; "you are a sturdy fellow, and you have a son there, a fine youth, who can do the work of two; you must take at least three shares."

"No, I cannot," remonstrates Ivan. "By God, I cannot. My son—praise be to God!—is strong and healthy; but I am no longer what I was, and my old woman is quite without force, fit for nothing but to put the cabbage soup into the oven! By God! I cannot."

"If the old woman is weak your daughter-in-law is strong—stronger than a little horse!"

A giggle in the outskirts of the crowd shows that the damsel referred to is among the spectators.

"In truth, it is not in my power," pleads Ivan.

"There is nothing to be said," replies the old man in an authoritative tone. "Somebody must take the remaining *souls* (shares). You must take three shares."

"Lay on him three shares and a half!" shouts a voice in the crowd.

This proposal evokes a confused murmur of "ayes" and "noes," till the noes gain a decided majority, and the ayes are silenced. A general

shout of "Three! three!" decides the matter.

"It is the will of the *Mir*!" remarks Ivan, scratching the back of his head, and looking down with a look of mingled disappointment and resignation. "And now, Prascovia, how much are you to have?" asks the old man, addressing a woman standing by with a baby in her arms.

"As the Mir orders, so be it!" replies Prascovia, turning down her eyes.

"Very well, you ought to have a share and a half."

"What do you say, little father?" cries the woman, throwing off suddenly her air of subservient obedience. "Do you hear that, ye orthodox? They want to lay upon me a soul and a half! Was such a thing ever heard of? Since St. Peter's day my husband has been bed-ridden—bewitched, it seems, for nothing does him good. He cannot put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead; only he eats bread!"

"You talk nonsense," says a neighbour; "he was in the *kabák* (gin-shop) last week."

"And you!" retorts Prascovia, wandering from the subject in hand, "what did *you* do last parish *fête*? Was it not you who got drunk and beat your wife till she roused the whole village with her shrieking? And no further gone than last Sunday—pfu!"

"Listen!" says the old man sternly, cutting short the torrent of invective. "You must take at least a share and a quarter. If you cannot manage it yourself, you can get some one to help you."

"How can that be? Where am I to get the money to pay a labourer?" asks the woman with much wailing and a flood of tears. "Have pity, ye orthodox, on the poor orphans. God will reward you," and so on, and so on.

I need not weary the reader with a further description of these scenes, which are always very long and sometimes violent. All present are deeply interested, for the allotment of the land is by far the most important event in Russian peasant life, and the arrangement cannot be made without endless talking and discussion. After the number of shares for each family has been decided the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have plentifully manured their land, strive to get back their old lots, and the Commune respects their claims so far as these are consistent with the new arrangement; but it often happens that it is impossible to conciliate private rights and Communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race.

In the above remarks I have spoken of the working-power and the tax-paying power of the different families. These two expressions are in the purely agricultural districts practically synonymous, but in the villages where some of the peasants are artisans or traders, a single peasant who is a skilled workman or carries on trade may be more able to pay taxes than a large family which has three times his working power. This fact has given rise in some Communes to a practice which is certainly patriarchal, and seems to an Englishman decidedly Communistic. If a member of the Commune is known to make by handicraft or by trading a much larger income than his fellows, he is made to pay a larger share of the Communal burdens. "Come now, Sidor," some influential member will say to him in the Communal Assembly at the time of the periodical redistribution of land, "you make a nice heap of money every year, while we, poor orphans, toil hard and gain little; the land has become barren and the times are hard; you must take a double share."

"Ay! ay!" say a dozen voices, "that you can."

"I am not rich," replies Sidor, knowing that it is useless to oppose the will of the Mir, and feeling at the same time a certain pleasure in the consciousness of his own importance; "I am not rich, but I can do that. So be it."

And Sidor takes a double share, vowing probably in his heart to take it out of the Commune in some indirect way.

Another method of applying this same principle is as follows:—If a peasant is known to be making a good income as an artisan or shopkeeper in Moscow or St. Petersburg, his commune may elect him Village Elder, and then let him know unofficially that if he will kindly send ten or twenty roubles the election will be cancelled and he will be allowed to remain where he is. The Elder elect probably finds it more profitable to sacrifice a considerable sum than to give up his occupation and return to his village. Of course there is an appearance of trickery and injustice in such a proceeding, and such cases are often used as texts for discourses on Communal tyranny; but if we examine the matter carefully we shall find that the expedient is in reality merely a rude application of the principle of the income-tax. Unfortunately this charitable interpretation is not always applicable, for it sometimes happens that the money sent, instead of being paid into the Communal treasury, is used for a communal drinking-bout.

We may pass now to the third kind of Communal land, the meadow. As the cultivation of so-called artificial grasses, such as rye-grass and timothy-grass, has no place in the primitive system of agriculture practised by the Russian peasantry, the Communes reserve, if possible, a moist part of the Communal land for the production of hay. This part of the Communal property is annually distributed in the same proportion as the arable land among the families constituting the Commune, in one of two ways. The simplest method is to mow all the hay and then to distribute it among the families in the required proportions. But this mode has practical disadvantages, for the hay is often better in some parts of the meadow than in others, and therefore a mere quantitive distribution would be unjust. To obviate this injustice most Communes adopt the second method, which consists in dividing the meadow into an indefinite number of plots according to the quality of the hay, and subdividing these plots into family portions. Where this method is adopted each family mows its own portion, but all the families are obliged to mow it on a day fixed by the village assembly.

Besides these three kinds of communal property, some Communes possess a certain amount of forest, but the modes of enjoying it are so varied that I do not venture to lay down any general rule on the subject.

The ordinary Russian name for the rural Commune, *Mir*, means also "the world;" and it must be said that there is a certain appropriateness in the term, for each Commune forms in many respects a little world apart, and resists as far as possible all interference from without. Complete Communal autonomy was of course impossible after the creation of the centralized administration and the introduction of serfage. The Communes of the demesnes had to submit to the regulative interference of the Government, and the others to the irregular and arbitrary interference of the landed proprietors. But neither on the demesnes nor on the private estates did the *Mir* ever lose its primitive character. Even in the worst days of serfage the proprietors never habitually interfered with the fundamental right of the Commune, that of distributing the land among its members as it thought fit; and never obliterated the distinction, though they often shifted the landmarks, between the manorial and the Communal property. Amidst all the storms and struggles through which Russia has passed, the peasantry have ever clung with marvellous tenacity to their land and to their ancient Communal institutions; and all attempts to rob them of the one or the other have been met and frustrated by that dogged passive resistance which the Russian peasant possesses in such a pre-eminent degree. So far as the land is concerned that struggle is now at an end, for the famous Emancipation Law of 1861 secured to the Communes, under certain conditions and subject to certain modifications, the land which they actually enjoyed. The Communal institutions were likewise spared by

that law, so that in Russia at the present moment the village communities still closely resemble those of Western Europe before the feudal period. It is scarcely necessary to point out the use which historical investigators might make of this important fact.

The old notion, that Communal institutions based on periodical redistributions of the land are peculiar to the Russians or the Slavonic race, is now completely exploded. Already they have been found in a more or less complete state of preservation, not only among non-Slavonic but also among non-Aryan races, and there is a strong tendency among historical investigators to regard them as a necessary stage in the economic development through which a nation must pass in order to attain a certain stage of civilization. "Aujourd'hui," says M. de Laveleye, the latest exponent of the theory, "on peut démontrer que ces communautés ont existé chez les peuples les plus divers: chez les Germains et dans l'antique Italie, au Pérou et en Chine, au Mexique et dans l'Inde, chez les Scandinaves et chez les Arabes, exactement avec les mêmes caractères. Retrouvant ainsi cette institution sous tous les climats et chez toutes les races, on y peut voir une phase nécessaire du développement des sociétés, et une sorte de loi universelle présidant à l'évolution de toutes les formes de la propriété foncière." The more cautious conclusions of Sir Henry Maine tend in the same direction.

I have no intention of entering here upon an examination of this general theory; but I desire to say a few words on the part which the Russian *Mir* is made to play in the induction. It is always tacitly assumed that the Russian Communal system, as it at present exists, is a very ancient institution, which has come down to us almost unchanged from prehistoric times. Now this assumption, if not unjustifiable, requires at least explanation. The essential peculiarity of the Russian Commune in its present form is the periodical redistribution of the arable and according to the number of males, or according to the number of able-bodied labourers, and we have no satisfactory proof that this custom existed in any part of Russia before the seventeenth century. I know one district where the system is only now being introduced, though the land has been held by Russians for three centuries. The district referred to is the country of the Don Cossacks. It may be well to describe briefly the change which is there taking place, for it tends to throw light on the origin of the periodical redistribution.

In many of the Cossack Communes, or *Stanitsi* as they are called, it was customary down to a very recent period for each Cossack to cultivate as much land as he pleased, and wherever he pleased, within the Communal boundaries, provided he did not thereby infringe on the vested rights of others. The *jus primæ possessionis* was the only recognized tenure. When the possessor found that the soil was becoming exhausted—a phenomenon which generally appeared after three or four years' occupation—he relinquished the lot he held and took possession of some part of the Communal land which happened to be unoccupied. As the population increased this operation became more and more difficult, till at last in many Communes the whole of the Communal land was occupied, and each cultivator was forced to content himself with the portion of the soil which he actually possessed. Thus a direct transition was effected from unregulated Communal property to something very like personal property without any intermediate stage of regulated periodical distribution. The principle of private property, however, has not become consolidated. On the contrary, the old Communal principle has revived with new force, and the system of periodical redistribution above described is at present being introduced. In the causes of this phenomenon, which seems a return to primitive institutions, is to be found, I believe, the explanation of much that is peculiar in the Russian Communal system.

The causes of the phenomenon were briefly these:—as the population increased and no new land was obtained there was naturally formed a class of Cossacks without land. In a young British colony there would be nothing abnormal or inconvenient in the existence of a class of men possessing no landed property, for such men could act as servants to the possessors of the soil, or they could remove to some other district where land could be obtained. But neither of these alternatives could be adopted by the Cossack. Agricultural labourers are to be found only in conjunction with regularly organized farming, and are rarely used by small peasant proprietors; and even if the Cossack could find employment as a labourer he could not in that capacity fulfil his obligations to the state. On the other hand he could not remove to another district, for the military organization attached him to the locality in which he was born, and was practically almost tantamount to the *glebæ adscriptio.* Thus, we see, the periodical redistributions of the land were the result of conditions which do not exist in a primitive state of society.

In a short article like the present, I cannot attempt to describe the analogous phenomena which I have observed in other districts; but I may say briefly that a prolonged study of Communal institutions in this and other outlying provinces of Russia, and a careful examination of the documents relating to the *Mir* in former times, have led me to the following general conclusions:—

1. Where land is very plentiful the enjoyment of the Communal land may be left entirely unregulated.

2. From this unregulated enjoyment of the Communal land two transitions are possible: (*a*) a direct transition to private or family property; (*b*) a transition to the system of periodical redistribution.

3. The chief causes which tend to produce the letter transition in preference to the former are: (*a*) restrictions on migration; (*b*) a system of direct taxation imposed not on property but on persons; and (*c*) mutual responsibility among all the members for the taxes of each.

That the latter transition has taken place in Great Russia—in Little Russia the principle of hereditary personal property prevails—is to be explained, I believe, by the *glebæ adscriptio,* by the adoption of the poll-tax system of taxation and by the introduction of Communal responsibility in taxation. If this explanation be correct then it must be admitted that the periodical redistributions are a relatively modern institution—a view that is strongly supported by all the older documentary evidence which we possess.

Thus we see that what may be called the Communal Epoch in the history of landed property comprises two distinct periods: the primary period, in which the usufruct of the land rests on the unregulated *jus primæ possessionis;* and the secondary, in which regulated terminable usufruct is created by Communal decrees. It does not, however, necessarily follow that all tribes and nations have passed through this secondary period. Indeed we know of many instances where a direct transition has been made from unregulated Communal usufruct to complete personal property. All that we can venture to say in general is, that where the two periods have successively existed the primary is the older of the two. In this, as in many other instances, there is a strong analogy between social development and geological structure. Strata always occur in a certain fixed order, but it rarely happens that all the members of the series are actually present.

It is sometimes supposed that these periodical distributions of the land indicate a tendency in the Russian peasantry towards communism in the socialistic sense; and it must be confessed that the resignation with which the peasant submits to Communal infringements on his personal rights and to various restrictions on his personal liberty of action seems at first sight to confirm this supposition. It would be unsafe however to draw from these facts any

sweeping general conclusions. The Russian peasant, so far at least as my observations extend, has very little sympathy with communistic ideas beyond the narrow sphere to which he is accustomed, unless when they take the form of a religious doctrine. His conceptions as to the boundary line tween the *meum* and the *tuum* are certainly in some respects extremely vague, but when a confusion occurs it will always be found to result in favour of the *meum*. Towards his former master, for instance, he is quite ready to adopt the principle: "What is yours is mine;" but he always accompanies it with the mental reservation: "but what is mine is my own." "You are our father," he will say to the landed proprietor, to whom he was formerly a serf, "and you should let the land to us cheaper than to others." But if the proprietor should reply: "You are my children, and therefore you should work for me cheaper than for others," the peasant fails to perceive the force of the argument.

A few words now in conclusion regarding the influence of the *Mir* on the material welfare of the peasantry and the probable future of the institution.

In the first place, we must say that the *Mir* has rendered an incalculable service to the Russian peasantry in enabling them to resist those manorial encroachments which in other countries have forced the agricultural population to emigrate or have transformed them into a landless, homeless proletariat. It must be admitted, however, that the question as to whether it ought not to be now abolished, as an institution that has served its time, is fairly open to discussion.

Those who advocate the abolition of the present system maintain that it is practically a modified form of serfage. Formerly the peasant was the serf of the landed proprietor; now he is the serf of the Commune. He is still attached to the land, and cannot leave his home even for a short period, without receiving from the Commune a formal permission, for which he has often to pay an exorbitant sum; and when he has found profitable employment in the towns or in some other part of the country the Commune may at any moment, and on the most futile pretext, compel him to return home.

All this is no doubt true, but it is in reality the result not of the Communal principle but of the existing financial system. The Commune has not everywhere the same nature and functions. In the southern half of the country, where the annual dues are less than the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a privilege; in the northern provinces, on the contrary, where the annual dues exceed the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a burden. In these latter the Commune has really taken the place of the serf-proprietor, and holds its members in a state of semi-serfage, but it must be added that for this it is not to blame. As it is held responsible for the dues of all its members, and as these dues exceed the value of the benefits which it has to confer, it is obliged to retain its members whether they desire to possess land or not. In short the Commune in this part of the country has been transformed against its will into a tax-gatherer; and it is obliged to use stringent measures, for the taxes are inordinately heavy, and it is held responsible for their payment. In the southern regions, where the dues do not exceed the normal rent of the land and where the Commune has more the character of a voluntary association we hear few or no complaints of Communal tyranny.

There still remains, however, the difficult question as to how far the Communal right of property in the land and the periodical redistributions to which it gives rise, impose hurtful restrictions on the peasant's liberty of action in the cultivation of his fields, and deprive him of the natural inducements to improve his land. This is one of the grand *quæstiones vexatæ* at present agitated in Russia and is much too complex and delicate to be dismissed with a few sentences. My own opinion is, that the *Mir if retained in its present form* may

have at some future time an obstructive tendency; but I believe that this pernicious influence might be removed by means of partial modifications—preserving intact the fundamental principle of the institution—that of securing for each peasant family a house, a garden, and a share of the land. These modifications should not, however, be imposed from above. The institution has vitality enough to be in no need of extraneous guidance, and is quite capable of making in its constitution and mode of action any modification that circumstances may demand. Peasant affairs are thoroughly understood only by the peasants themselves. Reforms undertaken spontaneously by the Communes will be much less sudden, less symmetrical, less formally perfect than those which might be devised by a bureaucratic commission, but they are sure to be more practically useful. Indeed it may be said in general that the friends of self-government in Russia should be very cautious in meddling with the *Mir*, for it is the only institution which has genuine, spontaneous, independent life in it, and does not require to draw galvanic vitality from the central authority. All the other organs of self-government in Russia are more or less artificial and ornamental, and might, without any social perturbation, be demolished by the power which created them. The *Mir* alone has deep roots in the traditions, the habits, and the everyday interests of the people, and any essential modification introduced into it suddenly by legislative enactment would be sure to influence deeply the whole social organization.

In the opinion that the *Mir* is an institution which will one day be introduced into other countries—*destinée à faire le tour du monde*, as Cavour phrased it—I cannot concur. It is a useful institution where it has been preserved, but it is incapable of being transplanted to a foreign soil. Even those who maintain that the ultimate solution of those agrarian difficulties which we may ere long have to face is to be found in the principle of agricultural co-operative association, must admit that the *Mir* is a rude, primitive instrument for the exercise of co-operative effort. In this, as in all other social questions, each nation must work out for itself a solution in accordance with its social organization and with the traditions, the habits and the spirit of the people. Russia has, however, in preserving her Communal institutions, perhaps stolen a march on Western Europe, for with the Commune as a basis, voluntary agricultural or industrial associations may easily be created.

D. Mackenzie Wallace.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XXI.

"RAIN, WIND, AND SPEED."

FIERCE and glad was the weather in which the *Sea-Pyot* spread out her great white wings and prepared for her northward flight. From over the tumbling Atlantic came varying gusts and squalls; the main-boom swung this way and that, and the loud flapping of the sails drowned the clanking of the windlass; rushing by went the huge green waves to the shore; and the hurrying clouds as they came sweeping over from the sea—causing the islands to disappear, and reappear, and disappear again—sent sudden showers across the vessel's decks and made the voyagers tighten up still further the necks of their waterproofs. Above and below the same confusion and bustle prevailed; nobody knew whether the fresh butter had been called for and brought aboard; excited questions were asked about the joints hung at the stern; and the voice of one tall person was heard declaring, in the most solemn language, that he would blow up the powder-magazine, destroy the bulkheads, and lash the taffrail to the top-gallant-mast if somebody did not help him to stow away the bottled beer. Then there was a sudden cessation of noise overhead. Gradually the saloon tilted over, and there was a muffled sound as of rushing water outside. When the person who had been stowing away the beer put his head, which was adorned by a huge soú'-wester, up the companion-way and looked around, behold! the *Sea-Pyot* was running gallantly out to sea, the tack of her mainsail still hauled up, and Captain Jimmy, with the rain running down his ruddy face, observing to a young lady who stood beside him that he could not as yet relinquish to her the tiller.

"This is a nice sort of day to start in," observed a young man, who was gloomily trying to keep the rain from getting inside the neck of his waterproof.

"What better could you wish for?" she answered, with a bright laugh. "How fast is she going, Captain Jimmy?"

The skipper glanced at the water running by.

"About echt knots, I think; but we'll get a bit more wind by and by, when we get round Lismore."

"Couldn't you let us have the topsail up?" she, asked, throwing a critical glance upward.

A shrewd, cautious smile appeared on Captain Jimmy's face.

"She'll go ferry well without the topsail in a little while; and it iss better not to be too eager. You will get plenty of sailing when we will be going up the Sound."

And indeed there was a good deal of sailing when once they had got round the lighthouse of Lismore and were beating up the Sound of Mull. A heavy sea was rolling down the Sound; the wind freshened further until it dipped the bulwarks of the *Sea-Pyot* in the rushing waves; and the voyagers, sitting on deck-stools up to windward, had to hold on by such objects as were handy to prevent their suddenly rolling down the slippery decks. Where were the mighty mountains of Mull and of Morven that they had gazed at from afar on many a still summer morning? The voyagers were close to them—running up the channel that divides them, in fact—but all that could be seen were but dim and vague shadows behind the cold grey curtains of the mist. Water and sky seemed one; the gusts of wind were also gusts of rain; the sea-swallows that flashed about, dipping, darting, and uttering shrill cries, seemed but as

ghosts in the aqueous vapour. And yet the voyagers appeared so little disconcerted by the weather they were encountering that their mirth grew wilder as the wind blew more fiercely; and the seas that came thundering on the bows of the yacht and sending showers of spray right over the crouching figures, were only met by derisive shouts of laughter. Only one of these figures remained silent and sullen. Mr. George Miller did not seem to enter much into the sport. It was the private notion of at least one of his companions that the plunging of the *Sea-Pyot* among the waves was rendering the young man uncomfortable; but such was not the fact. Neither the motion of the vessel, nor the fierce rain, nor the numbing position in which he was compelled to sit, was responsible for the gloomy preoccupation of Violet's suitor. He had, indeed, other things to think about.

Yet surely, on board a yacht, in such weather, there could be little to increase his suspicions. It is true that both Mr. Drummond and Violet were obviously enjoying themselves; that generally Mr. Drummond addressed to her his profound impressions of life on board the *Sea-Pyot;* and that, indeed, both of them seemed bent on amusing themselves just as if they were a couple of children. And then, when Violet went below, to see that the lad Duncan was properly laying the cloth for luncheon, and to assist him in ferreting out the secrets of the lockers, no one volunteered to help her but Mr. Drummond, simply because he had stowed most of the things away, and that in a fashion which no one else could understand.

That luncheon was rather a desperate business—as Miss Violet had predicted on her round of inspection. They were beating up the Sound, with a short starboard tack and a long larboard tack; and as the latter offered more continued quiet, while the vessel did not heel over quite so much, it was resolved that they should drop below as soon as the *Sea-Pyot* had her larboard tack aboard. Mr. Miller would remain on deck. He was not hungry. And very soon he heard, through the skylight of the saloon, amazing shouts of despair and shrieks of laughter, with now and again an ominous jingle of falling plates and spoons. In fact, the scene below was at first nothing but a wild scramble; for no sooner had the plates been got out from the locker and spread on the table than they immediately began to slide down to leeward, a stately procession which was joined by the ham, by a cold pie, and two decanters. Of course, there was a wild clutching at this object and that, all being secured except the cruet-stand, which had outstripped its companions in the race, and flung itself headlong, mustard, vinegar, and all, into Mr. Drummond's lap, who was not prepared for the charge, for he was clinging on to the bread-plate. When he had retired to change his clothes, and come back again to resume his place, order had been restored by a skilful arrangement of objects, and luncheon was allowed to proceed.

Alas! the time lost could not be recovered; and just as they were beginning to consider that life on board a yacht had its compensations, there was an ominous call above, "Ready about!" The yacht seemed to right herself; the table became straight.

"They are putting her about," observed Violet, who had picked up some slight knowledge of sailing in her travels.

But she failed to recollect that the ingenious arrangement of objects on the table had been successful with one side of the table up; now that side went down, and there was another wild stampede on the part of knives, bottles, dishes, and loaves. Nay, that was not the worst. In the midst of the confused seizure of these things—with Mrs. Warrener uttering sharp cries of warning—an awful sound was heard in one of the adjoining state-rooms. Mr. Drummond looked grave.

"You'd better go and see what it is, James," his sister said, keeping firm hold of the pie until it should be buttressed up.

He went, and came back with a serious face.

"My gun-case," he observed, calmly, "has fallen on the ewer; the ewer has been pitched against my bed; the bed is swimming with water; and the ewer is broken."

"Oh, James," his sister said, "didn't I tell you to put that great heavy thing on the floor, or in the bed itself, and not on a shelf?"

"Do you think," said he, "there would be much chance of getting the blankets dried on deck?"

The question was not so foolish as it looked, for when they went above again, they found that the rain had entirely ceased, the rain-clouds were withdrawing up the hills, and the great lonely mountains of Mull and Morven were being slowly revealed. What a desolate coast it looked in this sombre grey light! The dark and leaden sea broke in white along the gloomy rocks; gaunt grey precipices here and there led up to a silent wilderness of heather; and across the bare slopes of the hills the white mists moved like great troops of ghosts—armies that met and parted, that met and mingled together in a silent strife—obeying the mysterious behests of the spirits of the winds. And by and by a curious and suffused light began to declare itself behind these moving veils of mist; higher slopes of the mountains, hitherto unseen, became visible in a ghostly fashion; the glow of light increased; and then, as the clouds parted and passed on, the bright warm sunshine sprang down in their wake, and the mighty hills shone in resplendent greens and yellows. The decks of the *Sea-Pyot* soon dried up, waterproofs were thrown aside, and now the rolling waves had dashes of blue in them, where they caught the colour of the opening sky.

"That is the way with this coast," observed Mr. Drummond, who had lit his pipe, and contentedly stretched out his legs on the white deck, "the weather changes every thirty minutes, and the scenery every thirty seconds. Miller, why don't you go below and get something to eat?"

"Thank you. By and by," was the answer.

"Shall I go down and get some things out for you?" Violet suggested.

This was a kind offer, for the young lady had been entrusted with the tiller—under the superintendence of Captain Jimmy, who stood hard by—and she was amusing herself with various small experiments as to how near the wind the *Sea-Pyot* could sail.

"Oh, no; don't you trouble," he answered.

"Here, Captain Jimmy, take the rope," she said. "My arms can't hold out any longer. Come along, Mr. Miller: Duncan and I will get you something."

He could not very well refuse so friendly a proposal; and so at last he got up, threw off his waterproof, and followed her down the twisting companion-stairs. A small bell summoned Duncan into the saloon. And now Mr. Miller found himself the object of those very attentions which, since his arrival in the Highlands, he had observed Violet pay to Mr. Drummond. She played the part of handmaiden to perfection; and he could not do otherwise than appear grateful to her. And yet he was dimly conscious that her manner towards him was not that she displayed towards Mr. Drummond. She was solicitous about his comfort, it is true; but it was with a friendly half-patronising solicitude such as an old campaigner, if bent on kindness, might show to an inexperienced young person encountered by chance. It was in a very different way that she treated Mr. Drummond. With him she was all meekness and submission; she was content to remain a silent listener so long as he pleased to speak; such little services as she could render him were all done in an underhand, unobtrusive manner, as if she would rather not have them noticed.

"Don't you wait down here, Violet," said he. "I am sure you would rather be up on deck."

"Oh, no," she said, carelessly; "I have constituted myself chief cook and steward on board, for I don't think Duncan is up to much, and I must see everybody properly fed. As soon as you have finished, I want the table. I mean to surprise Mr. Drummond with an apricot-jam pudding at dinner; you will see his look of wonder when that appears."

"I should have thought so profound a philosopher would not have cared for such trifles," remarked Mr. Miller.

"It is because he is a philosopher," said Violet, warmly, "that he cares for both little things and great things."

"Including apricot-jam."

"I don't see any harm in any one liking apricot-jam. I like it myself—I am most particularly fond of it."

"Well, of course; you show yourself a most docile pupil all day long."

She took no notice of the sneer against herself, for she was bent on clearing her master and teacher from the charge that had been preferred against him.

"If there is anybody in the world that puts little store by eating and drinking and such things, it is Mr. Drummond. He is not one of the men who live only to get good dinners and a lot of money. He is the most unworldly and unselfish man I have ever seen or heard of."

There was a little extra colour in her face. The young man who was busy with the cold pie did not answer—perhaps he was afraid of saying all he thought just at that moment.

Violet rang the bell.

"Duncan, as soon as Mr. Miller has finished, will you clear the table, please? And get me the flour and things, and an empty bottle if you haven't a roller. When will the men have their dinner?

Duncan paused for a minute; his English was not fluent.

"I think, mem, when we will get into Loch Sunart."

"Then I will make a pudding for them, too; and you can have that first, for we shan't want dinner till seven."

"Very well, mem."

"Would you kindly ring the bell when you have finished?" she asked, somewhat coldly, of Mr. Miller; and then she turned and left the saloon, and went on deck.

By this time they had got well past Loch Salen, and right ahead of them lay the open Atlantic, with Tobermory lighthouse on their left, and on their right the gaunt precipices of Ardnamurchan Point running out to the ocean. The sun was wearing round to the west; and a warmer light lay over the vast panorama of mountains, shores, and sea. The wind had gone down a bit, too; and Captain Jimmy was looking forward to the time when, having got up to the mouth of Loch Sunart, he should be able to alter the course of the *Sea-Pyot* and let her run in before the wind to her anchorage for the night.

Mrs. Warren linked her hand within Violet's arm, and led her forward a bit, apparently the better to command a view of the open sea.

"Violet, what have you been doing to Mr. Miller?"

"Nothing," the girl answered.

"There is something the matter with him: you see that."

"Yes, I do," she replied, and then she said, with proud indifference, "I have done nothing to offend him that I know of. If he chooses to make himself unpleasant, how can I help it? Look at him now—reading a book and taking no notice of all this wonderful place. We may look forward to a delightful trip if he keeps on in that way."

"Violet," said Mrs. Warrener, gently, "you ought not to speak of him like that; you ought to make excuses for him."

"Why should I, any more than anyone else? I wish to be as friendly with him as with any one; but when I see him making this return for your brother's kindness in asking him to go with us——"

"Oh, James doesn't mind. Probably he doesn't see it."

"I wish I could believe he was seasick," said Violet, rather cruelly. "But it isn't that, for he has been smoking

cigars all day. People say that on board a ship is a dreadful place for making people quarrel; but we haven't been on board here long enough, surely. There is one thing, however, certain enough. A ship is a bad place to bottle up inflammable materials in. If he imagines himself wronged or hurt in any way, there will be an explosion,—and that before long."

She was right in that conjecture, as events were soon to prove; but in the meantime could anything be more peaceful and peace-suggesting than the scenes through which the *Sea-Pyot* was now gently bearing them? They had turned aside from the broad waters of the Sound, and were now running before a light breeze into a long and winding loch that lay between hills and mountains of singular beauty of form and colour. The solemn evening light, touching the higher peaks, seemed to add to the silence and loneliness of the shadows below, where the grey heron stood motionless under the black rocks, and here and there the dark head of a seal appeared in the smooth waters of the succeeding bays. It was without a sound that the *Sea-Pyot* glided past the successive headlands; but her arrival was announced from time to time by the far call of the curlew, startling the silence of the place, and awaking answering cries from other sea-birds along the coast. At length they sailed in to a solitary little bay, where the water was almost without a ripple, and here the impressive stillness that reigned around was suddenly broken by the loud, harsh rattle of the chain-cable as the anchor plunged. The curlews whistled their warning-note as they fled along the shore; the sea-pyots screamed shrilly as they flew away across the loch, skimming the water in their flight; a single heron, uttering a low, harsh croak, heavily lifted his long wings, and disappeared in the gathering twilight. Then all was peace again; and the darkness came gently down over the mountains, and over the still bosom of the lake, until one could scarcely make out the shore.

If the prosaic details of yachting had been prominent during the day, they were no longer so in the mystic silence of the night as the stars came out over the hills, and the ripple against the side of the vessel broke in a million sparks of phosphorescent fire. Then the moon arose; and the shore and the hills began to appear again in the growing light; until another world stood revealed, cold and silent, and still. The red glow of the cabin skylight was the only point of intense colour in all this pale picture; even as in the yacht itself, where peace and silence seemed to prevail, there was but one fierce and hidden fire—in a man's heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAGIC MERGANSER.

At this point, and in common courtesy to his readers, the writer of these pages considers himself bound to give fair warning that the following chapter deals solely and wholly with the shooting of mergansers, curlews, herons, and such like fearful wild fowl; therefore those who regard such graceless idling with aversion, and are anxious to get on with the story, should at once proceed to chapter twenty-three. There is no just reason, one might urge, why fiction should speak only of those days in a man's life in which something supremely good or supremely bad happened to him—jumping over the far greater number of days in which nothing particular happened to him—and thereby recording the story of his life in a jerky, *staccato*, impossible manner. Destiny is not for ever marching on with majestic stride; even the horrid Furies sometimes put away their whips; give a man a gun, place him on a Highland loch on a still day in August, show him a few dark specks swimming round the distant promontories, and he will forget that there is even such a thing as to-morrow. To write out the whole story of his life in this fashion would, of course, be impossible; for it would be twenty times as long as the longest Japanese drama in existence; while the death-rate among the readers

—say twenty-four in a thousand per annum—would interfere with the continued attention demanded by the author. But occasionally, in the briefest story, one of these idle and un-memorable days ought to come in, just to show that the people are not always brooding over the plan of their lives. Anyhow—and this is the long and the short of it three out of five of the passengers on board the *Sea-Pyot* are going in pursuit of mergansers, and the gentle reader is entreated to grant them this one holiday, which will be the last of its kind.

What else, indeed, could they do? There was no wind to take them out of the beautiful little bay in which they were anchored. When Violet came up and saw how still and clear the water was—small fish, "cuddies," could be seen at a wonderful depth—she immediately darted down again and brought up with her one of the bottles out of the cruet-stand.

"Did you ever see the most beautiful thing in the world?" she called out.

When they confessed they had not, she emptied, regardless of expense, the contents of the mustard-pot into the sea, close by the side of the vessel, and immediately the great shining depths beneath them were filled with particles of glittering gold, the sun gleaming on them as they slowly sank, and causing the sea to look as if it were so much *Goldenes-wasser* from Dantzig.

"That is a pretty trick, Miss Violet," remarked a tall gentleman standing there. "Perhaps you will kindly fill that bottle again?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," remarked the young lady, with much coolness, as she went below.

"Now, Jimmy," continued Mr. Drummond, turning to the skipper with whom he had been talking, "you don't really mean to say that a seal flung stones at you? Come now—I will make every allowance for winter-time—and idleness—and the necessity of stories—but you know, Jimmy, that is a little too much——"

"I declare to you, sir," said the yellow-bearded, brown-complexioned man, with some Highland vehemence, "it is as true as you are standing there. Is it stones? Tam him, he nearly felled my head off wi stones as big as your hand, and bigger. For I was in a boat when I shot at him; and I sah he couldna get down to the watter; and I knew that I had struck him. And when I got on the shore to run up to him, tam him, he began to fling the stones at my head, and he did not fling them as a man would fling them, but backwards, with his head turned away from you, and you should hef seen how he will catch the stones up with his fins, or his hands, or whatever it is. And there was no use waiting, sir, so I will run up to him as hard as I could, and I will fall on him then, and catch him round the head, and it was no more stones he will fling after I had the grip of him. See! sir, see!—there is one now—going into the weeds——"

About sixty yards off, making in for the shore, they could descry a round brown object, moving from side to side. Young Miller, who had his gun in his hand, instantly put it up to his shoulder; Drummond as quickly caught the barrels and turned them aside.

"By the ashes of my grandfather there shall not be a shot fired at a seal while we are in these waters. What is the use? If you wound him, he dives; if you kill him, he sinks; and if you got him, what would you do with him? The skin is worth nothing. Then he is the most harmless and gentle creature——"

"Especially when he throws stones at you."

"Wouldn't you throw stones, or anything else, at any one who had peppered you with a charge of duck-shot?"

"Then what are we to shoot when we go out to-day?" inquired the younger man, with some resentment. "You have got up a regular list now of things that must not be touched. If they only knew, the birds and beasts might come on board here as a sort of sanctuary——"

"Well, I will tell you what we must

shoot. First of all, that abominable wretch, the curlew, for he is a screaming tell-tale, and he is likewise very good to eat. Then I believe those gentle creatures below are rather anxious to have some heron's feathers; you may shoot a heron or two when you get the chance—only they don't as a rule come and perch on the point of your barrels. But above all we must slay duck—wild-duck—the bird that looks inelegant in the air, but beautiful on the table—him we must seize by fair means or foul, else we shall have nothing to break the monotony of mutton for days and days to come, and we may even run short of mutton, if we come to a place where the postmaster hasn't been killing lately. Three or four miles from here, up one of the side lochs, Jimmy says the place swarms with duck, and there will be some that are flappers yet. I grieve to think of destroying these young things before they have grown tired of the world; but Jimmy says they are exceedingly good to eat. Of course, if these duck had any sense, they would give up eating grass and fresh-water weeds, and take to sea-weed, and shrimps, and young jelly-fish, and so on, until they grew as fishy as a fine, old, rich-flavoured solan. Then people would let them alone."

"But this is salt water we have here."

"Yes."

"And it is salt water in the loch we are going up."

"Certainly."

"Then what are the wild-duck doing here if they live on fresh-water weeds?"

"I don't know. How can I tell? I am informed that wild-duck abound here in great numbers; I have seen birds resembling duck swimming in the loch; I have asked if they were widgeon—no, they are not widgeon: that is all I know."

"Perhaps they come down from the mountain streams to have a swim in the loch."

"Perhaps they do. We will shoot them and ask them for an explanation."

It was about ten o'clock that forenoon that the gig was lowered and two stalwart young fellows got in to hand down the guns, cartridge-bags, luncheon-basket, &c. Just as Mr. George Miller had taken his station at the bow, the men on the thwarts, and Mr. Drummond at the stern, and as they were about to bid "Good-bye" to those left on board the yacht, it suddenly occurred to Miss Violet that she would like very much to join this shooting expedition. She pleaded earnestly. Mr. Miller opened his eyes wide, and said she had better do nothing of the sort. Mr. Drummond, looking up from his seat in the stern, said—

"Are you willing to have your ears dinned?"

"Quite."

"Are you afraid of being shot?"

"Not if I sit near you: if I were six yards off I should be."

This insult was too much.

"Give way, lads, give way," he called out.

"No! Don't! Wait a minute!" she called out also; and the men stopped.

"Please, Mr. Drummond, let me go with you, and I shall be most respectful to you the whole time. You want somebody to bring back the story. You could not, your two selves, begin to tell all the wonderful things you did. Please let me go!"

"Come along, then," and he rose and handed her down into the boat, where she took her seat beside him. In another minute or two the gig was well away from the yacht, making for a narrow channel in the loch between some small islands and the mainland.

"Now," said he to his companion, "you must preserve strict silence."

"Very well," she said obediently.

Having placed this injunction on her, he proceeded to descant on the quick hearing and long sight of birds, on the cunning of savages in capturing wild animals, on the instinctive yearning in civilised life for a brief return to the freedom, physical toil, and excitement enjoyed by the savage in his pursuit of game, and so forth, and so forth. She remained absolutely silent; but

there was a demure smile about her lips. It was not until he was proceeding to expound to her that the radical vice of the English political character was its contempt for parochial affairs—that every boy fresh from the University was prepared to reform the Constitution, but would not stoop to learn anything of the local raising and application of taxes, and so forth, that she ventured to say—

"Do I speak more loudly than you? How is it you have no fear of frightening away the birds?"

Just at this minute they were startled by a loud whirring of wings and a shrill whistle; and a large grey object was seen to flash along the front of the rocks ahead of them. Bang! bang! went two barrels at the bow—the bird flew on and disappeared. But now on all sides in this seemingly silent and deserted place a wild confusion arose. Half-a-dozen oyster-catchers flew out from the shore—their red bills and legs shining in the sun—and made away up the loch; everywhere there was a calling of curlews; a flock of sand-pipers rose and twisted about in the air exactly like snipe; two or three herons, with slowly-flapping wings, and legs hanging down, disappeared over the nearest promontory.

"Why didn't you shoot that curlew?" Drummond called out.

The answer showed that the young man at the bow had been nursing a silent rage all this time.

"I should like to know how we are likely to shoot anything, so long as you go on talking like that," he said, sharply. "And I knew how it would be."

"Why," Drummond called out, good-naturedly, "the bird wasn't thirty yards off when he rose; you won't get such another chance at a curlew if you wait here twenty years."

"Well I think we may as well go back to the yacht."

"I don't think you can swim as far, can you? Never mind, Miller, we must keep quiet now. You needn't pull, lads; the current will carry us through those channels. Miller, keep a good look-out."

There was now no more about the instinct of savages or the taxation of Camberwell; for the rising tide, producing a strong current running up the loch, was carrying the cutter silently through certain twisting channels between the islands and the shore. The shore was at this point both rocky and wooded—young ash and birch coming down in many places close to the water; while round the islands the tide was still low enough to display a broad fringe of brown sea-weed. There was therefore every chance of finding plenty of wild fowl about.

Silently and stealthily they stole by the successive promontories, sometimes catching a glimpse of a heron heavily flying away far ahead of them, and again listening to the distant call of the curlew. Suddenly Miss Violet touched her companion's arm. A heron had come right overhead—flying from the shore it had discovered its mistake too late to turn right back—and was now making for the islands. Miss Violet put her hands to her ears; but she still looked up. The next second her head was violently shaken by the report of the gun; and a huge confused mass of feathers came tumbling down into the sea, some five-and-twenty yards off. When they rowed back for it against the current, and hauled it on board, they found it was a very large heron, about three feet and a half from bill to claw, and in very fair plumage. But they had scarcely got the heron into the boat when their attention was called to a flock of birds that had risen from the shores of an island near, and were twisting this way and that in the air, the flock showing white one minute and grey the next.

"Surely they're snipe?" called out Miller; and one of the sailors—who seemed to have as much interest as any one in what was going on—called out in reply—

"Ay, they're snipe, sir; see, there they're coming round now."

The flock made one of their abrupt wheels and swept by the bow of the boat some forty yards off. Mr. Miller

fired both his barrels into the thick of them—anxious to have the larder of the yacht supplied with such goodly prey—and as the birds sheered off to the left, Mr. Drummond sent a parting shot after them. Three fell.

"Only three after all that noise!" called out a young lady who had promised silence.

But what was their disgust on pulling up to the birds, and hauling them in, to find that in place of the coveted snipe, they were only poor little sandpipers, whose fatal resemblance to the snipe in their length of bill and manner of flying had brought on them this destruction. The disappointment of the shooters, however, was as nothing to the pity expressed by their gentle companion, who regarded herself as an accessory to this slaughter of the innocents.

"You can eat sandpipers," remonstrated Mr. Miller.

"You can eat thrushes and nightingales," was the retort, "and who wants to do that?"

By this time they had drifted through the narrow channels, and the men took to their oars again. They were now in front of a broad and shallow bay, some four or five miles in circumference, the smooth waters of which reflected the tender colours of the great mountains lying between the level shores and the sky. In many places these flat shores showed long stretches of white sand coming down to the water's edge and there fringed with an abundance of weeds that offered excellent shelter for wild fowl. Indeed they could now descry, at several points near the land, certain groups of dark specks moving slowly in the water; at last they had come to the haunt of the wild-duck.

They had no dog, no stalking-horse, no flat-bottomed punt; there was nothing for it but to pull straight for the duck, on the chance of getting a shot when they rose and wheeled overhead. It was also very doubtful whether they could get anywhere near the land, the water in this broad and sandy bay being so shallow near the shore. Already in the far crystal deeps they could descry the long tangles of the sea-weed; they seemed to be passing over the transparent roof of a magical marine palace garlanded by the mysterious inhabitants of the sea.

The five birds they were now approaching showed no sign either of getting up or betaking themselves to the exposed sea-weed of the rocks, where they could easily have hidden themselves. They only swam a little more actively about in the water, obviously regarding the strangers, and perhaps drawing a trifle nearer to the shore. At last, Miller said—in a loud whisper—

"Shall I fire a shot to put them up? We shall be aground directly."

"All right," was the answer.

Miller, who was crouching down, stealthily put the barrels of his gun over the bow, put the stock to his shoulder, and, taking a long and steady aim, fired. The silence of the bay resounded to the report. Then Mr. Drummond, jumping up to take better aim, looked round.

There was no sign whatever of the duck. Miller had seen the shot strike the water all round them and over them; but they had apparently ducked the flash so successfully that not a feather remained to tell of there having been there. The two sportsmen stood in the boat, gun in hand, in momentary expectation of seeing one of those black objects reappear on the surface of the blue water. They waited in vain.

Just then one of the oarsmen called aloud and pointed to three duck flying almost overhead, at a considerable height, and towards the stern of the boat. It was but a haphazard shot; but all the same Mr. Drummond put up his gun and fired.

"I have him this time," he said, as one of the three came down like the stick of a rocket and splashed into the water. Mr. Drummond paid no attention to the bird; he was busy in putting another cartridge into the empty barrel; but Violet called out—

"Where is that duck? I can't see him!"

There was no duck visible.

"Confound it," said Drummond, "I never saw a duck like that before."

"I see him, sir—there he is!" cried the sailor Alec; and then the two men plunged their oars in the water and made away for the spot where the bird had come up—some hundred yards or so from where it had fallen. Directly, however, the duck dived again; and was no more seen, though they waited about the place for five or six minutes.

They would try again. They pulled across the loch—with curlews, and sea-pyots, and sandpipers screaming and flying before them—and again they drew near a group of those dark objects which were paddling in by the shore. On approaching them, however, these birds did make an effort to rise; but they could only whirr along the surface of the water for a short distance, whipping it with their wings as they went.

"By Jove, they are flappers," Drummond called out. "Pull away, my lads, you shall have a brace for your dinner."

The young duck could fly no further; they were swimming as rapidly as they could, looking round every minute at the enemy, who was rapidly gaining on them. At length, Miller called out—

"We must fire now or they will dive—take the outside ones first."

Again the silent bay resounded with the loud banging of the guns; and one after the other the charges of shot struck the water, churning it into a white foam. The seven birds had separated, swimming in various directions; so that the aim and effect of each shot were clearly visible. By rights four of the birds should have been killed; for apparently four charges of lead had struck down on them; but when the smoke had cleared away nothing was to be seen but one of the birds that was half-fluttering and half-swimming into the land. For a second or two they waited to see if any of the other six would come up again; they looked in vain; in their bewilderment they called on the men to pull after this remaining duck which was at least visible.

Visible? That had disappeared too.

"Will anybody tell me," Mr. Drummond asked, looking round in amazement, "whether we are in a Highland loch or in some confounded incantation-scene? Alec, my lad, do you really say these birds are wild-duck?"

"Ay, sir," said the young sailor, seriously, "it iss sure enough they are wild-duck, but it iss not easy the shooting of them, for the wicket teffles they will tife and hould on to the weeds at the bottom."

"No, no, no!" Drummond cried, scornfully, "no man will persuade me that these are wild-duck. Your mallard is a respectable and gentlemanly bird, and when you kill him he dies, and there is an end of it. Gracious powers, look at that!"

He pointed to the clear and shallow water; and they could see a sort of wavy track in it some few yards off. Directly afterwards they saw that this was a bird—probably one of the duck that had dived further out—swimming under water with singular rapidity and making for the shore.

"We must have this fellow, anyway," Drummond called out, "for there is no weed at all there"—and just as he spoke the bird bobbed up its head and neck and looked around. Drummond fired; the shot struck the water exactly at the proper place; but the bird had dived before it reached him. The bow of the boat grated on the sand; they could pull no further in. But once again the duck, finding no shelter, appeared on the surface of the water; and this time a snap-shot of Mr. Miller's stretched him lifeless.

"The wicket wee teffle, we hef him now!" remarked Alec, as he jumped into the water and waded across to the bird.

"Now let us examine this mystical creature," Mr. Drummond said, "and if it proves to be a new phenomenon—a being hitherto unknown to science—we will give it a name. I suggest *Anas magica*——"

"I should think *Jack-in-the-box vulgaris* would do," interposed Violet.

The mysterious wild-fowl was here handed into the boat. Certainly it bore all the outward signs of being a duck. It had the ruddy-brown and grey-speckled plumage of a duck; it had the white-banded wings and the tail of a duck; it had the heavy, waddling body of a duck; it had the webbed feet of a duck. The only apparent point of difference was the bill, which, instead of being short and flat, was long, narrow, and pointed, with a row of small, sharp, serrated teeth on each side.

"Alec!" Mr. Drummond suddenly exclaimed, "I believe you have deceived me. This is no duck at all."

"Ay, sir, it iss a duck," Alec maintained, adding philosophically, "and it iss ferry good for eating whateffer."

"Why, man, look at the bill—that bird lives on fish. He will taste like a gannet or a douker. Why—now when I think of it—surely it must be—I am certain this must be the merganser——"

"The what?"

"The merganser! I never saw one; but when I was at Oxford a man I knew there shot two of them, one very hard winter, quite close by the town; and I have a vague recollection of his believing he had shot a brace of wild-duck; Alec, you don't mean to say that you call this animal a duck?"

"It iss a duck—and it iss no others you will get—and ferry good they are for the eating," Alec maintained sturdily.

"Well, well, if you say so, we must try to get some more. How many cartridges have we fired? The merganser takes a deal of powder and shot; he ought to be good for the eating."

And so the luckless merganser was pitched beside the dead heron; and, as there was no use remaining in this bay, where all the birds had been disturbed by the firing (even the gulls were wheeling high in the air) the men pulled away for the next arm of this long and winding loch. The world had grown still again, save for the clanking of the oars. They saw one or two seals off an island lying out in the lake; their black heads motionless on the smooth water. At last they came in sight of a long promontory partly covered with wood; and here it was judged advisable that young Miller should go on shore, creep round by the wood, and steal out to the end of this promontory, while Mr. Drummond, in the boat, would lie in ambush for such birds as might be driven his way.

The young man went off—picking his way over the big stones and through the tall weeds that here lined the shore—and by and by they saw him crouching along by the landward hollows until he disappeared on the other side of the promontory. They awaited the result of his expedition in absolute silence. Suddenly, however, Violet touched her companion's arm. A heron—with an indiscretion that rarely characterises that most wary of birds—was coming slowly down the loch, and apparently about to pass the boat at not more than twenty yards distance. Indeed, he had got to within thirty yards of the bow—flying close to the water, and apparently quite heedless—when he sheered off a bit, and that so little that he remained within shot for at least ten or twelve seconds. Mr. Drummond did not put up his gun.

"One is enough," he said, indifferently, "you will have plenty of feathers. And that was a young one—both young and foolish——"

Here they heard the crack of Miller's gun; and directly afterwards it seemed as if these silent coasts had sprung into life. There was a calling and shrieking of birds—another shot, and still another, followed in quick succession—three or four herons appeared over the promontory (looking huge objects against the clear sky) and rose high into the air as they made for the mountains—a string of ducks was seen to shoot across the loch, followed by another shot from the point—and all about came flying curlews, and gulls, and oyster-catchers, the last flying most quickly of all, with their white and black plumage gleaming in the sun. Mr. Drummond had his gun in readiness for the curlews; but as they successively came down the loch they

caught sight of the boat and got easily out of reach. All except one; and that one had come over the bushes above before he discovered what was lying underneath. He gave a shrill whistle and altered his flight; but it was too late; the next second he was lying motionless on the still water.

At this moment they saw young Miller on the top of the promontory, waving to them with his cap.

"Pull away, boys," Drummond said, when they had picked up the curlew. "I suppose he wants to chase some more of these mergansers."

When they came up to the promontory, they saw several objects lying on the water, while at the feet of the young man lay a heron extended on the rocks. They picked up the birds for him—two sea-pyots and a merganser—and then pulled in for the shore, where they all landed to have luncheon.

"What's the use of shooting sea-pyots?" Mr. Drummond asked. "There were lots of curlew about."

"I shot what I could get to shoot," the young man answered, testily. "I haven't seen you shoot a curlew yet."

"You might have done," was the careless answer, "if you had been in the boat. However, I suppose the girls will be able to do something with the plumage—it is very beautiful."

"No, thank you, as far as I am concerned," Violet said; "I only wanted some of those grey feathers of the heron. It seems a pity to shoot birds for no reason at all."

The young man sat down to his luncheon in no very enviable mood. He was convinced that if Mr. Drummond had shot the oyster-catchers she would have found reason enough. Fortunately, he was not dependent on the caprices of a girl; and as he had come out to enjoy a day's shooting, he was determined to enjoy himself in his own fashion; and she might continue to show such preferences as pleased her.

Cold mutton, bread, and bottled ale are very welcome things when one has been plunging about in the Highland air for four or five hours; and then there was a soda-water bottle half filled with whisky for the sailors, who had their share of the luncheon in the boat. They were now within sight of the extremity of this arm of Loch Sunart, which is called Loch Tyachus, or some such name; so that whatever remained to them of shooting was confined within this long and shallow bay, which was even larger than the one they had previously explored. Moreover Alec informed them that there were always large quantities of duck up at the head of the loch, where a river came down to the salt water; and it was a matter for speculation whether, in this fresh water, there might not be some mallard or teal. To get a few ducks of this description would guard them against the risk of finding the mergansers, in spite of Alec's vehement assertions, uneatable.

"Do you see those cottages away up there at the head of the loch?" said Mr. Drummond, as he lit a contemplative pipe. "Fancy living in such a place—all by yourself—confronted day and night by those lonely mountains. One might get into a sort of apprehensive state—so that each morning you might get up and be quite surprised that the whole bubble hadn't burst up——"

"What bubble?" asked Violet, innocently.

"Why, the earth. You couldn't know much of history here; and even then history is but a point; the Romans knew no more of how they came into the world than we do; they and we are but as one in that—and in the point of time too—and to-morrow the whole business might be cracked up by a collision, and the universe go on without heeding that trifling and common occurrence. I don't see any road to those cottages. If the people come along this shore their carts must have strong axle-trees. And, in passing, a lurch might mix up two carts just as if they were railway-carriages. I remember a friend of mine, an Englishman, who used to drive his family about the country in a wagonette, and one day he came to that awfully narrow bit in the Pass of Brander, and just then he found the

coach coming down the other way. By rights he should have taken the outside, where there isn't a stone to save you from the brink of the precipice; but he swore to himself that no human power would take him to that side of the road. The coach came on; the guard blew his horn; my friend stuck to the right of the road, close by the hill. The coach came close up. 'Take your own side of the road!' bellowed the driver. 'Take your own side of the road!' bellowed the guard. 'Mes amis,' said my friend, with a shrug of the shoulders. 'Je ne vous comprends pas!' 'Take to your own side of the road, you unmentionable foreigner!' called out the driver again. My friend only smiled sweetly, and took off his hat with a most courteous bow. There was nothing for it. The guard tried to explain by signs: no use. They had to lead the horses of the coach past on the outside; and then as my friend drove on, he kissed his hand to them and said—'Mes bons amis, je vous donne mille remerciments; je baise les mains à vous, messieurs.'"

If Mr. George Miller and Violet had been on more intimate terms they would have looked at each other significantly. Both had an awful conviction that no such person as this mock-Frenchman existed; that no such incident had ever occurred; that the whole thing had been suggested by the imagined difficulty of getting two carts to pass each other on the stony shores of Loch Tyachus. But they could not give utterance to these suspicions at the moment, for they were now summoned down to the gig of the *Sea-Pyot* by the intelligence that a large brood of ducks were visible farther along the shores of the loch.

There was a trifle more vigour in the pulling of the men after the luncheon and whisky, and the boat swung forward at a good speed. Once they were suddenly checked by the appearance of a bird sitting on the water a short distance ahead; but it turned out that this was only a small grebe; and so they proceeded. By and by they came near to the cottages; and they could distinguish one or two women, with a lot of children, who had come to see what strange intrusion was this. The birds were now but forty or fifty yards ahead, well in shore; and with a caution to avoid firing in the direction of the cottages—lest the *ricochet* of a stray shot should reach the children—Drummond called on his younger friend to fire on chance. A charge of shot dashed into the water; the whole of the birds dived and disappeared but one, that got up and flew out towards the middle of the lake, making a semi-circle round the boat. Miller, at the bow, having just put in another cartridge, fired his first barrel; and one could see by the direction of the smoke, wadding, and so forth, that the shot must have rattled all round the duck. He fired his second barrel, and again the direction seemed all that could be desired. Drummond, the bird having now got further round, also had his two barrels at the flying target; and when the duck was finally seen to get clear away from all these showers of lead, Miss Violet clapped her hands and declared that he deserved to escape.

"It was a merganser," observed Mr. Drummond, thoughtfully; "any other bird would have been killed four times over. Each of those charges went all round him—and yet he never moved a feather——"

The speaker stopped. What was this enormous bird coming flying down at a great rate of speed, with long neck outstretched and huge wings?

"Look out!" Miller cried. "A wild goose, by Jove!"

He had the first shot, and evidently struck the bird, which altered its line of flight; but before it had gone much further, a charge of No. 3 from Mr. Drummond's gun had caught the prodigy, which now fell head-foremost into the sea-weed.

"Put round the boat, Alec!" cried Miss Violet, in great excitement. "Now, that is something! Pull away, Alec—quick—quick!"

"He's dead enough" said Mr. Drummond, for indeed, the large bird was lying among the brown seaweed with its wings outstretched.

"It is as big as an albatross!" said young Miller. "And he got the full benefit of my first barrel before you brought him down."

But at this moment the whole complexion of affairs was changed by a singular incident. They now observed that one of the women was coming down to the shore, uttering a series of shrill sounds that appeared to be violent reproaches, and shaking her clenched hand in the air. Our voyagers stared at each other. What could be the matter? As she came nearer, it appeared she was an old woman, violently excited, and calling out to them in a language they could not understand.

"We cannot have hurt anybody," said Mr. Drummond; "there was no firing anywhere near the direction of the cottages."

"I think it wass the goose, sir," said Alec, gravely.

"The goose?"

"Ay; I think the goose wass belonging to the old woman."

An awful possibility flashed into their minds. By this time they had run the boat in among the stones; and they got out and went up to the old woman, who, still scolding away in this unknown tongue, was standing by the body of the dead bird. When they regarded the luckless animal their fears were confirmed. It was, in fact, a respectable old gander.

"Gracious heavens! Alec," cried Drummond, "will you explain the matter to this furious old woman? Tell her that geese in our country don't go flying out to sea and pretending to be wild birds. Tell her this old gander fell a prey to his vanity. Tell her——"

But Miss Violet had taken a better way of silencing the old woman. She had put a couple of sovereigns in her hand and held them out. The old woman ceased her angry denunciations and regarded the coin with a suspicious curiosity. She took them up, looked at them, bit them with her teeth; then she called aloud for her neighbour, a younger woman, who was shyly standing at some little distance. The latter came timidly forward, and, when appealed to, looked at the sovereigns. The result of the examination was not favourable.

"Na, na!" the old woman cried; and she was beginning once more to denounce the wanton cruelty of the strangers when Alec, in as forcible Gaelic as her own, broke in upon her.

What ensued, of course, our travellers could not tell; they could only guess from gestures and tones. At length Alec said, with a sort of bashful smile—

"She'll no tek the English money, sir. She thinks that you intended to kill her gander, sir——"

"Why don't you tell her that such a fool of a bird richly deserves its fate?"

"She says if you will pay for it, it must be in good money——"

"Does she mean in one-pound notes?"

"Yes, sir."

This was awkward. Not one of them had a Scotch note. Seeing their dilemma, Alec said, with some hesitation—

"I hef one or two notes, sir——"

"All right, Alec. Let's have a couple of them; and here are two good English sovereigns."

"Ay," said Alec, with still greater embarrassment, "but they are sewn up in the waistband of my troosers, sir——"

"All right—cut them out—you can sew them up afterwards."

"Ay, sir," said Alec, looking very doubtfully at his master, "but I will hef to tek the troosers off——"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Drummond, hastily. "Well, off you go up to the cottage; turn the children out; and get the money. I am sorry to spoil your clothes for you, but you shall all have an extra glass of grog to-night——"

"And you shall have a pudding for to-morrow's dinner, seeing it's Sunday," added Violet.

"And a merganser apiece," suggested Mr. Miller, with a laugh.

It was not without a great deal of arguing that the old woman would

consent to Alec's going up to the cottage, for she evidently suspected he meant to steal her fowls; and when, at length, she allowed him to go, she went with him as guard, while she left her neighbour to look after the others, lest they should run away with the gander and leave Alec as an unprofitable hostess.

Moreover when they came back from the cottage, they were still arguing and quarrelling.

"What is the matter now, Alec? Haven't you found the money?"

"Ay, I hef the money," said the young sailor, showing the two notes in his hand, "but the old witch she will want the money and the goose too; an' I will say to her she gets far too much for the goose; and when the goose is paid for, it will be no longer belonging to her——"

"Never mind, Alec. Give the old woman the money, and her gander too. They were together in their lives, and in death they shall not be divided. Get into the boat, young people. Good day to you, old lady; beware of keeping vain and pretentious ganders."

So they stood out to sea again, resolved to commit no further farm-yard depredations. And indeed they were fairly successful in another direction; for, having by slow degrees worked this way and that across the loch, they had driven the birds up to the shallow water at its extremity, and here the sea-fowl would inevitably pass them again rather than go inland. As for the wild-duck which Alec had prophesied would be found in large numbers around the estuary of the small river, they discovered that these were but the ubiquitous merganser; and as grave doubts existed as to whether the flesh of the merganser was worth its salt, they were more intent on getting a few curlews, with perhaps a golden plover or two, several of which they had observed beyond range. Certainly, when they got up to the head of the loch, there was no lack of birds. In every direction there were cries and warning whistles, some flocks rising in a body and making off round the shore, others separating in confusion and making straight back down the loch. It was out of the latter that they made their bag. In the noise and confusion, even the wary curlew occasionally came right over the gig, and there was a sufficiently fierce discharge of ammunition. Product of the day's expedition: two herons, five mergansers, five curlews, two oyster-catchers, and three sandpipers. Missing, a gander.

It was a long pull back to the yacht, and Mr. Drummond and Miller were for taking a turn at the oars. But the young fellows would not hear of that; perhaps they were cheered up by the promise of a feast on the morrow.

And so the gig glided down between the silent shores of Loch Tyachus—and passed the islands where the seals were still to be seen—and got through the narrow channels back into the bay of Loch Sunart where the *Sea-Pyot* lay at her moorings. It had been a long, busy, enjoyable day; to all appearance no gloomy surmises, no anxious thoughts had interfered with the pleasures of holiday-making.

Violet knew nothing of these surmises and anxieties; and yet she could not help asking herself how it was that Mr. Drummond sometimes spoke as he had spoken while they sate on the rocks after luncheon—as if the world had nothing further for him—as if life were of but little account. It is true that these utterances had no taint of envy nor even of disappointment in them; perhaps, indeed, they were more the result of haphazard fancies than the expression of personal feeling; and yet she did not fail to detect in them an under-note of sadness. She knew there was no sacrifice she would not gladly undertake for the happiness of this the best of all her friends; but how could she, she asked herself, a mere girl, affect this man's estimate of life? She was his pupil, not his teacher.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CRISIS.

But Mr. George Miller had no intention of nursing his wrath in silence. If his

suspicions were correct—and his suspicions had almost become convictions he would have the matter out at once. He was not to be kept dangling after a woman who was secretly in love with somebody else; if that were so, better for every one concerned that the truth should be known and the farce come to an end.

He had not to wait long to bring matters to a crisis. Next day was Sunday—a beautiful, still, brilliant day, with the sunlight lying warm on the greys and purples of rock and heather, on the bare scaurs of the granite mountains, on the light blue stretches of water around the islands—and of course church and chapel were alike unknown in this remote and solitary place. In the perfect silence they could vaguely hear, through the open hatchway of the forecastle, the voice of one of the men reading from a Gaelic Bible to his companions. Mr. Drummond, lying at full length on the deck, partly sheltered from the sun by the shadow of the gig, was deeply immersed in a book and paid no attention to anything that was going on. He would not even stir when the others proposed to go on shore; and so Young Miller hauled up the dingey to the side of the yacht, put the ladies into it, and himself rowed them in to the land.

It was a beautiful place to idle through, on this bright, warm day. A road, skirting the sea, took them through a wilderness of rock and ferns, of heather and young birch-trees, of honeysuckle bushes and rowan-trees scarlet with berries; it led them past mountain-streams that came tumbling down narrow glens into clear brown pools; it took them through woods of young oak and ash; it led them away up the side of a mountain, and there, turning round and looking back, they beheld a marvellous net-work of islands—resembling a raised map—lying in the still blue water, each island having a fringe of yellow seaweed round its shores. Apparently the only inhabitants of the place were the wild duck swimming off the nearest point, the invisible curlew that kept whistling and calling each other, and a solitary heron standing among the sea-weed, like the grey ghost of a bird among the rich brown.

George Miller did not notice many of these things; he was too impatiently waiting for a chance of speaking privately with Violet; and at first it seemed as though he never would get that chance, for the girl kept well up with Mrs. Warrener and her daughter, who were in front, and of course he could not ask her to linger behind. At last, however, the opportunity occurred. They had to cross a deep glen by means of a wooden bridge that was perhaps eighty or ninety feet above the water below; and here Violet paused for a second or two to cast some pebbles down into the clear pool between the rocks and bushes.

"Violet," said he, rather peremptorily, "I want you to speak frankly with me for a minute or two. Let them go on. I think it is time we had some sort of explanation."

She was vexed and annoyed that she should become the victim of those recurrent interviews whenever she forgot to avoid being alone with him; but she said nothing. She awaited what he had to say with an air of respectful attention.

"You know what I mean," said he, speaking rapidly. "I have as much patience as most men; and I don't wish to bother you; but after all it is time we came to some sort of explanation. Or let the whole thing come to an end."

He uttered the last words with some vehemence.

"Or let what come to an end?"

"The sort of expectation, or understanding, that some day you will become my wife."

"I am quite willing that that should come to an end."

He had almost expected her to say that; and he was more angry than disappointed. And yet he endeavoured to suppress any sign of mortification—partly from pride, partly from the consciousness that an exhibition of temper could avail him but little.

"It is no use, then, my waiting any longer. You have definitely resolved that our relations should cease?"

"I—I have wished that they should cease," she said, in a low voice; "and I thought you knew that——"

"And your reason?"

"I am sure I am very grieved to think that you may be hurt or offended, or disappointed," she continued, not noticing his question. "And when you said you would rather wait, I thought that was a great pity—but now, since you think it better all this should end——"

"I think it better?" said he, with bitter vehemence. "It is you who think it better; and if you will not tell me your reason, I will tell it to you. You think you have been blinding me? No. I have been looking on at the farce."

She turned her large dark eyes upon him with a gaze of wonder and inquiry; but he did not fail to observe that her face paled somewhat.

"What do you mean?" she said, slowly.

"Do you think you have blinded me? Haven't I seen the pitiable fashion in which you have become the very slave of that man—echoing his opinions as if he had all the wisdom in the world—toadying and fawning upon him——"

She drew herself up to her full height.

"You do not believe what you say," she said, with a proud smile.

"I do know," he said; and now he had lost control over himself, and his wounded vanity made him talk wildly. "I tell you that all the world can see it—all the world except himself, perhaps, for he is only a baby. And you know what I say is true. Look at me in the face—I dare you to look at me in the face—and deny that you love the man."

That was a challenge: and all the wild, rebellious blood in the girl leapt to her heart. To cringe before the accuser—to deny the one highest and holiest feeling that her nature had ever known—that could not be Violet North's first impulse at such a moment. There was a strange, proud light on her pale face as she said—

"And if I do not deny it? I have many things to be ashamed of: not that. No, if I were to die just now, I should think my life had been a happy one, only to have known such a man as a friend."

He was simply thunderstruck. He had seen much, and imagined more; but for this he was not prepared. Then the audacious courage of the girl astounded him; what could this glad, proud light on her face mean but that her whole being was wrapped up in an earnest, unreasoning devotion.

He knew then that his case was hopeless; and he had sufficient vanity to prompt him to put a good face on it.

"I suppose," said he, with a forced smile, "that now you have been so frank, there is no more to be said. I wish you had been a little franker some time ago—But that does not matter now. Let us part good friends, Violet."

He held out his hand.

"Are you going away?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes," he answered, cheerfully. "I couldn't think of disturbing your domestic peace. Good-bye; if you don't go on at once Mrs. Warrener will be coming back to look for you."

She stood irresolute; but she allowed him to shake hands with her. Then he turned and walked away.

"Mr. Miller!"

He stopped and looked back. She advanced to him, with her eyes bent downwards, and a sort of tremble about her lips.

"I wish," she said, in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her, "to ask your forgiveness for whatever pain I may have caused you. Believe me—I am very sorry—I thought at one time it might have ended differently——"

"All right," said he. "Don't trouble about that. Good-bye, Violet."

He turned once more, and went off down the hill, leaving the girl to rejoin her friends, with the consciousness at

her heart that a great event had happened in her life, with what probable consequences she could not at all foresee. She knew that it was better for both that this definite explanation should have been made, and an end put to a hopeless condition of affairs; and yet memory went back over the past two or three years with something of regret, and in her secret heart she was hoping that her now discarded lover would not think too harshly of her in the years to come.

"Where is Mr. Miller, Violet?" asked Mrs. Warrener, when Violet had rejoined the two who had gone on.

"He has gone back to the yacht."

Her friend regarded her with curious eyes.

"You have been quarrelling again," she said.

"No, not at all."

"Well, you will get to the end of these disagreements when you marry, I suppose," said Mrs. Warrener, with a smile. "That is always the way. Young people are always quarrelling, because they are jealous, and exacting, and unreasonable; they get to know each other better when they are married."

The girl's cheeks burned red.

"There is no use speaking of that, Mrs. Warrener. Mr. Miller and I will never be married."

The little fair-haired woman laughed: she was not to be deceived—she had observed too much of the ways of young people in love.

"Of course not," she said, in her quiet, shrewd way. "It is always parting for ever and ever—over the wearing of some trinket, or the giving an extra dance to a rival. A solemn farewell for life; and the next day they meet and make it up quite easily. What is it all about, Violet"

"If you please, dear Mrs. Warrener, I would rather not speak of it," the girl said, gently; and there was an end of the matter.

But as George Miller went down the hill and along the shore towards the bay where the yacht lay, his private thoughts were scarcely so composed and cheerful as his manner of bidding good-bye to Violet had ostensibly been. It was not pleasant for a business-like young man to know that he had been spending two or three years of his life in chasing a rainbow. Then there would be the confession to his friends that he had failed; and the spectacle of this girl whom he had hoped to make his wife publicly declaring that she preferred James Drummond—a man of six or seven-and-thirty, who would cage her up in a small cottage on a narrow income and expect her to become a sort of upper housemaid. Not much chance for her now of driving in the Park, which even as a girl she had enjoyed.

What fascination, what enchantment had so perverted her mind? The more he thought of it, the more bitter he became, until he had almost persuaded himself that his rival had been for years trying to cajole the girl's affections, that he might marry the daughter of a rich man. If Mr. Miller had been in his right mind, he would have burst out laughing at this suggestion; but he was not in his right mind; and his jealous fancy brooded over the idea until he was ready to believe that the small yacht out there, lying peacefully in the bay, contained one of the most treacherous, specious, and malicious villains that had ever cursed the world.

He got into the dingey and rowed out to the *Sea-Pyot*. Mr. Drummond got up, took the painter from him, and helped him to get on board.

"Where are the others?" he said.

"Gone on further than I cared to go."

He sate down again and took to his book; the younger man went below.

In a few minutes Mr. Miller came up to the top of the companion-stairs.

"Can you let me have the knife I lent you last night?" he asked.

"It is in my cabin somewhere; if you want it I'll go down and get it."

"I would rather have it," was the answer.

So Mr. Drummond followed him down-stairs. What was his surprise to see that Miller had put on the table of

the saloon a knapsack which he had brought with him, and that it was partially packed.

"What are you about?" he said, with a stare.

"I mean to leave you now," the young man said, calmly. "I owe you fourteen cartridges: there they are—they are No. 4, but I suppose that won't matter. Can you give me the pen-knife!"

James Drummond only stared the more.

"What do you mean?"

"What I tell you. I am leaving the yacht."

"But what is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Where are you going?"

"I shall walk over to Loch Aline, and get some boat there."

"Miller, what's the matter with you? You can't walk over to Loch Aline to-day; you don't know the road; I doubt whether there is an inn there."

"Nevertheless, I am going," the younger man said, with a sullen determination.

Most men, in such circumstances, would have told him he might go a good deal further than Loch Aline, for aught they cared; but Mr. Drummond had a kindly feeling for the young man.

"Is it a quarrel with Violet?"

"I thought you would hit it," said the other, with an evident sneer. "I see you have expected it. Well, are you satisfied?"

There was altogether something in Miller's face that James Drummond could not understand. He began to wonder if Miller had discovered a whisky-still on shore and drunk himself mad. But he had not to wait for any further explanation; because the rising passion of the young man broke through his forced composure, and he began pouring forth a torrent of angry accusations. Drummond had inveigled away the girl from her people; he had flattered her school-girl vanity by making a companion of her; knowing that she was practically engaged to one who had her father's sanction, he had treacherously induced her to break her word; and so forth, and so forth. Drummond listened to all this with astonishment, but also with absolute self-control.

"I have a great mind," said he, "to take you up on deck and drop you overboard—that might cure you of your madness. Whoever has put all this stuff into your head?"

"Don't try to deceive me any further!" Miller said, with his lips white with angry excitement. "You have done it well enough already. You knew I was to marry the girl—you knew her father wished it—and yet you set to work to draw her away from me——"

"Then why are you here?" said Drummond. "If that was my design, why did I ask you to join us here? It seems to me that looks more like bringing you two together."

"You can't blind me!" the young man cried, with a scornful laugh. "You knew the mischief was done. You knew the girl was ready to cut off her hand for you, if you asked it. You knew that she gloried in her infatuation——"

"Look here, Miller," said James Drummond, with a dangerous contraction of the brows. "I believe you are as mad as a March hare. You may talk nonsense about me to your heart's content; but leave Violet out of it. Gracious Heavens, I wonder to hear you, man! You pretend to love the girl; and you go mad like this with childish surmises. Why not go frankly to her, and learn for yourself that this is mere dreaming and folly——"

"Yes, and then?" exclaimed the younger man. "What then? I find she draws herself up—boasts of her love for you—has not even the shamefacedness to deny it—and then you pretend you know nothing about it! Bah!"

He turned to the knapsack and continued his packing. For a second or two James Drummond stood absolutely silent.

"Miller, do you know what you said just now?"

There was no answer.

"Was that a lie?"

"You know it was no lie. You have stolen the girl from me. What is the use of having more words about it?"

He went up on deck. The beautiful, fair, still world around him seemed part of a dream; he could have prayed for a bolt of God's lightning to break the awful silence and assure him that he lived. He was in a trance from which he could not escape; he was a dreamer that wrestles with his dream and strives to awake. It was no joy to this man to hear that a young girl had offered him the treasure of her first love. An infinite sadness filled his heart and blinded his eyes; the wild pulsations within his breast seemed so many stabs of remorse; his imagination was stunned by a gloomy sense of the irrevocable.

He did not stir when George Miller came up on deck. He regarded him as if he, too, were part of this wild, strange dream, as the young man hauled up the dingey, dropped his knapsack into it, and got in himself.

"Miller!"

"Well?"

"There is some frightful mistake about all this. Wait till they come back."

"No, thank you; good-bye. I have put an address on my gun-case; if you can put it on board a goods-steamer, I shall be obliged to you."

There was a splash of the dipping oars, and the small boat drew away towards the shore.

It was not for an hour after that James Drummond saw any other signs of life along that solitary coast; then three figures came down to the rocks, and a shawl was waved. He called up two of the men and sent them ashore with the gig. That hour of self-communion seemed to have left his face somewhat tired.

"Where is Mr. Miller?" said Mrs. Warrener; she guessed he had gone, when she saw the dingey on shore.

"He is gone away—to Loch Aline," said Mr. Drummond, calmly. "I want to speak to Violet by herself about this. Violet, will you come down to the saloon for a minute?"

She followed him down the steps and into the saloon; and he shut the door. She was trembling a little; why, she scarcely knew. Nor could she understand the great sadness of his face as he regarded her.

"Violet," he said, "is it true what he says?"

She involuntarily retreated an inch or two; and her fingers were clenched in on the palms of her hands.

"He told you then?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes. Let us be frank. It is not true—my child, my child, you must tell me it is not true."

He clasped her hands in his; and for a second she was frightened by the intensity of emotion visible in his face. But her native courage did not forsake her. Her face was white enough; but she said, without a quiver in the low voice—

"And why do you wish me to say that?"

"Don't you know—don't you know, my poor child? Have I kept my secret so well? Don't you know how I have loved you, and hidden away all my love for you—so that I thought you had not even a suspicion of it that would grieve you—all to see you happy as a young girl should be happy, with a young husband, and plenty of friends, and a bright gay world before her? And now—have I betrayed my trust—but, Violet, it cannot be true—you have had a quarrel——"

She had been drinking in every word—her pathetic anxious face turned up to his—her eyes swimming in tears. And when she seemed fully to comprehend the meaning of his words, he was suddenly interrupted. She uttered a quick, low cry of joy, and hid her face in his breast. The assurance she had longed for was given.

He put his two hands on the rich folds of dark hair, and put back her head, and looked down into her eyes with a wonderful tenderness and sadness in his look.

"What is done, cannot be undone—I wish for your sake, child, it could. I have destroyed your life for you—you, a young girl, just beginning to know how fresh and beautiful the world is—"

"Did I know it was beautiful until you taught me?" she asked, in a low voice. "Have you not shown me what it is to be gentle, and noble, and unselfish? When I have been in your house I have been happy: outside of it, never. And I thank God for giving me such a friend."

"A friend—if it had only remained at that—" he said. "That would have been better for you, Violet."

Her answer was a singular one. She gently released herself from his embrace. She took up his hand, and timidly kissed it.

"You are more than my friend: you are my lord and master," the girl said, with a proud humility; and then she silently opened the door and went out. That interview was something for a man to think of during the rest of his life.

Now during the remainder of that day some shade of melancholy seemed to hang about the spirits of this little party of travellers, which Mrs. Warrener naturally attributed to the fact of Violet having quarrelled with her sweetheart. She would have the map examined to see the number of miles; and hoped he would, if he failed to reach the place, have sufficient sense to claim hospitality from some farmer. Amy was inclined to be cross with her friend; for she could not understand why a girl who was so amiably disposed towards those around her should be so cruel to a gentleman who paid her the compliment of asking her to become his wife. On the other hand, Violet was more than ordinarily affectionate towards her former school-companion; and, not content with giving her a couple of lace handkerchiefs which had somehow got among her things, would press on her acceptance the much more valuable box of elaborately cut ivory which contained them.

"Do you know, Violet," the girl remarked, "what mamma said about you the other day?"

"I hope it was something very nice."

"She said it was a good thing for you your ears were fastened to your head."

"Because otherwise I'd lose them."

"No. Because otherwise you'd give them away. I don't know how you manage to keep anything."

The calm afternoon wore away; they had a quiet dinner in the saloon in the evening; after dinner they sate up on deck, in the warm night-air, to watch the moonlight rise over the black hills. Then by and by the ladies went below and James Drummond was left alone.

Somehow, as he sate there and bethought him of all that had happened during the day, and of the new future that lay before him, a singular and glad change of feeling set in. He would accept the great gift that had been given him, not to rejoice over it as an acquisition, but to cherish it tenderly as a trust. If it did seem so that this girl had placed her future in his hands, he would requite her confidence with an unceasing love and devotion. Nay, he grew bolder than that. He would take it that the highest point in his life, too, had been reached; long after he had hoped for such a thing, the bright beautiful time of existence had arrived—the year had yet its spring-time in it—the singing season of the birds was not yet over—there were sweet roses yet unblown—and a woman's heart and eyes to grow proud and glad at his approach. At last—at last! All the happy centuries the world had rolled through seemed but to have led up to this one culminating joy. Now the heart might break—now life might go—since the best the world contained had been pressed to his bosom!

To be continued.

THE PRIVATE VIEW AT THE ACADEMY.

Now we are on the stairs leading up to the galleries in Burlington House. It is the Friday nearest to the First of May, and we are eager to see both the pictures and the people. Like the new Cabinet Minister, who remarked how very kind every one of his colleagues was when he first met them in council, what strikes one most at the Private View of the Academy is the civility of all the officials. There is no gruff demand for payment at entrance, and as for catalogues, they are handed to you most politely gratis. On this day there are no unmannerly attempts to deprive poor cripples of their sticks, no snatching of sacred umbrellas and parasols out of elderly women's hands. There is nothing of all this at the private view, and every one, visitors and officials alike, is on his best behaviour. And here let us observe that it is a pity that visitors are not invited in pairs, as the beasts and birds and the creeping things came to Noah in the Ark, or guests to a civic feast at the Mansion House. It is probable that on no day in the year are there so many unprotected ladies abroad as at the private view. All through the day you flush your female friends singly like a scattered covey of partridges in a turnip field. It is quite true that, so gregarious is man, you occasionally see husbands and wives side by side the livelong day; nay, more, you come upon whole families—father, mother, sons, and daughters—steadily making the round of the rooms, and taking picture after picture in order, very like that man who, taking to reading at a mature age, read Scott's novels right through from *Waverley* to *Count Robert of Paris;* altogether refusing the advice of an enthusiastic friend to dash off after *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* to *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward.* He would have nothing out of its turn, and read steadily on till he had accomplished his task. Just so our family party at the Academy, like goslings led by a goose and gander, begin with No. 1 and end at No. 1522. It is their duty thus to see the pictures, and so they see them. Sometimes, indeed, a giddy young thing of a daughter or an unstable son breaks away from the heads of their house and takes a short flight towards some fine picture by a famous hand; but this license is soon checked by the voice of the anxious parents, which recalls their erring offspring to the path of duty. "That is not the way to see the exhibition," they seem to say. All things have their lesson, and the lesson taught by the private view is to see the pictures right on and straightforward.

But we are neither single nor elderly women; still less are we fortunate enough to secure tickets for the private view for all our family. We know well that there are some people whose power of asking and disposing of tickets is inexhaustible. Had they as many sons and daughters as Priam and Hecuba, they would find cards for all of them. We are none of these; one card in buff is all that falls to our lot; we are thankful to get it, and it carries with it one blessing, selfish, it is true, but very pleasant; when we step into gallery No. I. we are free—free to see the pictures and the company after our own fashion. And what is our fashion? Well! we must own that compared with the proceedings of those single women, or of that solid and most respectable family, our way of seeing the pictures is very flighty and fatiguing. We see them very much as the song-birds behave themselves in this month of May, which would be so merry were it not so starving cold. We hop hither and thither,

we flit to and fro, now on lowly twig, now on a tall tree top, we fly about and about from meadow to garden, and from garden to wood, sometimes lingering, but for the most part ever on the wing. Of course, as in this state of existence man has no wings, we only accomplish this feat at a great expenditure of shoe leather. The soles of that family party would show far less wear than ours at the end of the day, for they never retrace their steps, while we return a hundred times to the same spot. They behold once and pass on like fate; we gaze often at one picture; the end of the day finds us still gazing long after our respected friends have seen the last number and are sitting down at home to their family dinner, which they eat steadily through from oysters to oranges; shortly after retiring to sleep out the night watches in tiers of storeys one atop of the other, a dreamless generation all sleeping on their backs in the proud consciousness that, having done a good day's work, they have enjoyed a well deserved dinner, and are now refreshing their weary minds and bodies in a warm bath of slumber. There we leave them snugly tucked up, soon we hope to return to Great Snoring, or it may be to Much and Little Hadham, for we forgot to mention that the father of the family must be of what the lunatic at Hanwell called "the clerical persuasion."

Labor et ingenium, that is the motto on the cover of the catalogue of the one hundred and eighth exhibition of the Academy, and toil and wit enough it would take to criticise these 1522 works, not of art, but of artists, properly; but then as Mr. Disraeli has anticipated us in saying, we are no critics. If in our fitful progress through gallery, hall, lecture room, and vestibule we drop anything that takes the shape of criticism, it is only by accident. We are here to behold and not to criticise. Mere sightseers, we are not sure that in most of the rooms we shall not waste our eyes on very inferior works and altogether neglect pictures far worthier to be seen. Thus in the first room we are chiefly arrested by Mr. Crowe's *Rehearsal*, especially when we reflect on what a trial the game birds of England might hold on the squires if they could only get them into their clutches. Very different was the feeling roused by the far-fetched subject out of Aristophanes in the mind of a Scotch minister, a dour iron-grey Calvinist. "A' meethology and blethers" were the words that came out of his lanthorn jaws, as though expelled by the east wind. "Wasn't Aristophanes a Greek philosopher, mamma?" said a young lady on our right. Rather disturbed, we could scarce collect our thoughts, or restrain our risible muscles, till we stopped beneath *Master Graham Pettie in a Costume of the Seventeenth Century*, on which work of art we will only remark that if that most interesting child is as ill at ease in the costume of the nineteenth as he evidently is in that of the seventeenth, his nurse must have hard work to get him into his clothes of a morning. If we had twin daughters worthy to be called *Spring Flowers*, we should prefer to see them painted as realities and not as shadowy ghosts in the manner of Reynolds or Gainsborough. Let us have no "revenants" either in life, literature, or art. Nor does it strike us that there is much of Lincolnshire in Mr. Macbeth's *Lincolnshire Gang*. We have seen no such figures or faces in the Fens as he has here presented on his canvas; and as a lady, no doubt an active member of a School Board, remarked at our elbow, "Talk of joining an agricultural gang at eight years old—why it's against the law which sends children to school at that age," whereat we inwardly laughed at the notion that because the law prescribed certain things it followed that its rules were always observed. We began to reflect, and to forget in fact where we were, and wandering on into Gallery No. II., did not stop till we heard a voice saying, "That's an honest face honestly painted," and looking up we beheld the constitutional visage of Mr. Bouverie by Ouless, who, as we are informed by one of those button-holders who are the terror even of private views, is "one of the most rising portrait

painters of the day." Our dread of this particular parasite was so great that we fled the neighbourhood, neglecting, as we now find, Cooke's *Ruins of Kom-Ombo*, and not passing till we reached Millais's *Over the Hills and Far Away*, a noble work that reminds us more of Cumberland than anything else. Being of a melancholy turn we compare it in our mind's eye with *Chill October*, but before we can make up our desultory judgment we are scared away by one of those wholesale picture contractors, who are worse even than our button-holders. This "sample" of his kind holds forth to no one in particular, but to the whole human race in general, and tells the exact sum for which the "eminent" artist was prevailed on to paint the picture. Much more he would have told us, but again we fled, passing over Leighton's grim face of Captain Burton, and many other works, so that we flew fairly into gallery No. III., in which, as a tender parent said to his callow daughter whom he held by the hand, "all the best pictures are to be seen," in which dictum he was undoubtedly right, if we insert "biggest" for best; only it unfortunately happens that in art as well as in precious stones, the categories of quantity and quality are seldom combined. Still we admit that size is something. The Patriarchs and Matriarchs no doubt were more imposing than if the Prediluvian world had been peopled by a generation of pygmies; Goliath of Gath made a greater figure in the world than Sir Geoffrey Hudson. He lost his head in single combat with a ruddy-faced stripling it is true, but he never could have been subjected to the indignity of being baked in a pie. For this reason we have always admired the Sebastian del Piombo in the National Gallery, quite apart from its artistic merits, because it is so big; and under the influence of this superficial foot feeling, we were just about to wing our way to the *Daphnephoria* of Leighton, which stretches its huge length along the west wall, when a Vision of Judgment caught our view and but for the *Apothecary* of Marks we should have flown to it. But the thought arose, "Death before Judgment," and so we stayed to wonder at the art with which Shakespeare's "caitiff wretch" has been represented. It was, however, but for a moment; just as no doubt the judgment after death, when time is no more, will be swift and sudden, so the next instant we stood before Mr. Cope's picture in which the Council are painted as selecting pictures for the Exhibition. As may readily be imagined we are neither painters nor sculptors; we did not therefore stand before this picture with our hearts full of hate against the Council for rejecting any works of ours; our minds in this respect were quite unbiased, and yet we were quite prepared to re-echo the words of a bystander who, for aught we know, was one of the disappointed, "I call it a very vulgar picture," and so it is, though we cannot go so far as to agree with another spectator who declared that the Council had all "big noses and looked very much like Jews." The day will no doubt come when this apparent vulgarity will pass away with the age which is so sensitive to it, and then Mr. Cope's picture will be valued as a record of the days when this great power of selection and rejection was confided to a body of men who were the keenest rivals of those on whose works they sat in judgment. It will look then like a relic of the times when the Bishops sat in the House of Lords, and when hack cabs could not drive through Hyde Park, though they drove through St. James's. But as the present is the real time for us, our true seed- and work- and battle-field, it would be difficult to suggest—except perhaps for some disappointed exhibitors—in what better way the selection of works of art for this Exhibition could be made.

And now we are free to fly to those yards of canvas on which Leighton has revived or rather created the procession of the Daphnephoria at Thebes. Attracted by quantity as the loadstone draws iron to itself, can we look at this picture and say that it excels in quality

as well? Before we pronounce an opinion, let us linger a little, and listen to what the bystanders say. First comes a man, a real critic, mind you, and not an ignorant volatile butterfly like to us. His first words are—"Good picture, I should think so, known it since it was no bigger than my hand, two years ago," at which we mentally remarked how it must have grown in that interval. "At first," he babbles on, "it had much less drapery"—very natural, we think that a picture when just born should be naked—"but as it got on private judgment couldn't stand so much nude flesh, and a deal more clothes and ribands, and that sort of thing was put on." So he passed on and was lost in the crowd. He was speedily followed by a lady. "It puts me quite out of patience," she said, "to see a set of fools staring and gaping at a pack of half and ill-dressed women and children screaming away with their mouths wide open." Then came another more charitable. "Sweet little children all of a row, singing with all their might and main like thrushes in a nest." "What is that young woman in the bluest dress about to do? is she going to sing like the rest, or has she no voice, and so is ready to burst out into a dance all to herself, that she hitches up her 'things' in that awkward way?" Here we had another criticism, and this too by a woman. Next came a man. "No, I don't like it at all, it is as flat as a teaboard, there is no relief in it from first to last, and as for the 'symbolic standard called the *kopo*,' I never saw anythink like it except the barbarous Mahratta trophies, once the property of Lord Lake, which some years back were dispersed by auction, in King Street, St. James's." Thus wagged on the tongues of critics, male and female, but for all that we throughout the day ever and anon returned to the great picture, and each time in spite of sprawling length and flatness and ungainly action, in some of the figures we found still more to admire in it. Close by hangs Millais's *Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger*, in her purple velvet, in which it is easy to see that the fair American has awakened more sympathy in his mind than another lady who hung very near the same spot a year or two ago, and whom he gibbeted so to speak, all through the months of May, June, and July. Nor, we murmur as we fly on to Gallery No. IV., can the *Duchess of Westminster* have been altogether to his fancy. For if she had, could he have missed her nobility and loveliness and exaggerated her figure into positive ungainliness as he has done in this otherwise fine painting? It drove us back into Gallery No. III., to gaze on the wonderful painting of Tadema's *Audience with Agrippa*, to mourn over the mawkishness of Frith's scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and to speculate if the *Threat* by Pettie represents himself got up in armour like a crusader, and ready to take vengeance on Mr. Boughton for having put his little son into such a strait waistcoat of the seventeenth century.

We had now hopped and flitted through three rooms, when we met a true friend. "Don't stand and mope about here, come and see Poynter's *Atalanta*." "And where is she to be found?" turning over the leaves of our catalogue. "In the lecture-room," and to the lecture-room we went accordingly, though it would have shocked our serious sober-sided family had they seen us flitting the whole breadth of the building, and reversing all the principles of order, all for the sake of seeing one picture out of its turn. Well! not having their fear before our eyes, and being our own masters, here we are before Atalanta, as she stops and stoops to catch the second golden apple which Hippomenes *alias* Milanion has thrown down to check her conquering course. It is a true picture, even though Atalanta is so doubled up as she checks her speed and turns sharp round and stoops, all her weight resting on one knee, that we are afraid she will never be able to disentangle her limbs from the dead-lock into which she has thrown them. Divinely fair she is, like a daughter of the gods. Though not quite

so tall as *Pallas Athene, frightening the dogs*, still she is so tall that when she stands upright, her stature will far exceed that of her suitor, stalwart man though he is. As for him, what strikes us most is the seeming ease with which he is running a race which may cost him his life, as it has already been fatal to many others before him. Whether it is that he trusts to his third apple which he holds behind him, and to the favour of Venus; so it is that he runs within himself, with no starting eyes, or close shut lips, or panting breast, or swollen veins. Never was man brought to the post in such perfect condition. Were he a horse we should say he will win the race, and not turn a hair; what he will do when he has won it, and stands side by side with Atalanta, and finds her more than a head and shoulders taller than himself, we really cannot tell. To our minds the finest part of the picture is the group of country people on the left whose faces are full of emotion and sympathy, as they side with one or other of the rivals. Wonderful is the painting of the apple which Atalanta is about to catch ere it touches the ground, and of a ribbon from her fillet which still streams on by the force of her speed, though she has checked her course. As a work of art, it shows not perfection but progress in the artist, and Mr. Poynter must be content to have made one great stride onward in this picture.

Now that we are in this Lecture-room we look about us, and see only to shun it instinctively, Armitage's *Phryne*. Anything less like the Venus Anadyomene which Apelles painted we never saw, except that that Venus and this Phryne could not eke out a decent shift between them. And here some cold critic will ask when we ever saw the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles, seeing that it was burnt at the sack of Corinth, or at some other glorious conflagration of old times. To which we reply, that we have seen it where we are quite sure our critic will never see it, "in our mind's eye, Horatio"—that clear mirror which is quite beyond the ken of cold and calculating critics like our inquirer. As we glance away from Phryne, we come upon *God's Covenant with Noah*, and catch sight of Noah's feet sticking out of the gangway of the Ark, heaven knows how many feet above our heads, and we realise what a monster that Ark must have been, for under its sides, and below Noah's "lower digits," as an American lady called them in our hearing, stand a great company of beasts, in which two African elephants are conspicuous, while close under Noah, or that part of him which is visible, two tremendously carnivorous hippopotamuses are opening their mouths so wide that we are afraid some of the smaller beasts will mistake them for so many ways into the Ark, and not find out their mistake till they are safely lodged in the maw of the mighty river-horse. It is not our fault if we have called the hippopotamus carnivorous. We know well he is a ruminant, but really Mr. Hardy, with a courage worthy of his name, has made his jaws so red, and his whole appearance so sanguinary, that we cannot get it out of our heads that he lives on flesh and blood and not on grass and grain. Talking of flesh and blood, why, we wonder, did the Council or the Hanging Committee, or whoever is responsible for the deed, allow that disgusting picture of *Pu-ha-uza-tan-ka, the Great Scalper*, to disfigure the walls of the Lecture Room? When we saw this savage in feathers and wampum holding up the gory scalp of an enemy whose peeled skull is painfully visible at his feet, we felt inclined to call out "Police!" or for a fire-escape, only we knew that our cries would have been quite ineffectual in procuring the assistance of either one or the other. Mr. Bromley, the artist, has merits of his own no doubt, but pray let him keep his Great Scalpers for company better suited to them than the works of art which throng the walls of the Exhibition. Perhaps, after all, it was hung where it is as a foil, just above Tadema's charming picture which he calls *After the Dance*, in which we see a charming little *bacchante*, who has

danced out the day, stretched on a bearskin in sweet sleep, with her improvised thyrsus by her side. Nothing can be more realistic and natural and at the same time more artistic, than this little maiden who is so prodigal of her charms as she slumbers on. "Little hussy," cries the mother of a family, who still cannot tear her eyes from the offender, "why can't she pull the bearskin over her? she would be much more comfortable." Perhaps she would, but then we should have lost a most charming picture, and to our minds, though we are no critics, one of the best in the whole Exhibition. To judge by his works this year, the Academy has reason to be proud of its new Associate.

From the lecture-room we work our way round to the other galleries, passing first through the great and terrible wilderness of architectural drawings, where we feel as though we were in a builder's yard, as we behold design after design of houses which silly men have built, and others of houses which we are glad to think no man will build. In the crayons we have only time to notice Lady Coleridge's fine, unaffected head of the country stonemason. The miniatures, that lost art, we hurry past, thinking of the days when there were miniatures indeed. About this time it got so dark, as the sky lowered with a coming thunder-storm, that we could see none of the pictures. Now is the very time to see the sculptures; an hour of melancholy gloom puts us into a fit mood to see that branch of English art which always makes us sad, just as much now when it has been elevated to the first floor, as in old days when one had to descend into the cellar to see it. We remember it used to be said it was the cellar that made British sculpture so sad and gloomy, just as a man in prison is not usually very lively and cheerful; but in a cellar or out of the cellar we are afraid sculpture in these islands remains a sad and gloomy thing. Painting pleases us, but sculptures do not; they are as startling to our nature as it would be to our moral sense if we saw people walking about in scanty clothing like the ancient Greeks. That attire needs warmth and sunshine, and that too is what sculpture needs to set it off. Without warmth marble freezes up our æsthetic feelings, and the only style which impresses us in England in this branch of art is the monumental; but that one can see almost as well in the New Road as at Burlington House. We were not, however, destined to see much of sculpture at the private view. Just as we reached the vestibule the storm burst over our heads, and for a while all was dark except where flash followed flash of lightning. Of course in these scientific days when all women are so enlightened, little alarm was shown by the ladies around us; but there was one exception. "Take me away, take me away, anywhere into the dark," cried a lovely woman near us—very unreasonably it seemed to us, for it was dark enough already in all conscience. In a moment or two, however, she recovered her good sense, the storm passed away, the sun shone, and all was bright; but with the returning sun revived the desire to see the rest of the pictures and not to waste it on *post-mortems* in marble and clay. We fled therefore from the vestibule and soon found ourselves in Gallery No. IV., where we admire Lehmann's excellent likeness of Lady Enfield, and laugh at Riviere's clever "*A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase*," where a string of ducks in a pool are pursuing another which holds a struggling frog in its bill. There is great fun in this admirable picture; but we put it seriously to our Hanging Committee, whether in the state of public feeling as to vivisection, which will probably result in the appointment of a parliamentary protector of frogs, they are quite justified in assigning so prominent a place to a picture in which the whole action turns on the sufferings of an animal on whose behalf so much sympathy has been excited.

But we must hasten on. In Gallery No. V. we are just in time to see Mr. Prinsep's buxom *Linen Gatherers*. A few minutes before we should have seen them during the storm, now they ply

their task in sunshine. We do not like Mr. Millais's *Getting Better* so much as some of his works: the visitors struck us as affected. Nor can *The late Lord Stanhope*, by Ouless, be compared to some of his other works in this Exhibition. "He never looked like that" is the remark we hear of this picture. There is a sad interest attached to Lord Lyttelton's portrait, by Walker—a good work, though he has missed the mouth, that hardest of features to catch. As we see Mr. Harrison's *Alecto* ascending, or descending, we forget which, amidst rifts and crags, we sincerely hope that she may never reappear to infuse strife into the Academy. In Gallery No. VI. we gaze with mixed feelings at Mr. Fildes's picture, called *The Widower*, one of those painful works, not so much of art, as of sentiment, which one would rather see in an exhibition than in one's own house. Mr. Lawson's *Children of the Great City*, keeping a merry Christmas in the midst of rags and squalor, is a touching work; but what shall we say of what Mr. Spence calls a *Breezy Morning*, in which one of the figures, who appears to be clad in a bathing-gown, has had her head so blown round by the wind that we are afraid she will never get it to sit straight on the nape of her neck again. In Gallery No. VII. there is some fun in Mr. Gadsby's *In the Apple-room*, which has been invaded by a mite of a girl, who already seems gorged with spoil. In this room there are two fine pictures by Herbert, *Judith in the Tent of Holofernes* before cutting off his head, and *St. Mary Magdalene with the Precious Ointment*. Here, too, we meet one of the best sea-pieces in the Exhibition in Mr. Allan's *Home from the Herring Fishery*, where the mouth of the small river as it reaches the sea, and the breezy billows beyond, are rendered with great truth. If we have not mentioned Mr. Hook, let us make amends by saying once for all that his works, with their refreshing blues and greens, meet us at every turn. We quite agree with the criticism which says that he has spoilt one of his pictures by associating it with ducks gobbling nasty things, but for the rest he remains in his way matchless. Mr. Bisschop's *Sharpening a Skate* is a fine presentation of Friesland life in winter. We know not whether he is foreign or inborn, but he seems to us to have the making of a painter in him.

Here we bring this bird's-eye view of the private view of the Exhibition to a close. We repeat our assertion that we are no critics, and that we are liable to mistakes at every step; but these are some passages out of what we heard and saw on the 28th of April, and our impressions on the whole. Though we have seen better Exhibitions, we have seen many worse, and if great pictures grow scarce, there can be little doubt that art progresses in England, and that the Exhibition of 1876 is remarkable as presenting a very satisfactory out-turn of conscientious work as our art-crop for the past year.

FELLOWSHIPS AND NATIONAL CULTURE.

THE question of Oxford and Cambridge reform having again entered a practical stage, and the intellectual future of the country being bound up in its solution, too much care cannot be taken to keep clearly before the public mind both the objects and conditions of reform. As was to be expected, a vast amount has been said and written on the subject, as well since the introduction of Lord Salisbury's Bill for Oxford as previously by way of anticipation. My own excuse for joining the discussion is, that I think it needs to be shown how some of the speakers and writers most likely to catch the public ear have urged considerations tending not to clearness but to confusion. Lord Salisbury's Bill was made the occasion of criticisms having a weighty sound, but calculated, if they were to influence the Commissioners, effectually to prevent any adequate legislation. The worst is, that the criticisms of which reformers complain, have come for the most part from what ought to be their own side. Arguments in favour of things as they are may not affect us much in the mouth of a university and parliamentary Conservative of the standing of Lord Colchester; but they do affect, and perhaps stagger us, in the mouths of Liberals old and proved. Lord Colchester, for his part, based a general opposition to the bill in the House of Lords on grounds of tenderness for the Fellowship system as it exists, and of alarm at the prospect of its abolition or even serious modification. But the same reasons, though they were not pushed to the extent of positive opposition, were repeated in nearly the same language by Liberal peers of every shade of authority, as, for instance, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Carlingford, Lord Cardwell, Lord Airlie. Again, a well-known member of the same party outside Parliament, Mr. George Brodrick, the deliberate air of whose judgments invites respect for his conclusions, has developed a similar view through two columns of the *Times*. Now from this attitude of political reformers we academical reformers have much to fear. In this tenderness for the Fellowship system as it was established by the legislation of 1854 and has existed since, in this persuasion of its virtues and blindness, as we think, to its evils, this desire to see its modifications reduced within their narrowest possible limits, lies a great obstacle to the realization of what we hope for. Evidently it is not superfluous to return to the attack. In what I have to say, I shall attend principally to the points raised in Mr. Brodrick's letter of the 18th of May, both because I think he has contributed more than others towards obscuring the issue, and because at the same time he has led the discussion on to ground where it ought to be followed—the ground, wider than merely academic, of national interests and the public good.

Perhaps it was to be expected that critics in Parliament and the press should show themselves to have imperfectly apprehended, in the first instance, the scope and the necessity of reform. I speak of no scope and no necessity beyond those upon which unanimity, or something very near it, exists among practical reformers at either university. Some of us, in the reorganization we hope for, may lay most weight on the interests of teaching, some on the interests of learning—and it is satisfactory that to the special demands of these last attention has been drawn in the very terms of the act. Others think with teaching relieved, economised, and its subjects multiplied, re-invigorated learning will naturally go hand-in-hand. But all are agreed that neither teaching nor learning are properly provided for at Oxford or Cambridge as they exist. To say this is not at all to call in question what Mr. Brodrick affectionately dwells on, the "accession of intellectual activity," the "doubled amount and doubled variety of educational life," of which Oxford—and no less, it may be said, Cambridge—

has been the theatre within the last twenty years. Every one familiar with either university knows perfectly well that under the peculiar system founded there by the legislation of 1854, a great quantity of energetic, able, and conscientious work has been done and is still doing. Each university has, under this system, been developed into a very efficient agency for examining students in certain limited ranges of knowledge and attainment. The several colleges within each university have been developed into seminaries where the same students are very efficiently trained for these examinations—the brilliant, to carry off the great money prize which is the reward of success achieved—the dull, to earn at least that academic title which is a certificate of failure avoided. These are admitted and comfortable facts, which a loyal *alumnus* may take a pleasure in reciting. But for the present purpose, they are not the relevant facts. The relevant facts are, that this intellectual activity and this educational life, expanded as they have been, require to be expanded very much more yet, and along new lines, before either Oxford or Cambridge can fairly fulfil the idea of a university. For to train for examination and to examine, in a few special ranges of knowledge, any number of students elementary or advanced, is to fulfil at best only part of the idea of a university. Our own universities in other times and under other conditions, as well as foreign universities under the conditions of to-day, have had a wider conception of their mission. It behoves the community to see that our universities do all that a university ought to do. At a university all known studies ought to have their home: at ours the subjects taught and explained represent, even since their recent multiplication, but a part of knowledge. At a university, learning ought to be in continual progress; at ours the stress of teaching and examining has not left teachers and examiners time themselves to go on learning. At a university, those who devote themselves to university work ought to be placed in circumstances promising them peace, permanence, and not wealth but competence; at ours, the circumstances are such that the majority of workers, if they are to live by their work, must forfeit the conditions of domestic life; that few ever work contentedly, that the best spirits regard university existence as a kind of backwater or side eddy, in which they may be willing to go round for a while until an outlet presents itself, not as a main stream down which their lives can float in security and honour. An Oxford witness speaks of "that uneasiness about the future, and that constant hankering after some other profession, which are so notable among the younger residents, and which must necessarily be so unsettling as to render almost impossible a life devoted to study and learning;" a Cambridge witness points out that to a profession taken up as college tuition is taken up, by many, "as a stopgap to fill the interval between the completion of their education and their entrance on the main business of their life; they can hardly bring the concentration of energy which a vigorous man throws into whatever he deliberately chooses as his life's work." Testimony, for that matter, is needless to prove what is so well known; the only reason for repeating these arguments in favour of change lies in the persistency of the sentiments that tend to frustrate change. So it is well known that at many German universities, having one tenth or less than one tenth the resources of Oxford or Cambridge, sciences are taught of which we at Oxford and Cambridge have never heard, and not only taught, but continually advanced; the idea of a university is realized; the whole field of human knowledge is taken in, and distributed among a well-organized army of workers. It is true that with our tenfold resources we get some advantages at our universities which the Germans have not got. We have and maintain our college system and discipline, our beautiful college structures, our verdant gardens, our corporate spirit and traditions within our well-ordered seminaries, and all those usages, the half-transformed inheritance of monastic days, which surround our youth with pleasant aspects, and linger in our loyal recollections afterwards. All this we have, nor do any of us propose to give it up. But some of us do propose to graft upon

all this something of what we have not and Germany has. We do desire that England shall not always be lagging, that with her resources she shall not remain behindhand, as she now is, in the completeness with which she conceives and the devotion with which she pursues knowledge. We do insist that our universities shall do something more than examine in a few specified subjects the students trained by the colleges for the competition, we insist that all branches of knowledge shall be studied there by persons living under conditions suitable for study, and shall be taught to any who desire to learn them, only taught, not as an exercise offering a money prize to the proficient, but for their own sake, and because knowledge is good for man.

Such, in a few words, is the expressed ambition, and within the limits of their power the determination, of all academical reformers. Here at Cambridge, where we are not commonly thought to be Utopians, but rather to have our thoughts too strictly bent upon the possible, we have just asked for an increase of range, of resources, of appliances, of numerical force, for the work of our study and teaching, such as should prove to the most complacent how much we are starved in the exercise of our higher functions. The various Boards of Studies and Professors, in reply to practical questions as to practical needs, have asked for additional power, to be got partly by economy of what already exists, but chiefly by direct addition to what exists, to the following extent:—for unrepresented subjects in connection with Greece and Rome, and for the unrepresented studies of Romance, Keltic, Teutonic, and Slavonic philology, about twenty additional teachers of various grades; for moral sciences, at least one additional; for natural sciences, about eighteen; for theology, four new professorships and about six teachers of a lower grade; for medicine, four new professors and three other teachers; for Oriental studies, three new professorships and the division of several existing into two each, besides teachers in several unrepresented subjects; for law, four additional lecturers; for history, two new professors and three other teachers; for fine art and archæology, three or four additional, and large additional collections and appliances; for music, and the unrepresented studies of the modern languages and of English, a sufficient staff where none now exists. Now this being a moderate and practical statement of teaching wants, without allowing for the wants of research and study unattached to teaching, it is easy to see that to supply it resources must be set free which are not free at present. Where are those resources to be found? In the abolition we answer, of prize-fellowships. It so happens, we consider, that this institution of prize-fellowships at the same time locks up the material resources which we want, and perpetuates the moral and intellectual conditions to which we would put an end. The fact that success in an examination is rewarded by a pension tenable sometimes for a term of years, more commonly for life, and subject to no condition except that of celibacy, works in two ways, both of them evil. It starves Oxford and Cambridge as homes of learning and education; it tempts students to study for money, and to abandon study when they have won the prize.

It is necessary to reiterate these simple considerations when we find our own friends blind to them, and trying to make others blind. For it is to be blind to the difference between an English university and a university as it ought to be; it is to be blind to what learning and its advancement mean, to state the matter with Mr. Brodrick in language like this:—"No doubt fewer monographs issue from Oxford than from some German universities; and the ablest Oxford teachers apply themselves more assiduously to cultivating the minds of their pupils than to enhancing their own reputation, or even to advancing by a few inches the frontier of their own specialities." It is to try and blind others to insist, again with Mr. Brodrick, on the technical plea that college Fellowships are all of one kind, and thence to argue as if academical reformers, because they wish to do away with that kind of Fellowship which yields no return to learning or education, wished to do away with Fellowships altogether. Though true, it is beside the purpose, that Fellowships are technically alike, "held on the same

tenure," and are "all sinecures, in the sense that no legal obligation to reside or teach attaches to them." What is also true, and alone to the purpose, is that Fellowships are practically not alike, inasmuch as some Fellows choose to reside and work for their college or their university, or both, and other Fellows choose to reside or to go away—most commonly the latter—and not work for their college or their university. It is the latter kind of Fellowship only with which the academical reformer finds fault; he would affect its income to the advancement of learning and education; he would impose on the one Fellow the "legal obligation" to do that which the other already does voluntarily. Again, it is mere mystification when Mr. Brodrick draws up a list of Oxford men who have gained distinction, in many cases outside of Oxford; as if it were not certain that many of the ablest spirits of a generation must have passed through that university; and as if they and others could not have done more for the fame of their university and of English learning if her system had been other than it is.

But my main point is to show that Mr. Brodrick and those of whatever party who think with him, much as they err in underestimating what learning and the Universities lose by the present system, err much more still in overestimating what culture and society gain. For them, the man who carries away his 300*l.* a year of college money into the world, to help to maintain him at the bar, on the press, or in roving idleness, is nothing less than a public benefactor. They talk of him as a kind of missionary. Let him not mar the enjoyment of the "competence and liberty" which are his lot with thoughts of responsibility—of duty owed to his college, to his university—of work to be done in return for wages. He may feel his leisure consecrated by the sense of a higher and purer calling than that of the mere Tutor or Professor. He "renders the nation good service in liberalizing the professions and English society itself." His "influence makes itself beneficially felt in all the principal organs of political and literary opinion." He constitutes an "independent element" in a society where independent elements are "well-nigh crushed out between commerical aristocracy and territorial plutocracy." "It will hardly be denied that not only in every diocese and on every circuit, but in every considerable town, and in most political or social circles, the presence of Fellows or ex-Fellows of colleges imports an infusion of general culture, if not of special learning." Thus Mr. Brodrick. And to the same effect, though perhaps with less of reverential emotion, Lord Colchester had already warned the House of Peers that "by abolishing non-resident Fellowships they would snap a link between the collegiate system and the life of the nation. They would be declaring that there should be no longer in the public service, at the bar, in the parsonage, men who, being still members of colleges as Fellows, frequently revisiting them and awakening again their old academic sympathies, should carry abroad the spirit of the universities and a knowledge of university matters into all parts of England and all the spheres of English life; and at the same time bring something of the ideas and experiences of the outer world into college administration, to secure college government from the narrowing influence which the constant groove of daily academic occupation, like the routine of any other office or employment, might tend to impress upon those institutions."

Now all this puts the matter in a somewhat new light. Hitherto we had been accustomed to hear the institution of prize-fellowships defended rather as being particularly serviceable to the winner of the prize than as being particularly profitable to the rest of mankind. The college Fellow was held up to us as a specially fortunate rather than as a specially useful or meritorious human being. The virtue of the charity, it was represented, lay in assisting young men of ability, whose calling was to a life of activity and not of learning, at the outset of their professional careers; not in equipping missionaries destined to leaven society with an infusion of "general culture, if not of special learning." By means of their Fellowships, it was said, the colleges first drew to themselves the ablest youth of England, and then rendered them an

inestimable service in providing for their maintenance during the first years of professional life. Now, it is represented in addition that the persons so provided for exercise a peculiar and potent influence for good among mankind. In point of fact, neither plea will bear examination. If you consider a Fellowship as a charity conferred upon a young man at the outset of his career, it has been urged, although with an appearance of paradox, justly, that the charity ought to be conferred, if at all, upon those least capable of helping themselves. Whereas the student who wins a fellowship is precisely the one most capable of helping himself. His winning in that contest means that he has abilities which will win in other contests, and carry him to success in the struggle of life. His 300*l.* a year of college money will but give him a further start over his competitors, "in the public service, at the bar, in the parsonage," in addition to the start which his brains give him already. Mr. Henry Sidgwick, in an essay published in the *Contemporary Review* for April, has shown from statistics that of the total number of Fellows of colleges who went out from Cambridge between the years 1857 and 1868, all but a very few speedily owed to the same talents which had gained them their prizes, positions which would have enabled them to do without. To most, of course, the prize will have been a pleasant help, but to hardly any will it have been a necessary support. It might have been added to enforce the argument, that a very considerable proportion of Fellows have proved themselves, by marriage, to be in a position, almost from the outset, voluntarily to abandon their prize and at the same time increase their burdens. Speaking generally, then, and with the very rarest of exceptions, the prize-fellowship is not a necessary charity, supporting at the outset of his career the man who would otherwise have been without support; but a luxury, making more comfortable the man who would have been sure to support himself at any rate. As to the other plea, that a non-resident Fellow is a benefactor wherever he goes by reason of the atmosphere of culture which he sheds around him, perhaps it hardly needs serious discussion. Mr. Brodrick, indeed, himself advances it seriously; but even so, we feel, had he been the Roman augur of the adage, and we his brother augurs, would he have gazed at us without a smile over the sacrifices. To others it is not given thus to believe in the mysteries they themselves celebrate. I speak not as the uninitiated; have not I, too, been of the craft, and known what it was to draw my college dividends while I took my liberty, and fleshed the pen of journalism, and rubbed shoulders in the world? Looking back, not without regret, on those days, I am none the less entertained at the feeling imagery of Mr. Brodrick. The pensioned child of Culture, conscious of his mission, anon addressing himself to enlighten opinion through its principal organs—anon diffusing humane influences at the tables of territorial aristocracy and commercial plutocracy—certainly I should never have regarded under that ideal aspect the familiar fact that many Fellows of colleges, in the exercise of their freedom, are to be found living in London and mixed up like other people in literature, politics, and society. For wherein does the Fellow differ from other mortals? What is the particular virtue that rests upon him, and extends, according to our informant, even to ex-Fellows? It is not the prize which makes the man; and we all of us know A., and B., and C., who were at the university with ourselves and did not get Fellowships, because they were idle, or because they preferred other than the prescribed lines of study, or because they just fell short of the mark, or because they left without taking a degree, or for one of a hundred reasons, and yet who will very likely do more in the world than we, and are at least as good a leaven, if a leaven is needed, in society. The position of the Fellow is no doubt the pleasanter of the two, because it is the easier, because he has 300*l.* a year more than the man who missed his Fellowship. But in this very ease and pleasantness lies the mischief. When you have been to college, and found others pursuing Greek and Latin or mathematics because there is a prize to be won at the end of them, and have pursued them yourself, and won your

prize, it is very pleasant to go away with it and do what you like. You have not been taught to think of your university as a place to stay at, and work for, devoting yourself there to extend some province of the august kingdom of knowledge, and teaching others to extend it further after you; you have been taught to think of it as a place where people only stay who are content to live in a social backwater, and generally to become clergymen and not marry. So you go away to London with your prize—the temptation is great, and draws perhaps three-fourths of the best men—and are at first delighted with the fulness and variety of your life, the immediate contact in which you seem to find yourself with the real affairs of the world, the independence, the sense of social centrality. But presently, if you follow any intellectual calling, and not one which absorbs you quickly in the actual current and conduct of affairs, you begin to set its true value upon all that. The bustle and centrality, pleasant as they are, are not favourable to intellectual concentration. And the habit of intellectual dispersion, unless you fall a victim to it for good, soon becomes distasteful. There comes a time when you must choose between that dispersion and fragmentariness, which is the habit of journalism and life in a hurry, and the concentration and completeness which is the habit of serious literature and life at leisure. Then it is that your thoughts begin to turn to your university, and you feel, unless the world has got too much hold on you, how pleasant and dutiful a thing it would be to go and work there, and do something, as it were, for your wages, and follow some special path of study which attracts you, and lead others along it.

Now it would be better, we say, to remove this temptation from the beginning, and from the beginning to attract successful students to a career of study in their university rather than to a career of activity, humanized with recollections of abandoned study, outside of it. In England the active life has so many and such irresistible attractions already, that it is desirable as a counterpoise to make the contemplative life as attractive as possible. As for that mixed—we will not say bastard—form between the contemplative and the active life which may be led so pleasantly by the college Fellow in London, certainly it is not worth draining our seats of learning to maintain. Nay—and this is the really serious issue which I would take with Mr. Brodrick—have we not in England quite enough already of that "general culture" which has nothing to do with special learning? That superiority of English writing in newspapers and magazines which Mr. Brodrick extols, and concerning which, dared he "unlock the secrets of journalism," he would evidently furnish still more impressive disclosures—that superiority certainly exists, but at what cost? At the cost, surely, of superiority in serious literature, and especially in the literature of learning. The amount of force which is frittered in this ephemeral work, and might have gone to produce work not ephemeral, is immense. It is, I think, one of the great wastes of a wasteful generation. We are all of us sufferers by the waste. A hundred newspaper and magazine articles, in which the best ideas are tossed out incomplete, leave us where they found us; a single book, in which a moderately good idea is worked out to completion, carries us a step onwards. In so far as the institution of prize-fellowships tends, and it certainly does tend, to foster a high class of ephemeral literature, it does so at the expense of permanent literature, and is mischievous. English culture in this dispersed and fragmentary form does not need to be artificially reinforced; where it needs reinforcement is in the concentrated and completed forms. We need not, in reforming the academic organization of our universities, be afraid of creating a learned class that shall be separated by a gulf from the unlearned classes of the country. In Germany, indeed, there is, or has been till lately, an unfortunate gulf between her learned and unlearned, her professorial and her professional, classes. The learned and professorial class in Germany is very large, and produces and consumes an admirable technical literature of its own; a cultured and intellectual class, producing and consuming a good general literature, has until lately hardly existed there. But that has been

the result of social conditions in Germany; of the extraordinary completeness of her academical organization on the one hand, and on the other, of her poverty and want of a refined and well-to-do middle class. In England, the social conditions are opposite; we are rich, and have a vast middle class which is indistinguishable in point of material refinement and well-being from our aristocracy, and has besides an appetite for general literature and a susceptibility to general culture. But we have not the spirit of science; our academical organization is notoriously incomplete, and our technical literature is proportionately deficient. Here as in so many other things, Germany needs to be more like us and we more like Germany. Our society being what it is, we do not need more intellectual talk at dinner-tables, or classical allusions in leading articles; we need more science and "special learning"; and of science and special learning the universities should be the centres.

The universities, with their social standing and their manifold advantages as seminaries for youth, will always have enough communication with the outer world. They will always attract, educate, and send away into the world, without needing to bribe them away by the gift of irresponsible "liberty and competence," enough able students who, having learnt the best the universities have to teach, prefer the active to the contemplative life. And those who thus go away into the world will make the better missionaries—they will import, in Mr. Brodrick's phrase, a more valuable infusion into general society—if at their university they have seen learning and the profession of learning honoured, the sciences pursued in the spirit of science, knowledge valued for its own sake, than if, as now, they have but witnessed and taken part in a race, with science for the course and a Fellowship for the prize. As for the argument that fathers would cease to send their sons to the universities but for the Fellowships, that surely is a dream. The vast majority of fathers know already that their sons have no chance of a Fellowship, but send them all the same. To those fathers who only afford to send sons because they think they have a chance, the prospect of an assured though modest career within the university, in the event of success, would be as good as the prospect of a brilliant but problematical career outside.

Do you, then, suppose, it will be asked, that the Fellowships held by non-residents without responsibility can really be abolished altogether, since it is to this your argument seems to point? As a practical matter, I do not suppose so. As a matter of reason, I have, indeed, tried to show that both the universities and society would gain and not lose by their abolition. But it is a case in which one cannot expect reason wholly to prevail. A sentiment in favour of the existing system is, as we have seen, widely spread. Even among those who realise all the value of the purposes to which the funds now spent on these pensions might be applied, not many are practically prepared to divert them to those purposes altogether. The ordinary, and as we think fallacious, view was formally allowed by Mr. Walpole in his speech introducing the Bill for Cambridge, when he spoke of the necessity of maintaining three classes of Fellowships, including one class "for encouraging, rewarding, and setting out in their career in life some of the ablest and most distinguished men, who not only reflected honour on the university, but conferred great benefit on the country at large." So that what may be practically expected of the legislation of the next few years, is only that the number and value of these irresponsible fellowships shall be reduced, the period of their tenure cut down, and the funds gradually saved by such reductions applied to academical purposes. The necessity of some such reform in the present system is admitted by Mr. Brodrick himself, even while he urges considerations tending to show that it is undesirable. Similarly an antagonist of Mr. Brodrick's, while he urges considerations why the present system ought to be swept away altogether, may admit that practically it will have to be spared in part. Only, that the part spared may be as small as possible, let it be shown that the sparing is in deference to partiality and not to reason.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

QUAKERS AND QUAKERISM.

"READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess thine own spirit in stillness without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, yet accompanied, solitary, yet not desolate, singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate, a simple in composite, come with me," says Charles Lamb, "into a Quakers' meeting."

Few, probably, of those who are familiar with the charming essay from which we quote have accepted the invitation. Few have made their way some summer Sunday into that quiet place, generally even in towns set round with waving boughs, and harmless flowers, and "fair ungrieving things," which seems already to have attained

"To where beyond these voices there is peace;"

where a soft multitudinous silence reigns as of a windless sea with all its waves at rest, where even the children sit with faces as hushed and wide-eyed as the daisies in the summer sun without, and the tired spirit, weary with the strife of tongues and all the barren noises of the outer world, bathes itself in stillness, while, in solemn Quaker phrase, "sitting before the Lord."

But, though few of us have any personal acquaintance with the silent charms of a Quakers' meeting, most of us have experienced a certain restfulness in the individual Quaker, especially in the women, the myrrh and cassia of those silent meadows they tread weekly still clinging to their garments. Perhaps in some noisy railway-station, some scene of coal-smoke and human bustle, we have suddenly found ourselves face to face with such a one, clad in that spotless Quaker vesture which, like the lily's, refuses to know the defilements of earth, and have felt a sudden stillness come upon us as our eyes rested on those soft pearl greys that seem borrowed from early morning skies, and our troubled glance sank rebuked before those quiet eyes that gaze forth on us from under the peaceful eaves of the quaint poke-bonnet, itself so restful a protest against the evershifting vanities of human head-gear, and the restless human brains beneath. And which of us on being asked with that tender scriptural directness which refuses to slur over one's individuality by addressing one as a loose multitude in the plural form, "Art thou bound on a long journey?" has been altogether able to resist an eerie feeling creeping over him, a sense of a far-off silent bourne from which no traveller returns, as though he had heard in his heart a distant murmur, a waft of bells from that "strange and undiscovered city which we seek," as pilgrims on a far journey.

But though we are all familiar with the individual Quaker, and as a rule hold in love and respect this peaceful "Society of Friends," to give them, not the name by which they were called in derision by the world, but the beautiful name they chose for themselves—*La Société des Amis*, as their French brethren are called—little is generally known of their history, or of all that has been accomplished in the Christian Church by these worshippers of Light and Silence, a Light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," a Silence which is the voice of God in the soul.

We propose, therefore, in the present number to give a brief sketch of their history and constitution, without which it would be impossible to understand the position which they occupy, and

then to enter in greater detail into what they have accomplished, the many remarkable movements in which they have taken the lead, showing themselves on many points to be far in advance of the rest of the Christian Church.

Quakerism, as we all know, was founded by George Fox, born 1624, the son of a weaver known as righteous Christer, who apprenticed him to a shoemaker; but as the shoemaker also dealt in wool, George's business was chiefly to see after the sheep. But it was doubtless from his master's shop that he got the materials for that memorable protest against the forlorn nakedness of man, which makes him a pauper dependent for out-door relief on his lowliest fellow-creatures. It was doubtless there that he wrought that "leather hull from which the divinity and dignity of man was once again preached, no longer in scorn, as from the cynic's tub, but in love."

The owner of this "perennial suit of leather," this strange young shepherd, that same spring when Charles I. surrendered himself and his cause to the Scotch Presbyterians, might have been seen wandering forlornly about the fields of Drayton and Coventry, in sore conflict of soul, sitting in hollow trees alone with his Bible, "for," as he says in that old Hebrew prophet's journal of his, "I found none to speak to my condition." The clergyman of Mancetter, with whom he reasoned "about the ground of temptations and despair," bade him take tobacco, and sing psalms. "But," as he says quaintly, "tobacco was a thing I did not love, and Psalms I was not in a state to sing." Another, a "priest of high renown," would needs give him physic, and he was to have let blood; but not a drop of blood could they get from him, his "body being, as it were, dried up with griefs, and sorrows, and troubles." "So neither them nor any of the dissenting people could I join with, but was a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ."

At last, after enduring great troubles and torments, and when all his hopes in all men were gone, so that he had nothing outwardly to help him, nor could tell what to do, he heard a voice which said, "There is One, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." "And when I heard it my heart did leap for joy."

Soon after he thus found peace, not in the systems of man, but in the "inward teaching of Christ, who hath the key, and who opened the door of life and light," George Fox began to preach, travelling on horse or foot all over the United Kingdom, and ultimately even extending his labours to the Barbadoes, America, and Holland.

To understand the effect produced by the preaching of this remarkable but uneducated man, one must realise the state of religious thought which then prevailed. Theology had not yet broken through a hard crust of scholasticism and logomachy which bound it in, and made it rather an endless disputing on words and notions, than a living grasp on facts and spiritual realities. A London minister could still undertake to prove the doctrine of the Trinity to some of the early Friends by the following syllogism, supported by a spurious text: "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."

These are either three manifestations, three operations, three substances, or three anything else besides subsistences. But they are not three manifestations, three operations, three substances, nor three anything else besides subsistences.

Ergo, three subsistences.

It is not likely that such barren verbiage as this would afford any common ground to meet on in the worship of common truth. Everywhere strife and confusion reigned, while a certain hard externalism which characterized the prevailing religious thought found its appropriate expression in persecution, the only ground of union being abhorrence of the "hideous idol, Toleration." Calvinism, with its remorseless logic, which if, in M. Guizot's words, "it

tortures history," still more tortures those infinite truths that from their very nature burst the bounds of our narrow possibilities, and, existing as contradictions to the intellect, can only be apprehended as a whole by the moral emotions of man; Romanism, with its priestcraft and its burdensome rites and ceremonies, the gilded tomb beneath which the responsibility and freedom of man lay buried; a hard Judaizing Puritanism on one hand, and on the other a Church enforcing a rigid conformity, "as stanch and solid piece of framework as ever any January frost could freeze together;" what wonder that men were weary of it all? What wonder if men like Milton ceased to attend any place of worship, loathing the jarring of the sects; that Cromwell exclaimed in despair, "Every sect saith, Give me liberty; but give it to him, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else." What wonder that men's souls were everywhere beginning to be sick of these disputed shadows, and to long for some undisputed reality?

To this craving the preaching of George Fox appealed, the "man who stood forth from the Babel of tongues, and preached the inner truth and meaning of all those things the sects were disputing about." That the kingdom of God is within us, that there is an indwelling Spirit, a Light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" that one must listen to His voice, not in the Babel of creeds without, not even in the letter of a sacred book, but in the silence of one's own heart within; that Christ's atoning work must be realised in the heart, and that it is the Christ in us which is the hope of glory; that the Church is not "an old house made up of stones, lime, and wood; but the blessed company of all faithful people" who are walking by the inner Light; that the true priest and prophet is the man or the woman in whom the Eternal speaks, and whose ministry is not for hire—this was the message of George Fox. Crowds gathered to hear him; wherever the report flew through village or town, "the man in leather breeches is come," the priests in many places fled in alarm; the "earthly and airy spirit in which people held their religion was shaken;" and numbers gave in their adhesion to this people, called Quakers in derision by an unjust judge whom George Fox had bade "tremble and quake before the Lord."

The position the Quakers now found themselves in amid the contending sects irresistibly reminds one of Heine's story of the two children who were disputing as to the nature of the moon, one saying her mother had told her it was made of sugar and that the angels broke it up with the sugar-nippers every month into the little stars, the other declaring her grandmother had told her it was a fire-melon that was consumed every month in the infernal regions with pepper and salt, as no sugar was to be had. From ridiculing each other's rival views they soon proceeded to blows, and were scratching and tearing one another in true polemical fashion, when they were separated by a boy coming out of the neighbouring school. He, being better instructed, proceeded calmly to explain the true nature of the heavenly body. But with what result? That the two angry little controversialists at once compounded their own differences, and united their forces in cudgelling the dispassionate young philosopher within an inch of his life. In much the same way the empty religious disputants of that day combined in ill-treating these peaceful preachers of spiritual truth, "the accursed race of heretics called Quakers," as they are denominated by the New England Puritans. It mattered not what party was in power, Quakers were whipped, fined, imprisoned, as many as 2,000 being scattered in loathsome dungeons throughout the kingdom. Forbidden by their conscience to resist, they were indeed as sheep to the slaughter; and we must go back to the times of the early Christians to find anything so touching as the heroic tranquillity, the unflinching firmness, the unresisting meekness, with which they bore their cruel wrongs and sufferings.

But at the same time we must admit that perhaps their negations, even more than their affirmations, were responsible for the violence of the persecution that raged against them. With a not unnatural rebound from the externalism and word disputes of the time, George Fox and his followers were led to reject all rites and ceremonies and time-honoured customs. Because some people built upon the bridge, the bridge itself must be destroyed. The sacraments, judicial oaths, marriage ceremonies, an ordained ministry, tithes, mourning clothes, military service even for national defence, down to the "lying habit" of addressing individuals in the plural number, and of taking off the hat in sign of deference—the early Quakers made a clean sweep of them all. We question whether any of their doctrines or practices produced so much irritation as the last mentioned. Homer placed the vulnerable point of his hero in the heel; for the mass of mankind it would seem to lie at the other extremity, in the hat. "O the rage and scorn," exclaims Fox in his *Journal*, "the heat and fury that arose! O the blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent for not putting off our hats to men: for that soon tried all men's patience and sobriety what it was. The bad language and evil usage we received on this account is hard to be expressed, besides the danger we were sometimes in of losing our lives for this matter, and that by the great professors of Christianity."

But despite the continued persecution, which raged for a space of forty years, when James II. issued his Declaration of Indulgence, by which 1,400 Friends were liberated from prison, the Quakers continued to increase in numbers. Increased weight was also given them by the accession of men in high position, such as Penn and Barclay of Urie, the author of the celebrated *Apology*, a book of divinity which the late Bishop Thirlwall is said to have highly recommended to students of theology. But everywhere, whether at court or in prison, we find them upholding the great principles of religious liberty and the rights of conscience, wearying out persecution in their own persons, and pleading, both by pamphlet and speech, for toleration, not only towards their own members, but for all other oppressed sects, in the spirit of Milton's noble words, which they only seemed to grasp, "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worst in free and open encounter?"

So little practical recognition, however, could then be won for these enlightened views, that large numbers of the persecuted Friends emigrated to New Jersey; and on the grant of extensive lands by the Crown to William Penn, the new territory, Pennsylvania, was colonised entirely by them. Perhaps one of the fairest and most unsullied chapters in human history is that in which Penn and his people, acting on their large and catholic theology, met unarmed those American Indians whom all other European settlers had contemplated as fierce and bloodthirsty savages, and addressing them as children of a common Father, concluded with them that Treaty which, in Voltaire's words, was "the only league between those nations and the Christians that was never sworn to and never broken."

In consequence of this rapid spread of Quakerism, George Fox commenced, in 1667, the definite organization of the Society. The report of the religious census of 1851 puts in a few sentences the main features of the system he adopted. "Three gradations of meetings or synods, monthly, quarterly, and yearly, administer the affairs of the Society, including in their supervision matters both of spiritual discipline and secular policy. The monthly meetings, composed of all the congregations within a definite circuit, the men and women forming separate chambers, except on particular occasions, judge of the fitness of new candidates for membership, supply certificates to such as move to other districts, choose fit persons as elders to watch over the ministry, recommend to the quarterly meeting any who have

'a concern' to preach or in other ways to minister elsewhere, so that, if approved, their expenses may be defrayed by the Society; and seek the reformation or pronounce the expulsion of all who walk disorderly, as well as stimulate all the members to religious duty. They also make provision for poor members and secure the education of their children, and sanction marriages before their solemnization at a meeting for worship. Overseers are also appointed to assist in the promotion of these objects. Several monthly meetings compose a quarterly meeting, to which they forward general reports of their condition, and at which appeals are heard from their decision. The yearly meeting holds the same relative position to the quarterly meetings that the latter do to the monthly meetings, and has the general superintendence of the Society in a particular country. There is also a standing committee of the general meeting called the 'Meeting for Sufferings,' from its original object of succouring persecuted Friends, which dispenses the general funds of the Society, and takes cognizance of whatever may arise affecting its interests and requiring immediate attention."

It will be seen from this sketch that the constitution of the Society of Friends is democratic and decentralized in the extreme, the monthly meeting, consisting of one or more congregations, being the executive; but at the same time it is saved by the legislative and controlling power of the general meeting from the narrow individualism and local republicanism, the "divine right of coteries," which forms the inherent vice of congregationalism.

The appointment of the ministry is peculiar to the Friends. George Fox rejected the "one man ministry," and with it the common-sense principle that "the labourer is worthy of his hire." Any one, irrespective of sex, who feels moved thereto may stand up and preach in the meeting for worship. But let not the reader think this must needs lead to a Babel of words, and a natural selection of the longest tongues, generally supposed to be of the feminine gender, which could scarcely be defined as "a survival of the fittest." Quaker discipline averts this danger. Should the word prove unto edification, the preacher, male or female, is enrolled as a minister, and then has the counsels of experienced elders in the exercise of his or her gift. But should it not be so, the elders signify the same after a time on the part of the congregation, and the speaker is reminded that the wise man saith there is a time for silence as well as a time for speech—in the coarser phraseology of the world, he or she is requested to shut up. Perhaps some of those who consider it a religious duty unflinchingly to submit their souls to a weekly macadamising of pulpit platitudes may not be altogether without a feeling of envy at any Church militant possessing a privilege which seems rather to savour of the Church triumphant.

On the great crucial question of marriage George Fox's views were clear and deep. He was free from the confusion of thought which makes so many minds identify marriage with the ecclesiastical rite that celebrates it; and from the superficial view which regards it as a mere civil contract, and not rather as the deepest symbol of the divine in man. "We marry none," he says, "but are witnesses of it, marriage being God's joining, not man's." Marriage, in his eyes, is essentially the altar that sanctifies the gift of prayer and praise laid on it; it is not the gift that sanctifies the altar. In accordance with this elevated view of the religious sanctity of marriage, the utmost care was taken that this sacred union should not be entered into lightly; but in the presence of numerous witnesses who attested the marriage certificate. But with that unfortunate narrowness of the human mind which so often distorts the great truths it grasps, the early Friends forgot that this view of marriage is compatible with any religious rite; and marriage by a priest became an almost more frequent source of disownment in the after history of the Society than even grave moral offences.

On the death of Fox, 1690, and the

passing away of its first founders by the close of the seventeenth century, Quakerism underwent a great change. It lost its aggressive character, its brave assault upon the world, which made it in the mind of its first founders not so much a new sect as primitive Christianity itself restored to mankind, and retreated more and more within its own borders, endeavouring to isolate itself from the world it had at first hoped to conquer. With the withdrawal of persecution, and with the singular commercial success which has always attended the Quakers in common with the Jews, came a decline of zeal and a decreasing ministry, both resulting in the Society being more and more content to bear a negative testimony, by disownment of its erring members, against the evils it had at first actively combated; a testimony which, while it had no effect on the world without, disastrously thinned the numbers of the Society. The very greatness of the truth it held from the first became a source of weakness and error. Believing that

> "God is never so far off
> As even to be near,"

believing in the inner Light, the indwelling Spirit, they deprecated anything which was supposed to distract the mind from its inner teaching. They failed to grasp the truth that the work of the Light within is to shine on the darkness without, and reveal God in all things, sanctifying and illuminating all human life, clothing itself in the slow, sweet pomp of sunset and sunrise, of starry skies, and ordered lights, and returning seasons, uttering itself in the infinite aspirations of music, shaping for itself a body out of the lovely forms of Art. "I was moved," says George Fox, "to cry against all kinds of music, for it burthened the pure life." Music, the drama, art, fiction, in which a genius only second to Shakespeare has of late manifested itself, are all the subjects of repeated reprobation and admonition in the minutes of the yearly meetings of the Friends.

And so that which had begun as a protest against externalism, and a return from religious formulas and intellectual dogmas and superstitious rites and ceremonies to the great fountains of spiritual life within, ended by the gradual accretion of a formalism of its own. The dress, which at first differed only in plainness from the prevailing dress of the day, became in course of time a badge, departure from which was a mark of unfaithfulness, just as the ordinary peasant dress adopted by St. Francis and his followers in token of humility and poverty became the monkish garb of later days. Marriages could only be contracted between members of the Society and according to Quaker rites, any infringement of this narrow rule being followed by disownment. The new creature, to whom old things have passed away, must only speak in antique forms of speech. The very protest against forms became in itself an absurd formalism, men of deep and undoubted piety being disowned for no graver offence than having received one or other of the sacraments on conscientious grounds.

The immense revival of discipline which took place in 1770 assumed the same negative and restrictive character, and Friends increasingly isolated themselves from the world they had at first gone forth so bravely to subdue. The powerful action which still remained to Quakerism was carried out by isolated individuals, and no longer by the Society at large.

In Ireland, at the close of the eighteenth century, and thirty years later in America, extensive secessions took place on doctrinal grounds, the undue stress laid on the inner Light, to the practical exclusion of the atoning work of Christ, leading to Unitarian tendencies and a denial of the Inspiration of the Scriptures. Modern Friends have accordingly supplemented their theology, and while holding as strongly as ever the old mighty truth, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," give a far more prominent place to the Atonement in their teaching.

It is to both the merits and defects of

Quakerism that we must attribute its steady decline in numbers. On the one hand its high standard of practice, its strict discipline, the steady protest it has maintained against war, undue luxury, &c., led to many defections and disownments. On the other, its rigid unassimilative character, its vexatious restrictions, its marriage limitations, its public worship, only adapted for the τέλειοι, but which takes no count of the weak and the ignorant, the absence of the Sacraments, and the want of an established ministry for religious teaching, have all contributed to the decline of the Society in numerical strength. At the end of the seventeenth century, if we are to trust to the anonymous and hostile author of *The Snake in the Grass*, a pamphlet directed against the Friends, the Society numbered in England alone one hundred thousand. In Dalrymple's Memoirs they are stated at half that number; but as he quotes from returns furnished to William III. by parties wishing to magnify the strength of the National Church and to underrate the number of Dissenters, this is probably an under-statement. It would be tedious to enter into the statistics which enable us to strike the balance between the two; but estimating the population of the United Kingdom at eight millions and a half, we may approximately conclude that one person in one hundred and thirty professed with the Friends in the latter part of the seventeenth century. At the present day, whilst the population has nearly quadrupled, the Society of Friends numbers in the United Kingdom only 26,000, or about one person in twelve hundred.

Nor do we think that the withdrawal of vexatious restrictions, and archaic narrowness which marks the Quakerism of the present day, and its greater assimilation to modern life, will prove sufficient to prevent a yet further decline, though we do not contemplate the extinction of Quakerism till the Christian Church has absorbed into herself the distinctive truths to which it has borne such noble witness.

What, then, must be our final judgment on Quakerism? How account for both its strength and its weakness, the immense influence it has exerted outside its own body, and its steady numerical decline within?

As a system, Quakerism must be regarded as essentially defective. It mutilates life, instead of consecrating it as a whole. Poetry, art, music, all the changeful lesser lights of life, are blotted out in its soft drab shadow. This defective side of Quakerism is unconsciously expressed in its rejection of the Sacraments. The Founder of Christianity took the two commonest actions of life, washing and eating, and made them the symbols of the awful and the divine, the outward and visible signs of His religion, thereby consecrating the whole of man's life in Nature, forbidding us to call any part of it common or unclean. The mountain stream as it dashes past us is made the symbol of a purer and a higher life; the commonest element witnesses to us of the purification of a Divine Love. The corn that makes the valley rich with the gold of God, the grape with its sun-sweetened clusters, speak to us of our union with the Light of men, and of that Feast in which all other feasts, the feast of the eye, and of the ear, as well as the feast of social mirth, are consecrated. The Sacraments, as ordained by Christ, were the consecration of human life with all its gracious dependence on the kindly creatures of God, all its harmless play in the sunshine, all its touching wants and limitations, which yet make room for the divine. And in rejecting them because of the superstitious and often idolatrous use to which they have been put, Quakerism unconsciously betrayed its deep inner defect.

But may we not say that in the providence of God it has laid down its own deeper and fuller life as a church for the sake of the Church at large? By its very rejection of all outward forms, and its realisation in individuals of the deepest and most spiritual type of Christianity, it stands as an eternal witness to the spirituality of Christ's religion, and the catholic operations of

God's Spirit, a truth emphasized by the very isolation in which it is held, an eternal protest against the Sacramentarianism

"Which would confine the Interminable,
And tie Him to His own prescript,
Who made His laws to bind us, not Himself."

But if as a system on which to found a divine society Quakerism is defective, we doubt whether as a school for the energetic yet disciplined development of individual character it is not unrivalled; and to this we attribute its being on so many points in advance of the Christian Church. In its absolute recognition of the sacredness of individual responsibility, every man and woman being the possible mouthpiece of the Divinity, in the facilities it offers for the *supériorités légitimes* coming to the front, the whole body being bound to assist the exercise of the individual's gift, in the silence and subjection it enjoins to the Divine Voice, above all in its intense recognition of a great spiritual force—call it by what name you will—which a man can lay hold of by faith and make his own, Quakerism stands alone and unrivalled. The Inner Light the Quaker believes in is an inexhaustible source of force, like the sun without. He does not expect to work uncalled-for miracles by it; there is nothing arbitrary in its action any more than in the forces of Nature; it only works in the line of the Divine Will, but in the line of that Will it is practically omnipotent. As an engineer takes hold of some natural force, and by obeying its laws makes it his own, and drives his engine right through the granite bases of an Alp, so by obeying the Divine Spirit we gain a supernatural power before which all obstacles must disappear. In Emerson's noble words—

"So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When Duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
The soul replies 'I can.'"

As St. Theresa said when she set to work to found a much-needed house of mercy with only three halfpence in her pocket, "Theresa and three halfpence can do nothing; but God and three halfpence can do all things." In this practical recognition of a great ever-present spiritual force, the power of the Holy Spirit, has not Quakerism still got much to teach the Church at large, and, once learnt, might not a new era dawn on Christianity?

We propose in our next article to treat of what this small and decreasing sect has already accomplished through this belief, both in the witness it has borne to hitherto unrecognized truths, and the actual reforms it has carried out.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

To be continued.

THE "VENUS" OF QUINIPILY.

"Quant à la figure, jamais je ne parviendrai à exprimer son caractère étrange."—*La Vénus d'Ille.*

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, in one of the most striking of his very charming short stories—that from which we have made our quotation—tells how a statue of Venus, supposed to be an antique, was dug up in the grounds of a French antiquary, and how, being offended, she instantly avenged herself, and afterwards compassed the death of an unwary youth who had placed a ring on her bronze finger on the eve of his marriage. The story is weird and unnatural, and it haunts the memory; for years after reading it I had somehow connected it with the famous statue of Quinipily, near Baud, in Brittany, although the scene of *La Vénus d'Ille* is laid at the foot of the Eastern Pyrenees.

It may be that the statue of Baud created for Mérimée this strange fantastic story, although in his notice of the idol he denies its claim to antiquity; but when, some years after reading *La Vénus d'Ille*, I met with an account of the "Venus" of Quinipily, the Breton statue became to me something which I longed to see, and yet something from which I shrank with a vague dread; and when, some months since, the longed-for opportunity arrived, my expectation was at its height.

We were so shaken by an hour and a half's drive from St. Nicholas in a cart without springs that, as the little town of Baud seemed to offer no inducement to explore it, we rested at the inn, the Chapeau Rouge, before setting out to see the statue. The inn seemed to be kept by a father and daughter; the latter waited on us, and expressed much disappointment when she heard that we could not stay the night.

"Ah," she shook her head and looked very melancholy, "it is so with travellers; they miss much that they should see. Ah, it is a pity not to stay. If Monsieur saw us on Sunday, he would find plenty to fill his sketch-book with; no need to go to St. Nicodème for that; our dresses are something to see as we come out of church; we have velvet so wide," measuring about three inches off her finger, "on our skirts."

Her working dress was very quaint, the broad lappets of her flat muslin cap being pinned across the back of her head so as to give the appearance of a white pyramid. Her black cloth dress had the square opening of the body filled as usual by a white muslin kerchief, but the sleeves were very graceful—unlike any we had seen in Brittany—wide and open at the wrist, with loose white under-sleeves.

She was very *piquante* looking—much fairer than any Bretonne we had met with. She said that though her life had been passed at Baud, and though St. Nicholas was the next station, she had never seen the Pardon of St. Nicodème. "But then," she gave a deep sigh, "we are five kilometres from the station."

She fetched a dark-eyed little boy to guide us to the statue; and certainly we should not have found the way easily without him. Leaving the high-road, we went across a field of sweet-scented clover, and then through a plot of buck-wheat, covered with delicate white flowers, trembling on their scarlet stalks. Spreading chestnut trees rose up out of the hedges, giving grateful shade, for the sun was still hot, and we were glad to reach a lofty wood clothing the side of a steep hill. The path through the trees is cut on the side of this hill, and we saw the high-road at some distance below through the trunks of the trees.

These are planted so closely, and are so tall and overshadowing, that there is a dim mysterious light in the wood in keeping with the strange relic of Pagan superstition to which the path leads. Blocks of moss-stained granite show here and there among the trees—brambles and furze border the winding, uneven path, which takes its way now up-hill, now down-hill, between the tall dark trees. It is a singularly lonely and romantic walk. Here and there, where the trees opened, the golden afternoon sunshine streamed through, lighting up the grey-green trunks, and glowing on the crimson arms of brambles as they lay, seemingly idle, but really strangling the seeded gorse.

About half-way through the wood is a large rock, clothed with moss and brambles. A niche has been carved in the granite, and in it is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Little steps cut on one side lead to a turfed resting-place above, and from here one sees the dark forest of Camors beyond the trees of the wood.

We had seen at St. Nicholas the hill of Castennec on the opposite side of the Blavet, and had learned that anciently it was occupied by the Roman station of Sulis. On this hill, near the farm la Garde (now Couarde), once stood the mysterious statue we were going to see. There is no precise information to be gathered about its origin. Some authorities say it is Egyptian, some Gallic or Roman, others say that it only dates back to the sixteenth century. So much, however, is certainty — that it was called la Couarde, or la Gward, and that it was looked on with great reverence, and assiduously worshipped by the peasantry till the end of the seventeenth century. Offerings were made to it, the sick "touched" it in order to be cured of diseases, women after the birth of a child bathed in the large granite basin at its foot, and various pagan and foul rites were enacted before it.

The clergy at last interfered to stop this heathen worship; they besought Claude, Count of Lannion, to destroy the statue of la Couarde, and the Count caused the idol to be taken from its pedestal, and thrown down from the hill of Castennec into the river below; but this dethronement of their goddess enraged the peasantry, and when, soon after, abundant rain set in, and destroyed their harvest, they looked on this as a token of the anger of their insulted idol. They assembled in great numbers, drew the statue from the bottom of the river, dragged it up the hill again, and set it triumphantly in its ancient place. According to Monsieur Fouquet of Vannes, la Couarde was thrown twice into the Blavet; the second time by Count Claude, in 1671, and on this occasion her bosom and one arm were mutilated. The peasants continued to worship her after her second restoration till 1696, and then Charles Rosmadec, Bishop of Vannes, resolved to stamp out this degrading paganism from his diocese. He called on Peter, Count of Lannion, son of Claude, to break up and utterly destroy the image of la Couarde.

Now, though Count Peter was an obedient son of the Church, he was an intellectual man, and an antiquary also, and he could not bring himself to destroy this singular relic of the superstition of so many ages. He therefore decided on removing the statue and its granite basin to the courtyard of his own château of Quinipily, and we are told it took forty yoke of oxen to drag the huge mass of granite from Castennec to the château. More than once during its passage the soldiers came to blows with the peasants, furious at the loss of their idol.

The nature of the worship paid to la Couarde seems to have deceived Count Peter into the belief that the image was a Roman Venus; he therefore caused it to be placed above a fountain with these inscriptions on the four sides of its lofty pedestal :—

"Veneri Victrici vota C. I. C.

"C. Cæsar Gallia tota subacta dictatoris nomine inde capto ad Britanniam transgressus, non seipsum tantum sed patriam victor coronavit.

"Venus, Armoricorum oraculum, duce Julio C. C. Claudio Marcello et L. Cornelio Lentulo, coss. ab. v. c. DCCV.

"P. Comes de Lannion paganorum hoc numen populis huc usque venerabile superstitioni eripuit, idemque hoc in loco jussit collocari anno domini 1696."

The château of Quinipily has disappeared. There is now only a farm; and passing by this, we caught a glimpse of the statue among the trees.

We went through a gate, and soon reached a stone fountain, overgrown with long red brambles and clinging green sprays. In front of this fountain was a huge oblong granite basin, curved at one end, the dark water within almost choked by an overgrowth of small starlike yellow flowers. On a tall pedestal rising above the fountain and surrounded by shadowing apple-trees was the statue. Even without its weird history there is something strange and uncanny in this huge misshapen figure—a large uncouth grey woman, about seven feet high. A sort of stole passes round her neck, and falls on each side nearly to the knees. Round her head is a fillet, and on this, above the forehead, are the three large distinct letters I I T, which are such a puzzle to French antiquaries. The arms are too thin for the body, and are folded, the hands placed one on the other. The sculpture is as rough and coarse as possible, the body is large and uncouth, the bust flattened, and the eyes, nose, and mouth are exactly like those of Egyptian idols; the fingers and toes are indicated by mere lines, and the legs are scarcely relieved from the rough granite block.

I confess that I felt a certain awe in the contemplation of this ugly shapeless idol, and there is certainly a malicious inscrutable expression in her face. She looks a fit emblem of dark pagan worship.

We climbed up to the top of the high bank against which the fountain stands and went some little way back. The idol loomed through the trees in gigantic weirdness; she was far more impressive from this distance. It appears that Count Peter caused her to be rechiselled before he set her up at Quinipily, "pour lui ôter," says Monsieur Fouquet, "ce qu'elle avait d'indécent dans la forme." It is possible that the letters I I T may have been sculptured at that time, also the stole which now partially clothes her figure. It is this rechiselling which puts the antiquaries at fault, for there has been a fierce war among them about la Couarde. Monsieur de Penhouët says she is the work of Moorish soldiers in the Roman army, but we thought she looked like an Egyptian idol. Certainly she never could have been meant to represent Venus, she is too uncouth and disproportioned.

Farther on, behind the statue, we came to another ruined fountain, from which a tiny thread of water trickles silently through the grass. This fountain is dank with huge coarse weeds and embraced by boisterous rampant brambles, its dark water choked by fallen sprays and decaying leaves; a gamut of exquisite colour from tawniest brown to cold sage, lay on or beneath the water; the desolation was complete; there was no link to connect the place with those who must once have lived and died in the old château, and as we turned away from the damp mouldering fountain, through the veil of apple trees, in front of us loomed the grey pagan idol with its misshapen limbs, its mocking smile seeming to assert sway over the wilderness.

The light was growing grey and subdued. An hour later we felt it would be more in harmony with this place, which seems a fitter haunt for bats and owls, and for the ivy and dark weeds near the fountains than for the glow in which we saw it on arriving, the golden starlike flowers opening their tiny hearts to the sunshine, and the rosy apples moving gently on their gray, green boughs above the yellow grass.

One of my companions stayed behind to sketch the statue, another to pelt her with the apples that lay strewn among the grass. I gravely warned him of the consequences of insulting an idol, but

he only laughed, and I walked back through the lovely, lonely wood.

All at once I heard a loud barking, and looking down to the road so far below me, through the trunks and branches of the trees on this steep hill, I saw a huge yellow and white dog leaping and springing from one rocky projection to another.

He was evidently coming up towards me, and he barked so angrily that I felt terror-struck. I stood still, so did the dog—"this comes of insulting an idol" I thought—and then on he came looking so savage that I called out for help, though I feared my voice would scarcely reach my companions. My raised parasol made the creature stop again, but he was so near me I felt he must fly at me in another minute. It was a great relief to hear the shouts of one of my companions, who as soon as he came in sight flung a stone, and the dog ran howling down the hill as fast as he had come up. This may serve as a warning to travellers not to irritate the ungainly stone woman of Quinipily lest she send her familiar in the shape of a yellow dog to punish the insult.

We had dismissed our little guide, and found our way home through an apple-orchard, the level light gilding the lichen on the old gnarled trunks of the trees. Presently there came towards us from among the trees a man wheeling a barrow, followed by two quaint brown children. One child had a dark blue frock; the man and the other child were clothed in low toned grey and brown, with some relief in white. The little group, with its sweet background, looked like an animated "Walker," and we longed to ask them to stop to be sketched in the tender fading light that was so in harmony with them; but they were going home to supper, and were soon out of sight among the trees.

The dinner at the Chapeau Rouge was a pleasant surprise, being far more elaborate and better served than many meals we had had in more pretentious inns. It seems to be a comfortable little resting-place for weary travellers, and we were sorry we had decided to go on to Pontivy. The country all round Baud is very lovely and full of variety. Besides the parish church there is a chapel, also a fountain dedicated to Notre Dame de la Clarté, and celebrated for the cures worked on eye diseases. Those curious little crystals called staurotides which break in the form of a cross are found at Baud.

Nearer the Blavet, not far from Baud to the north-west, is the chapel of St. Adrien; there are two fountains within and one without the curious little building, and they are all three believed to work wonderful cures on sick people. When the water fails to effect the desired miracle the patient rubs himself with round stones placed on the edge of the fountain. In extreme cases when the patient is too ill to walk to the fountain his shirt is taken instead and plunged into the water.

If the collar and cuffs float he is sure to recover, but if they sink he dies. This seems almost on a par with the ancient "touching" of La Couarde.

The walk from Baud to Auray is very delightful, and Pluvigner makes a very pleasant halt. Near Camors, which lies between Pluvigner and Baud, are some remains of the foundations of Porhoët-er-Saleu, an ancient fortress once held by the wicked Comorre, Count of Léon in the 6th century, the Bluebeard husband of S. Tryphina.

The old town of Pontivy is full of narrow twisting streets; its new half—Napoléonville—dates only from the first Empire, but it is empty and grass-grown. It is clean and airy, however, and full of soldiers, and the Place is immense. A pine wood appears at one end above the houses. The church of Pontivy is only remarkable for eight curious statues at the west end.

But the castle is very fine and in excellent preservation. It is built on the side of a hill not far from the Blavet. Two enormous flanking towers have high conical roofs; they are sunk in a fosse over which a bridge leads into the castle; all along the top of the curtain

wall are quaint dormer windows. The original castle was of very ancient date, and fell into complete decay in the 14th century. A hundred years later Duke John de Rohan built this castle on the ruins of its predecessor as if he meant it to be a stronghold for ever.

But it is no longer a fortress. Instead of soldiers, rosy-faced children go in and out through the frowning dark gateway. Sisters of the charity of St. Louis keep a school within the old ivy-clothed walls.

Général le Normand de Lourval who fell so bravely at Sebastopol, was a native of Pontivy; there is an inscription on the house in which he was born and his statue stands in the Place d'Armes. An English monk of Lindisfarne named S. Ivy, founded a monastery here in the 7th century, and the town grew up round its walls and took its name from the saint. All the old gates except one have disappeared. It is a pity there is not more in the town to detain the traveller, for the inn is very good and clean.

In the early morning a charming scene greeted us from our bedroom window. At one side was a small farm yard, — peacocks and turkeys strutting about, screaming and gobbling among the humbler ducks and fowls, on the other side were gardens filled with pear trees and spreading shady fig branches, and immediately opposite our window ran a pergola of vines, clematis, and wisteria, foliage and blossoms mingled in wild luxuriance. The breakfast spread for us was one of the most tasteful we had seen in Brittany. Cherries glowing with colour and yet cool with the freshness of morning dew; raspberries with frosted leaves; plums, golden pears, almonds in their lovely green covering, little cakes of various shapes, were arranged in pretty little dishes on a long table with flowers at intervals, and the meal served, beginning with delicious lobster, was quite as good to the taste.

Our landlord had provided us with a very comfortable almost new carriage and a good horse, and we started in the quiet freshness of early morning for the Pardon of St. Nicodème, the cloudless sky and the brilliant sunshine promising that by mid-day the heat would be intense.

K. S. M.

NATURAL RELIGION.

VII.

THE reader of these papers will have long since remarked that by Natural Religion is not here understood, as in the Deistical speculations of the eighteenth century, a religion which is the same in all countries and times, and is equally accepted "by saint, by savage, or by sage." That is, "natural" is not here opposed to "revealed." On the contrary, the religion here spoken of is conceived as revealed in different degrees to different men, and as developing itself through the course of history by means of successive revelations. It is called natural only in distinction from supernatural religion, and even to supernatural religion it stands in no opposition. The object of drawing the distinction was not to throw doubt on the supernatural, but merely, since doubt *has* been thrown on it, to inquire how much or how little of religion would remain to us if all that part of it which is founded on supernatural occurrences had to be abandoned. Accordingly, whereas in the old sense of the phrase, Natural Religion was exclusive of Christianity, in the sense in which it is here used it must be regarded as including Christianity, since Christianity is one of the great steps in the historical development of religion.

But the reader will have noticed that I have deviated from common usage still more in my treatment of the word "religion" than of the word "natural." This indeed was unavoidable, and it will more and more be felt in religious discussion how necessary it is to give some fixed and definite meaning to this word. Till lately this necessity was less felt, because the word religion was identified in most minds with a visible institution of commanding power. Religion meant a vast and vague class of things connected with the Christian Church, as Politics means a class of things connected with the State; and so long as the vast organization of the Roman Church, with her temporal power untouched and shielded by great states, subsisted in the very heart of civilization, all other Churches, even those most hostile to her, reaped the advantage of the definiteness which she gave to the word religion. Her rapid decline has thrown a number of questions open, and those who now think about religion do not put before their minds instinctively the body of doctrine taught by the Christian Church, and ask themselves whether it is true, but they begin by inquiring whether this body of doctrine, or something different, is what is meant by religion.

Hitherto then it has been supposed that there could be no serious dispute as to what is meant, at least in a general way, by religion. What is contained in the early creeds, what is held in common by the Catholic and older Protestant Churches—this, as a matter of course, was Christianity, and for all practical purposes this was identical with religion. Anything different from this might be a philosophy, though more probably it was only a cant, but it was certainly not a religion, and to set it up for Christianity was nothing less than impudent hypocrisy. Thus the Church, or rather the greater Churches of Christendom, were supposed, even by those who most bitterly opposed them, to have the exclusive right of deciding what was religion, and, still more, what was Christianity. Nevertheless, those who refuse to submit to ecclesiastical authority upon theological dogmas have just the same reason for having an opinion of their own about the nature and definition of religion.

Authority is as likely to be mistaken in the one case as in the other. In the one case as much as in the other the decisions of the Church were liable to be perverted by the extravagant predominance always given in the Church to a professional caste, and by the exaggerated respect always paid to tradition, and that a tradition from half-barbarous ages. Hence, as soon as unshackled minds begin to work constructively upon religious subjects—and that is the ruling characteristic of the present age—they take up a position quite different from that of the infidel; they dispute the authority of the Church to prescribe the subject of the debate; they do not so much give new answers to the old questions as propound new questions. They do this not at all from a desire to conceal a heterodoxy which they are afraid to avow, and just as little from a weak thraldom to old associations which makes it necessary to them still to fancy themselves Christians and religious when in reality they have ceased to be either. They do it because they sincerely believe that, in the controversy of the age, Is Christianity true? or, what is commonly believed to be the same question, Have we a religion? the defendants, so to speak—they are really two—are not in court, and are represented there by a single changeling. They believe that it matters little what becomes of the dogmatic system which is so keenly controverted because in any case it is not Christianity, and even if it were Christianity it would by no means be identical with religion.

Although religion is understood to have been much confused by controversies, yet most people hold that the grand outlines of it are quite unmistakable. Whatever it is not, at any rate, they think, it refers to a future state, and prescribes rules of life which may procure us happiness in that future state; or whatever it is not, it is certainly an attempt by means of faith to enter into mysteries hidden from the reason; or whatever it is not, certainly religion is a belief in a personal Deity with human qualities. And yet these assertions, which most people cannot hear questioned without losing their temper, are so evidently false that we can only understand how they come to be made by considering the dazzling influence that a single form of religion has for many centuries exerted on men's minds. None of these characteristics are to be found in all or in many of the religions of the world; many of the religions that have been most powerful and most beneficent have known nothing of them. There is little reason to think that the prophet Isaiah contemplated any future state, and therefore little reason to suppose that he regulated his life with a view to it; and it would be rather hard to make out that all religion is anthropomorphic in the face of the fact that the very foundation of the Jewish religion is laid in the denial of anthropomorphism. But all this has been sufficiently urged above. I have endeavoured to substitute for this idea of essential religion, not some new idea devised by myself, but an idea attained by the ordinary method of observation and abstraction; instead of examining only one religion in order to find out what religion consists in, I have looked at many religions of the most diverse kinds, and have tried to abstract their common characteristic. This common characteristic reveals itself very easily when this simple method is adopted, and appears still more plainly when, as in the last paper, that which is antithetical to religion is examined. In religion, then, we find a rule of life founded upon the principle of worship or habitual regulated admiration; and this rule of life is opposed to the mechanical, languid, and torpid routine of those who occupy themselves only with the interests of their own livelihood, or comfort, or prosperity.

But now if we are able to shake ourselves free from the inveterate misconception produced both in the minds of Christians and disbelievers by absolutely identifying religion with modern Christian orthodoxy, we find our view of

many things modified. In particular, that easy philosophy of history which has become current of late years through the influence of the newspapers will require to be reconsidered. The doctrine, that religion received in the last century from Voltaire, Hume, and the others, a a blow which is proving gradually mortal, that the patient has been steadily sinking ever since, and that the transient recoveries, the well-meant Socinianisms, Deisms, &c., are more and more plainly seen to be in vain, so that the only prospect is of Atheism and complete cessation of all religion—all this is seen to be founded simply upon the confusion of religion with orthodoxy, and to be made all the more fatally plausible because almost all the defenders of religion, being clergymen, instead of doing their best to clear up this confusion, are in a manner pledged to perpetuate it. When we look at the same course of events, having the other definition of religion in our minds, it appears to have quite a different tendency. It appears to point, not at a cessation of religion, but at a great growth of natural religion in the sense defined above, *i.e.*, natural religion, including revealed, but no longer dependent on supernatural religion.

That incredulity with respect to the supernatural steadily increases is evident; it has extended itself to the classes which formerly delighted in nothing so much as the marvellous. This is not surely because the case against the supernatural has grown stronger; indeed, in some respects it seems to have grown weaker; at least, the darling argument of the old sceptical schools, that we may pronounce *à priori* all occurrences of the class called supernatural to be impossible, is now given up by scientific men. But it might have been predicted from the first that when the notion of scientific law had been popularized beyond a certain point the popular mind would take the infection of that intolerance of miracle which had always been remarked in the scientific few. To minds on the look out for regularity in nature exceptions or miracles are annoying; and so the hatred of miracle becomes as much a superstition of the scientific mind as it is a superstition of the poet to attribute personality to inanimate things. There could not but come a time when this habit of thought would become general, and so far as the supernatural enters into any form of religion, it will, when this happens, give rise to scepticism about the religion itself. But inasmuch as religion itself has not necessarily any connection with the supernatural, and inasmuch as there is very much in Christianity and even in the ecclesiastical form of Christianity which is independent of the supernatural, we may notice in the recent history of religion much besides this partial decay. We may notice, in fact, a revival not less rapid and steady, a mighty revival of the spirit of religion, which is bringing us more and more into sympathy with those generations which believed intensely. Only the Church has still retained possession of the *vocabulary* of belief; the old phrases, so vigorous, natural, and poetic, had fallen into the hands of the professional caste, had been stiffened by too much definition, had been cheapened by too much use, had lost their sweetness through too much controversy; and so the reviving religious spirit has not gone back to them, but has chosen rather to coin new phrases, and the new coinage, seldom so good as the old, has still seemed preferable, because it could not be suspected of having been tampered with or debased. Hence it is often a matter of difficulty to identify the ancient belief when it is reissued in quite new language, and often by those who passionately repudiate it so long as it is expressed in the ancient formula. Thus at the very moment when men began to dare to call themselves Atheists they began to use the language of religious worship towards Nature. Poets were inspired with hymns in praise of Nature, philosophers began to study Nature with a new kind of ardour and devotion; and in course of time through this new worship the old Hebrew sublimity returned to poetry, the old

Hebrew indignation at anthropomorphism showed itself in science; and still it was long—so completely was the phraseology of worship pre-occupied by the Church—before it was understood that these feelings were really, and not in mere metaphor, worship; long, too, before the object of this worship was perceived to be none other than He who was worshipped from the beginning, the ancient God, "our dwelling-place in all generations." About the same time, too, when men began to confess their repugnance to theology, their contempt for a science so unprogressive and so quarrelsome, they began, on the other hand, to imagine the possibility of drawing a rule for human life from the new and vast views of the universe that were opening with the progress of science; but still they called theology their enemy, and did not perceive that to aim at such a new synthesis was to aim at reviving theology. Once more it is worth noticing how from the beginning of the period of denial the word Humanity has haunted men almost as much as the word Nature; and all this while they have pursued Christianity as an enemy upon whose destruction they were bent, refusing to see that the worship of humanity is as truly the revival of specific New Testament Christianity as the scientific view of the universe is the revival of the austere Jewish theism.

Many other examples might be adduced of the silent reappearance of ancient beliefs under a new name, if I had undertaken here to treat the subject fully.

In one word, instead of a steady tendency to leave behind the religious views and feelings of the past, a tendency checked by nothing but the tenacity of old associations, we may observe in the age an ever strengthening determination to retain as much of the religion of the past as can be retained without accepting the supernatural, or submitting to priestly authority.

But now among these revivals of old views under new names do we observe any reappearance of that which in the past was called more technically or in a narrow sense religion and religiousness? When we hear those most penetrated with what is called "the modern spirit" say that the only divinity left to man in these days is science, we recognise after a little consideration that a confusion of language has been committed precisely similar to that of the Hindoos when they use the word Brahma, which is said to mean prayer, to describe the Deity approached by prayer, and that science is not the Deity, but the way of approaching the Deity, viz., God in Nature, most devoutly recognised in these ages. When they speak of the necessity of bringing the results of science to bear upon society and upon the individual so as to regulate human life, it is easy enough to see the revival of theology. Christianity again is very thinly disguised under the name humanity. But among those possessed with the modern spirit what do we find answering to the religiousness of past times? That religiousness was not a mere rule of action. It was a play of feeling; it was described as a life, as a mode of consciousness which the religious man had to himself, and which partly absorbed and partly supplemented the life he had in common with others. It was attacked as a delusion, but if our view be correct, if the old beliefs are regaining their hold as far as they can do so without accepting the supernatural, we may expect to find so far as the revival has gone a new religiousness springing up, though we may expect at the same time that it will disguise itself under some new name. Is this then so? and what is the religiousness that belongs to natural religion?

What religiousness *might* be inspired by it I considered before, and I quoted Goethe and Wordsworth as examples of men in whom such religiousness might be observed. The question is now not of exceptional men, but of a path of religiousness worn smooth and distinct and trodden by numerous feet, of a type become sufficiently common to have received a name to itself. For

this we may expect to find if natural religion be the growing influence it is here represented.

The word "culture" has made its way among us from Germany mainly through the influence of that very Goethe who has just been referred to. It used to be a shibboleth of his disciples, but it has since rubbed off its exclusive associations, and at the same time taken a deeper root. We speak now of the culture, whether of a nation or an individual, as a kind of collective name for all that belongs to the higher life of either. When the word is used by historians it commonly includes religion. A chapter on the culture of the Greeks or Romans would discuss along with other matters their religious ideas. When we speak of the culture of an acquaintance we think among other things of his views about religion. But what precise relation culture and religion bear to each other is somewhat unsettled in most minds. The men who profess culture commonly speak of religion with a sort of pitying kindness as a thing good in substance but vulgar in form, a thing which they can sympathize with, but only when it is translated into another dialect. Moreover, culture is understood to be a much more comprehensive word than religion, and in fact to refer principally to matters that have nothing to do with religion. It suggests to us art and science sooner than such things as self-sacrifice and charity.

Now if we consider a moment we shall find that here still the old confusion haunts us. This again is a misapprehension which comes from the inveterate habit of identifying religion with ecclesiastical Christianity. How unless we made this mistake could we come to think of religion as having nothing to do with art and science? How could we avoid seeing that wherever a society has been strongly religious, its religion has been, I do not say connected with its science and its art, but incorporate with and almost inseparable from both? Science begins in religious cosmogonies; art begins in hymns sung to a deity and in the sculpture or painting that adorns his temple. At this day look at those classes of our people who live completely in the old atmosphere. Their science is drawn from the Book of Genesis; their art consists in favourite hymns. Nor is it just to say that at a riper stage art and science do and should assert their independence of religion; this is a mistaken interpretation of the historical fact that the organization of religion is liable to become immovably conservative, and to drive into rebellion or separation the artistic and scientific impulses which in the beginning were the breath of its own life. Art and science may indeed be often found completely independent of churches, but, as these papers have laboured to show, this is not because they have nothing to do with religion; on the contrary wherever they are found in appearance separate from religion, they form in reality rival or heretical religions.

Nor is it less erroneous to suppose that religion is necessarily connected with morality, than to consider it as unconnected with science and art. Those who tell us that religion is only "morality touched with emotion," mean probably to say that this is the kind of religion they approve, or, it may be, all they mean is that this appears to them the original and genuine character of Christianity. But if we are inquiring what religion is, and not merely what we think it ought to be, we shall see that its connection with morality is often very slight; nay, that it often appears as the great enemy of morality. How often is it found—this indeed was the discovery that made the *philosophes* of the eighteenth century so embittered against religion—that while morality is fostered by good laws and wholesome institutions, by religion, on the contrary, bad passions are nourished, atrocious actions justified, and ancient abuses consecrated! And in the cases where religion has worked on the whole for good, its good effects have not always been perceived in the department of morality. Why is

it that we think with pleasure and tenderness of the religion of ancient Greece? Not because we can trace to it much improvement in morality, except indeed in its primitive stages. In the phases of it best known to us, its moral influence was either slight or positively mischievous; but it was of priceless value to mankind as the mould in which the idea of art took form. Even where as in Christianity the two great impulses which move mankind, religion and morality, by a rare happiness coincide, it is still easy to perceive their distinctness. Christianity consecrates morality, yes! but gives it at the same time a new character. It arrives at the same results, but, as it were, by a different road. Social convenience, considerations of public order, prudential calculation, have a principal share in creating what is ordinarily called morality; the same morality in the hands of religion is animated anew, and extended without being altered. Religion, in fact, treats morality just as genius—I call it so to be understood; but it would be better to say religion again—treats art and science. Utility by itself, or almost by itself, might create a sort of art, painting of the Dutch kind, useful didactic poetry; it might in like manner create a sort of science, and discover those natural laws which affect most directly human convenience. But art, in the high sense, is the fruit of instinctive loving admiration of natural forms, and science in the main has been created not by those who wanted to invent some new convenience, but by those who were haunted by the sense of law, and the passion for truth. In like manner, if by morality we understand, as most of us do, merely the habits tending to the general well-being that are gradually formed under the influence of law and order, of such morality Christianity from the very beginning has always shown itself impatient. It has undergone much obloquy for doing so; it has often been reproached for its "to him that worketh *not*," for its "*pecca ortiter*," for its "cauld scraps of morality," and this is because Christianity is a religion, and religion even when it most favours morality remains distinct from it.

We come back then to the position we have maintained all along—that religion is concerned with the whole higher life of man, and that this higher life is sustained by admiration or worship, so that art and science are as much included in religion as morality is, and that indeed morality is only included in religion when it severs itself from the utilities and conveniences with which it is commonly connected, and bases itself on the love or worship of man. But if so, religion has just the same sphere as the modern "culture." The formula in which culture was summed up by Goethe, answers pretty exactly to that threefold division of religion on which we have insisted; Life in the Whole, in the Good, in the Beautiful. Here morality, under the name of life in the Good, stands between art, which is life in the Beautiful, and science, or the knowledge of the law of the universe, which is life in the Whole.

Thus if the friends of culture and those of religion do not very well agree together, it is none the less true that culture and religion deal with the same things, and have the same object. Both are concerned with the higher life of man, and with the whole of that higher life. Both have the same adversary, though religion calls it worldliness, and culture calls it philistinism, in that predominance of the lower life, which is fed by "bread alone," and the object of which is livelihood, or respectability, or comfort. If they quarrel among themselves, if culture is apt to think religion narrow or superstitious, and religion on the other hand charges culture with epicureanism or want of seriousness, this is because both have the associations of their history sticking to them; because religion, when it appears in the concrete, is Christian and ecclesiastical, that is, predominantly moral in its spirit, and somewhat archaic in form, while culture sprang up among literary men in recent times,

and is therefore spick-and-span in its equipment of phrases, and treats morality somewhat lightly compared with science and art. Such differences are merely historical, and the friction of time wears them away. The spirit of religion grows larger and recollects its original affinity with beauty and scientific truth; the spirit of culture grows every day more moral since the time when its great master Goethe betrayed the weakness of his original conception in the helpless want of sympathy with which he regarded the first political struggles of reviving Germany.

Culture then, when it is purified, will answer fully to the old religiousness such as that would naturally grow to be in the new time. The new name is the best that could be chosen by those to whom the true name, religion, was forbidden by circumstances. The higher life of the human spirit, as we have so often said, consists in its religion, in the habitual admirations and devotions which keep it noble and sweet, but this higher life, like every form of life down to that of the vegetable, requires to be fostered according to a definite system. This system is culture: when, therefore, those who wish to speak of the higher life, and are afraid to call it religion, fall back upon the word culture, they use the same makeshift as when to avoid speaking of God revealed in the universe, men speak of science; that is, they put for the thing itself some process closely connected with the thing.

Nevertheless there comes practical mischief from putting a word which denotes an artificial process in place of one which marks a living spirit. The word religion makes us think of feelings, emotions, convictions, or the acts that flow immediately out of them; but the word culture makes us think rather of the machinery of training, of art-schools, academies, universities. All this machinery is of no use unless the living thing is there which it is intended to cultivate; and yet when the attention is so constantly called to the machinery this is apt to be forgotten. The cry is, "Set up more universities; pay people better for research;" if the love of truth appears to be less strong among us than it ought to be. Or when the flatness and ugliness of English life is dwelt on, the believer in culture is apt to treat the evil as one which could be easily remedied by establishing schools of art in the manufacturing districts. And it may be true that art schools should be established and that research should be encouraged, but it is also true that if the religion of beauty and the religion of truth were dead among us all such machinery would avail little. The teaching of art in that case would end only in lifeless mechanical imitation, and research, however encouraged, would lead only to new cobwebs of a barren scholasticism.

In a Protestant country like this the danger affects art much more than science. The religion of truth and reality is not weak among us, and better machinery perhaps is here the main thing. But the religion of beauty is surely at the lowest ebb at the very time when art is more recognised and has a higher place given to it than ever before. This age will be remembered for having, as it were, established art among us, for having asserted its dignity as a pursuit by the side of politics, for new relations established between the different kinds of art, painters rising into poetry and setting the fashion in literary taste, great authors employing their eloquence to celebrate paintings and painters, novelists and dramatists depicting with a new interest the character, life and struggles of the artist. But the age will scarcely be remembered for any increase in the general fund of feeling and imagination in which art finds its materials; scarcely as an age in which English life has grown more poetical, more picturesque, or more harmonious. And yet the public interest is not that a large number of creditable poems, pictures, &c., should be produced—this is a very secondary matter—but that the largest possible number should take those elevated views of life and

have that keen enjoyment of nature which are ends in themselves, and which may at the same time encourage the artist, admonish him to aim high and insure his success. In other words it is not so much culture as religion that is wanted, not so much that the artist should be taken out of the community and trained, as that the perceptions and sensibilities of the community itself should be quickened. And here culture, so far from being equivalent to religion, becomes too frequently antagonistic to it. The differentiation of the artist class may prove unfavourable to the spirit of art. It may make art a thing of schools and cliques, the affair of a profession now become rich enough to judge itself and applaud itself, and tyrannising over a public of whose suffrages it has become independent. Just so in the Christian Church in its first inspired and victorious moment, the maxim was that every Christian was a priest; it was not till somewhat later that a sacerdotal order was differentiated. The differentiation was probably necessary, but who does not see the danger of this increase of machinery? Who does not see now that the only hope for the Christian religion lies in moderating this professional influence? Clericalism is well-nigh fatal to Christianity. Precisely the same law holds in the lower religion of art. Goethe asks himself, What drives poetry out of the world? And he answers, The poets!

Such then, it seems to me, looked at in outline is religion in its modern aspect. It is not forward to assume the name of religion, because of the ecclesiastical associations that have gathered round that name, but for the most part prefers the somewhat less appropriate name of culture. It is a natural religion, rejecting for the present everything called miraculous as inconsistent with the notion it has formed of the Laws of Nature, and it has suffered so much from the abuse of priestly power in former days that it dislikes and avoids, certainly more than is reasonable, everything that reminds it of church organisation. On the other hand it is larger and richer than the religion of past times. It is richer by the *Renaissance* in art and by science. From the buried ruins of the Pagan world it has dug up a precious treasure, the worth of which early Christianity had not been able to perceive, and under the influence of science, while it has revived the Hebrew awe of God and conviction of the mistake of imagining Him under the form of man, it has at the same time acquired an immense and perpetually increasing knowledge of the laws through which He manifests Himself in the universe.

When one religion is set up against another controversies begin and embarrassments. But when the principle of all religion is compared with the opposite principle, when the life inspired by admiration and devotion is compared with the life that begins and ends in mere acquisition, then there is no controversy at all among those whose opinions are valuable. Looked at so, religion is seen to be entirely beyond dispute and to be only another name for the higher life, the life of the soul. Again when on the scene of history religion appears in some partial, one-sided form, it is easy to find fault with its workings, and, as it is a principle of enormous vigour, it has been in such cases the instigator of more tremendous deeds and the cause of more wide-working ruin than any other principle. It has been easy for philosophers preaching on the text *tantum religio potuit*, &c., to make out religion itself a mischievous principle and that it ought to be a main object to moderate, if we cannot hope to kill, this unfortunate propensity in human nature. And yet almost everything else that is highest in man might be looked at in the same way. In the individual, for instance, what a dangerous, mischievous thing is genius or originality! What sleepless nights does it cause, what weariness of spirit! How it disconcerts society, interrupts the tranquil course of its vegetation perplexes the methodical logomachy of parties! Or philanthropy again! What hindrances to trade has

this restless principle caused, now putting down slavery, now passing factory laws; and what flagrant mistakes has it made at times! And then there is the spirit of liberty. Why, it may safely be said that if only this spirit did not exist the art of government would be a comparatively simple matter, whereas it is an almost impossible problem to govern tolerably nations in which it has been allowed to become strong. Of all these intractable forces the greatest by far is religion. If only it could be destroyed! In that case we might picture the human family entering upon that happiness which has no history, beginning a career chequered by nothing that could be called incident, and varied only by the gradations of progress, a career the annals of which would consist only of the ever improving statistics of production and enjoyment; in short, "feeding like horses when you *hear* them feed!" But indeed such a consummation would be only a kind of euthanasia of human nature. It is precisely these impulses and emotions that are so hard to control which give dignity and worth to life. It is for their sakes that we produce and consume. And so it is a more hopeful course to consider whether those sinister workings of the higher life may not be as happily prevented by giving it a full and harmonious development as by vainly trying to extinguish it.

Such harmony, I think, is to be found, and is gradually being found, by the religion or culture of the age in the coalition of three forms of religion, which in past history have generally regarded each other as enemies. A form of religion which, when it appears by itself, does mischief, works ill, and so is justly attacked as false, may, when it finds its right place and proper subordination, turn out to be true and fruitful of good. Paganism was very justly attacked by the Christians as a false religion, but its falseness did not consist in the honour it paid to sensuous beauty, but in its paying honour to nothing higher (as well as to many things lower), and the very same worship of visible things, when it is revived in proper moderation by modern culture, may be not merely harmless, but most right and valuable, most indispensable to the harmony of religion. The same may be said of ecclesiastical Christianity, and of that new religion of modern science, viz., that each by itself may be attacked as false, but that each, taken in conjunction with the other, is true and indispensable.

These three forms of religion have a sort of correspondence to the three stages of human life. Paganism may be called the childhood of the higher life, and so when continued too long, and not duly subordinated, it is the childishness and frivolity of it. Christianity (in the narrow sense) is its youth, its phase of enthusiasm and unbounded faith both in man and the universe; this, too, if it stands too much alone, becomes degraded into sentimentalism. Science is the later phase, when reality is firmly faced, when the sombre greatness of the law under which we live, and at the same time the limitations it imposes on us, and the patience it requires from us, are manfully confessed; but this also taken alone is no more than the cynical old age of the higher life. For it is essential to its complete manhood not only to have acquired what comes latest, but also to retain and not to lose what came earlier. Humanity must constantly renew its childhood and its youth as well as advance in experience. At the same time that it observes and reasons with scientific rigour, it must learn to hope with Christian enthusiasm, and also to enjoy with Pagan freshness.

How different does Paganism look when we contemplate it in the age of Pericles, or that of Scipio, when it began to be quietly left behind, and, again, in the days of the final triumph of Christianity when it was aggressively destroyed. In the one case we see with contempt its childish absurdity; in the other we mark with some regret its freshness and brightness. In the great Athenian age a few artists still with studied conservatism cling to it; and we may indeed

observe that when this is no longer possible the great imaginative poets come no more; but to the majority of intelligent men it has become a mass of absurdity no more credible than Brahminism to the young Bengal of to-day. With still more decisive contempt do the strong prosaic intellects of Rome put aside and utterly forget their old Italian religion. All this seems to us, when we read of it, neither to be avoided nor to be regretted; what was absurd could not but appear to be so sooner or later. But when, after many centuries, the Revolution has gone much further; when the Church has rooted out of the minds of the common people what then only dropped quietly out of the belief of philosophers; when the temples of the gods are thrown down and their names held abominable; when a completely new page of history begins, and all such ways of thinking are decisively left behind, some sort of revulsion takes place in our feelings. The new world appears too monastic, too much tormented with conscience, not spontaneous or natural enough. We delight to see the old Pagan fire break out sometimes in Caedmon, and are inclined to wish it had free way, and that there were no Christianity near to smother it. How much we prize what glimpses we can get of those old beliefs; how much it disappoints us when the writings of those times are silent about them, and give us instead only Christianity and monotonous lives of saints! In some cases we are disposed to complain even that the native genius of a nation has been killed by the foreign faith when we find a literature, after perhaps a promising commencement, paralysed for long ages by ecclesiastical influence. Then it is that we see the other side of Paganism, and what before appeared childish we are now disposed rather to describe as childlike. We are struck now by the free zest and relish of the world that went to the making of those frivolous creeds; here and there perhaps we see in them the rudiments of a true philosophy. We are angry that this vigorous play of mind should be brought to an end, and that not by a truer philosophy of nature, but by a timid morality which looks only within, and is afraid to philosophise on nature at all. In fact, we have just the same feelings as when in an individual we see childhood come to an end, and the merry, boisterous boy turned into the awkward, perhaps self-conscious and sickly youth.

Hence the reaction which steadily and more or less secretly has for so many centuries gone on under the name of *Renaissance.* It is analogous to the growth in cheerfulness and healthy worldliness which comes to the youth as he grows accustomed to manhood. The hobbledehoyhood of humanity was long and trying. Its Pagan childhood was artificially prolonged till it was more like dotage than childhood, and when the new feelings of self-sacrifice, duty, enthusiasm came, instead of quietly controlling and modifying the old, they began a violent war against them. One extreme was substituted for another—for the Pagan view of life, not properly the Christian, but the monastic. The renunciation of selfishness was violent in proportion to the intensity with which it had been indulged; the world was hated as much as it had been loved; the extremes of self-devotion were explored with the eagerness natural to a first discovery. These excesses are outlived in time, and youth ripens into manhood by recovering something of the child. And thus the *Renaissance* is not merely the revival of ancient arts, the adoption of ancient models, it is the revival in proper degree and subordination of the ancient religion. It is the restoration of the worship of the forms of nature. This worship returns, purified, of course, from all mixture of delusion, purified from superstition, and, what is still more important, subordinated duly to other worships infinitely higher and more solemn, but none the less a worship, an admiration which may become unbounded in degree and rise to ecstasy, and which is essential to the healthy vigour of the higher life.

But manhood differs from youth, not merely in having recovered something which youth had parted with, but also in having gained something unknown both to youth and childhood. Beyond the forms of nature and the ideal of moral goodness there remains another discovery to be made, the recognition of a Law in the universe stronger than ourselves and different from ourselves, and refusing to us not only the indulgence of our desires but also, as we learn slowly and with painful astonishment, the complete realization of our ideals. It is not in the time when we are forming those ideals that it is possible for us to recognise the limitation imposed by Nature upon the fulfilment of them, and yet until we can make the recognition we shall be liable to constant mistake and disappointment. The special superiority of manhood to youth lies in this recognition, in the sense of reality and limitation. Youth is fantastic and utopian compared to manhood, as it is melancholy compared both to manhood and childhood. Here again the parallel holds between Christianity (in the narrow sense) and youth. Nothing can be more mistaken than the comparison made by some of those who have regretted Paganism (Schiller, for instance, in *The Gods of Greece*), between the melancholy of Christianity and the melancholy which is the mark of old age. Most evidently all that has been morbid in Christian views of the world has resembled the sickliness of early youth rather than the decay of age. Old age is subject to cynical melancholy, early youth to fantastic melancholy, and assuredly it is the latter rather than the former that has shown itself in Christianity. All the faults that have ever been reasonably charged against the practical working of Christianity (apart from those arising from faulty organization) are the faults which in the individual we recognise as the faults of youth, a melancholy view of life, in morals a disposition to think rather of purity than of justice, but principally a *Schicksalslosigkeit*, an intolerance of all limitation either in hope or belief. "All things are possible to him that believeth," is a glorious formula of philanthropic heroism; the mistake of the Church, as the mistake of young men, is to treat it as literally and prosaically true.

The opposite maxim has to be learned in time, that some things are impossible, and to master this is to enter upon the manhood of the higher life. But it ought not to be mastered as a mere depressing negation, but rather as a new religion. The law that is independent of us and that conditions all our actions is not to be reluctantly acknowledged, but studied with absorbing delight and awe. At the moment when our own self-consciousness is liveliest, when our own beliefs, hopes and purposes are most precious to us, we are to acknowledge that the universe is greater than ourselves, and that our wills are weak compared with the law that governs it, and our purposes futile except so far as they are in agreement with that law.

This assuredly is the transition which the world is now making. It is throwing off at once the melancholy and the unmeasured imaginations of youth; it is recovering, as manhood does, something of the glee of childhood and adding to that a new sense of reality. Its return to childhood is called *Renaissance*, its acquisition of the sense of reality is called Science. We may be glad of both; science will save us from those heroic mistakes of which the Catholic centuries were so fruitful, from unworldliness ending on the one hand in squalor and pestilence, on the other in greedy mendicancy, from pity creating pauperism, and chastity by reaction promoting vice. *Renaissance* will redeem the lower levels of life from the bald barrenness of money-getting, and give Humanity the *fond gaillard* that may carry her through the trials in store for her. We may take sides firmly with the modern world against the Syllabus, against all unfortunate attempts to preserve a justly-cherished ideal by denying and repudiating reality, to protect against all subsequent modification the first sublime exaggerations of

the newborn spirit of self-sacrifice, to banish criticism because it is cold, and philosophy because it is calm, and to try and give the feelings of youth the one thing precisely which is most foreign to them—infallibility and unchanging permanence.

Nevertheless, the analogy that we have been pursuing will suggest to us that the victory of the modern spirit would be fatal if pressed too far, as indeed it is essentially a melancholy triumph, and that the youth of humanity, crushed out too ruthlessly, would have a *Renaissance* still more irresistible than its childhood. The sense of reality gives new force when it comes in to correct the vagueness of our ideals; this is manhood; but when it takes the place or destroys the charm of them, this is the feebleness of old age. Healthy manhood must continue to savour of its youth as of its infancy, to be enthusiastic and tender as well as to be buoyant. It must continue to hope much and believe much; we praise caution and coolness in a youth, but a few stages on these qualities cease to seem admirable, and the man begins to be praised for the opposite qualities, for ardour, for enthusiasm, in short for being still capable of that of which youth is only too capable. But in the individual we regard this persistent vitality as only possible for a time. Old age sets in at last, when, if enthusiasm still survive, it is not so much a merit as a kind of prodigy. Is Humanity to verify the analogy in this respect also? When we have learnt to recognise the limitations imposed on us, that we cannot have everything as our enthusiasm would make it, and that if our ideals are to be realised in any considerable measure it must be by taking honest account of the conditions of possibility; when we have gone so far, are we to advance another step and confess that the conditions of possibility are so rigorous that most of our ideals must be given up, and that in fact humanity has little to hope or to wish for? It need not be so if, as was said above, the service of Necessity may become freedom instead of bondage, if the Power above us which so often checks our impatience and pours contempt on our enthusiasms can be conceived as not necessarily giving less than we hope for because it does not give precisely *what* we hope for, but perhaps even as giving infinitely more. On this hypothesis humanity may preserve the vigour of its manhood. Otherwise, if reality, when we acquire the power of distinguishing it, turns out not merely different from what we expect but much below what we expect; if this universe, so vast and glorious in itself, proves in relation to the satisfaction of our desires narrow and ill-furnished, if it disappoints not only our particular wishes but the very faculty of wishing by furnishing no sufficient food, then humanity also has its necessary old age. And if its old age, then surely that which lies beyond old age. We must not merely give up the immortality of the individual soul —which some have persuaded themselves they can afford to give up—but we must learn to think of humanity itself as mortal.

To be continued.

THE RISE OF NATURALISM IN ENGLISH ART.

II.

Those many landscapes which in the last years of Gainsborough's life had lined the hall and corridors of Schomberg House—landscapes which the great master of Naturalism had painted for pure love, when there was no public to buy—were not without an influence, practical and well nigh immediate, upon the course of English Art. Sir Joshua, with an eye to those neglected pictures, had spoken of Gainsborough at an Academy dinner as the greatest landscape painter of his time, and the younger artists heard of that, and heeded it. In the aspect of his simple country, studded here and there with figures of peasant and wayfarer, Gainsborough had discovered a mine which others would more profitably work. He had set an example, and others would follow it, though the result of their following would vary with their individual gifts. Two men who worked in part during his later life, and in chief after its close, I connect especially with Gainsborough. The art of each had a new element, but the art of both was the child of Gainsborough. One of these men was George Morland; the other Francis Wheatley. They took his mantle and parted it between them.

As a painter of rustic subjects Morland was more homely and Wheatley more romantic than the master. A word or two, later on, for the feebler but still not quite unworthy disciple: the larger place for the homely art of Morland.

George Morland painted the country, and lived in London pothouses. One has heard of him as an untrained painter, because he attended no Academical gatherings. But he was the son of an artist—Henry Morland—a conscientious artist of that time, and from him, and from earliest boyhood, he received a tuition unceasing and regular. He was born in 1764. The father was a man who believed in work: George Morland believed in play. And with the years of independence he took his revenge upon that strict rule. He had his period of merriment and wantonness and idleness. Afterwards, he tired of it, and returned to his work: lodging for a while with a steadier worker—William Ward, the mezzotint engraver. In the same house lived Ward's sister, whom young Morland liked, and in a while love came to be between them. They married quickly, and he loved her much, but his pleasures more. She was not estranged, but he quarrelled with his brother-in-law, and went away to the "far country," and having eaten all the fruit there, and repented of it, came home, and then went back with a reaction from repentance, to eat the husks. Debt, weariness, broken health closed in upon him. He had experience of a debtor's prison, and drew a pitiful and instructive picture of two benevolent visitors coming with full purse and tender eyes, to relieve a half-naked sufferer in like distress. He dedicated the print to what I suppose was the newly-established Society for the indiscriminate relief of persons imprisoned for small debts. It was in 1799 that he was himself arrested. Soon afterwards he "obtained the rules" and took a house at Lambeth, whither the more profligate of his companions in suffering came to share his merriment. He was finally released in 1802—was still a popular painter—and having never ceased either to spend or to work, died suddenly on the 29th of October, 1804. His wife was not then with him; but hearing the news with a shock of surprise, the faithful woman died also, and on a closely following day of

the dark London November, the two were buried in the same grave—as pitiful a story as one has to tell.

The earlier work of Morland bears no sign of that influence of Gainsborough which we trace in the later. It was none the more spontaneous on that account: only when something of Gainsborough's spirit was in it did it become—paradoxical as that may sound—individual, spontaneous and free. For it was Gainsborough, I think, who opened Morland's eyes to the treasure of subject that was in country life; and when he saw the treasure, it was with his own eyes, and unconstrained. But in his earlier work he followed a beaten way, and laboured—often, I admit, with a conscientiousness lacking to the later—at those sets of subjects, romantic, moral, domestic, sentimental, which pleased the fashion of the time. In Art for its own sake—or in Art as an indirect teacher—that day but faintly believed. It believed in the efficacy of the obvious moral, though it had exchanged the terse teaching of Hogarth for the amplitude and the sentiment of *Pamela*. And so, in 1789, Morland is painting the sentimentality of "Louisa"—see the tale of *Louisa*, by the late Miss Bowdler of Bath—and the picture is multiplied by reproduction in stipple, and the text is written beneath, and read with sympathy by the homely middle class folk of that time, who gazed or bought at the print-shops round Covent Garden:—

> "While thus with agonising Sighs
> They viewed the fatal place,
> Louisa's mild yet steadfast Eyes,
> Were fixed on Henry's face."

And he painted the fate of "Letitia" and the sorrow of her friends—a more pliable Clarissa, yielding not quite unwillingly to Lovelace. And he painted "The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy"—knowing them so well by experience—a middle-aged papa sitting in his easeful parlour, sitting pleasantly full with the middle day meal of that time, and but now sipping his glass of port—the black page, from the Indies, bringing fruits—while his clerk lays before him piles of guineas in payment for his merchandise, and outside the window—with all that naive simple insistance upon Symbol and Moral which that generation, like the generation of Hogarth, could receive—there is the view of river-side warehouse, and of crane and cask and bustling industry.

Well, it is this studio work, one might say, that should be his best; and yet he is remembered not by this—not by this even was most popular in his own generation. He was the painter of all English rural life on its homeliest, commonest side—bearing memories of it, strangely rich and keen and sympathetic, into the London streets, and across the foul nights of tavern and sponging house. An animal painter, in the strict sense, he certainly was not. The importance of animals in his work has been habitually exaggerated. It was something of course that he could paint the horses, the dogs, the sheep, the pigs, for the squires who lived amongst them; but where these are the main elements of his pictures, his pictures are quite wanting in charm, and they are wanting also in the severer power by which alone pure animal painting can be accounted great. There is in them none of the strong reality which the great animal painters give; both the science of ancient work and the sentiment of some very modern are lacking to these. At their best, his animals are but parts of a whole: the shepherd's dogs, rise watchful and alert to the call of the shepherd. They are true in movement, suggestive in character, but hardly individual in expression or great in anatomy.

Leading the life he led, it was hardly to be expected that coarseness should repel him; and taking into account not only that life, but the feeling of his time toward human and animal pain, it is something surely that brutality did not attract him. There is one of his pictures—one only that I call to mind—which reveals by negative qualities (sins of omission rather than commission) a certain insensibility to suffering, characteristic less perhaps of the man

than of the time. It is called *Stable Amusements* — stablemen are setting dogs to fight. And the fighting dogs are repulsive enough, but that which is really more horrible—and more hatefully characteristic of the lower side of English life and temperament—is the mild and harmless and unmoved faces of the men. They look on with the placid happiness with which you may watch children at their play. There is a great modern painter, M. Gérôme, whose work so often and so faithfully depicts cruelty, that it has been remarked in a two-edged sentence, which bears praise as well as blame, that there is now some use in all the cruelty in the world; it exists that M. Gérôme may be able to paint it. But in the cruelest of M. Gérôme's pictures—and they are very cruel indeed—he has painted in the bystanders or the setters on either a hard and stoical indifference or an entirely fiendish delight, and both are absolutely removed from the placid and gentle unconsciousness with which humanity, in Morland's picture, regards the sufferings of the brutes. Gérôme so tells his story that the cruelty "leaps to the eyes;" all the marks of its degradation are on the faces he depicts. But Morland never dreams of any deteriorating influence; and the gentle witnesses of his horrible dog-fight go home — "a happy peasantry: their country's pride" — to the peace of a cottage and the embraces of a child.

But these are the exceptions, and the best way to judge of Morland's work and mind is not to see one picture here and there, whatever that may be, but to pass quickly in review some large collection of the engravings in mezzotint. His large loose touch, his reliance on broad effects, the absence of close definition in his work, made that work peculiarly fitted for reproduction in mezzotint, and of the great engravers of his day, two at least—his friend John Raphael Smith and his brother-in-law William Ward—were largely occupied with transcripts from his pictures. Few things were more sought after at that time; few more neglected during the next half century; and now again there is care and interest shown for the prints which catch with a rare and exquisite fidelity his view of rural England, as he remembered, in London taverns, his truant country-days.

And indeed it is by the sight only of some such *suite* of his work that you can feel that, with whatever roughness here, or slightness there, he did seize upon, and delight in, and in the main understand, the rural life of England. Lacking the eclectic grace, the pure idyllic touch, of Gainsborough, Morland went further into common life, and distinguished and discriminated, and presented what he saw, what he cared for, what he remembered, with a variety in unity which he was the first to achieve. An uncompleted picture—*The Roadside Inn*—is among the finest examples of variety and richness of subject and unity of effect. As a landscape painter, as a painter of figures in landscape, Morland stood here upon the very edge of greatness. Great at last he is, and no longer on the edge of greatness, in at least one picture of a humble interior—in the *Postboy's Return*, exhibited at Burlington House in 1875. It is the evening, and in summer, and the postboy has come back to man and youth in the middle of their stable work. The attitude of the figure but just dismounted, the listening group of man and youngster for whom there is news to tell; the horses, the insignificant animals, the lesser population of stable yard and barton—these are all presented with a quite unwonted completeness, an ordered carefulness in place of the rough force. And through the wide door, widely open, there is a glimpse of pleasantness outside: the placid light of a still evening pauses on a bit of the low roof of farm-yard outbuilding, and touches to gold the greenery that straggles there. You have Morland here at his surest and firmest. He saw that — liked it — painted it with carefulness from end to end. To high dramatic expression Morland did not seek to attain; to subtle and fine feeing he hardly pretended; but

unconcerned with the modern landscapist's philosophy, or any wider vision than that which lay before his own peasant as he trudged home from his work, or his own fisherman as he mended the nets on the beach, or his own shepherd as he paused at mid-day to take from his wallet his meal, while the good dogs barked around him—unconcerned with any wider vision than that of these, Morland did slowly build up for us a picture of the rougher England of that day. Sir Joshua's backgrounds were the glades of parks, and he knew no poetry in common things; while Morland, with work quite as indefinite, sought expression in knotted trees, in gnarled trees, tortured trees. It was the common things that interested him. Here and again he was very faithful to them, as Gainsborough in his best time had never cared to be. But he rose too to some fitful recognition of beauty which he seldom presented (see *Fishermen going out:* the mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds); rose too, much oftener, to the fitful recognition of power in Nature: see the mezzotint by John Young, *The Travellers:* a bundle-burdened man, a thickly-cloaked, low-bonneted woman, going through a waste and upland country, the way of the wind and the wind-blown tree. This England that he painted was a large, wide, neglected country of seemingly severer weather than our own—of danger by highwaymen as well as by storm—and something of the sentiment of Morland's work is in his appreciation of homely comfort: the quiet cottage or the farm with its cheerful light, reached at the day's end. He depicted, but never with a touch of Turner's bitter consciousness, the struggle with common tasks. Common tasks had no misery for him. Quite as unconsciously, in his art, he depicted at times that which one knows in his life, and traces in his face—a face of regular features, observant, pleasure-loving, and irritable too—a kind of lesser Goethe, quite as self-centred, but with a less divine intelligence, as he sits at a garden table with discarded palette, but cherished beer jug and pipe. And what one knows in his life, and traces in his face—and what all unconsciously he depicts now and again in his art—is that spirit of rebellion which Mr. Browning has analysed in *Fifine at the Fair.* We remember the pennon on the gipsy's tent:—

> "the pennon from its dome,
> Frenetic to be free, makes one red stretch for home.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Frenetic to be free! And do you know, there beats
> Something within my breast as sensitive?—repeats
> The fever of the flag? My heart makes just the same
> Passionate stretch, fires up for lawlessness, lays claim
> To share the life they lead: losels who have and use
> The hour what way they will."

He asked the boon, and he obtained it; and that spirit of revolt, known in Morland's life, traced in his face, was not quite without influence on the sentiment of his art. He painted with a "curious *bonhomie*" the rural life where it is most Bohemian; the Bohemian where it is most rural.

III.

We know little in accurate detail of the life of Francis Wheatley; and from the very scarcity of information, as well as from the nature of his work, we can but construct a theory as to its uneventfulness. No great triumph: no bitter failure. He was a busy artist, who worked carefully, and as carefully at the end as at the beginning: precise, accurate, detailed, in his last years, as Gainsborough had been only in his first. Here and there, even now in days when his more ambitious landscapes are not much esteemed, you shall come upon one of those works in oil the like of which presumably obtained for him the Academical honours to which no water-colour painter could aspire; but it is his water-colour drawings—and amongst

these not the larger landscapes, but the more delicate studies of rustic figures on hill-side, or in woodland, or at cottage door—which preserve his fame, and will preserve it as long as those sweet faint colours may last.

He was born in London, and learnt, with many another painter of that time, at Shipley's drawing-class. He aided Mortimer, a Royal Academician of a grander school, in painting a ceiling at Lord Melbourne's, Brocket Hall; and before that the Vauxhall decorations had engaged him. For Boydell's Shakespeare—the most enterprising work of the most enterprising printseller of his day—he had made several illustrations; and becoming an Associate of the Academy in 1790, he was elected full Academician in the following year. And, after a domestic life, none of the quietest and happiest, he died in 1802, aged fifty-five.

Coming upon isolated works of his, or looking over any group of them, one is struck at once with their prettiness, and with their sentimentality. They are best on their smaller or smallest scale, for on a large scale their prettiness becomes mere weakness, and the work, though careful and laborious, appears empty and poor. Nor on the small scale is there no sign of sentimentality; but I think that Wheatley idealized frankly, and sought very often to give you not so much the real peasant at the common task, as the common task elevated; and the peasant turned, through his refining hand, into what he thought a fit subject for art. Had he learned from the Dutch and Flemish art of the seventeenth century, or from at least one master of the French art of his own—Jean-Baptiste Chardin—he would have seen that the plainest and most unvarnished treatment, provided it were only honest and sensitive, secured for scenes of humble or bourgeois life a place in art. But he did not take that view of it, and his own exaggeration of Gainsborough's manner of bestowing on the peasant life a grace not of its own, was like the first step backwards to the place from which Gainsborough by his very choice of peasant life had delivered Art—the place where Naturalism is nothing and Idealism all.

But because Wheatley, with whatever wavering allegiance to actual and common fact, did nevertheless paint the peasantry of England, and not of a Golden Age, and the landscape of England, and not of Arcadia, he is to be reckoned a Naturalist, and Gainsborough's son. And wearied as you may be with his laboured and petty presentments of farm and garden and dairy, or sickened with the feebleness of his purely decorative, impersonal, formal and precise, yet generalised—that is, unindividual—treatment of wider landscape, where the group of gipsies winds up the hill-side, or the wind-beaten traveller descends a mountain path in an operatic storm—which the violins should accompany—you shall yet acknowledge, when you come upon his better work, that there is, in English pastoral and sylvan landscape, a beauty which no one has seized with a lighter or more sensitive hand than he. His eye was keen, and his hand delicate; for beauty of form, and of quiet colour, and of sunlit air. Knowing nothing of the power of Nature, he could yet convey in his best moments something of her peace—the charm of the lightly-shadowed way through the wood, where the road, deep-rutted, wandered straggling and broad between wayside flowers and under the drooping ash; and in his best drawings—such as *Returning from Market*—he could give you all that charm, with simplicity, reticence, a delicate reserve of means. The human nature that he cared for, had only the same charm. Ophelias and Mirandas of a beatified peasantry—timid and graceful things of gentle outline and of dainty hue—beyond these he could not rise. Yet his appreciation of these in his fine moments was genuine and individual. And if in the silvery landscape which he drew the best, his delight was less in its sentiment than in its decorative and at once visible beauty, he did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from his stronger

contemporary, Morland, and his great master, Gainsborough.

We see the work of these men with our own eyes; not with theirs; and part of our love of it, and of the open country's simple charm, which none have given so well as they, is due to a stimulus which their generation could not share—the knowledge that much of what they painted is a now vanishing or vanished thing. For us, this large loose English country that they painted, has the half pathetic interest of something that is already too much in the past. For them it was beautiful chiefly as colour and line. Such association as it had for them was that of a quite simple personal delight, at any time easy of renewal.

And if the landscape itself was in this way not as significant to them as it has grown to us, the figures with which they peopled it counted for still less. Any connection other than a purely formal or superficial one, between the landscape and the human figures that varied or vivified it was as then undreamt of. The landscape of memory, the landscape of passion, had not risen in the England of that day. Only later was our art to be charged with some new pregnancy—the landscape of form to yield some place to the landscape of expression.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE APPROACH OF THE SEASON.

I.

At ten o'clock your maid awakes you;
  You breakfast when she's done your hair;
At twelve the groom arrives and takes you
  In Rotten Row to breathe the air.
From twelve to one you ride with vigour;
  Your horse how gracefully you sit;
Your habit, too, shows off your figure,
  As all your cavaliers admit.
One other habit I could mention—
  I hope your feelings won't be hurt,
But you receive so much attention,
  I sometimes fancy you're a flirt.
Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
Your life as you lead it by day and night.

II.

At two you've lunch; at three it's over,
  And visitors in shoals arrive;
Admirers many, perhaps a lover—
  Your next event is tea at five.
At six o'clock you go out driving
  From Grosvenor to Albert Gate,
To occupy yourself contriving
  Till dinner time comes round at eight.
Each hour as now the night advances
  Some fresh attraction with it brings;
A concert followed by some dances—
  The opera, if Patti sings.

III.

At twelve you waltz; at one you've leisure
  To try some chicken and champagne;
At two you do yourself the pleasure
  Of starting off to waltz again.
At three your partners hate each other—
  You scarcely know which loves you best;
Emotion you have none to smother,
  But lightly with them all you jest.
At four your chaperon gives warning
  That it is really time to go;
You wish good night, and say next morning
  At twelve you'll meet them in the Row.

IV.

My darling, you're so very pretty,
  I've often thought, upon my life,
That it would be a downright pity
  To look upon you as a wife.
I don't think your ideas of marriage
  With those of many would accord,
The opera, horses, and a carriage,
  Are things so few men can afford.
And then you need so much devotion—
  To furnish it who would not try?
But each would find it, I've a notion,
  Too much for one man to supply.
Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
Your life as you lead it by day and night.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THE STAGE IN FRANCE.

THE French have always been good comedians both on and off the stage. Whether this is due to nature or education it is perhaps impossible to say. The Italians alone would appear to have excelled them, especially outside the theatre. The art of declamation indeed is native to Italy, and from them has spread to the whole of the western world, where it has for long worked its pernicious way, substituting words for ideas, and replacing thought by sound. What France alone has thus suffered is enormous; the evil has existed for centuries, and there is no prospect of its extinction. But to confine ourselves to the theatre and to modern times, it may be said that our own generation can recollect the time when actors modulated their voices, delivered their words in cadence, cut the lines into two portions with a pause between—followed in fact the known and established rules to which the *habitués* of the Théâtre Français were devoted, and from which they would permit of no departure. In fact so vigorous were these laws, that it required a political revolution, barricades, and a change of dynasty to destroy them. Till then the traditions of Talma were supreme. What Talma did and said the actor must still do and say, in the same exact manner, and with the selfsame intonation, expression, attitude, and gesture. How this must have increased the difficulty of acting it is unnecessary to point out.

I myself never saw Talma, but I have frequently heard him described by men of taste who knew him in his greatest parts. No one ever had more majesty, more dignity, a purer diction, or a voice at once more even, more sonorous, more manly, and at the same time more full of emotion. He might be pardoned for rising above nature, because in so doing he always remained natural; and in a time much given to display, he maintained a severe sobriety of demeanour, and was always in perfect keeping with the character he was representing. Following the attempts of Le Kain, Talma was the first to introduce historical truth in costume; and if he did not attain perfect accuracy, this was rather the fault of the archæological knowledge of his time than his own. In this respect, indeed, he was the precursor of the romantic school, from which in other things his style so completely divided him. He threw new life into the classical plays of Corneille and Racine, infused for the moment a dramatic genius into Voltaire; and for a time the age of Louis Quatorze threatened to revive under his hands in the second-rate tragedies of M. J. Chénier, Lafosse, Jouy, Arnault, and Soumet. He even attempted some of Shakespeare's characters in the mutilated and inaccurate version of Ducis.

The tragic sceptre at the Théâtre Français was at that time disputed by two actresses—the one bad-looking but susceptible, the other beautiful and cold. The victory, however, was not long doubtful: it rested with the former, and Mdlle. Duchesnois became mistress of the great classical parts, while Mdlle. Georges was banished to a minor theatre, there to introduce the exaggeration of the romanticists. Laferrière tells a good story illustrative of this. Georges was to appear in the part of Roxane, in *Bajazet*, which had been played two nights before by Duchesnois. The French public is always a little critical and slow to recognize the charm of a new beauty. Notwithstanding this, however, Mdlle. Georges was greeted on all sides with a murmur of "How beautiful!" The Emperor's recent caprice in elevating her to a kind of favourite was even forgotten. As long as she was before the curtain, her extraordinary beauty fairly bewitched the

house. But a few days afterwards Duchesnois returned in the same part, and then it was at once evident how wide was the interval between the two, and how easy it was for the less good-looking to become the greater favourite.

Another lady who proved of more service to the new literature than Georges had been was Madame Dorval. She has the glory of having made the heroines of the modern drama known and appreciated. In looks she was hardly superior to Duchesnois, but no French actress ever threw more soul and life into her characters. Talma, by his historical knowledge, may be said to have mastered his parts, but Madame Dorval was the prey of hers. Like a true woman, she threw herself wholly into the character, caring little for historical truth of attitude or exterior, but planting herself in the present—or rather on the eternal truths of human nature—not caring to recollect whether the character she was impersonating had lived in this or that age, and were called Margaret of Burgundy or Mary Tudor, Lucretia Borgia or Christina of Sweden. The play might be by Victor Hugo or Alexandre Dumas, but the one prominent figure was Dorval; she stood out in relief from a background of improbabilities, with a force and truth which have never been witnessed since.

Madame Dorval has been accused of a vulgar voice. She belonged emphatically to her own time and to a class which prided itself on being popular—on expressing *popular* sentiments, and in touching the heart of the *people*. It must be confessed that the refinements of art are wasted on a popular audience. It is open to impression, but to rouse it, it must be hit hard. Madame Dorval struck less strongly than Lemaître,[1] who was, even more than she, a *popular actor*. Lemaître had the passions of the mob; like them, he was coarse; and like them, it must be owned, he was vicious. However rough Dorval's voice might be, however free her gestures, or loose her attitudes, she was sure to throw over the scene some charming ray of tenderness, some beam from the gold of the feminine soul within. But Lemaître, on the other hand, had no feeling in himself, and could therefore excite none in others. His only method of making his audience laugh or cry was that of violent contrasts; the subtle agitations of melancholy were as alien to him as the trembling timidity of love. In his hands love was always more or less exaggerated and coarse; but the mastery of vice—the delirium of play, ambition, jealousy, hate, or revenge—these he could depict with prodigious force. He was full of a dark, bitter, savage irony. He tyrannized over his audience as he did over his manager, and was no less irregular as an actor than he was unpleasant as a companion. He impersonated Kean to the life, especially in scenes where Kean had lost both reason and conscience. He came upon the stage as if he had stepped out of the gutter. He was the inventor of a low style, in which the points were made by scoffing at law, and defying justice, and in which goodness was made game of and conscience ridiculed. When Lemaître appeared the classical *répertoire* was in its decline, and the tragedies of the ancient masters were falling into discredit through the faults of those who interpreted them. The French theatre had suffered from two grave evils, each imported from Germany. On the one hand the low comedy of Kotzebue, with its petty intrigues and vulgar characters, had forced itself into the very heart of the *Maison de Molière*; and on the other hand the passion for Schiller had inundated us with sentimental dramas *à grand spectacle*, in which the stage was filled with the castles and robbers of the Middle Ages, with noblemen who were brigands in disguise, and heroines who were daughters of thieves. The strange dramas of the Ambigu and the Porte St. Martin, which were the delight of the Parisians under

[1] Frédéric Lemaître was recently buried amid a concourse of more than 50,000 spectators. What social philosopher, what great poet, was ever so accompanied to his last home as this *popular actor!*

the First Empire and the Restoration, were the gift of Germany. These plays were called *melodramas*, because music was added to the dialogue. Every main incident was accompanied by an appropriate melody. Did two lovers find themselves surprised by a jealous father or rival, a startling chord proclaimed the fact! Was a brigand tracked to his retreat, a martial symphony echoed the shots of the pursuers, and added to the horrors of the situation! More than one generation has laughed and wept by turns at the misfortunes of these virtuous brigands, the sallies of the buffoon of the gang, or the treachery of the traitor. Indeed, the "traitor" of melodrama is a character who may be almost said still to exist; at any rate, he survived the style of piece which brought him into being. The French playwrights, while borrowing their dramas from Germany, certainly improved them; they made them shorter and more amusing; made the business more consistent and the catastrophe more startling; did away with the clouds which German poetry had thrown round the subject, and introduced motion, life, and wit. Guibert de Pixérécourt may be said to have brought this style of literature to its climax.

Scribe himself began by imitating Kotzebue, and, though he rose in the end to be virtually master of both German and French stage, at the time we are speaking of he wrote complicated mysterious melodramas, in which virtue and vice ran neck-and-neck, and virtue succeeded only after having encountered the greatest risks. The excitement was so great as to cause the erection of three or four theatres on the Boulevard St. Martin and the Boulevard du Temple, which thus obtained its nick-name of "Boulevard du Crime." Some of these theatres have been destroyed by M. Hausmann, but the most renowned of all was burnt by the Commune, and since its re-erection has been filled for four hundred successive nights by the admirers of the *Journey Round the World in Eighty Days*—or rather in five hours. Tastes have truly changed, but can hardly be said to have improved. Scribe, however, must not be accused of killing the ancient melodrama, for he dropt it almost immediately. It was worked for some time by Bouchardy, the greatest artist of his time, by Anicet Bourgeois, Dennery, and Lockroy, father of the present deputy for Paris, who played in his own pieces with Frédéric Lemaître, and was the incarnation of the inflated, coarse, declamatory style of writing, which has done so much to educate the Parisians for their recent brilliant destiny. The mass of the people of Paris have no school but the theatre. It is from the theatre that they gain their notions of history and the rights of man. Dumas senior, the "great Dumas," saw how this fact might be turned to account: he created the historic drama, and became the schoolmaster of the people. The ancient melodrama received its real death-blow from Lemaître. Whether Lemaître was a man of genius, no one can deny that he had it on one occasion. Having to play the principal character in a melodrama by Antier, one of the regular writers of the "Boulevard du Crime," it struck him during the rehearsals that the words of his part were simply absurd, and that it would be much easier to make his audience laugh than cry. The manager fell in with the idea, and the result was that Robert Macaire, instead of being acted in earnest, was acted in parody, or, as the Parisian term is, *en charge*. This was shortly after the Revolution of 1830; the public were still warm from the barricades, and quite prepared to enjoy the dish then put before them, a dish in which law and authority were made game of, virtue was ridiculed, and audacity applauded, theft made comic, and murder a joke. Thus played, the piece—*L'Auberge des Adrèts*—was an ill-omened parody. But its success was in proportion to the boldness of the idea. Lemaître proved an incomparable actor of so low a part. He had never succeeded in accustoming his harsh voice to the cadence of verse, or the sustained elevation of measured

prose, nor had he ever become at home among the "Comediens Ordinaires de Sa Majesté," as the actors of the Français were then called. But notwithstanding these great defects, on the day following the production of the drama in question, Lemaître found that he had emerged from the shade into the full sunlight. From that time forward he was regarded as the greatest dramatic genius that had ever existed, and it was only the other day that Victor Hugo uttered the same exaggeration over his tomb, with hardly a dissenting voice. But if Lemaître was a man of genius, what was Talma? what was Rachel? Genius he may have had, but it was the genius of baseness, and therefore unworthy of admiration by any civilized people.

Genius was not the prerogative of Mdlle. Mars so much as that peculiarly French gift which we call *goût*, and which is made up of tact, feeling, delicacy, and grace. A little more and *goût* becomes *préciosité*, as those discovered who endeavoured to imitate her, and only succeeded in exaggerating what she just avoided. She stopped short at the line which all her imitators crossed. In Mdlle. Mars the graceful *finesse* I refer to showed itself in all she did. She was so pretty and elegant, her figure so slim, her mouth charming, and her eyes very quick and speaking—she was the first to manage her eyelids in the way which has been since imitated *ad nauseam*. But what distinguished her most was her voice, which was remarkably sweet and incomparably fresh. At fifty she played the part of a girl of eighteen in the first act of Madame Ancelot's *Marie*, and the illusion was perfect. In Molière, and perhaps even still more in Marivaux, where the merit lies in the brilliancy of the repartee, and in that rapid exchange of words which is known as *marivaudage*, Mars certainly excelled all actresses before or since. In that refined art she had no rival, and what was most remarkable was the entire absence of artifice. Without having heard her it is impossible to understand how perfectly she could control herself, and how her delicacy never degenerated into the affectation (Molière's *fin du fin*) which since her death has been cultivated on the French stage to a positive pitch of sublimity. In this respect the influence of Mdlle. Mars (especially in characters of the Celimène type) has been absolutely bad. Her tiny mouth and her caressing drawl have been caricatured by her imitators into *bouches en cœur* and an unnatural pronunciation more like the twittering of a bird than the human voice—even if it can be heard at all, which is often not the case. In difficult coquette parts she surpassed her predecessors, Mdlles. Contat and Leverde; but in so doing she tempted those who followed her to *decadence*. Madame Arnoult de Plessy, for example, has occupied the stage in various kinds of characters for forty years, and has left few compeers behind her. I would not say a word to injure this lady with her numerous admirers, but there can be no doubt that she has been guilty of great exaggeration, and that with all her exquisite delicacy she has seriously damaged the art.

In private Mdlle. Mars was a strange creature. She passed her time over her famous diamonds, in endless caprices, in bitter speeches discharged from lips very different from the enchanting mouth of Celimène. She who on the stage was so charming, when off it was the very reverse. She had lovers, whom she habitually ill-treated; all shared alike, but they had at least the consolation that it was of their own seeking. Not so her associates on the boards, who suffered from her ill-humour without any chance of compensation. Mdlle. Mars was usually looked upon as cold and grasping. It is said that when very young she loved the painter Gérard; but she certainly forsook him for Prince Galitzin, and for an establishment and diamonds which have since become celebrated. She was born in the theatre, and yet had all the air of a grand lady. Feeling she had none, and yet no one could better express it. At the congress of

Tilsit she and Talma were engaged to play before the crowned heads congregated there. Every one had arrived except Mars, and she had parted from the others on the road and had taken a separate conveyance. M. de Remusat (father of the late Academician), the then Chamberlain, had to inform the Emperor of her non-arrival. At length she appeared. Her carriage had upset, and her face bore the marks of the accident. The Emperor at once ordered the whole company before him, and addressed her in his most angry style. "So you are come at last, *ma belle!* I advise you to appear as you are before the Emperors." Mars burst into tears, on which Napoleon put on the soft voice and winning smile which he knew how to employ when he pleased—"Ah, *méchante!* you make game of us all, and quite right too—you can always shed tears." It was now her turn to smile. On this the Emperor reassumed his angry tone—"Ah! if I only knew who it was that dared to detain you!" "What then?" said she, with a glance of mischief. "What then?" said the Emperor; "I would reward him like a hero for having had the courage to give you up." The Emperor was fond of these little scenes with his favourites. He liked people to be afraid of him; but he liked them still better to oppose him—in little things.

The lustre of the French stage is due rather to its actresses than its actors. Mdlle. Mars was at the head of that earnest, dignified, serious comedy of which the *Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe* are the finished models. And she was also at the head of the lighter and more graceful class, in which the wit of Marivaux effected so much for the style of French conversation. Mdlle. Rachel followed, as the most perfect tragedian in the true French style—or one might even say the true antique style—that ever lived. While Mdlle. Mars owed everything to education, Rachel may be said to have owed everything to nature. It is difficult to imagine circumstances less favourable to art and sentiment than those in which Rachel was reared; but her natural gifts were so truly remarkable that not even the deteriorating influences of her home could spoil them. Perhaps her family life even forced her to keep down the passion which was always smouldering in her breast, and which in later life burst out in such magnificent explosions. Many stories are told to show that she had no instruction whatever, and never even learned to read or write till late in life; but such accounts should be received with great caution, and none of them will bear the inference that they are intended to carry. No doubt she had not Talma's knowledge, which would have enabled her to study the characters of Hermione, Rodogune, Phèdre, and Roxane, in the light of classical antiquity or of the *bas-empire*. But even her immense dramatic instinct could not alone have insured her pre-eminence, or given her the power to cope as she did with history, philosophy, and all-embracing poetry. Her beauty was not of that plastic order which we naturally associate with the ancient heroines; and yet no one ever more resembled the Panathenaic figures of Phidias. She was of moderate height, and looked tall because her figure was so elegant and well proportioned. Her thinness was proverbial, but on the stage it was not noticed. Whether beneath the *peplum* or not, the angles of her shoulders and the prominent joints of her arms seemed in perfect harmony with the rest of her figure. When in repose she was like a marble statue; but the marble was full of life, breath, and passion. Her head was certainly not pretty, and yet its beauty was remarkable; the forehead was ample, and full of vigorous thought; the nose small, lengthened, and delicately curved; the mouth of charming contour, the teeth small, but ferocious, and the chin rounded in a single perfect curve; the lip curving occasionally with an ineffable expression of irony or contempt; an ear worthy of Praxiteles; the head long, the cheeks thin, the hair and eyebrows black—all this will

be understood to have made up a head both strikingly original and full of character. But the most remarkable thing in Rachel was the way in which she looked at you. Beneath the rounded arch of her eyebrows and in the depths of their deep and gloomy caverns her black eyes seemed to slumber under their long lashes; but on a sudden the eyelids would lift, the eyes flashed like lightning, and darted like the thunderbolt. Nothing, by any possibility, could be more sudden or more terrible. The forehead seemed to glow, the word rushed from the lips, and the audience trembled. What was it that produced this extraordinary effect? What, indeed? Her eyes had opened, her mouth had unclosed, and her thin arm had been raised. And the effect was simply prodigious. I am trying to convey how Rachel with so little apparent means produced such enormous effects. Her *pose*, her attitudes, her gestures, were all quiet in the extreme. Other tragic actors make their effects by exaggeration, —rolling their eyes, whirling their arms, and twisting their hands, exactly as if in a fit of epilepsy; she was always quiet and self-possessed, truthful, simple, and dignified. But then her smallest word was like a blow, her least gesture told, and her look was far more powerful than if it had been more violent. And the same thing with her voice. No shouting or noise, but subterranean explosions, distant thunder rolling nearer and nearer and at last exploding through the cloud in thunderbolts which never missed their mark, and—more important still—never went beyond it. Thus her acting possessed an intellectual greatness which defied competition, and raised it far above that of actors like Ristori and Rossi, whose style is full of exaggeration.

Rachel passed away at the flower of her age and the very acme of her talent; the blade had worn out the scabbard. After her death it almost seemed as if the French theatre were at an end. But though the brilliant stars had disappeared, there remained actors enough to play comedy in perfection, such as Provost, Samson, and Régnier. They have been succeeded by Got, Coquelin, and a few others who have the gift of perpetual youth. Mdlle. Croizette, though much talked of, owes more to her toilet than her talent.

In the *Maison de Molière* of Dumas fils, produced at the Théâtre Français, we have a fresh step in the deterioration of the stage. It would be unfair, however, to close this article without alluding to the various companies outside the Français, which excel in light comedy, such as the Palais Royal and especially the Gymnase, which has witnessed the innocent audacities of Mdlle. Rose Chéri, the passion and spirit of Desclée, the natural grace of Mdlle. Delaporte, and the good-humour of Geoffroy, the most perfect type of the "bourgeois de Paris." Such actors have no more in common with the buffoons of the Operetta than the music of Offenbach has with that of Rossini. They are admirable models of second-class art, full of delicacy and spirit; and their style has had an immense success in Paris both among natives and foreigners. But it would be unjust to estimate the condition of French drama from that which is so new and, it may be hoped, so temporary. It is already difficult to obtain applause for farce unflavoured with indecency, or for actors without exaggeration.

VICOMTE DE CALONNE.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"How is the work of our houses to be done?" Though a homely theme, this is really one of the most pressing questions in modern social life. Many may feel that they have already heard more than enough about it. Still there seems to be room for some suggestions which may prove useful.

It is vain to sigh after the olden times, when simpler life and manners made domestic service another name for a loyal tie and happy relationship between rich and poor, who mutually helped and benefited each other. All that is changed. Modern civilization, among many other things, has largely increased our wants. Money in ever increasing amount is necessary to supply these; and additional labour is requisite as well as money. Men in thousands leave our shores, to push their way in the world, and make fortunes if they can; while women remain the majority in our home population. In many cases these women must earn money that they may live, since there are not men to do it for them. Long ago, in like circumstances, many of them turned to domestic service as a natural sphere. But now, since remunerative work of all sorts (even what has hitherto been considered strictly masculine) is being opened up to women, a reaction has set in which threatens us with a sort of social revolution.

How, then, is the work of our houses to be done? Each member of every family in the country is affected by the reply given to this question, and all the "nameless unremembered acts" which make up life are really coloured by it. Almost every woman, who has a house to govern, knows how increasingly difficult it is to obtain efficient service, and though, if wise, she will keep her own counsel and patiently endure much, her difficulties about servants will be betrayed from time to time, by important posts in the household being left vacant, with all the discomfort which that implies.

The whole middle class, especially the poorer section of it, is at present suffering serious inconvenience and loss from this difficulty. Hence the necessity for discussing the matter in a practical spirit. An efficacious remedy for a tangible evil is required, and must be found, sooner or later. Alongside of this unsatisfactory state of matters as to service, we find an outcry for work, higher education, the opening up of professions to women, and so forth. All this is natural, inevitable, commendable. But, is there no risk of its obscuring or even hiding the truth as to woman's primary duty and sphere? It may not be easy to explain or account for it, but the fact remains, that while on all hands occupation is sought for by women, the kind of work peculiarly theirs is neglected. It is a great evil that well educated and sensible women are forced to give so much time and thought to the mere finding of persons to clean their houses, cook their food, and tend their children. Instead of the mother and mistress being able to devote herself to the training of her children and the governing of her household, this worrying quest consumes her strength and time.

Two things are needed to remedy the existing evils: the one—greater competency in servants; the other—a larger number of women willing to undertake domestic work. It is surely worth while to inquire whether anything can be done to meet both of these.

Oddly enough, women seem to be supposed capable of doing house service without special training for it, or at least with just such as they can pick up

anyhow, and anywhere; just as they were once supposed competent to keep school without training. No baker, mason, or groom expects to be hired till he has learned his trade; but women appear to take for granted that they can sweep, dust, clean silver, steel, glass, and boots, can wash, iron, and even cook by a sort of intuition. And unfortunate mistresses, forced to hire the best they can meet with, too often find that they have taken persons into their houses, whom they pay and feed well, and lodge in comfort, and yet have to teach how to do the very things which they confidently undertook to perform, and for the very purpose of doing which they were hired. In some few cases, the teaching process may be brief, when, for example, the servant is clever and anxious to learn, and the mistress has few demands on her time, and some strength to spare. But in a home where there are young children, indifferent health, and limited income, the lady who is obliged to teach her own servants leads a life which is simply one not worth having.

Ought there not then to be a training school for domestic service?—an institution where women could be taught how to clean a house and all its various implements, to light a fire, to wash and dress linen, also simple cookery, and methodical, punctual and tidy habits; or at least shown the practical utility of such habits? It is true that cooking is now taught in many places, and, from the general attention given to the subject, it may probably be taken for granted that before long some knowledge about the preparation of food will be a recognised branch of a girl's education. But in other departments of housework, no less than in this one, training is requisite. Some such institution as is suggested in the following sketch would afford this training.

1. As heads of the school, Two Ladies. One the head-mistress, with absolute authority; the other, subordinate to her, but also an educated lady, who might keep the accounts, and give practical instruction.

2. Under these, one experienced woman from the working class, with good ability and thorough knowledge of housework in all its details. The ladies must also possess this knowledge.

3. Entrance fee for every pupil to be 1*l.*

4. Time of residence, six weeks; and if a longer time is required, the entrance fee to be paid again, at the commencement of the second six weeks. The pupil to be free to leave at any time. No holidays granted, and the entrance fee never to be returned in any case, whether the entire six weeks' term be made out or not. Insubordination to be followed by dismissal.

5. Board to be paid by each pupil weekly in advance, at the rate of, say, 10*s.* per week.

6. The apartments of the mistress to be furnished in such a way as to give the pupils the same work as they would have to do in service in a family, with plenty of plated silver and crystal to keep. Their table to be as elaborate as circumstances permit.

7. The pupils' rooms, beds, and fare to be rigidly what they might expect to find in service, in the families of the poorer middle class.

8. The pupils to do the work of the establishment, and to be trained in the doing of it.

9. If this did not provide sufficient employment, the head-mistress might be at liberty to take in work to whatever extent she deemed necessary,—such as washing to rough dry, laundry work, neglected steel grates, or silver to put in order, &c. &c. In every case payments to go to the school funds, and not to the individual workers.

10. After pupils had attained a certain proficiency, the mistress might arrange that they went out to work in families by the day or hour, returning to the school at night, and (when practicable), to meals. The fees in this case also to go to the school funds. It would be understood that in this matter of working out (as well as everything else), the head-mistress had absolute authority, and would decide according

to what in her judgment was the sort of practice each pupil required.

11. If it were found that young ladies wished to become pupils, a wing or flat of the house might be set apart with superior bedrooms for them. They would take their meals with the mistresses and pay proportionate board, say 1*l.* 10*s.* per week. Their entrance fee would be 1*l.*, as in the case of the other pupils.

12. If any Lady wished to learn how to conduct a similar "school," she would also be received as a boarder, her entrance fee being 5*l.*

Pupils of these two classes would be an advantage, because they would increase and give variety to the work of the house.

In starting such a school, it may be taken for granted that the rent, taxes, and furniture must be supplied either by subscriptions, donations, or private enterprise. The rate of board would require to be fixed at the lowest possible point, and yet high enough to cover the cost. The entrance fees should meet the salaries of the mistresses and head servant; and the payments for outside work might be calculated upon to cover the outlay in brushes and cleaning implements. With salaries at say 100*l.*, 75*l.*, and 25*l.*, and an average of twenty-five pupils all the year round, there could be no serious financial loss, and probably the number of pupils would soon be greatly above that average number.

It may be objected that the women for whom this kind of instruction is specially intended will not avail themselves of it; that they will argue, not unnaturally, "since without such training we can get situations and the wages we wish, there is no need for going to school, in any sense of the word." This difficulty might be met, so far, by a system of certificates of merit, and by mistresses giving a steady preference to all possessing such certificates. Still it is to be feared, that so long as the number of females available for service continues less than the number required, the standard of competency will not materially rise.

This introduces the question, Can nothing be done to increase the number of women willing to undertake domestic work?

The first thing that suggests itself is, that all unnecessary servants, all kept entirely or mainly for show, ought to be dispensed with. And if in addition to the merely useless servants every family were to reduce the numbers it employed as much as possible, many would be at once set free for service in those households which at present cannot find any. But might not a further step be taken, and the ladies of the family (where there are several of them) perform regularly *a certain share* of the work? Girls seem content to know nothing whatever of domestic work or of the management of children—expend their superfluous energy either in croquet and dancing, sewing for fancy fairs, or distributing tracts and teaching Sunday classes, and believe that they work hard. They marry, and take upon themselves the responsibilities of that state while totally ignorant of the duties it involves. Is it surprising that much evil and unhappiness result? Every young woman in the middle classes ought to know, not only how to spend and keep account of money, but each detail of household work. This knowledge she can only attain by some practice in her father's house; nor should she feel this work, though sometimes called "menial," in any sense degrading. As habitually used, the term "menial" is utterly vague, and frequently means just what we wish it to mean. It is a degradation to be idle, whether rich or poor, and it is a degradation to do badly any work which one has undertaken; but no household duty that a lady chooses to do can degrade her, *if she does it well.* If every girl, after school-life ended, undertook a certain portion of the daily work in her home, a number of servants might at once be dispensed with.[1]

[1] A supposed case may explain this more fully. A family of five persons, two of them daughters, have a cook, waitress, and housemaid. The daughters (A B) undertake part

Several objections may be raised to this. Some may think that by doing such work young girls might become vulgar. This need never follow. It is not at all meant that they should work along with women of a lower class; and it is not what we do with our hands, but the spirit in which we do it, that vulgarises or refines. If girls could only be made to see that they have definite duties to perform, and that their time is of value to others, much would be accomplished towards the cure of that frivolity of which we hear so many complaints. With a suitable dress, a covering for the hair, and housemaid's gloves, a lady may make beds and clean rooms without the slightest injury, and probably with gain in some directions.

Another objection may be that young ladies are deficient in the physical strength necessary for this sort of work. In some instances this is true. But when we recall how much fatigue most girls undergo in dancing, riding, skating, rinking, archery, &c., it is difficult to believe that there is much weight in this objection. If even a share of the force required for these fatiguing amusements was reserved for housework, a great deal might be accomplished.

It may be objected further, that for educated girls to engage in housework is a waste of time, and will prevent their mental improvement and culture generally. There is even less force in this than in the former objection. Every one knows how easy those things become which we are obliged to do daily in the same order, and to an educated girl housework would soon become so nearly mechanical as to make a very small demand on her brain power. But even if it should make *more* than a small demand, every woman ought to know how to do it, and is therefore bound to acquire such knowledge in the first place. It is not fixing a lower but a higher and broader standard for women's education and culture to maintain that it should begin at the foundation. Speaking, not of the gifted or talented, but of the average woman, it may be safely affirmed, that to make herself in the first place thoroughly acquainted with her natural work—viz., the care of the home and the young—will prove an aid and not a hindrance to her "higher education." Only a small percentage of women have the brain-power, time, health, and money requisite to follow purely intellectual pursuits, but every one can learn her special work and duty *as a woman.*

A second way to increase the number of women available for service would be, a much more extensive employment of them as time-workers. In many parts of Scotland it is common to have all washing and rough cleaning done by a woman hired for the day or half-day. And if this same system could be introduced into other departments of work, and women of the humbler classes, who could not become servants and yet have spare time, induced to do some sort of housework in families at so much per hour, a good many resident servants might be dispensed with. There are cases where a lady is forced to hire an additional servant, for whom, however, she cannot provide full work. If, in such circumstances, she could find a woman willing to come to her house and do some definite thing for two or three hours a day, this additional servant would be unnecessary.

There may be better remedies for our domestic difficulties than those now indicated; but these are at least natural ones, and to whatever extent they are adopted, they will undoubtedly lessen the pressure of the great household problems, How to obtain good servants, and a sufficient number of them?

of the work. Immediately after breakfast (say at nine o'clock or half-past nine) A removes the breakfast dishes and dusts the breakfast-rooms; B in the meantime doing the drawing-room. A and B then make the beds and dust the bed-rooms. All this will require an hour. In addition, A daily covers the table for luncheon, and B takes charge of looking over the clothes and prepares the lists for the laundress. With such assistance regularly given, and a re-arrangement of the work of the house, two servants would be sufficient for this family.

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.[1]

"WHAT is done in Oxford in the next two years will give the tone and set the example for the whole country for generations to come. Shall we have a university to which free science and liberal letters attract, by their own lustre, only such ingenuous youths as have a true vocation; or shall we have a great national *lycée*, through the routine of which we shall attempt to force willing and unwilling, apt and unapt alike, by the stimulus of emulation, of honours, prizes, and rewards?"

These weighty words of the Rector of Lincoln set the question of University Reform in its highest and most important bearings. The commissioners are not concerned merely with questions of readjustment of revenues and declericalisation of college offices: they must deal with the fundamental conception on which a university is founded.

The old historic aspect of the university was that of a place of study; its revenues were given it to enable poor students to support themselves with the necessaries of life. When this old theory was found, in the change of social conditions, to harbour abuses, the Act of 1854 provided summary remedies. It converted the university into a place of education; it used its revenues partly as subsidies to teachers, partly as prizes to incite young men to be taught.

No doubt this change did away with many abuses, and was a great cause in heightening the standard of education in England. But now that the new state of things has been in operation twenty years, it is not found to give entire contentment to those who have been working it. Dissatisfaction and discontent have increased with the increase of activity. In proportion as Oxford has tried to do its work more thoroughly it has found that work unsatisfying. A feverish desire for change has possessed it, and different panaceas have been popular from time to time. Any one who has known Oxford, even for the last ten years, must think with astonishment on the various opinions which have prevailed among the advanced party of reformers.

Opinion has been alternately in favour of strengthening the university, and of strengthening the college system, of increasing the professoriate, and of increasing the efficiency of the college tutors. The university was extended by the admission of unattached students; forthwith a new college sprang into being, and many of the old colleges began to build additional buildings. At one time it was thought that reform would be complete if clerical restrictions on headships were done away with; at another time young sinecure fellows expatiated on the waste of money involved in the existence of sinecure headships at all, and were urgent in clamouring for their entire abolition. At one time professors were held to be valuable as being representatives of the university, and so standing outside of the colleges as dispassionate critics of the tutors; at another time efforts were made to absorb the professoriate into the colleges by giving college-fellowships to as many of them as might be.

In fact, professors have proved a great difficulty. At one time there was hope that the chief part of the education of the university would pass into their hands. Lately, attempts have been made to insure greater stability in the teaching staff of the colleges, and to assimilate the college tutor to the professor. Changes have been made in the tenure of fellowships. The restriction of celibacy has been in some cases exchanged for a tenure depending on the discharge of educational or other duties. Thus a new class of fellows has been created, dependent for the tenure of their fellowship on periodical re-election

[1] *Essays on the Endowment of Research*, by various writers. London: King, 1876.

to their office by the vote of the other fellows of their college. The fellowship in these cases has been attached to the office; that is to say, the college has appropriated the revenues of the fellowship as a subsidy to officials of its own.

So, too, different views have been held about the utility of an examination system, and about the best methods of conducting it. Examinations have been enthusiastically advocated, and strongly condemned. They have been alternately broadened and narrowed in their scope. At one time the cry was to set them free from the bondage of "books," so as to cultivate mental readiness and vivacity in the taught; at another time the need was felt of bringing back young students to greater accuracy in points of detail, and of clipping their tendency to airy discursiveness.

These rapid changes of opinion have led to great restlessness, and much creaking of machinery. Life in Oxford is like life in a house which always has the workmen about it. "I never can come to Oxford for a holiday," was the remark of one who had left it for a most laborious post in practical life. "It is far too busy a place for that. It seems to me to be perpetual motion and no progress."

It is not under these circumstances surprising that a reform of the universities is again contemplated. The feeling that there is something wrong has in a great measure been created within the universities themselves. Applications for sanction to changes of the statutes or ordinances of the colleges went with increasing rapidity before the privy council and the visitors. There was a growing tendency to make political capital out of university matters. Aspiring publicists, whom Oxford had raised and trained, were anxious to bring into prominence a question which they might claim as their own. Everyone was ready for a change; for in the continual flux of opinion it was always a chance that his own particular ideas might come to the top.

But in opposition to the two classes of what may be called *Mechanical* Reformers and *Political* Reformers, there has been slowly growing up in late years a class of *Academical* Reformers. Of these the Rector of Lincoln may justly claim to be the head and the exponent. His "Memoir on Academical Reorganisation," which appeared in 1868, and which put forward the view of a university as being primarily a place of learning, met with little favour at first. But the principles which were there laid down slowly germinated. The claims of "research" have been gradually recognised. An increasing number of those interested in university matters have come to consider the promotion of learning as an object of greater consequence to the university than the promotion of education. The first draft of Lord Salisbury's Bill directed the commissioners to "have regard to the interests of religion, learning and research." Education was regarded as of secondary importance.

In this state of opinion the appearance of a volume of essays dealing with the subject of the "Endowment of Research" cannot fail to be full of interest. Many who would accept the object as desirable in itself may still feel doubts about its practical application, and would like to see the principles on which it is founded worked out with some regard to details. The present volume does not aim at setting forward a constructive scheme. It only calls attention to the vital importance of the subject itself and to the need of taking it into serious consideration.

The first Essay, by the Rector of Lincoln, is a survey of the situation in its bearings on the past history of University Reform. Mr. Cotton follows with the historical argument based on the intention of the founders of fellowships. It certainly requires some justification that fellowships should be given away as prizes to young men of the age of twenty-two with no duties or obligations attached to them, when they were originally intended to maintain poor students while they were pursuing their studies. In some cases, as Mr. Cotton points out, fellowships were founded with the express object that students might not be driven by poverty to occupy themselves with teaching. At present fellowships are simply prizes.

Lord Salisbury, when introducing his Bill, spoke of "idle fellowships" as though there were some fellowships which were "industrious fellowships"; and there is a general belief that some of the fellowships are applied to educational purposes. But this is not really the case. All fellowships are "idle" fellowships, in the sense that their tenure involves no duties. The possession of a fellowship, no doubt, enables many men to work as tutors for less pay than they otherwise would do. But this is an incidental advantage, and is in no sense connected with the conditions of the tenure of a fellowship. The only use of fellowships for educational purposes is their annexation in a few cases to professorships as a supplement to the small salary from the University, and their annexation in one or two colleges to the office of tutor when held by a married man.

This incidental use of fellowships as subsidies to education is attacked by Dr. Appleton on economic grounds, with the view of deprecating its further extension. He argues that subsidies ought not to be given to the higher education, which is so valuable in itself that those who need it ought to pay for it. Subsidies and protection go necessarily together, and shut out the teacher from the stimulus of competition, while they keep his wages unnaturally low and prevent teaching from becoming a recognised profession with a prospect of career. Dr. Appleton's economic arguments will perhaps sound hard. Many will be ready to exclaim against any increase in the expense of a university education. But those who know university life will be ready to confess that its expensiveness arises from the general tone of social luxury, not from the necessary expenses of education. So long as a university is regarded primarily as a pleasant club for young men of good family for a few years after they have left school, it will tend to be expensive. No one would wish in the present condition of England that these young men should not go to the universities: but surely their habits should not be taken as a uniform standard, and the economic aspect of education should not be regarded as subordinate to their traditions. It would be better to make poor students pay the market price for their teaching and learn to live simpler lives. Moreover, it is quite possible to subsidise the poor students by a wiser distribution of scholarships, instead of subsidising for their sake all the teachers of the university. Men value what they pay for. It is notorious that undergraduates who have to be driven to their tutors' lectures, go regularly, even at the most inconvenient hours, to the "coach" whom they have chosen for themselves.

Having thus far cleared the way, Dr. Appleton in the next essay proceeds to argue in favour of the endowment of research on the ground that it is a productive form of expenditure. Without following him into the technical part of his argument there are sufficient general grounds which render the endowment of research a matter of public expediency. The pursuit of knowledge at first hand can never be directly remunerative. The length of time which it requires would alone prevent it from being so. Moreover, research must necessarily be occupied with special subjects in which only a small number of persons are at any time directly interested. A discovery, which it may take years to make, can be expressed in a few pages: when once it is made and published, it straightway passes into the common stock of knowledge, and very few would care to buy an elaborate statement of the steps by which it has been gained. The qualities of the discoverer are not necessarily of a literary kind, and he may not be able to produce any book which has a chance of selling. It is clear that no man who is engaged in the search for knowledge at first hand can hope to maintain himself by the profession of literature.

Dr. Appleton points out the great services to research which have been rendered in England by the clergy, because Church preferment gave at once the opportunity and the reward for study. But this is no longer the case, except with deaneries and canonries. Altered social conditions and a higher idea of clerical responsibility have prevented a clerical life from being one of leisure. Students are now to be looked

for chiefly amongst the laity, and men who have the capacity and the desire for study are sorely put to it to find the means.

Education and popular teaching in some shape or other are now the only means by which a scholar can hope to maintain himself. Many men who engage in these pursuits, with the hope of finding leisure for study as well, become entirely absorbed in them after a few struggles. Often a feeling of highminded conscientiousness compels them to devote their energies entirely to their educational duties. Sometimes there is no nervous force to spare for study when the necessary work of their position has been done. At the best, a few hurried hours, when mind and body are weary, are all that can be saved for their life's chief object. The routine of teaching, moreover, dulls a man's intellectual perceptions in some instances, and narrows his view. It is clear that the man engaged in educational work, which has for its object preparation for examination, cannot produce the highest scientific results as well.

The essay of Mr. Sorby is very interesting as illustrating this position. It gives the results of a personal experience, extending over thirty years, of the advantages of research unencumbered by other duties. Mr. Sorby is, luckily for himself and for mankind, a gentleman of independent means, whose devotion to scientific pursuits has been unchecked by any vulgar ambitions. As one whose discoveries have extended the domain of human knowledge, he has a right to give his opinion about the way in which he has found that this can best be done. He insists upon the necessity of abundance of time, leisure, and mental quiet as conditions of research. Results that are to be of permanent value must be sought for with patience, with attention, with quietness of mind. A student must be prepared to follow his subject into all the paths whither it may lead him, even though he often finds that a laborious inquiry has ended in producing nothing. He must not be harassed by the need of rapid production. It is well that he should have few extraneous things to distract his mental energies from their main subject. For these, amongst other reasons, it is well to have some students who are laden with no other obligations than those of study, and are not bound to educational duties.

At present the only offices at the universities which encourage research are professorships. Their holders are, as a rule, saddled only with light educational duties. A small number of lectures is exacted from them in two out of the three terms into which the academical year is divided. But the position of a professor, except in the case of the professors of the physical sciences, is a very anomalous one. It is often urged as an insuperable objection to the endowment of research that it is impossible to find any satisfactory means of electing to offices which have a dangerous similarity to sinecures. It may be answered that there are at present greater dangers in the way of electing to a professorship. The post is supposed to have educational duties, and is supposed also to be held by one who is a thorough student of his subject. But the two qualities are not by any means always, or even usually, united. An appointment to a professorship may at present be justified on the grounds of approved excellence as a teacher, or acknowledged eminence as a student, or as being a judicious and wholesome combination of the two sets of qualifications. Hence neither education nor study can calculate on finding in a professorship the goal for their ambition. Neither a capable tutor nor a profound student can look forward to earning a professorship. It is impossible to say what views are held about the qualifications for it. Hence arises the unfortunate fact that the highest academical office which can be won by merit inspires no ambition and opens up no career. Fellowships to be given as the rewards of research would be more productive of diligence, and would give a greater stimulus to study than do professorships in their present anomalous position.

It is, in fact, difficult at present to know what a professor ought to do. On all sides complaints are heard that the professors' lectures are unattended. This

has become more and more the case lately, owing partly to the fact of greater energy amongst tutors, and partly to the greater organisation of college lectures. Knots of colleges combine for lecturing purposes, and so every undergraduate has a large choice of lectures which he may attend. The object of college lectures is to prepare men for the university examinations. College tutors are engaged in this as their chief object, and are, therefore, more likely to be adepts at the tricks and knacks requisite for that purpose than is the professor of maturer years and larger knowledge. As examinations have increased in intensity, the art of preparing men for them has become more and more of a trade. In earlier days, when colleges were more negligent, many professors, such as Mr. Jowett and Mr. Goldwin Smith, gave a most valuable stimulus to teaching, and stirred up college tutors to greater activity. But now the tutors are alive and alert, and have organised themselves into confederations, which map out amongst them all the subjects required in the examinations: the professors, even if they wished to do so, would hardly succeed in competing with them in the art of preparing for the Schools. The tutors have youth on their side. They have themselves come more recently from the Schools. They have a direct interest in the success of their pupils, because it redounds to their own credit. They have a greater familiarity with the undergraduates in other ways, and can adapt their teaching to their shifting needs. It is, in fact, their business to do for their pupils what it would be degrading for a professor of any eminence to do in public lectures delivered in an academic capacity.

Thus professors rarely attempt to teach solely with reference to the examinations: and if they attempt to do so they fail, because with much greater knowledge and far wider experience they still cannot do it so well as those whose trade it is. If the professors, on the other hand, try to lecture on subjects, or parts of subjects, which have no direct bearing on the examinations, they have a very small audience. Nor is this surprising: tutors and undergraduates alike are too busy to attend to anything except their own work. Such is the tyranny of the system of examinations that it often happens that professors whose name alone would command a crowded audience if they were lecturing in any other town in England, lecture in Oxford to well-nigh empty benches.

When this is the case, it is clear that the only real function which remains for professors to accomplish is that of research. For the superficial preparation for examination—which is all that an undergraduate has time for—the professoriate is not needed. The increase of the professoriate is to be looked upon as a desirable step only because it is another name for the endowment of research. It is, however, most desirable that the truth should be told about it, and that its real meaning should be made known. The endowment of research under the name of founding an educational office is a false step and tends to defeat its own object. At present if a professor delivers the twelve lectures required by his statute every year, no one can say that he is neglecting his duties, and though no one attends his lectures no one is justified in saying that he is unfit for his post.

If the duties of the professors were recognised as being, what they must be in fact if there are to be any real duties at all, duties primarily of research, greater care would be taken in elections to professorships, and greater stress of public opinion would tend to stimulate the professors to show themselves as standing at the head of their several branches of study. It is necessary to emphasise this point, because the chief objection raised to the endowment of research is the difficulty of electing to an office with no other obligation than study. To this the answer may be urged that at present appointments are made to offices which are practically useful only for the purposes of research. These appointments are, as a rule, made well, and are worthily filled. The real difficulty felt in making them is owing to the fact that their meaning is not clearly defined, and so the necessary qualifications are sometimes mistaken.

On this point it is necessary to be quite accurate. It has already been said that

these considerations do not apply to the professors of the physical sciences, who have to carry on the chief part of the education in their several branches. The physical sciences require, of course, for their study laboratories and museums which colleges cannot erect each for themselves. The university buildings and the university teachers have consequently to give the chief part of the education in these subjects. There is also one other exception,—that of the professors of divinity, attendance at whose lectures is required by the bishops from all candidates for ordination. Hence the chief part of the education given to theological students is given by the professors.

This puts the professors of these two branches of knowledge at a disadvantage when compared with the others. The representatives of physical science claim with justice many new professorships to enable them to carry on satisfactorily the double work of teaching and study which falls upon them. As regards theology, Mr. Cheyne, in the volume before us, puts forward a strong claim for the foundation of professorships in critical theology. He urges with great cogency that professors whose business it is to teach candidates for ordination cannot be in the forefront of scientific investigation. "The object of an investigator is to discover truth: that of a beneficed clergyman to foster the religious life of his people." The teacher whose duty it is to educate the clergy will not aim at kindling too far the spirit of investigation. If critical and historical theology is to flourish in England it must be by its recognition and endowment as something apart from the duties of a teaching professor.

It must not, however, be concluded that it is inherent in the nature of things that study and education should be separated; exceptional causes at present bring about the divorce. The student would desire, if he could only find a sympathetic audience, to talk from time to time about the processes, methods and results of his own studies; and this ought to be the highest and best kind of teaching which a young man could receive. But so long as educational results are to be subjected to the test of a competitive examination no undergraduate can afford the time to listen to a student talking about the subject which he has studied: he has more than enough to do in listening to tutors who are retailing to him the contents of note-books, the judicious compilation of which enabled them to get first classes a year or two before. The examination system may be an admirable means of stimulating young men to acquire a great mass of varied information and to develop readiness of thought and expression; but it does not kindle in them a thirst for knowledge. Until this influence of the examination system has been in some degree abated, of which there are very slight signs at present, the class of students must stand outside the educational work of the universities.

The contention of this volume of essays is that the endowment of research is a fitting object for the employment of academical revenues. It is not urged that academical revenues should be devoted to that purpose exclusively. Subsidies to education may still be maintained in the way of scholarships, and in the maintenance of some teaching professors. Prize fellowships of a smaller value than at present, and of a limited duration of tenure, might still serve to give young men some other motive for submitting to be educated than the one desire of knowledge, and might serve to start them in some practical career. Much has been said lately of the use of prize fellowships in enabling men of culture to devote themselves to liberal professions. It ought not to be forgotten that this argument can be carried too far. The feeling of unlimited tenure of a fellowship tends to blunt the keenness of a man's practical energies. One who knew that his fellowship would end in five years would probably have advanced further in his profession at the end of that time than one who felt he was sure of a maintenance for life. A prize fellowship is a great encouragement to that dilettante spirit of superiority to the common aspects of life which is so often made a reproach to the results of a university education. If it

is desirable to bribe superior persons to take to the legal or medical professions, it is equally desirable to make them find as soon as possible their only career in the profession which they have chosen.

Prize fellowships might be retained, education subsidised, and museums built —yet still something might be left for the encouragement of students. It matters little what these students are called, whether professors or not. But it is needless any longer to think that jobbery in the election to offices is effectually barred by setting professors to compete vainly with college tutors and to lecture to a miserable class of two or three undergraduates who seem to have strayed into the lecture-room by accident. If the duties of professors were recognised as being primarily those of research, they might be trusted to be willing and anxious to lecture whenever they could obtain a sympathetic audience. If the fulfilment of the duties of a student was the thing which was most carefully exacted, the desire for the stimulus obtainable only by seeing ideas take shape in another mind would alone be sufficient to insure the highest educational work that can be done.

So far from being useless to education, such a body of men would, by their mere existence in the university, render the greatest services to it. They would embody the idea of the value of knowledge for its own sake. They would be a protest against the feverish sophistry which the present system of examinations inevitably generates. They would react upon the tutors and would direct them in their studies. They would co-ordinate and organise a system of mature study in which those who had but little time to spare could at least take a useful, though small, part. That there are such students at the universities, and that their usefulness is there recognised, cannot be denied, and is the strongest argument for the systematic extension of their number. It was instructive to notice the case of Professor Max Müller. Oxford would not give him a professorship in the subject which was peculiarly his own; nor could Professor Max Müller get together a class to attend lectures on the subjects which he was studying. Still, when the general unsatisfactoriness of such a position at last led him to think of leaving Oxford, it was felt on all hands that his presence there had been of the greatest value to every aspect of the university. It was agreed that any step must be taken which would retain him there.

This volume of essays pleads for the general recognition of principles which would aim at making our universities the homes of more men like Professor Max Müller.

M. Creighton.

The death of Mr. Henry Kingsley at the early age of 45, cannot be overlooked by the conductors of this magazine, to which his pen contributed many bright and welcome pages. Those who knew him, best recognised the gentle, shrewd, original cast of his genius and his kindly and affectionate nature. They will often think with love and regret of the too brief career which disease and death have closed.

A. M.

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BEETHOVEN AND HIS WORKS: A STUDY.

On the copious and glorious roll of musicians' names there are many that stand for special attainments, and signify progress in some particular branch, but do not form landmarks in the history of music.

Apart from, and infinitely above these, are inscribed the names of a supreme few, who, combining all the technical attainment of their predecessors and contemporaries, added the full weight of their own individuality thereto; and thus, both spiritually and mechanically, enriched and enlarged the entire domain of musical art. For *genius is individual*—and that vague spectre, "the beautiful," mooning about in Hegelian æsthetics and elsewhere, is but an empty abstraction.

Such are the names of Palestrina, Bach, and Beethoven. Each fulfils and closes a great epoch, and the two latter at least open endless vistas into the future. Palestrina endowed the unrhythmical plain-chant (*cantus firmus*) of the Catholic Church with deep emotional expression, by means of characteristic changes of polyphonous harmony. His music (although he belongs to a comparatively late period, 1529-94) is emblematic of the ideal Church. Bach did not relinquish the rich harmony of polyphonous church music. He developed it anew, in connection with the distinctly marked rhythms of peoples-songs and dances. He may be looked upon (spite of his appearing long after Luther, 1685-1754) as the musical outcome of the Reformation. Beethoven, following in the wake of Haydn and Mozart, gave hitherto unknown width and breadth to the forms of instrumental music; he filled them with such various and entrancing melody and such Titanic passion, that his symphonies—from the *Eroica* to the 9th—impress us like so many revelations. By virtue of Beethoven, music has become *the* modern art. His works are the only adequate artistic expression of the eager impulse and enhanced aspirations of modern life. He it is who has rescued music from the choir and organ-loft of the church—from the lamps of a musty concert-room or the footlights of a glaring *salle d'opera*. In his hands it has become one of the main elements of æsthetical culture, and the reigning art of our day.

As the culture of ancient Greece was based upon a mythical creed and a religious embodiment thereof in art, so in all likelihood the culture of the distant future will be based upon science and music. The practical character of the feudal state found its correlative and corrective in the Church. The endless political confusion and convulsion of the Renaissance had its revival of classical philology, with its concomitant poets, painters, sculptors, and architects. The sceptical and critical philosophy of Locke, Hume, and Kant existed together with the humanitarian enthusiasm of Rousseau, and the healthy and objective poetry of Goethe. And in our century the antipoetical spirit of positive science and the flat prose of productive

industrialism is balanced by the music of Beethoven and his disciples. The serious study of Beethoven's music is assuredly as powerful an auxiliary in the cause of culture as the study of classical philology. The spirit of Beethoven is as humanising as the spirit of Sophocles. To read a string quartet, even taken merely in the light of a bracing intellectual exercise, seems on a par with the reading of a Platonic dialogue. Nay, one may affirm more than this—Beethoven is, in the best sense of the word, an ethical, a religious teacher. He has himself asserted it: "Wem sich meine Musik verständlich macht, der ist über allen Jammer der Welt erhaben." (He to whom my music becomes intelligible, will rise above and beyond the world's misery.) And the ever-present belief that music, especially his own music, is the destined matrix, the informing element, of a coming nobler and more artistic civilisation, the imperturbable conviction that his music at least has the loftiest ethical significance, is the key to Beethoven, both as a man and a musician.

Beethoven once said that he could not possibly have produced an opera like Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The sensual tendency here and there exhibited in the *libretto* of that work was peculiarly distasteful to him. Nothing could have persuaded him to compose a line which should not come up to the mark of his moral standard; the slightest frivolity, no matter in what shape, was enough to throw him into a towering passion. Whilst Mozart and all previous musicians were content with any poem that afforded sufficient opportunity for musical display, Beethoven invariably looked to the *quality* of the feelings the words and the situation might arouse when enforced by music before he would have anything to do with them. From his earliest youth upwards he shrank with instinctive horror from anything touched with a flavour of fantastic and unclean frivolity, such as we sometimes meet with in certain French authors, or of a prurient worship of fleshly beauty, as shown in some of the weaker and later Italian painters. It is, in short, the austere intensity of his nature which distinguishes Beethoven from Haydn and Mozart on the one hand, and constitutes a sort of elective affinity between him and such men as Sebastian Bach and Michael Angelo on the other.

No doubt the ethical aspect of a work of art is but a secondary matter, yet as in the end no artist can express more than in him lies, the sublime moral atmosphere breathed by Milton or Bach, Michael Angelo or Beethoven, is of the highest import, if their works are to be valued properly.

It is not asserted that Beethoven in any particular work ever had the least direct moral or didactic purpose. No great artist, musician, poet, or painter, ever had. All one cares to accent is that the entire nature of the man was cast in so sublime a mould that, no matter how humorous or riotously joyous his mood might be for the nonce, his ethical elevation is apparent throughout.

For of Michael Angelo as of Beethoven it may be said with equal truth that their abnormally passionate individuality, the Titanic force of their will was dominated by an equally abnormal intellectual grasp, and that thus they produced work *sui generis*—speaking of grander things in a grander manner than other men. Where Haydn and Mozart are prone to enjoy life, Beethoven is austere; where Haydn and Mozart are amusing, cheerful, or merry, Beethoven is humorous and passionate. He alone of all musicians has the true note for the highest exaltation and for the deepest suffering. In warmest colours he displays the entire range of human emotions, from a Titanic revolt, strong enough, like Faust's, to destroy a world, to the most tender love and quietistic resignation.

Among musicians Beethoven is the first who has in any prominent degree shown a sentimental appreciation of nature. A consciously sentimental view of natural phenomena, apart from any palpable mythical reminiscences, is of late growth in Europe; rare in Greek, it is still rarer in Roman writers, though one meets with it early enough in

Hindu verse: the poems and plays ascribed to *Kalidasa*, for instance, *Rituanhara* (the seasons), *Meghaduta* (the cloud messenger), *Urvasi* and *Sakuntala*, have it beyond all comparison. With Beethoven it is quite as original and strong as with any modern poet or painter, and it is to the example he has set in his Pastoral Symphony, his cantata *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, his Liederkreis *An die ferne Geliebte*, that we owe some of the most beautiful flowers of recent programme music, the *Scène aux Champs*, in Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique*, or Mendelssohn's overtures *Meeresstille* and *Die Hebriden*.

The whole distance of the revolution and the birth of the modern spirit in poetry and philosophy lies between him and his predecessors. He was the first among musicians who distinctly felt the influence of the literary and social fermentation of his time. He is the first to become conscious of the struggles and aims of mankind *en masse*, and he is the first musician, if not the first poet, who consciously offers himself as the singer of humanity. Essentially a man of the 19th century, his music reflects modern life quite as much, if not more, than Goethe's *Faust* does. We know that during his latter years he was constantly planning music to *Faust*, and we may take his Choral Symphony and parts of the *Missa Solennis* as hints and indications of what such music might have been had he lived to write it.

It is moreover to him that we owe the true criterion wherewith to judge of all music whatsoever. The criterion is a very simple one. It appears to be this: *Technical exposition being considered equal, the quality and power of the emotional matter set forth should turn the scale between any two pieces of music.* Ever since Beethoven's works have been recognised as the standard of excellence, this criterion has been applied more or less consciously by all competent critics, and it is valid for all time to come.

Beethoven was the first great musician who managed to subsist independent of direct social patronage, and whose appeal to the public at large met with a steady response. One of the greatest practical changes in musical matters took place during his lifetime. The art of printing music assumed an importance formerly undreamt of. Under the old *régime* almost all music, especially the highest class of music, was copied by hand; and it was as easy, and certainly more interesting, for any organist or conductor who was a fair craftsman to concoct a new mass, cantata, or symphony, as to copy the parts of an old one. The fact of his depending upon the public at large through the music publishers, and thus being practically free from the dictatorship of this or that Mecænas, enabled Beethoven to maintain the independence of mind which is so characteristic of him. Haydn, during almost the whole of his life, was in the service of the great Hungarian family Esterhazy. He was their obedient servant, modest and submissive. Mozart had already appealed to the public of Europe entire; but we know how miserably he succumbed in the struggle. Beethoven would have perished rather than submit to the career of either; and the course of things ran in his favour. It is true that he lived for ten years in the house of Prince Karl Lichnowski, and was for a long time a kind of appendage to the high aristocratic circles at Vienna, where he frequently suffered from the inevitable discrepancies between the extent of his private purse and that of his acquaintances. And it is also true that the absence of any distinct copyright law rendered the earnings to be derived from published compositions extremely precarious. Nevertheless, thanks to the publishers, Beethoven was able to preserve his artistic independence. Even in small social matters he now and then dictated to the grandees he lived with; whereas they never dreamed of attempting such a thing with him.

Every one will note the comparatively small bulk of Beethoven's works if placed beside those of Mozart or Haydn.

Though he was most industrious, and enjoyed nearly double the number of years to work in that Mozart did, he has left less than one fourth as much as either he or Haydn. He gained a livelihood by the sale of his compositions, like any other composer for the market; yet the craftsmanlike production practised by his predecessors and contemporaries was to him utterly impossible. He would keep a piece by him for years, mending and re-writing it until he felt satisfied; or else he would throw it up altogether. With both Haydn and Mozart we often stumble upon a number of pieces which seem to be based upon the same idea. Both composers appear, not unfrequently, to digest on paper; and they do not always allow themselves time to prepare and mature a complete exposition of their conception in a single work. But Beethoven, in strong contrast to this, digests *mentally*—every piece of his stands out as a peculiar organism, completely finished, and leaving nothing unsaid or insufficiently expressed.

Beethoven, in many of his maturest works, seems to have set himself some poetical and emotional task—to have had some psychological *Vorgang* (occurrence) in his mind. And it is just in the works wherein this poetical and psychological tendency is most pronounced that the musician Beethoven rises to the level of the highest poets, and perhaps even above it—witness the *Sinfonia Eroica*, or the 5th, or the 9th Symphonies. It would seem "love's labour lost" to look for anything like a distinct psychological development in any instrumental piece *before* Beethoven, though such a thing has been attempted by Oulibischef and Hoffman with regard to Mozart's Symphony in G minor and his overture to *Don Giovanni*. An odd story told about Haydn throws a curious light upon the naive way in which he and his contemporaries did their work. Being asked why he, who had written so very many quartets, had not yet gratified his friends with a quintet or sestet, Haydn seriously answered that nobody during his long career had ever "thought of giving him an order for such a thing."[1] Mozart too once wrote to an inquisitive amateur that he was no more conscious of any poetical reason why one or the other of his compositions should have turned out precisely as it did than of the reason why Providence should have given to his nose its peculiar Mozartian bend and size. When either he or Haydn talked about their music in detail, which by the way they rarely did, and then only under pressure, they invariably confined themselves to small technicalities; whereas Beethoven, who usually made a point of not "talking shop," was always willing to afford glimpses of the poetical dreams which foreshadowed his conceptions. The truth is, that Beethoven's predecessors produced their work as craftsmen. No doubt they accomplished poetical work of a high order here and there, but they were not distinctly conscious of having done so. They took the greatest care that their music should be good music, in the school sense of the word, that it should be perfect from every possible technical point of view; and they left the rest to take care of itself. No one will care to disparage sound craftsmanship of any sort, since a good craftsman, sure of his work, is at all times infinitely superior to one of your idealising vagabonds with their imperial aspirations and pauper performances. And it must ever remain advisable to measure an artist first of all by his technical attainments; for although opinions may differ widely in regard to the character and quality of sentiments and emotions, on purely technical ground it is impossible that any two persons, competent to judge, should arrive at different conclusions—either an artist has mastered the difficulties inherent to his art, or he has not. But, be this as it may, the fact remains that Beethoven was in the habit of conceiving a distinct poetical sentiment, sometimes even a precise poetical situation—in any case a distinct

[1] The existence of a quintet is mentioned, however, by his latest biographer, Herr Pohl.

emotional idea of each piece—before he began to elaborate it in detail. Besides the evidence which his works offer to every one who, in Pistol's phrase, "hears with ears," there are numerous passages in his recorded conversations, and in his letters, which prove this beyond doubt.

A good deal has been said about the three periods into which Beethoven's work can be divided. Herr von Lenz, who is the originator of the division, and who has tried by means of endless talk to establish it, seems altogether right as far as the *aperçu* goes.

All young men, even those endowed with the keenest vision, at first inevitably blink through older men's glasses. Thus young Beethoven speaks the speech of Mozart and Haydn, though he hints at things which neither the one nor the other ever dreamt of. This is the first period, extending from Op. 1 to about Op. 20. Then comes the time when he expresses the passionate strivings of a strong man, the desires of a man of this world; the time when he, through the grand lens of his genius, transfigures his own aspirations and failures—his *ecce homo*; the time of heroic endeavour and heroic suffering. This is his second period, from about Op. 20 to Op. 100; embracing works which are and will remain intelligible to men of all times and climes. Lastly, the third period, wherein he frequently passes beyond the horizon of a mere singer and poet, leaves the doings of men far behind him, and touches upon the domain of the seer and the prophet; when, in unison with all genuine mystics and ethical teachers, he delivers a message of religious love and resignation—of identification with the sufferings of all living creatures, deprecation of self, negation of personality, release from the world.

While listening to a work of the second or third period, say to the *Sinfonia Eroica*, or the 9th, we feel that we are in the presence of something far wider and higher than the mere development of purely musical themes. The execution in detail of each movement and of each succeeding work as he grows riper is modified more and more with the prevailing poetic sentiment. The different movements have as close a connection with one another as the acts of a tragedy—each work is in the full sense of the term a revelation. Every particle of each movement, and again every movement *per se*, has a characteristic significance to be understood only in relation to the whole. He treats of things no one has dreamt of before: yet it seems as though he were speaking of matters long familiar in one's mother tongue; as though he touched upon emotions one had lived through in some former existence. His themes usually have the simplicity of a people's song, a *Volkslied*, though they are of a higher order; and whilst developing such themes, he extends and rarefies his thought until it loses all connection with the current mode of expression.

When any work of Beethoven's is called an organism, it is obvious that if the phrase is to convey any meaning, it must signify that in point of form and musical contents Beethoven's works are as perfect as any product of nature. That is to say, so far above any product of traditional or teachable art as to be only intuitively and not logically comprehensible. With Haydn and Mozart the props and joists supporting the musical form are conventional. Stereotyped passages and cadences, acting as connecting links between the main themes, occur again and again. All the world is part proprietor of the reiterated semi-cadences closing the parts of a first movement of one of Mozart's sonatas or symphonies. But with Beethoven all conventional phraseology disappears entirely. Everything, even the mortar and putty used for the cementing of the component parts, is developed from the musical germs specifically belonging to the piece, and set forth in accordance with the poetical idea of the whole. The difference between the symmetry of one of his later works, compared with one of Haydn's, or even Mozart's, consists the fact that its proportions ar

sketched like geometric figures, as it were on the square; their consistency rather resembles that of the limbs of a living creature. The impression left by many a quartet and sonata of his as one gradually comes to know them more intimately, is akin to that produced by the appearance of some strange animal. At first one is startled; then gradually the aspect of the thing changes; one grasps the total idea; each limb falls into its due place, and at length one feels sure that the curious creature could not exist at all if otherwise constructed.

If in the face of these and similar facts we try to hide ourselves behind vague words, such as inspiration, genius, and the like, we are not a whit the wiser. Of course it would be absurd to put forward the smallest pretence towards bridging over that insuperable chasm between the spiritual root and result of an artist's work, and the practical means by which his immediate ends are attained, as the creative side of every work of art has always been, and will for ever rest, mysterious; but then the craftsman's side is perfectly visible and intelligible to any one who has attained a craftsman's insight. *Epigonæ*, moreover, have the advantage of being able to teach dogmatically that which their forerunners have hit upon intuitively; for if an hypothesis set up by a great man has been verified by repeated experience, his grandsons are enabled to operate with its results as with so many primary facts. And it is to the practical musician, the craftsman Beethoven and his doings, that we have now to turn.

Ever and anon the musical listener cannot help being struck by the fact that there must necessarily be something of a technical nature in his art which helps to produce that width of range and expanse of horizon for which it is remarkable. His music is distinctly and palpably different from other men's. Why is it so? By what means has he rendered it so? He calls his children by conventional names, he clothes them in a garb differing apparently very little from the national costume worn by German musicians. Is he possessed of the secrets of an occult art?

Amongst the forms to be met with in his instrumental music, there are but two main divisions to be mentioned. Pieces in full classical form—symphonies, overtures, quartets, trios, duet and solo sonatas; and those in which the form is individual, according to the fancies of the composer—preludes, bagatelles, fantasias, &c. These again can be dealt with under three heads: (1) Sonatas, (2) Variations, (3) Sketches, of a more or less fantastic nature.

The form of the sonata (symphonies, string quartets, trios, &c., included—the form being essentially the same) is the transparent veil through which Beethoven seems to have looked at all music. He is, *par excellence*, a composer of sonatas.

By the term "form" is meant the order in which the main themes of a piece follow one another. Every piece constructed in the sonata form has at least two principal themes—differing from one another, yet having some kind of family resemblance—something like the sexes in plants and animals. The exposition of these two principal themes constitutes the first part of the movement. Here, usually, the double bar and the repeat is placed. Then the composer takes either of the leading themes, or both, or fragments of one and the other, and illustrates them in all manner of ways—say he harmonises them differently, increases the accompaniments, changes them rhythmically—in short, shows up his materials under various aspects, for which in the plain exposition there was no room; this constitutes the second part of the movement. In the third and concluding part the composer repeats the first two themes in the shape in which he first announced them, with the sole difference that the second theme, which was introduced in the Dominant, or the relative major, is now repeated in the Tonic. Thus the complete form consists of a triune symmetry—*a.* theme, counter-theme; *b.* illustration of both; *c.*

repetition of both. The term "sonata" has, in course of time, come to have a precise technical meaning. At first it was only *suonata*, a "sound piece," as contrasted with *cantata*, a "singing piece." Nowadays, when a musician talks of the sonata form, he means the form in which the first movement of a sonata is written, as opposed to the song- and dance-forms of the customary second and third movements.

It will be seen that this so-called sonata form was a ready-made one, and that it rested so exclusively upon a prescribed succession of themes and keys that persons of mediocre capacity and narrow range could manipulate it with ease. If a musician could muster two tolerable tunes and had a number of commonplace passages and cadences at his fingers' ends, he could embody them easily in the prescribed form, and thus persuade himself and his friends that he had achieved a heroic deed in art—a sonata or a symphony. This particular succession of tunes and passages soon assumed the importance of a custom, which custom again soon became law, and the law at length was transformed into a dogma. Being based upon conventionality, it limited the sphere of a composer's fancy to a few closely allied keys, and had an undeniable influence in the direction of Philistinism. It was as dangerous to question a supposed law of form or modulation as to question an ecclesiastical decree.

Now Beethoven felt himself ill at ease in this strait-waistcoat of conventionality. He recognised the sound part of the pedant's doctrine—that a repetition of themes was necessary so as to give a complete expression to any state of musical feeling (*Stimmung*). He retained the triune symmetry of exposition, illustration, and repetition, but could not bear the air of commonplace which is inevitable when the hearer knows exactly in what relation the second thought will stand to the first, and in what light they will appear afterwards, as soon as the tonality is once announced. So he swept away the entire restrictions about keys. He chose to bring in his second themes in some other relationship to the opening tonality than that of the fifth (dominant or subdominant). He found himself propelled to use the major or minor third above or below (the major or minor mediant or submediant) as well as the fifth.[1]

But musicians before Beethoven also generally observed similar restrictions about tonality in the choice of keys for the different movements or subdivisions of movements, the sum total of which constituted the essential unity of a whole called suite, sonata, or symphony. In this case, again, Beethoven acts with the same sovereign freedom as with the tonality of the themes. Here again we find the major and minor mediant and submediant used, just as his predecessors used the dominant and subdominant and the relative major or minor.[2]

It is not known whether he drew logical conclusions from any hypothesis about harmonic relationship, though one would fancy he did not. In all likelihood he hit upon his conclusions with that intuitive perception by which certain few great men drop down upon the right thing with the infallible certainty of a physical law. It is obvious to us, who have seen it practically demonstrated, that the mediant in all its aspects is as good a point for a musical helmsman to steer for as the dominant—the third (mediant) being as indispensable to our system of harmony as the tonic or the fifth, only it seems to have been infinitely more difficult to recognise this fact and to utilise it.

[1] Sonata in G, Op. 31, 2nd theme in B major; Sonata in C (Waldstein), 2nd theme in E major; Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, 2nd theme in G major, &c., &c. The submediant, major and minor, forms a curious link between the several variations in F, Op. 31. Thus Theme, F; 1st V. D; 2nd, B flat; 3rd, G; 4th, E flat; 5th, C minor; then change to dominant C major, and back to F—a series of thirds.

[2] Sonata in C Op. 2—Adagio in E; 7th Symphony, in A—Scherzo in F, with its trio in D; Sonata, Op. 101, in A—Vivace in F; Sonata Op. 106 in B♭2—Adagio in F♯ minor, *i.e.* enharmonic change of the submediant G♭2 into the minor mode.

Thus we have at once an innovation which bears within it the germs of a revolution, both in theory and in practice, and which in its ultimate consequences led Beethoven practically to set up new principles of harmonic combinations. Keeping his latest works in view they might be formalized thus:—

(*a*). Any chord can immediately succeed any chord belonging to another tonality, no matter how remote, provided they have one note in common, even if it be only enharmonically so. This is based upon the tempered scale exclusively, and knocks on the head any restrictive theories derived from any other non-practical basis.

(*b*). It is possible to produce quick harmonic progressions into the most remote tonalities by means of chromatic and enharmonic changes in individual parts, which are made to move on step by step, thus building a sort of chromatic or enharmonic bridge.[1] This innovation has led the most accomplished musicians to look upon all keys as forming one family, not a number of isolated groups, the extreme members of which could never be permitted to meet for fear of an inharmonious clash. It has led to the daring transitions of Berlioz and Liszt, to the subtle modulations of Chopin, and to the extremely complicated enharmonic and chromatic combinations of Wagner's *Tristan*. It has, in short, opened the way to those infinite capacities for the expression of emotions which music assumes in the hands of Beethoven in his third period, of Berlioz, and of Wagner.

A second, and a not less important case, in which Beethoven disregards the old rules of the craft, consists in the manner in which he introduces his thoughts. He does not care to bounce into the piece with a couple of complete and ready-made tunes of so and so many bars each, with which the composer afterwards plays as a juggler plays with balls. He frequently chooses to put together his material in the presence of the listener as it were. He gives part of his thought first—a rhythmical phrase perhaps—a single point, a few chords, rests, and the like, which he gradually widens, strengthens and enforces, until from the entire movement an idea of the whole detaches itself, that the hearer is allowed to see in the light of a flower-crowned plant, of which the whole course of growth, from a simple germ to its final glory, is visible at one glance.

A third point is the great attention he bestows upon the episodes. His desire to construct an organic whole prompted him to get rid of all the conventional padding, commonplace semi-cadences, runs and passages, separating or connecting the principal themes in most of the instrumental works of Mozart, Haydn, and their imitators, which have been compared to the rattling of the dishes at a feast. He replaces such passages and semi-cadences by novel episodal matter, which, though it frequently springs from the same inevitable constructive necessities as they do, is so transfigured as to be almost equal in importance with the main themes themselves. Thus we have organic construction as opposed to conglomeration of tunes. And it may be added that what Beethoven has done for the sonata and symphony, Wagner has since done for the opera, which from a collection of tunes with a dramatic scaffolding convenient for exhibition, he has transformed into a musical drama developing itself before our eyes and ears, and an act of which is equivalent to a movement of a symphony.

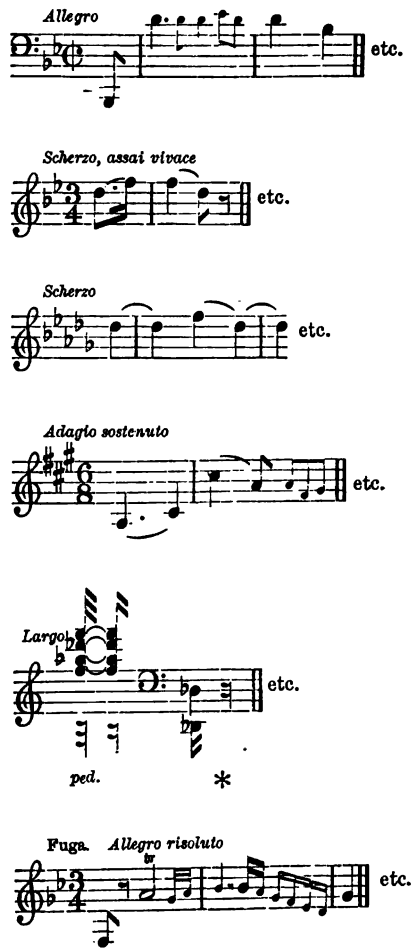
In the popular type of variations, *à la* Herz and Thalberg, the tune remains *in statu quo* all through the piece; each variation consists of some ingenious change of accompaniment, some fiddle-de-dee above, below, around it. Specimens of this, the lowest and most obvious type of variation, are rare in Beethoven. Op. 26, Var. 5, is the very ideal this sort can reach, depending, as it does, entirely upon the quality of the theme,

[1] 33 Variations Op. 120 in the connection between var. 32 and 33; or Op. 106 first movement, the return from B major, at close of the "working out," to the first subject in B flat major.

which in this case is of surpassing beauty. In the second type the tune itself undergoes a process of change and embellishment, its harmonic basis remaining unaltered; it is revolved as it were into a guirland of grace-notes.[1] He makes use of this type with an astonishing degree of ease, and truly inexhaustible originality. One meets with it, in some shape or other, in nearly every work. Mozart and Haydn, too, offer exquisite specimens of it.

But there is a third type distinctly Beethoven's own, which is as important in itself and its ultimate consequence as his use of the mediant, or his principle of organic construction. We may call it a metamorphosis of themes, at the risk of again being taken to task, for it resembles no phenomenon so much as the metamorphosis of insects, or that of plants revealed by Goethe.

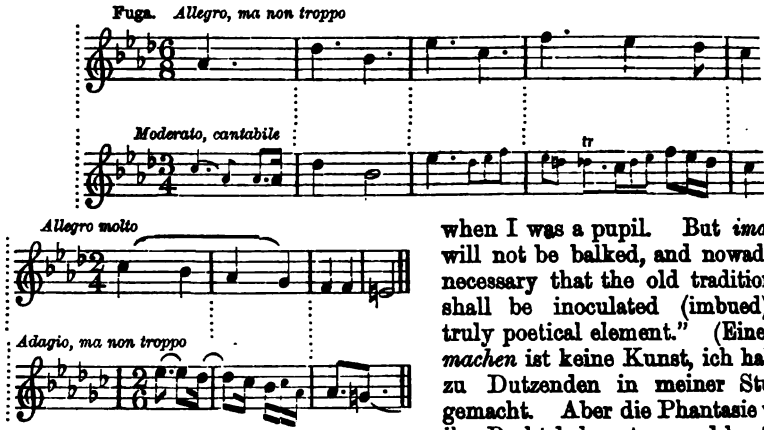
This metamorphosis is not so much the alteration of a given thought, a change of dress or decoration, it is an actual creation of something new and distinct from out of a given germ. We see the grub changed into a butterfly; the tadpole into the full-blown frog; we know it to be the same creature in spite of its heterogeneous appearance. Here everything undergoes a change, rhythm, melody, and harmony, yet we are dealing with the same individual, with the same *quantum* of vital power; perhaps the composer takes but one melodious step of the theme (Op. 109, second and *fugato* variations), perhaps it is only the fundamental progressions of harmony he retains, perhaps it is some unheard-of rhythmical transformation together with a change of key—9th Symphony finale (the march of the suns and planets), the 33 Variations.[2] Sometimes the themes of the different movements of an entire work emanate from the same parent stock, the same *motivo*, or part of a phrase, the same intervals, much as words of similar or varied sound and import spring from the same root in cognate languages. Thus the themes of all the movements in the largest Sonata, Op. 106, are virtually identical. It will be seen at a glance that the characteristic intervals—an ascending tenth (third) and a descending third, which constitute the first two bars of the first movement—go to make up the themes of all the succeeding movements.



In the Sonata Op. 110 the themes of the first and last movements, as well as those of the second and third movements, are closely related:

[1] Kreutzer Sonata Var. 1, 2, and 4; 32 Variations; and those marvellous changes in the Adagios of Op. 106, and of the 9th Symphony.

[2] Something of the sort is perceptible in Bach's 30 Goldberg Variations.



Sometimes a few notes or chords apparently unessential are transfigured: thus the two opening bars of the Adagio in the Waldstein Sonata are clearly a metamorphosis of the two closing bars of the preceding Allegro. It would be as useless to accumulate examples from others of the later sonatas or from the later quartets as to put forward a number of minor details in Op. 106 and 110, which might throw light upon many secondary applications of the *motivi* already quoted.

No one who has caught a glimpse of Beethoven's sketchbooks, and noted the extreme care and ingenuity with which he twists and turns his *themata*, until at last he is ready "to choose of two loves and cleave unto the best," will care to talk of coincidence or unconscious reminiscences; therefore, and in spite of one's horror of a *sectio cadaveris* for the benefit of science, due stress should be laid upon the fact that these strange metamorphoses were distinctly *conscious* on Beethoven's part, and that they form one of the most important characteristics of his ripest works. They are Beethoven pure.

Beethoven has himself given us the proper point of view from which to look at his use of contrapuntal forms, which he rarely employs. "It does not require much art to *manufacture* a fugue," he said to a friend, Carl Holz, the second violin of the Schuppanzigh quartet; "I made them by the dozen when I was a pupil. But *imagination* will not be balked, and nowadays it is necessary that the old traditional form shall be inoculated (imbued) with a truly poetical element." (Eine Fuge zu *machen* ist keine Kunst, ich habe deren zu Dutzenden in meiner Studienzeit gemacht. Aber die Phantasie will auch ihr Recht behaupten, und heut zu Tage muss in die althergebrachte Form ein anderes, ein wirklich poetisches Element, kommen.) Hans von Bülow, in his notes to the finale of the Sonata Op. 101, makes a most appropriate and far-reaching observation on Beethoven's mode of treating the fugue. "In Beethoven the form of the fugue is made use of in the same spirit as music generally is used by Wagner in his dramatic poems: that is to say, the fugue is with Beethoven the last and highest means of intensifying the expression of emotions. Hence the passionate and as it were electrical spirit of Beethoven's fugues, which spirit is not in the least intended to compete with that purely objective classical beauty of form which characterises the fugues of Bach—fugues *par excellence*."[1]

That which in the hands of the older contrapuntists was the figuration upon an unchanging *cantus firmus*, in Beethoven's hands frequently becomes a metamorphosis of the *cantus firmus* itself. It has a decided poetical and dramatic tendency. And we can lay it down as a rule that the more polyphonous a piece

[1] Für Beethoven ist die Fugenform dasselbe, was für Richard Wagner's dramatische Dichtungen die Musik überhaupt: nicht Zweck, sondern letztes und höchstes Mittel der Ausdrucks-Steigerung. Daher der leidenschaftliche gewissermassen elektrische Character der Beethovenschen Fuge, welche mit jener objectiven "reineren" klassischen Formschönheit der Bachschen Selbstzweck-Fuge gar nicht concurriren will.

of Beethoven's appears, the more complicated its contrapuntal devices, so much the more animated and dramatic the interpretation and execution of that piece should be.

But perhaps the most striking transformation of all is that of Haydn's and Mozart's *minuet* into the Beethovenian scherzo. One might, without fear of ridicule, set up as many and more types of scherzo in Beethoven as Professor Marx has found occasion to particularise types of rondo in all classical composers put together. There are quick scherzi and slow ones, some in 2-4, some in 3-4 time. There is an entire literature of scherzi, and it would be amusing to group them and furnish their monograph.[1] The stately and graceful type of minuet in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (which by the way Beethoven, who only occasionally uses it—8th Symphony—always designates with *tempo di minuetto*, for fear of its being taken too fast): this refined dance, in the jovial hands of Haydn, was married to the national South German Ländler, the grandfather of the modern waltz, and assumed the good-humoured realistic and jolly tone we find in the so-called minuetto of Haydn quartets. The tempo had increased considerably in the course of the transformation. This minuet of Haydn's, then, Beethoven took up, and increasing the speed still more, raised it to an ideal poetic region. From a dance of burghers and peasants it grows into a dance of heroes, and becomes a perfect vehicle for the expression of that high and clear Shakespearian humour which is peculiarly Beethoven's. Haydn was facetious often enough—so was Mozart; but Beethoven's humour is something entirely new in the art. If we define humour with Arthur Schopenhauer, as "den hinter den Scherz versteckten Ernst" (jocularity concealing earnestness), just as, by the way, he defines irony as "den hinter den Ernst versteckten Scherz" (earnestness concealing jocularity), Beethoven's music must be pronounced humorous after the manner of some of Shakespeare's characters. For through all the fantastical fun one clearly perceives the composer's ethical elevation.

It needs but a small acquaintance with the works of Beethoven to be aware that from the very beginning he makes use of an executive apparatus considerably more formidable than that of his predecessors. The new poetical world into which he tried to raise instrumental music induced him to invent a new technical language; and in consequence his demands upon the mental as well as physical powers of executants became truly exorbitant. It was not enough for him that a piece should sound well, be consistent and amusing throughout; he wished it to signify something. He refined and intensified the sentiment to the utmost, and compelled the executants to follow him into every ramification of his thought.

It is a curious thing about such demands made by men of genius upon their disciples. The works actually call forth the men; given the works, a number of men strongly sympathizing with them will be stimulated, no matter at what extravagant cost of time and labour, to master the mechanical difficulties of their execution. And if these difficulties are once mastered it becomes comparatively easy for the next generation to retain the acquisition. Thus it cannot be disputed that Beethoven's most important pieces have only since his death, and particularly during the last fifteen or twenty years, found interpreters in every respect up to the mark.

His demands upon executants have had at least four results for which he was probably only in part prepared, but which are nevertheless of incommensurable importance. Firstly, the radical reconstruction, regeneration rather, of the orchestra, with its inexhaustible resources and complications as we now have it in the works of such men as

[1] Even for the elfin and eccentrically humorous scherzo, *à la* Weber, Mendelssohn, Jean Paul and Schumann, there are types in Beethoven. It seems to have been reserved for Chopin, who gives us mazurkas, polonaises, and valses with a touch of Weltschmerz, to give us also four specimens of *Weltschmerzliche Scherzi*. This is certainly the only really novel phase of the matter, and most characteristic of Chopin's original individuality.

Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner.[1] Secondly, the extremely precise and minute method of musical notation now in use as far as regards all possible details of quality of tone, accent, and expression. Thirdly, the creation of a class of *virtuosi* upon the pianoforte and various orchestral instruments of equal intellectual and executive attainment, of which Liszt, von Bülow, and Joachim are types. And lastly, though most important of all, the regeneration of the musical stage as attempted by Wagner.

To claim the gift of plain and direct speech above all other musicians, even above Handel and Mozart, both of whom occasionally stifle their drift with a host of ready made conventionalities, to claim this rare gift, which is as much a sign of perfect maturity in a poet or musician as in a man of action, for Beethoven, is but to credit him with all those characteristics of his second and third period which the critical long-ears among his contemporaries chose to bray at, as though they were so many unpardonable faults. His horror of harmonic, melodic, or rhythmical commonplaces; his refusal to chew the cud, to make plain things flat and dull by an attempt at making them plainer; his delight in giving a rare turn to all those indispensable links which in music serve the purpose of conjunctions; his extreme concentration of diction which often leads him to make one beat or division of a bar do duty both at the end of a phrase and the beginning of a new one; his rhythmical anticipation of harmonic changes or the entire omission of some harmonic connection which might have had a savour of tautology; his occasional use of strange basses, which must be explained from a melodic rather than from a harmonic point of view, his systematic exclusion of the weak and vacillating chord of 6-4 in favour of the stronger and steadier chord of the 6th; his introduction of a latent chord of the second;[1] the way he has of sometimes passing through the most extensive harmonic range within a single period, thus giving a colossal expansion like that of the boldest arch to his phrase; his way of letting the rhythms collide and expand as the harmonies wax and wane; a way of extending the musical horizon by a touch of the submediant or a rise of tonality by a semitone, the novel and sudden dynamical changes, such as that of a long *crescendo* culminating in a *piano* peculiar to him, rhythmical syncopations introduced by means of unexpected *sforzandi*, &c., &c.; all these characteristics and peculiarities tend to give to his ripest music that tinge of deepest and most delicate passion which is its divine prerogative.

It has so far been pointed out how, with the aid of a wider conception of tonality and of novel principles of modulation, by a large minded view of the relationship of keys, by the graduated introduction of thematic material, by the continuous use of rich episodes, and by means of the most elaborate types of variation, Beethoven constructs his musical organisms.

If we attempt now to take a step above and beyond such technicalities, and ask ourselves—Is there any higher point of view which might embrace them as a whole, and render intelligible how he came to hit upon all these wonderful things? There can be but one answer, short and simple: In Beethoven's conception the idea of a symphony, a quartet, or a sonata, is always that of an *instrumental poem*. He was conscious of this, and asserted it frequently. His desire to produce instrumental poems rich and significant in all details, and

[1] Each group of wind instruments is now treated in such a manner that complete chords can be got of one and the same shade of colour. To get these complete chords, a bass clarinet is employed besides the two ordinary clarinets, a corno-inglese, besides the two hautbois, a third fagotto, and sometimes a contra-fagotto besides the usual ones. This is the reason why we find three flutes, four horns, three trumpets, and why a contra-bass tuba, or an ophicleide, is frequently added to the group of trombones. And the gain resulting from this method is truly incalculable. By virtue of it, every variety of colour can be kept pure; every effect can be produced, without demanding from any particular instrument services for which it is more or less unfit. Purer and more perfect orchestral effects can be got at a smaller cost to each individual player.

[1] *Sonata appassionata*, finale, bar 16.

consistent not only in each separate part, but also harmonious in the relation of movement to movement—the desire in short of turning the whole piece into an organism presenting, avowedly or by implication, some poetical idea, is the *nervus motor*, the mainspring of the changes he worked.

Regarding the correct reading of Beethoven's works there has been much empty talk as to what is called tradition. As though such a thing existed! Many of Beethoven's later and most original productions were not performed at all under his supervision, others again he presented to the public with one rehearsal! And these works were at the time absolutely new in thought and expression, and of almost insuperable technical difficulty. Even the pianoforte players, Hummel, Moscheles, and Czerny, who came into immediate contact with the master, contradicted one another about the *tempi* and the proper reading of his sonatas, and the result is that there are at the present day a number of respectable musicians who carry their respect for the letter of the printed text to the length of adoring editorial blunders and palpable misprints. It has therefore become the duty of all musicians who are not content with blindly following the blind, *to construct for themselves a correct and a consistent style* for the rendering of Beethoven's works, much as Mendelssohn reconceived Bach's "Passion music," and Liszt, Joachim, and von Bülow, Bach's instrumental solos.

In studying Beethoven one constantly comes across bits which illustrate one another. The more he diverged from the conventional modes of thought and expression, the more careful he became about dynamical indications of all sorts —piano and forte, accents and inflections; and we sometimes find bits wherein every individual note is accompanied with precise directions. But it would seem that he took pains in this way only by fits and starts; and thus it happens frequently that by the side of bits perfectly marked there are others quite bald. But then often if a bit happens to be bald in one work, one finds in another work something closely resembling it and supplied with all necessary marks. So that by a process of careful and minute comparison of all the works with one another, it seems quite possible to build up a perfectly consistent and perfectly authentic style for the interpretation of his works. And the fact that such a style, once found, can be fixed on paper with complete accuracy is a great encouragement to all interested in the matter. For, however uncertain the notation of the sounds employed by languages may be, the signs used in the notation of music have a positive and unchangeable value, at least as far as regards rhythms and the comparative duration of sound, as well as an approximate value as regards power and quality of sound.

The only additional sign wanted to complete our means of noting instrumental music is a sign for a slight "rhetorical pause," to separate sentences which have no immediate logical (rhythmic or harmonic) connection, a sign for taking mental breath as it were: to which purpose the comma used by singing masters to indicate breathing seems perfectly fitted.

It is obvious that by rejecting the hollow pretence at classical tradition, with which one is generally met, when complaining of some dull performance, and advocating, in place of it, the results of mere conjecture, one lays oneself open to be twitted with that irrepressible story of the German professor who evolved the idea of a camel from his inner consciousness. But in this case facts are completely in favour of the professor and his camel. For, on the one hand, tradition of any practical value does not exist, and on the other, such performances of Beethoven as we have all heard from Joachim and von Bülow are "the eating of the pudding."

The following practical details may in some sort serve as landmarks, indicating the way in which this work of interpreting Beethoven should be done.

The main trouble with a musical performance always lies in the *tempo*. A shade too quick, a shade too slow,

and all is spoilt. Again, if one has hit upon the right movement all delicacies of expression are obvious, or present themselves with ease on a little reflection. But how is one to find the true *tempo?* There is the métronome, but the métronomical indications in the various editions of Beethoven are authentic as regards the works of the third period only. About the earlier works the doctors differ very seriously; and every one knows that the Italian terms *andante, allegro, presto,* are as elastic as rubber bands, and can only be taken as hints towards the avoidance of glaring absurdities. The only possible solution to this riddle lies in the consideration that each of Beethoven's works is *an instrumental poem.* The different movements have as close a connection with one another as the scenes of a tragedy; and, accordingly, the *tempo* of one should modify the *tempo* of the other. Now the chasm from this *aperçu* to a positive indication of movement is of course very difficult to bridge over. Still a good deal is to be got from it. For example. In the Sonata in C♯ minor, Op. 27, which publishers and public have chosen to call "The Moonlight" (a designation like that of the *Sonata appassionata,* only in a very restricted sense appropriate), the *tempo* of the delicate little allegretto is usually taken decidedly too quick. The entire sonata is a monologue, and its three movements should be taken as though they were the expressions of one and the same passion under different aspects. Between the first heavenly adagio and the final agitated presto, an ordinary jigging and jogging scherzo is inconceivable; yet for such the delicate allegretto—a smile between tears—"une fleur entre deux abîmes"—is made to stand in nine orthodox performances out of ten. Now supposing the main *tempo* of a piece to be fixed, we must suppose it capable of many modifications in the course of the movement. For we have seen how Beethoven builds up his work out of melodious fragments, how wide his range of tonalities is, how infinite the variety of versions he offers of each sentiment embodied in a theme or part of a theme; so that if all these rich details are to receive their due the *tempo* must be very elastic.

Besides the psychical connection, which connection has its outward show in the metamorphosis of *motivi* pointed out above, the movements of some of his richest and rarest works are connected by actual notes, identical in the same voice or part; and this physical connection is a convincing argument, if such were needed, that the particular movements (like those of the Sonatas Op. 109, 110) should succeed one another without any intermission whatsoever.

Most works of the second and all of the third period should be *spoken,* or rather *sung,* not played in the normal sense of the word. The directions Beethoven so often gives at the head of a piece *mit dem innigsten Ausdruck, con molto sentimento,* and the like, are to be applied to every detail, down to the most insignificant accompaniments, that is to say, apparently insignificant. There is in truth nothing insignificant in his works, not a note, not a rest. To pianoforte players it often proves useful to fancy the effects of an orchestra. For with him the pianoforte often represents the full orchestra, and stands to the orchestra in the light of an engraving to a picture in colours. Let the fancy of the player reproduce the various sounds of orchestral instruments, particularly of wood winds. This will aid his touch; and whilst playing let him constantly bear in mind that Beethoven expects every mark of expression—every piano, forte, crescendo, to be carried on until it is altered or reversed. Suppose we have a piano, followed some bars later by a forte; let the player keep his piano till the last note of it, and then play the forte as indicated; let him avoid making a crescendo or a diminuendo unless he is particularly told to do so.

Beethoven usually takes pains to write passages containing an irregular number of notes—3, 5, 7, 9, etc., in such a way that the main beats in each bar are retained. This may be applied to the interpretation of all cadenzas, which

Beethoven sometimes writes in small notes of equal value, leaving the rhythmical division to the intelligence of the player, as well as to the *fermatas*, which he writes in the customary way, leaving the duration to the discrimination of the player or conductor. Von Bülow holds, rightly enough, no doubt, if the player can read between the lines, that every presentable interpretation of a cadenza and every admissible time allowed to a *fermata* can be measured and expressed in so many bars and notes, and in the main *tempo* of the piece.[1]

All shakes, as regards the pianoforte at least, should be measured. Let them in all cases be executed with a fixed number of notes, to be determined by the main rhythmical pulsation of the piece and by the nature of the instrument used. As a rule, Beethoven has indicated the customary closes of shakes. If he does not, in the later works at least, the context usually demands that they shall not be introduced.[2]

All ornaments—appoggiaturi, arpeggiandi, mordenti—are to be played on the beats to which they belong, not before.

A few little specks in the sunlight, a few microscopical blemishes in the works as they now stand, may be touched on. They are attributable on the one side to his deafness and on the other to the deficient compass and mechanism of the instruments he made use of, which latter is really the important one for us. His deafness did not interfere with any essential point. He is always conscious of the sound of each instrument or each group of instruments, no matter how unheard-of the combination might be. It is only occasionally that he appears not to be quite clearly aware of the exact limits as to volume and actual power of sound which one instrument or one group of instruments is capable of in comparison with another; or again, he expects an instrument, say the pianoforte, to produce that which its mechanism cannot render.[1]

Here it should be added that even since his death pianofortes have changed enormously (everything has grown larger—larger theatres and concert-rooms, larger orchestras, and consequently heavier instrumentation, larger sounding-boards in pianos, thicker strings and heavier hammers, consequently much heavier touch, in proportion to three or even four to one), and that the mechanical difficulty of playing his works has not only increased considerably, but that certain effects, like the *glissando* in the final *prestissimo* of the Waldstein Sonata, have even become impossible.[2]

[1] Beethoven has himself repeatedly set the example, for instance, Sonata Op. 57, finale, cadenza before return of first subject.

[2] When played on a pianoforte together with a melody by the same hand, the shake is to be interrupted to make room for each successive note of the melody (Op. 109, etc.).

[1] The peculiar effect known as *Bebung*, for instance, though it was an effect peculiar to its precursor the Clavecin, which Beethoven played upon in his youth.

[2] The assertion that older German grand pianos, as compared with the best English grands of the present day, and especially the square pianinos so much in vogue early in the century, compared with English equivalents, were practically easier in touch, in the proportion of full three, if not four to one, cannot be dismissed as an exaggeration. The writer's friend, Mr. A. J. Hipkins, has furnished the following most interesting information concerning the *English* grands known to Beethoven, and the English concert-grands of to-day:—"The grand piano belonging to Her Majesty the Queen, which was bought of Messrs. Broadwood for the Princess Charlotte of Wales in 1817, represents exactly the scale and construction of the instrument given by that firm to Beethoven in the same year. This is well known to have been the one he used until his death nearly ten years later. The compass of the keyboard is six octaves, from C to C. The depth of the key-fall or touch is, within a very small fraction of an inch, that now customary, but the weight required to bring the hammer to the strings *is only about half that of a modern concert-grand*; the mean weight to raise the hammer to its escapement distance from the strings being in the 'Beethoven grand' approximately two ounces, and in a concert-grand of to-day four ounces. The weights are about as follows, in ounces and decimal fractions thereof:—

	Lowest Note.	Middle.	Highest.
Grand of 1817...	2·5	2·3	1·65
Concert-grand of 1876.	4·4	3·8	1·65

These weights raise the hammers to the distance from the strings at which they drop or 'escape,' but have no dynamic power impetus to jerk the hammers further upw-

The main cause of not a few little shortcomings, however, is to be found in the narrow compass of the old instruments. The piano of his youth, for instance, had but five octaves, F to F, and thus he was frequently compelled to curtail a phrase at both ends, and to mar the expression of his thoughts. In the Sonata Op. 31 in E♭ the narrow compass has even induced him to add two bars of rigmarole which have no business there.[1]

Since the days of Palestrina the power of patronage formerly possessed by the Church has changed hands; moving from the Church to the court, and from the court to private noblemen and gentlemen, and from them to the undefinable region of the general public. As the whole course of modern life seems to turn aside from the wheel-ruts of the Church, particularly of the Catholic Church, it would appear that the gap between the artistic tendencies of musicians and the ritualistic preferences of the clergy will inevitably become wider. And, from an artistic point of view, it does not seem a matter of regret that circumstances should have directed the bent of Mozart's genius towards its true home, the stage, and the bent of Beethoven's towards the ideal region of pure instrumental music. It is true that since Mozart's masses and litanies we have witnessed a considerable increase in the powers and resources of Church music; and in the masses and requiems of Cherubini and Liszt, a decided leaning towards the ritualistic side. But it is none the less significant that Beethoven in his *Missa Solennis* has emancipated himself from all ritualistic influence or conventionalities. In this work he has made use of the ritualistic text of the Latin mass for a sublime hymn, before the glory of which all that pertains to any particular Church, to any professional priesthood or priestcraft, vanishes as shadows vanish in the noonday sun. And, just as much as Beethoven by his *Missa Solennis* ignored the requirements of the Catholic church, so has Johannes Brahms, in *Ein Deutsches Requiem*, lost sight of the Lutheran service. It seems that, with all higher minds, the word is, nowadays, "art for art's sake" and let the ritual take care of itself; and the Church, which formerly had it all its own way, is powerless to interfere, and hardly cares to protest.

Beethoven has written two masses, the first of which (in C) belongs to the borders of the first and second periods, being Haydnish and Mozartian in form, with many glimpses of Beethoven's own individuality. But the other, the *Missa Solennis*, just mentioned, which he called his best work, and which by the side of the 9th Symphony forms the culminating point of his life, is a veritable hymn of humanity. Together with the *Missa Solennis* his setting of certain verses by Gellert called *Geistliche Lieder*, and his music to the apostrophe *An die Hoffnung* from Tiedge's *Urania*, show the same exalted religious sentiment.

Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio*, also exhibits traces of his ecstatic humanitarian faith, and it is by virtue of these traces vaguely hinted at in the libretto, that *Fidelio* must be set apart from all other operas. Similar traces are visible in the Concerto for the Violin, in the Trio in B flat, in the 4th, 6th, and 8th Symphonies, in the Sonata for Piano and Violin, Op. 97, and they produce an impression of ideal serenity, a divine

to the strings—a quality difficult to estimate. The one thing is 'pressure,' the other 'force.' Observe that no change has been made in the treble weight, taking the highest note; the increase is downwards, and represents a larger ratio in the new piano than in the old. The old Viennese grands were much lighter, with probably a very gentle increase in weight towards the bass. The Beethoven grand had doubtless a free, open, vocal or *cantabile* tone in the centre of the scale, embracing the whole compass of the human voice; but on either side that territory the falling-off was much greater than in modern instruments; the deep tones being husky and indistinct, the high tones without that clear ring necessary to appreciation at a distance, such as the extreme limit of a modern concert-room."

[1] Similar cases occur frequently enough in the orchestra, where he spoils his phrase to avoid notes which *virtuosi* of to-day can produce with ease on their improved instruments. Now and then the construction of the orchestral instruments then in use compelled him to adhere to a mode of instrumentation far from perfect (horns, trumpets, etc.):

sense of joy, and peaceful happiness in harmony with all nature, which is sure to raise the listener into a sublime sphere of placid beatitude.

The range of Beethoven's reading was far from a wide one; but, taking into consideration the scarcity of scientific ideas *circa* 1800, together with the sentimental views of things human and divine, which, starting from Rousseau, then infested most highways and all byways of German print, it cannot be said that its extent was unworthy of him. We have valid testimony showing that most of the following books, in German, much thumbed, underlined, and annotated, formed part of his library; and extracts written in his sketchbooks by the side of records of conversations with friends prove his acquaintance with the remainder:—Shakespeare (Eschenburg's transl.), Homer (Voss's transl.), Plutarch, Plato, Quintilian, Plotinus, Plinius, Ovid, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Ossian, Thomson, Klopstock, Seume and Mathison's poems, Tiedge's *Urania*, Sturm's *Betrachtungen*, etc. He spoke and wrote execrable French, and his German, though vigorous and full of happy hits, is generally awkward and frequently incorrect.

Mozart's and Haydn's faith centred in the personal *bon Dieu* of South German Catholicism, whereas the faith of Beethoven seems to have rested on a pantheistic abstraction which he called Love. Though a member of the Roman Church, whose tenets and customs he respected, and an admiring reader of certain pietistic Protestant theosophies (such as the Hamburg pastor Ch. Ch. Sturm's ultra-teleological *Betrachtungen über die Werke Gottes im Reiche der Natur und der Vorsehung*), his creed nevertheless had little in common with any established form of Christianity. The kernel of his view of the world was a mystic optimism. He interprets all things by the light of love—and his love is an endless longing, wide as the world, tinged at times with darkest melancholy, and from thence rising to most joyous exultation; fulfilled at times with hopeless desire, and sinking into utter resignation. In the jargon of his favourite prose moralists or sentimental rhymesters one finds him frequently spurting out crude and sententious phrases in the vain hope of giving verbal expression to the ecstatic faith that filled him. Many religious and moral commonplaces seem to have served him as themes for mystic musings, much as Diabelli's harmless little valse served as a starting-point for his wondrous excursions in the 33 variations.

Taking his life all in all, he appears to have lived through much lonely pain and misery, much discomfort, vexation, and anxiety, with that sort of heroic resignation which Carlyle sets down as the highest thing attainable in this world of physical want and mental distress. At intervals the spirit of some of his last works proves him to have risen to something like the mental quiet, and the emotional exaltation of a saint. His contemporaries naturally did not at once hail him as the high priest of art such as he was; but it is encouraging to note how the few truly discriminating minds, who in the end practically represent the public, and whose suffrage is the only guarantee of immortality, received him with genuine sympathy. The warmth and depth of his ethical sentiment is now felt all the world over, and it will before long be universally recognised that he has leavened and widened the sphere of men's emotions in a manner akin to that in which the conceptions of great philosophers—of Plato, Kant, and Schopenhauer—have widened the sphere of men's intellectual activity.

EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE WENT A-SAILING.

It was impossible for this girl—young as she was, and ignorant as she was of many common experiences — it was simply impossible for her to love where she did not respect and honour. Her whole nature would have risen in revolt against an "infatuation." If by some mishap her heart had got entangled where her head could not approve, she would have crushed the growing sentiment at any cost. And thus it was, after a gallant and loyal endeavour to see the best in George Miller—partly because she retained some trace of her old schoolgirl interest in him, partly because she dreaded the reproach of having encouraged him to no purpose —she had at last, when driven into a corner, refused him point-blank. There never had, indeed, been the remotest chance of her marrying the young man; though neither he nor she was aware of the fact. Considering herself as in a measure bound to him, she had done what she could to blind herself to his real nature; but it was of no use. Her clear, shrewd perception was not to be dulled by arguments or reasons addressed by herself to herself: behind the winning and graceful exterior of the young man she saw only poor aims and narrow sympathies, the mean ambitions and contracted prejudices of the hopelessly commonplace. It was with no sense of doing anything remarkable or noble, that this girl of twenty threw away her chances of marriage with a young, rich, and singularly handsome man; preferring the mere friendship of one who was much her senior, who was whimsical, provoking, erratic, and who was very much given to making fun of her. There was no choice at all for her. Young as she was, she was fascinated by the charm of unworldliness about this man's character, by the thousand quick glancing beauties of his mental nature, and by the gentle kindliness and thoughtfulness of his outward acts. In his society she felt that she breathed a freer intellectual atmosphere; life was not all bank-accounts and Bayswater. She was his humble disciple; he, her master; she was content to sit at his feet and listen.

But who can tell of the proud and glad delight with which she knew for the first time that this her wistful worship had met with a far higher reward —that he whom of all men she most regarded with love and admiration had hidden her as the secret treasure of his bosom—that instead of the clear, cold light of an intellectual friendship, beautiful, indeed, but pale as winter sunshine, there was burning for her a brighter, and warmer, and more beautiful fire, on the very hearthstone of his heart? The joy of it! Her whole being seemed transfused with gratitude; the world was a beautiful and friendly world; what had she done to deserve this great happiness? At first she could scarcely understand it or believe it all; the shock of the surprise was too great; then, by slow degrees, she tried to realise her position. But not for one moment did any thought of communicating this discovery—or of making any arrangements as to the future—enter into her mind; and the same might be said of him, too. To both it was merely a happy consciousness, an understanding between themselves which was too sacred for the outward world to know. Neither wished to proclaim the good fortune that had befallen them; the babblers on the housetops had enough to interest them. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether either ever thought of looking forward to their marriage; it was enough for him that in the meantime he had a better right

than ever to extend a tender, protecting care over the wayward girl; it was occupation for her to study how she could best be grateful for this great happiness by placing her meek service at the feet of her "lord and master."

How rapidly her life seemed to grow and enlarge, minute by minute! She had dawdled over years—with half-developed sentiments and schoolgirl fancies—and the years seemed no more than hours; now the hours, full of the experiences of a woman, were as many years. She remembered with a kind of dismay that she had at one time regarded Mr. Drummond as an elderly man—as a person to be treated with fear and respect rather than with an intimate confidence. What were the actual facts of the case? She was twenty; he was thirty-seven. Seventeen years made a great difference—thus she argued with herself—on paper; but what difference did they make between him and her? She had grown old, had become a woman, in two or three years; the same period of time had made no difference at all to him. He appeared to have discovered the fountain of perpetual youth. Was there any man she knew, young or old, who had such an irresistible gaiety of spirits, such a fascinating brilliancy of life? And then, she said to herself, with a proud smile on her lips, if his hair was as white as snow, and his step as feeble as now it was quick and eager, and his eyes clouded over with care, she would none the less be his meek disciple and his faithful friend, considering herself honoured among women if only he would accept the utmost treasures of her love and devotion. Such a love as this—and it suffused the whole nature of the girl, her mind as well as her heart—could not well be affected by years.

But all this was of the inner life—a secret sacred to themselves; their outer life was much as usual. He was too fond of mischief, and she too quick-spirited in resenting it, to allow any unnecessary seriousness to embarrass their outward relations. If their regard for each other was both grave and tender, their manner towards each other was even a trifle more defiant than of yore; until Mrs. Warrener had to intervene and rebuke her brother for so teasing the girl. His plea was that people always quarrelled on board ship, especially in a dead calm; and that as soon as the *Sea-Pyot* got out of Loch Sunart, Violet and he would be friends again.

That happened about four o'clock on the Monday.

"Violet!" he called down to the cabin, "come on deck! A fine breeze has sprung up; we are getting under way; and we can't bowse the bobstay until you appear!"

When she came on deck, and looked round, there was certainly enough bustle going forward. Captain Jimmy was rather anxious to get out of this land-locked little bay; and as the breeze had sprung up quite suddenly, the resolve to get out to sea was quite as sudden. At last something of quiet prevailed; and the plash of water began to be heard along the side of the *Sea-Pyot*.

"Where do we go now?" she said.

"Away to the north—anywhere—wherever the wind takes us. If the breeze keeps up, we will make Isle Ornsay to-night; and to-morrow morning you will find yourself under the mountains of Skye."

Was it the absence of a certain gloomy-tempered young man, or the new sense of motion and activity in getting away from the still loch, that seemed to arouse the spirits of all on board? Mrs. Warrener fetched up a bottle of whiskey, and served out a glass all round to the men, to celebrate their departure; her brother—humming to himself, in a doleful manner—

> "Yo, heave, ho!
> Il était beau,
> Le postillon de Lonjumeau!"

generally stood by to let draw the foresail sheet when the vessel was put about; while Miss Violet and her companion Amy were listening with great interest to some perfectly preposterous stories which Captain Jimmy, who was at the tiller, was telling about the beau-

tiful whiskey made by the illicit stills in his youth. There was a good deal of brisk animation on board, indeed; for they were beating down to the mouth of the loch, and the constant tacking in this comparatively narrow channel required some watching and quick work. The skipper took it very easy, however. Sure of his knowledge of the coast, and sure of his men, he did not cease to regale the two young ladies with tales which were of very doubtful authenticity; while his ruddy good-natured face occasionally broadened into a smile at some profound joke of his own making. It was universally admitted that Loch Sunart was a very beautiful place; but they were not sorry once more to get out to sea.

Now by the time they had got clear of Loch Sunart and into the mouth of the Sound of Mull, a rich golden glow was over the western sky, and the open Atlantic before them had its blue waves splashed with yellow fire. They were running along swiftly with the wind on the larboard beam; and the further out they got to sea, the more wonderful became this world of light and colour. Far away at the horizon lay a long low island, that seemed almost transparent in the burning glow; and then, as they got well round Ardnamurchan, they beheld in the paler north the ghostly mountains of another island, resting on the sea like clouds. Unhappily, however, as the colours in this world of water and sky grew richer and deeper, the wind gradually fell. The sea still rolled in its gold and purple all around them; but the great mainsail occasionally gave an ominous flap; and as the evening wore on, the question was propounded whether they might not be rolling out here all night, unable either to go on or to go back. They did not grumble. Even the worst that might befall them was far from being misery. They sat on the deck and watched the gradual change. An island at the horizon became of a rich dark purple, under a streak of pale salmon-coloured sky; above that there was a clear expanse of golden green, fading into cold grays, and terminating in a dark blue overhead. On the other side of the vessel, a couple of miles off, lay the mainland—a series of dark and mountainous precipices stretching down to the point of Ardnamurchan; and now as they waited and watched, a pale yellow radiance appeared over these mountains, and the moon arose into the clear purple vault. The mists on the western horizon disappeared; the sun, a glowing orb of crimson, was sinking behind the sea. They were eager to see the actual dip of this mass of fire; but now a great vessel, with all her sails set, and looking large because of her intense blackness, moved slowly across. She, too, seemed to be at the horizon; perhaps she got more wind further out; at all events she moved slowly on through the red glory the sun had left behind him. Now another light appeared—glimmering through the skylight of the saloon—and the faint tinkling of Duncan's bell summoned them down below.

When they came up on deck again, with shawls and wrappers, all the magic of a summer night at sea was around them. It was of no concern to them that the great sheet of canvass hung loose and limp from gaff to boom; whatever wind there was was dead aft, and they still managed to creep on a bit; for the rest, it would not have much mattered had they been absolutely stationary. When again in their lifetime would they be likely to be in such a scene?—the mystery of the sea and the silence of the night around them, the yellow moon filling the cloudless sky and touching here and there the rolling waves; the far heights of the mainland becoming clearer under this wan radiance. It was a night of romance, of wonder, and joy, to be for ever memorable to at least two of those figures sitting on the white deck. Here they were cut off from all the world—their home a small craft tossing on the open waters of the Atlantic—their two companions their closest and dearest friends—life had no more to give. The time went by with talk and laughter, with snatches of song, and with a silence

sweeter than either, for it was more in harmony with the beauty and the mystery of the night. They watched the stars grow more brilliant as the moon went down towards the south. Far away over the noiseless sea a gleaming point of fire burned under the dark precipices—that was Ardnamurchan lighthouse. The moon got further down, until at last it reached the horizon, and then a wonderful sight was seen, as of a ship blazing in the night. Some clouds at the horizon had got before the setting moon—there was a strange, awful, confused glory of yellow fire—and then that faded out, and the world was left with the paler light of millions of stars that shone down on the black islands and the sea.

What this man thought of, during those periods of silence, in the wistful sadness of the night, is not to be put down here, to be read in a railway-train or yawned over after dinner. But sometimes, indeed, his fancy took a more playful turn, and pleased itself by adorning the girl sitting beside him with all sorts of imaginary graces such as were beloved by the old lyrical writers. They had been humming certain of these quaint verses; he, in silence, saw before him the noble and beautiful dames and maidens whom they celebrated; he transferred — merely for amusement's sake, and because he had a purely intellectual delight in his love for her, which was now allowed ample liberty of indulgence—he transferred to her these graces, and excellences, and quaint divergences of character. She was the gay Campaspe who robbed Cupid of his bow and arrows; she was the fair Pamela, matchless in her dignity; she was Cynthia, the forest's queen, at sight of whom the glad birds began to sing; she was Lucasta, Althea, and perhaps more than all that tender Chloe "who wished herself young enough for me." Or was she not rather the queenly maiden of the *Epithalamion*—

"*Now is my love all ready forth to come;*
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day;
The joyfullest day that ever sun did see.
Fair sun! show forth thy favourable ray
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine!
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring."

And as for her—as she sat there in the clear starlight, with her arm round Amy's waist, sometimes looking out on the dark Atlantic, at other times at the ruddy and cheerful glow of the skylight over the saloon? Well, she had less acquaintance than he with these literary celebrities; but if she had wished to choose out one of the songs, snatches of which they had been humming or singing, to convey the deepest feeling of her heart, she knew well which one that would be—

"*Bid that heart stay, and it will stay*
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away
And 't shall do so for thee:
Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee."

It was of no consequence to her that these words are supposed to be addressed to an imperious woman by her humble lover; it was enough for her that they conveyed a perfect expression of her absolute self-surrender, of her love, and respect, and meek humility.

"*Bid me despair, and I'll despair,*
Under that cypress tree,
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee!
Thou art my life, my love, my heart
The very eyes of me——."

Was not this absolutely true? She saw things as he saw them; she was schooling herself to have scarcely an opinion of her own. And when she asked herself—during the stillness of this magical night—whether in sober fact she could die to please this man whom she loved, she did not answer

(even in her imagination) with rhetorical phrases, but the proud swelling of her heart was to herself sufficient response.

The dark sea lapped all around the boat; the yellow star of Ardnamurchan lighthouse was still visible far away in the south; and the point of the topmast, as the vessel rolled, wandered among the gleaming jewels of Cassiopeia, now right overhead. What o'clock was it? They did not care. They chatted, hummed snatches of songs, or sat quiet to listen to one of the sailors, who, on the look-out at the bow, was singing to himself, "Farewell, farewell to Finnorie!"

Strangely enough, too, neither of these two found any constraint or embarrassment in the continual company which is thrust upon one on board a yacht. They had no secrets but the one great secret; and of that they did not care to speak even to each other. What could be the good of talking over this sacred treasure which the bountiful Heavens had so suddenly given them? At this point in their lives they were absolutely content. To exist was happiness; they troubled themselves little about the future; they did not wish to consult in secret over plans; they had an abundant faith in each other; they were independent of the interference or opinion of friends. That was, indeed, a beautiful happy night, long to be remembered.

But in course of time, as there seemed little likelihood of the *Sea-Pyot* reaching Isle Ornsay before daybreak, they were forced to go below—with great regret. Somehow Violet North did not sleep much for the remainder of that night; not, indeed, until after she had heard, in the clear light of the dawn, the loud roar and rattle of the anchor going down. In the stillness and darkness of the little cabin she lay and thought of many things—and these not of the saddest; while the lapping of the waves without, that she could but faintly hear, was a sort of lullaby to her. Were there not strange phrases, too, interfused with that monotonous sound — and coming wandering in among her wistful fancies of all that she was to do to prove her love and gratitude—such phrases as these: "*Bid me to live*"—"*Thou art my life, my love, my heart*"—"*The very eyes of me.*"

And then at last, as the first sunbeam of the morning glimmered through the skylight, and as the vessel ceased from moving, those glad and busy fancies departed one by one, and happiness rocked her heart to sleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOREBODINGS.

When she went on deck the following morning, the first shock of the marvellous beauty around her bewildered her for a moment, and in spite of herself tears rushed to her eyes. Over there were the splendid waters of the Sound of Sleat rushing in darkened blue before the fresh, strong breeze of the morning; beyond this glowing and dazzling sea stood the great and mystic masses of mountains around Loch Hourn, showing wonderful hues of crimson, and purple, and blue, soft and pale like some etherial velvet; close at hand was the neck of land that inclosed the little bay, running out to the lighthouse point; and on the other side of the bay the bright, warm shores of the island of Skye. The air was sweet with the freshness of the sea; the sunlight flashed on the rushing waves; where could she find in all the world a more splendid panorama of mountains, sea, and sky?

James Drummond was alone on deck. When he took her hand, she meekly waited until he kissed her on the forehead—that was thereafter to be their morning greeting.

"We shall remember these days in the Highlands," he said. "Each of them is worth many years to me."

She looked up; and then for the first time he noticed that her eyelashes were wet.

"I hope we shall not remember them with pain?" she said quickly, struck with something in his tone.

"No—why should we? But what has been troubling you, Violet?"

She began to laugh through her tears.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If it is no very terrible secret."

"This has been troubling me—too much happiness. And it is to you I owe it all—everything—my being here—and all that followed."

The extreme self-abnegation of the girl touched him deeply; it was not a thing to be idly argued away with commonplace phrases.

"Come," said he, cheerfully, "put your arm in mine, and we will go for our morning walk, Violet."

They took a turn or two up and down the deck; it would have gladdened the heart of the merest stranger to have seen the brightness of this girl's face.

"And what are you going to write about next?" she asked humbly.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "Holiday-making is our business at present."

"When I was in Canada," she observed, "I copied a great many of papa's letters."

"Yes," he said, not catching her drift.

"I can copy MS."

"Yes."

He would not see.

"If——" she said in desperation—"Do you think—that I—that I could be of any use to you when you are writing—any use at all——"

He stopped; and she cast her eyes down — blushing and embarrassed. With both hands he gently pushed the beautiful, hair back from her forehead, and raised her face a bit, and regarded her with a great kindliness, with perhaps a touch of sadness, in his look.

"Violet, you must not speak of being of use to me. You talk as if I had done you some favour—God knows it is very different from that: you have altered the whole world for me——"

His hand was a little more firmly pressed; that had gladdened her. But all the same she said—

"I will not speak of it, if you do not wish it. But I know that what I am trying to do is right."

So far, well: what she now proceeded to do was scarcely in accordance with these submissive tenets. Amy Warrener came on deck; the two young ladies had a private talk together. Then there was a plunge down into the cabin; after which they came on deck again, and appeared much interested in the fastening of the rope which attached the dingay to the yacht. At this moment Mrs. Warrener made her appearance, and walked up to the two girls.

"What's this you have, Amy? What is this, Violet? I thought so!"

She dispossessed them of two pretty little packages, each containing a bathing-dress.

"So you were going to slip away ashore?"

"Indeed we were; and we are; and why not?" said Violet boldly, but not at all liking this publicity.

"And you were going away along that wild shore, where there isn't a living thing to be seen——"

"That was why we wanted to go," observed Miss Violet.

"To seek out some place where you don't know the currents and tides! I tell you, Violet, you will be drowned some day, as sure as you are alive now. Haven't you had a lesson already?"

"No."

The fact was that about half-a-mile from Castle Bandbox, in a little, quiet, sheltered sandy bay on the coast, there was a private bathing-machine, the owners of which had offered a duplicate key to Mr. Drummond for the use of the young ladies. They availed themselves of the privilege only too freely; for Miss Violet would never be deterred by the roughness of the sea, notwithstanding Mrs. Warrener's repeated assurances that she would be drowned. Amy Warrener was a good deal more timid; and it was some story of hers as to an imaginary danger into which Violet had got that was now brought forward to enforce her protest.

It was of no use.

"The sea is quite quiet in here," the young lady remonstrated. "The tide is coming in. We are sure to get a nice quiet place along there round the point."

"Do you wish to drown yourselves?"

"Yes; we are quite tired of life," was the calm answer.

"James," his sister called, "come here and stop these foolish girls."

"Mr. Drummond," said Violet, "would you please help me to get up the dingay? We can row ashore ourselves."

He had heard the whole dispute; he remained in mute deliberation.

"I have come to the conclusion," he said, slowly, "that there is a great deal to be considered on both sides of this question; but if I endeavoured to explain its niceties fully, and hoped in consequence to control the wilfulness of a lot of raging women—will you allow me to proceed?—I should resemble a spider that has set its web to catch a fly and finds it charged by a bull or a buffalo. The broad features of the case, however—"

"Will you order them down to their breakfast?"

"Do please haul up the dingay!"

"—May be described. There is no just and lawful reason why these young ladies should not be allowed to go ashore and bathe."

"Hear, hear!"

"It is true, if they were drowned, it might be looked on as suicide; and we might be charged with being *participes criminis*. At the same time, and in view of the further circumstance that a man, no matter how fast he walks, cannot walk away from the centre of the earth—an illustration which might come in handy to those who maintain that anthropomorphism—like the morphological theory in botany, which traces the leaf-form——"

What was this going on forward? The trick was manifest. He had talked the measure out. Overhearing the dispute in the first instance, he had quietly asked Captain Jimmy to get up his men and weigh anchor; and now the young women were civilly asked whether, in the event of their going ashore, they could swim fast enough to overtake the *Sea-Pyot* as she spread her wings and betook herself again to the north. There was nothing for it but an unconditional surrender. Tricked, disappointed, and meditating gloomy schemes of revenge, the two young women went below to breakfast. Their enemies had not heard the last of this.

But when they went on deck again, and found the *Sea-Pyot* well out in the bright blue waters, and running free before a brisk southerly wind, the bracing sea-breeze soon blew away their discontent; and all their attention was directed to the singular beauty of the scenes they were passing. Along the distant coast of the mainland the mountains were here and there steeped in a misty blue shadow—just dark enough to show the gleaming white of a sea-gull or gannet crossing; but on their left the shores of Skye were basking in the warm sunlight, and they were near enough at hand to see the pink of the heather, the dark green of the occasional woods, and the lilac-grey of the rocks by the sea. Very lonely shores indeed these were—here and there the brown sea-weed or the sunlit sand showed a long string of curlew, sea-pyots, and gulls, that rose in dense flocks as the vessel approached, and flew screaming away to some further bay. And when at last they did see some sign of human life in the presence of a few houses, did not these small hut-like dwellings look only like part of the *débris* which had been washed down by the rains of centuries from the great, shining, silent slopes of the mountains above them?

"Look there," said a certain discursive talker to a select audience of one person, "I wonder if those poor people ever consider how they came to be there. I suppose not: I suppose they consider the great mountains above them were made to support their sheep, and not very well made either, for they are very steep and bare. It is not the

worker in the affairs of the world who sees most—it is the idler, the passing spectator. But I have not been idle this morning——"

"What have you done?" asked the audience.

"I have put the finishing touches to my epitaph on the race of publishers——"

"But they are not all going to die?" she asked.

"Not all at once," he said, "——unfortunately. But you could put this epitaph on the gravestone of each as he went. And as I was in among the tombs anyway, I got together a few other epitaphs for persons I know——"

"How very delightful! What a charming occupation! Have you got them?"

"They are all in Latin. No, I have done an English one for Vernon Harcourt: *He resembled a Virgilian verse—he was six feet long, and sonorous.* Will that do? Look at those mountains now—it isn't forty centuries that are gazing down on you, but forty millions of centuries. And after all that is of no moment—the problem of creation is nothing—the great mystery is the existence of anything. What supports the tortoise? Chemistry can resolve the fabric of the world into elements; but where did these elementary subjects come from? You cannot comprehend anything without a beginning—and at the same time you cannot imagine—but I think we are getting into metapheesics, which may be a sort of telluric fever blown across from the Scotch shore. Look at that cormorant—on the rock—with his wings outspread, as if he were challenging you to have a rifle-shot at him——"

"James!" his sister called out, as she appeared at the top of the companion-stairs, clinging with both hands to the hatchway. "Surely the sea is rising?"

"Not much; but we have got into the Narrows."

"If she goes on plunging like this, we shall have everything down below smashed to bits; and I shall be ill—which is worse."

"We may get into sheltered water when we get round Kyle Rea point—the tide and the wind are meeting here—that's what's the matter."

They did indeed get into more sheltered water after they had rounded the point and stood away for the west; but it was a treacherous sort of shelter. The wind came down from the high mountains in sudden gusts and squalls, that demanded all the care and activity of the skipper and his men; one moment the yacht would be lying almost becalmed, the next moment she would be heeled over almost on her beam ends with a heavy gust from the hills. In the moments of calm, when Mr. Drummond and his companion had less anxiety about keeping a tight grip of the shrouds, they could see that by far the most striking picture they had yet met with lay right in front of them. Nature here seemed self-composed into a landscape. On the left the outlines of the great mountains of Skye descended and ran out to a narrowing point on which stood the ruins of an old castle; on the right another promontory ran out, ending in a lighthouse; between these lay a plain of rough, grey, wind-swept sea; while the sun shining behind the shadowed point where the ruined castle stood, lit up the great red granite shoulders of Ben-na-Cailleach and the still more distant peaks—blue, sharp, and jagged—of the Cuchullins. It was a picture that altered every minute, as new bays, peaks, and stretches of sea came into view. When Mrs. Warrener and her daughter were summoned up to look at it, however, there was a defaulter. Miss Amy had considered it more prudent to lie down.

They had some tight work of it to get into Broadford Bay; for, having run along Loch Alsh with the wind on their larboard beam, and now bringing her head sharply round to the south, they had necessarily the wind almost in their teeth, and it was tearing across the open bay so as to blind them with showers of foam. Once, indeed, in tacking, they got so near to certain rocks which are marked with an iron

perch, that it was only Drummond's confidence in Captain Jimmy's prudence that prevented his calling out to the men to put the vessel about before the skipper gave the order. It was in any case a narrow shave; turbulent as the waves were, they were near enough to see the brown rocks going down into the clear blue water dangerously close to the stern of the boat. However, nothing was said; and after some arduous work in beating up to windward, they reached what was considered the proper moorings, and let go their anchor in Broadford Bay.

Naturally they were anxious to get on shore; the women more especially, for they had not seen a shop for an unconscionable time, and there might probably be a shop or two in that little cluster of white houses running along the semicircular shores of the bay. But the skipper, having got the sails put to rights, and ordered a couple of the men to lower the gig, somewhat damped the ardour of the party by saying that, if they wished to purchase any provisions, they ought to go to the post-office and ask whether any one in the neighbourhood had killed a sheep lately, and that, if they wished for loaf-bread, they would have to see whether the steamer had brought a sufficient supply from Glasgow. However, yachting-people like to land on any excuse; and so they merrily set off for the shore—Miss Amy, who had now recovered her equanimity, included.

They were glad to set their foot for the first time on the island of Skye; they were pleased with the look of the white houses, the dark-green line of trees, and the great bulk of Ben-na-Cailleach rising right behind; they were talking, laughing, and joking as the men rowed them in to the small quay. Suddenly Mrs. Warrener—in the most innocent fashion possible—indeed, with the best intentions in the world—said—

"Violet, did Mr. Miller say anything about letting you know how he got on that Sunday?"

The girl was startled by the mere mention of the name; it seemed to her there was some sort of accusation in it; she had been grossly forgetful, unpitying, selfish in the enjoyment of her own happiness.

"N—no," she stammered; and Mrs. Warrener was surprised to notice the confusion visible in the girl's face. She ought, the elder lady considered, to have been pleased. If there had been a lover's quarrel, what more natural than that the suggestion of a possibility of patching it up again should give her pleasure?

"Because I was thinking he would probably write to Broadford or Portree. He knew we were going to both places," said Mrs. Warrener.

Violet North did not seem overjoyed by this intimation. She sate silent, thoughtful, embarrassed; she was immensely relieved when they reached the quay, for then she walked on ahead with Amy, and her friend, imagining that something was wrong, refrained from speaking to her.

The inhabitants of the small village of course came out to their doors to have a look at the strangers, who gave them every opportunity, for there was much loitering in front of the few shop-windows, most of which contained a miscellaneous heap of such things as soap, needles, Glengarry caps, comforters, buttons, biscuits, gunpowder, acidulated drops, and so forth. The objective point of their wanderings, however, was the post-office, which odd little building they discovered embedded in trees at some little distance from the town. The lady who presided there was the most courteous of persons, who not only gave the strangers all the information they required, but invited them to look at her garden, and, as Miss Violet was surprised to find such a brilliant show of dahlias in this remote spot, nothing would do but that she must carry away a selection of them—a gorgeous bouquet which adorned the saloon of the *Sea-Pyot* for days afterwards.

"And now," said Violet to this good lady—for she was too proud to shrink

from the task, "would you see if you have any letter for us?"

She went inside, and took their cards. There was no letter.

"I have no doubt he got safely back to London," said Violet, calmly.

"He was going straight back to London, then?" Mrs. Warrener asked.

"I suppose so. He did not tell me."

Mrs. Warrener was grieved. She had a great affection for this girl; and she was sorry to see her being made miserable by a lover's quarrel. Was it not a pity to find two young people, just at the pleasantest time of their lives, making each other wretched for no cause in the world? They could have nothing real to quarrel about. All the circumstances were favourable; all their friends were consentient. Mrs. Warrener resolved to speak to Violet about this matter; and hoped she might be the means of reconciling those two who were obviously destined to become husband and wife.

She soon found an opportunity. They went for a walk along a road leading inland; and now, as the wind had died down, and as the afternoon had become clear, and beautiful, and still, they were in no hurry to get back to the yacht.

"Violet," said the gentle-voiced little woman, linking her arm within that of the girl, "I am really vexed about all this; and I want you to tell me if I cannot do something. Now, dear, don't answer in a hurry. I know what a girl is; and I expect you to declare that you don't care for him, and that you would rather never see him again. Every girl says that when she has a quarrel with her sweetheart; and she remains miserable out of pure wilfulness. Now what is the use of your both being wretched, when a word of explanation would clear it all up? Shall I write to him?"

What could she answer? For the first time the peculiar position in which she stood to this kind friend of hers was flashed in on her consciousness; and she stood confronted by the possibility of being charged with deceit. She had never considered that some one else might have a right to that secret which she had been cherishing in her own heart. Was it necessary, then, that this strange and new experience of hers should be blazoned abroad to the world, and become the talk of friends and acquaintances?

"Oh, Mrs. Warrener," she said, almost piteously. "It is a mistake—it is all a mistake. There is no quarrel—but indeed I cannot tell you just yet—not just yet——"

She would ask Mr. Drummond, she thought; he was her master in all things; she would rather be charged with concealment than run the risk of doing something he might not approve.

"You do not wish me to write to him?" her kind friend said.

"To Mr. Miller? Oh, no!"

They walked along in silence; and Violet was grieved and troubled. Now that it was probable her secret would have to be told, how could she defend herself from the charge of being cruel to this young man? It is true she had thought of him often since his leaving her that Sunday—and thought of him with a great pity and some self-reproach which was but little merited; but she could not conceal from herself that she had experienced a wonderful sense of freedom since his departure, and that her heart had grown light in consequence. Yet it seemed to her selfish that she should be proud and glad in her happiness; while he—the sweetheart of her school-girl days, who had patiently waited on in the hope of getting a favourable answer—was cut adrift, not only from her, but also from his friends.

"I am not to be snubbed," said the fair-haired little woman, cheerfully. "You know, Violet, what intermeddlers get as a rule; but I must risk that for your sake. We cannot have you go through all these beautiful places with a rueful face; and if you won't let me write to Mr. Miller, then I must go and ask James——"

"Oh, no!" Violet said, with an eager piteousness in her eyes.

"Come, come, you foolish girl. I mean to speak to him this very moment."

She caught her friend by the arm to stay her.

"Indeed you must not! Do grant me this favour, Mrs. Warrener—only to wait—it is all a mistake—and there is something you must be told——"

"More secrets?"

The girl did not answer.

"Very well, if you wish," Mrs. Warrener said, gently, "I will wait; but mind, you must get rid of your trouble, or else come and ask my help."

In the glow of the evening they turned back from the quiet moorland ways and made for the shore. They almost felt disappointed that the great range of mountains on their left should shut out the sinking sun; they had grown accustomed to see the sunset over the western seas.

But when they drew near to Broadford, and overlooked the great, broad, still bay, a simultaneous cry of admiration broke from them, for never before, not even in their dreams, had they seen such a magical display of colour. Far over on the eastern side of the bay, the great mountains, from base to summit, were one mass of pale, ethereal pink—a world in rose-colour, that towered up into a sky of glowing amber. It was bewildering to the eyes; and yet it was exquisitely soft—as soft as the pink reflections of the hills that shone on the smooth bosom of the loch. When they turned from this palely roseate panorama of mountains to the west, the contrast was most striking. Here the mountains, close at hand, were all in shadow; and before them lay a stretch of moorland, its dark, rich, intense olive-greens cut asunder by a silver streak of river. As they walked along they could see that these dark western mountains were throwing their shadows right across the bay, until they began to creep up the rose-coloured slopes of the distant hills. At length only the tops of the far mountains caught the flame; and now, close by them, as it seemed to be, the golden disk of the summer moon came up behind some trees, and the cold greens of the fields hard by became still more intense. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

The men were waiting at the quay; they pulled out to the yacht as the cold grey twilight came over the hills, and as the yellow moon rose in the south.

"You are tired with your walk, Violet," James Drummond said, regarding her.

"Not at all," she said; "it is pleasant to get a good long walk after being on board for a day or two."

"You will be better pleased to-morrow, when we drive to Torran; you ought to feel like a sailor when he gets into a hansom-cab."

"When shall we go on to Portree?"

"Probably the day after to-morrow. Are you anxious to get on?"

"Oh no; not at all."

Mrs. Warrener heard the question and answer; and drew her own inferences. Portree was the next point at which they would find a post-office.

All that evening Violet had no opportunity of speaking a word with Mr. Drummond alone; for the night was very beautiful, and they all came up after dinner and sate on deck. The water was indeed so still that there were no ripples for the moonlight to catch. The smooth water around them was almost black; but all along the shore a mist lay thick, and that had caught the moonlight. The decks and spars too were touched with the ghostly light, contrasting with the orange glow shed by the lamp at the ship's head.

The party was not quite so gay that night as it sometimes had been; though Mr. Drummond, all unwitting of any change, was in one of his happiest moods. Mrs. Warrener had to confess to herself that if Violet had of late been occasionally out of spirits, her brother seemed to have got to the other extreme. She had never known him remain so long in the very brightest of humours.

When the women retired for the night, Violet allowed Mrs. Warrener and Amy to precede her; then she

returned to the deck for a moment, where Mr. Drummond was gathering up the shawls and cushions. He turned quickly; she timidly took his hand.

"Will you do me this favour?" she said in a low voice. "Will you tell your sister?"

"Yes—certainly—why not?" he answered, quite cheerfully. "It really never occurred to me; but of course she ought to know; and the sooner the better."

"N—not to-night," the girl murmured.

"Not if you do not wish it," he said; and then, more closely regarding her, he saw that she was extremely agitated.

"What is the matter, Violet?"

"I am so afraid," she said, and he knew that her hand was trembling.

"Of what?"

"If we could only have gone on," she said, with a passionate outburst of feeling, "if we could only have gone as we have been doing these two happy days, what more could have been wished? But now—if everybody must know——"

"Everybody need not know——" he was beginning to say, when again she interrupted him.

"Your sister will hate me," she said, passionately.

"She will love you more than ever—you will be her only sister. But why all this timorousness at once? Where is the courageous Violet? Come now, let me go down below this minute, and have the whole thing settled. One plunge, and it is all over. Bless my soul, why didn't I speak to her without dragging you into it? It is the simplest matter in the world."

"No—to-morrow," she said, quickly and earnestly, and then she kissed the hand that she still held, and went below. He could not quite understand what all this meant.

As for her, she tried hard in the silence of the night to reason herself out of the forebodings which, in spite of herself, kept surging in on her mind. Why should she be afraid of this gentle little woman, who had been so invariably kind to her? What possible motive could any human being have for interfering with her happiness? And then she reproached herself for thinking only of her own happiness; and her fancies went away to another who had a far better reason to complain, and she asked herself again and again—"Was it my fault—was it my fault?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOCH CORNISH.

He had no fear or embarrassment in breaking this news to his sister, when he found her alone in the saloon next morning. He had an absolute faith in her unselfishness; he could not doubt but that she would be eager to take Violet still more closely to her heart.

And yet, as he told her in the twilight of the cabin, he was amazed to see her face grow pale. She retreated a step from him; pain, apprehension, dismay—all were visible in her face and in her frightened eyes.

"Oh, James, is it true?" she said.

The whole story was clear to her; she saw as the end of it only the misery of the two people whom, next to her own daughter, she loved most dearly in the world.

"Well!" said he, astonished. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, James, you don't know what all this is. I can see it. I have dreaded it. And I don't know which is the more to be pitied now—for she is proud—she won't draw back——"

"What do you mean, Sarah? I insist on your speaking more plainly," said he.

"Cannot you see the whole story?" she said, rapidly and vehemently, yet with a great pity and tenderness in her eyes. "That poor girl has a quarrel with her sweetheart; he is angry and goes away; she is proud, offended, her dignity is wounded; she resolves to have nothing more to do with him; then, to revenge herself, she turns to you—and you, you make her believe that the friendly affection you have always shown her will reconcile her to the loss of her lover. And what will be the end of it? Isn't

the story told every day. The girl repents when it is too late—when the discarded lover cannot be brought back; when she and the man she has married out of spite find themselves chained to each other for life through a cruel mistake."

For a moment he was staggered. The story was terribly life-like—clear, concise, and probable. It was obvious, too, that this gentle little woman was moved by no animus against the girl; she was as anxious for Violet's happiness as his own.

"What you say is very true, Sarah," said he, calmly, "—true in many cases; not in this one. I have told you the cause of the quarrel——"

"It is the commonest one in the world," she continued, quickly. "Young men are always jealous; he was doubtless thinking she did not pay him enough attention; and then accused her of paying far more attention to you. That is true enough. Violet has always shown the greatest respect—and I will say affection too—for you. Well, you know how high-spirited the girl is. If he spoke to her like that, would she bear it? She would tell him to go; she would leave him to infer what he likes; and then, in a moment of wounded pride, she turns to you and tries to persuade herself that she loves you well enough to marry you. What can come of it, James? what can come of it? Do you think she has forgotten him? Did you not notice how much embarrassed she was yesterday after I had spoken to her about asking for a letter at the post-office? and I am sure you must see how anxious she is to get to Portree."

It was all terribly consistent and probable—his reason had to admit that; but he was too firm a man to be led into jumping at conclusions.

"Very well, then," he said, to his sister. "You may be right. This poor girl may have been driven into an error, as you say; and we may both be in a very painful and mistaken position. If that is so, we must get out of it."

He spoke quite calmly; there was no expression of emotion on his face. The agony was in his heart; for it seemed hard to admit even the possibility that these two glad days that had just passed by had been lit up by a false light of happiness, and that there were to be no more even of these deceitful joys.

"But what I will take care of is this—that there shall be no misunderstanding in the matter. I know what mischief misunderstandings may cause. Violet has stated certain things to me; I can accept a denial of them only from herself. If what you say, or guess at, is true, there is nothing more simple than to get confirmation from the girl herself—and that I will do at once——"

She caught his hand.

"My dear brother, don't speak to me as if I were doing you an injury. Do you know how it pains me to have to tell you? Do you think there is anybody in the world would rejoice more to see you and our Violet married, if that could be for the happiness of both of you?"

"I know that, Sarah," said he. "And I know all this is kindly meant. But first, let's see what truth there is in it."

"James, do not go to her," she pleaded. "You don't know what girls are. You would put her on her honour; she would hold by her engagement at any cost. She has had no time to reflect."

"Do you mean me, then, to harbour all these suspicions against the girl, and say no word to her?" he demanded, with some indignation.

"Yes, I do," the little woman answered courageously, "*for her sake.* You want to see her happy; I am anxious for the happiness of both of you. And I tell you that is what she would do now, James; she would be ashamed to say she had made a mistake; she would consider herself bound in honour to keep her word to you; very likely her quarrel with Mr. Miller still rankles in her mind. What harm can there be in waiting? Do not drive her into a corner."

Yes—he admitted that what she said was just. Violet's happiness was of

more concern to him than his own. If it was true—and of course he did not admit that as yet—that she had blundered into this engagement in a moment of pique, she would be allowed time to repent, and ample opportunities of escape.

The world did not look quite so glad and beautiful to this man when he went up on deck and glanced around at the sea and the hills. His face had something of the old, tired expression it used to have at times in London—a look that Violet, who feared it, had never seen since he had come to the Highlands. And at this moment, too, Violet and her companion Amy appeared—coming on board from the dingay, in which they had sought out a sheltered nook along the shore for their morning bath. Bright youth and health flushed in the faces of both the girls as they stepped on deck; the morning sunlight that shone on the sea around them was not more brilliant and beautiful than the life and gladness that sparkled in their eyes. Suddenly, however, that careless joy fled from the face of Violet North. She had caught a glimpse of Mr. Drummond; their eyes met; and a sense of fear came over her. She longed to go up to him—that was her first impulse—and say "*O my kind friend, you are troubled, and I am the cause of your trouble.*" But she dared not do that; she rather kept away from him, telling herself that the interview between her best of friends and his sister had occurred, and fearing to speculate on the result of it.

After breakfast, as had been arranged the previous day, they went ashore in the gig, walked up to the inn, and found awaiting them there a waggonette, which was to drive them across the island. It was a bright and beautiful day; they got into the vehicle; and away went the two horses inland—past the foot of the great slopes of Ben-na-Cailleach, and through stretches of moorland, until they beheld on their right the massive shoulder and sharp peaks of Blaven's range of granite, with the black points of the Cuchullins beyond. It ought to have been a pleasant excursion; but it was a somewhat silent one—Mrs. Warrener doing most of the talking, and showing herself more affectionate than ever towards Violet. Mr. Drummond was obviously thinking; and probably of an insoluble problem. Was it not true, he had to admit, that he knew nothing of girl-nature? Might there not be contradictions, opinions, emotions, and so forth, altogether different from those of the women he had known with any degree of intimacy? "You don't know what a girl is," his sister had said to him; and she ought to know.

Once upon a time, when Violet North and George Miller were conversing together, the latter referred to some little social solecism that Mr. Drummond had committed, and remarked that he was old enough to know better.

"Do you know how old he is?" retorted Violet, sharply.

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, I will tell you," she said, speaking very distinctly. "He was born six-and-thirty years ago. In knowledge of the world and human nature he is fifty; but in knowledge of the world of Hyde Park he is only twenty."

The epigram was clumsily put, but its meaning was clear. Of course it provoked a quarrel; though Heaven only knows why George Miller should have considered himself insulted when Hyde Park was treated with contempt.

At last the wagonette brought them in sight of the open Atlantic—a silver plain shimmering in heat—and they went down the shingly shore to a huge and heavy boat manned by four Highlanders, unkempt, ill-clad, stalwart looking fellows, who contentedly set out on a pull of forty miles or so, with the most unwieldy oars ever seen by mortals. Two of the men were tall and singularly handsome, their features fine and delicate in outline, and full of power; they spoke what little English they knew with a curiously modulated intonation; and they were very fond of singing songs in chorus—a chorus

that consisted of shrill discordant notes in all manner of keys. The singing was a failure; Mr. Drummond began to question them as to the meaning of the songs. As usual, they were ignorant of the acquired faculty of translation. They could give nothing like the equivalent of the Gaelic words. "*Ay, it wass the young lass, and she went away,*" summed up their impression of one song. The next one, that seemed to consist of fifty verses: "*Ay, he wass a souldier—and the young lass would be for waiting for him. Ay, it iss a verra fine song, that iss; there iss few of the songs better ass that song; and the music of it iss verra fine whatever.*" And again, "*Ay, that iss a peautiful song, and it was made by a lady that lived near Kyle Rea. And that song is all apout—well, it is apout a young lass—ay—and that young lass—she wass trooned—*"

And then they got out and round the long promontory, and found before them the silent Loch Scavaig—not dark and awful in its accustomed shadows, but fair, and beautiful, and sad. The desolation of this picture, even with the sunlight shining on the blue sea around them, was extreme; for far over this glowing waste of water rose the shadowy bulk of the Cuchullins, in still and sorrowful majesty. There was not a voice to be heard—not even the screaming of a sea-bird, as they rowed into the head of this treacherous loch, now shining fair and calm in the mid-day sun.

They scrambled on shore, too, and made their way over the rough rocks and grass to the small fresh-water Loch Coruisk—lying still and sombre in the cup of the mighty hills surrounding it. On the right, these hills were in the sunshine, sending their riven, bare, jagged peaks into the far blue of the sky; on the left they were hidden in shadow, mysterious and profound even in the midst of this summer's day. The women went away down to the shores of the black and sullen lake; James Drummond sate by himself on one of the rocks, and he seemed to see things as in a dream.

He was alone in this awful solitude—no sight or sound of human beings near; and as he gazed up at the terrible peaks, rising sheer from the gloomy water, he grew to think that they were great dumb creatures, living but immovable, the giants of eternity, abiding for ever in solitary self-communion. "They have eyes," he was thinking, "away up in those mystic shadows; and they close but once in a thousand years. When the wild Atlantic frets around the shores, they frown; otherwise they are cold and impassable; they gaze at each other, without curiosity, without intelligence, only with an awful sadness that increases as the centuries slip by, bringing no change. They have seen no human beings; if some small creatures have crept across the neck of land at their base, and disappeared again out at sea, they have paid no heed. Can they speak to each other? No. They listen to the murmur of the Atlantic; but they make no sound in their everlasting repose. When the clouds are whirled against them in the night, and the wild lightning crackles through the dark, and the sea yells around their feet, the awful frown deepens, and it seems as though they would arise from their eternal lethargy and command the elements to be at peace; but no—they pass that by, too, as the strife of a moment; the slow centuries alone affect them, adding to the trouble of the saddened eyes; they have no companionship, not even in the night-time with the mystic and gleaming stars."

"Anthropomorphism," he said to himself, as he rose and seemed to try to shake away certain thoughts. "The projection of the shadow—the exceeding humility of the human being in transferring his own sadness to the Cuchullin hills or the midnight sky!"

Then it suddenly occurred to him—was he really sad? Could it be possible that amidst all the happiness that had surrounded him and his companions in these beautiful solitudes, a few chance remarks, suggesting what he must regard as at least an improbability, should have such an effect? He would

shake off this morbid feeling. There might be certain girl-natures outside the sphere of his sister's experience. And if the worst came to the worst, would he be sad to see Violet—at whatever cost to himself—rescued from a false position, and made happy as a young girl should be happy?

He would not be conquered by the prevailing gloom of this silent and mysterious loch. He made his way down the rocks to the little sandy bay where his companions were seated; and entered into a competition with his niece in the matter of throwing "ducks and drakes." He was quite merry over their luncheon on the rocks. When he got into the boat again, he relieved one of the men—who had recently met with an accident—of his oar, and laboured away with that unwieldy instrument for over half-an-hour. It was about eight o'clock at night when they got back to Broadford.

The weather is abrupt in its changes in these parts. Captain Jimmy, who had always professed a profound dislike to Broadford Bay, as a particularly open roadstead in the case of a northerly gale blowing, said that the wind had backed a bit from the south-east to east, and promised to get still further to the north. Would they like to go on that night to Portree?

"Is there any need—any danger in lying here?"

"Naw, sir," replied the skipper, "there iss no any great need. But the wind is good to go up."

"You see, you will keep those ladies awake all night——"

"You need not consider us, James," his sister said; and then she added "you know Violet would much rather go on."

He turned round; Violet was not on deck. He went to the companion-ladder and called down—

"Violet, are you there?"

"Yes."

"We want to know whether you would prefer to remain here for the night, or go on to Portree; the wind is favourable."

She came to the door of the saloon, and answered him in a lower voice, and with her eyes cast down—

"If it is no inconvenience to anyone, I would rather go on to Portree at once."

He went along to his sister, and said that Violet did wish to go on to Portree that night.

"I thought she would," Mrs. Warrener answered, gently.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UNDER THE BLACK CUCHULLINS.

In the deep silence of the night the loud and harsh hauling up of the anchor sounded ominously; the breeze was rising; the moon, obscured from time to time by swift and watery clouds, threw a wan and ghastly light on the sails and the deck, and struck a golden star on the gleaming brass of the compass. When they got outside the bay, they found there was a good sea on; the waves were rushing along before the stiff south-easterly wind; there was a murmur of breakers coming over from the distant and gloomy rocks of Pabba. No one thought of going below; there was a weird excitement in thus hurrying on through the darkness of the night, with the adjacent coasts grown mystical and strange under the frail moonlight. They listened in silence to the plunging and churning of the waves that went hissing away behind the boat; they tried to make out the outlines of the sombre shores they were passing; they watched a strange mist of moonlight gathering round the black peaks of the Cuchullins. The men were obviously on the alert. Once or twice one of them was seen to go up the rigging to the cross-trees to have a look out for some island or perch invisible from the deck. The skipper did not care to have the tack of the mainsail let down; they were certainly making sufficient way. And so they went swinging on through the night, under the shadows of the black mountains of Skye—the boom straining and creaking,

the broad sail flat before the wind, the red and green side-lights rising and dipping as the bow rose and dipped with the hurrying waves. At this rate they would soon get on to Portree.

It was not like that wonderful and magical night when they lay becalmed in the Sound of Sleat, and saw the yellow moon go down behind the sea like a great ship on fire. Then all was laughter, music, and joyous idleness, on the placid waters, under the beautiful stars. Now the black coast of Skye overawed them; the moon that was near to the summits of the Cuchullins was watery and ominous; they were rushing along before a breeze that threatened to become half-a-gale, and there was certainly no room for carelessness or idleness when they got into the narrows of the sombre Sound of Raasay. It was not like the time that had been —the time that was even now beginning to seem remote.

They got into Portree shortly after one in the morning; they could just make out the cottages of the sleeping town, and the rocks and trees adjacent, in the pale and uncertain moonlight. The noise on board did not long disturb the stillness of the place; by and by the *Sea-Pyot* was also given over to sleep.

Mr. Drummond was early up next morning; he seemed a trifle pre-occupied and restless. His sister was the next to come on deck.

"What an extraordinary morning it is!" she exclaimed—there was a curious watery fog lying about the shore that made objects look at once large, shadowy and remote.

He took no heed of the remark.

"Sarah," he said, abruptly, "have you said anything to Violet yet?"

"Not a word," the gentle little woman answered. "I have had no opportunity of speaking with her alone. But if I had, I doubt whether I ought to say anything. I do not wish to influence the poor girl in any way. So far as I am concerned, she must be free to follow the suggestions of her own heart."

"But she will think it strange; she will imagine you disapprove; I told her I should tell you. And I must speak to her, too, about it—but what can I say——"

He took a step up and down the deck; he was obviously endeavouring to repress many and very varying emotions.

"It is very terrible, Sarah—all this uncertainty—this doubt. In any other case, I would not bear it for a moment. But, as you say, we must not drive the girl into a corner. We must leave her free. And perhaps now—if there should be a letter from Miller—she may decide something——"

He called one of the men to him, and wrote certain words on a card.

"Alec, lad, I want you to go ashore and see if there are any letters for us at the Post-office. Get back as soon as you can."

Mrs. Warrener went below to see the breakfast table laid. She was almost as anxious about this affair as her brother could be. In her secret heart she hoped that there would be a letter from Mr. Miller which would remove all misunderstandings between himself and Violet; that the girl would then see how she had blundered, and make such quick reparation as was possible; and that, after a natural pang or two, they would all return to their old relations, and those two, who were very dear to her, be saved from the consequences of a terrible mistake.

Alec came out again; there were three or four letters, one of them addressed to "Miss Violet North, on board the yacht *Sea-Pyot*, care of the Postmaster, Portree Island of Skye." Mr. Drummond knew the handwriting; he calmly placed the letter on the table, at the corner where Violet usually sate.

They were all ready for breakfast when Violet appeared. She went to her accustomed place, took up the letter, glanced at the outside, and quickly put it in her pocket. When she sate down, Mrs. Warrener noticed that she was rather pale.

The girl could not conceal her emotion. Her fingers trembled as she

took the cup and saucer offered to her. Some feeble effort of conversation was being made: she did not seem to overhear.

At last she could restrain her anxiety no longer; she murmured something about being excused; took out the letter, and hurriedly glanced over its contents. It was not a long one apparently; for she suddenly rose—and burst into tears as she left the saloon. A strange silence ensued.

In a minute or two Mrs. Warrener followed.

"What can be the matter, uncle?" said Amy Warrener, innocently.

"Some bad news, I fear," said he; and she was surprised that he could speak of Violet's receiving bad news in so firm and unconcerned a voice.

Then his sister came back.

"James, will you ask one of the men to row Violet ashore? She wants to send off a telegram."

"Certainly," said he; and he went on deck.

A few minutes afterwards he was watching a small boat, containing two figures, that was making for the quay. When, at last, it had disappeared altogether into that haze of sunlit mist that lay along the shore, he turned to another of the men and said—

"I should like to have the gig lowered. Can you and Alec pull me up to the head of the loch where those wild ducks are?"

His sister came to him.

"Where are you going, James? You have had no breakfast."

"Yes, thank you," he said gently—and his face looked a trifle careworn and tired: that was all. "I have had enough. They say there are plenty of wild-ducks up here."

"Oh, James——" she was beginning to say; but tears swelled up in her eyes, and she could not speak. She saw him fetch his gun, get into the gig, and take the tiller-ropes; she knew that the sorest heart in England that day was in that boat.

To be continued.

QUAKERS AND QUAKERISM.

II.

We have now to trace out what Quakerism through its belief in an indwelling Spirit,[1] which is both light and force, has accomplished, as well as in the witness it has borne to unacknowledged truths, as in the practical reforms it has effected.

We are all familiar with the unswerving witness that Quakerism has borne against war in the name of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In this alone it has shown itself some centuries in advance of the rest of the Christian Church. Channing used to say that if we would only dress our soldiers in butchers' blouses the eyes of mankind would at once be opened to the true nature of "glorious war." But even without the help of the butcher's blouse, the Quaker's mild glance has been able to pierce through the scarlet and white and gold trappings of military glory, and see the foul blood-smeared idol beneath.

We do not mean to inflict upon our readers any trite declamations against war, or indulge in the usual calculations of how many pipes of human blood have been wasted, or how many thousand lives are destroyed per page in an ordinary history. But it may be worth while briefly to inquire how far there is a law of evolution in human affairs which seems to point to the gradual extinction of war, and how far, therefore, the world is destined to come round to the Quakers, and not the Quakers to the world.

Going back to the rise of modern Europe, to the period which we emphatically name the Dark Ages, we find society, in the disruption of the ancient civilizations and the infancy of the new, gradually re-forming itself on the only available basis of physical force, being built up of military units, the sum of which constituted the feudal system. "Because," says M. Guizot, "the system of judicial guarantees was vicious and powerless, because no one had faith therein, in one word, in default of anything better, men did themselves justice; they protected themselves." "Private warfare and judicial combat became established institutions regulated according to fixed principles, and with more minutely determined forms than the pacific process." The stout, peaceful burgher, with whom the readers of Sir Walter Scott are familiar, was, as M. Guizot elsewhere points out, a creation of the great novelist's own brain. The actual burgher was a man armed *cap-à-pie*, who had to defend his own cause by force of arms. In the practical absence of legal and judicial institutions men at that period were obliged to have recourse to Lynch law.

But the sword is only, as it were, the flame that is used to set up chemical action and bring into activity the true laws that govern human society. As towns increased in population, and more and more citizens became engaged in the peaceful prosecution of trade, the presence of lawless force no longer even approximately answered its purpose, and became an intolerable evil. Judicial institutions took its place, private war was abolished by degrees, and that gradual disarming of the private citizen took place which we see accomplished in the present day, when the walking-stick

[1] "The Light of Christ within, as God's gift for man's Salvation, is their fundamental principle, which is as the corner-stone of their fabric; and to speak eminently and properly, their characteristic or main distinguishing point or principle."—Penn. A recent authority, S. Tuke, represents the views of the early Quakers on the Spirit as "the foundation of what is called Quakerism."—*Life of Whitehead.*

or the umbrella has taken the place of the sword which once formed part of a gentleman's ordinary outfit, and even duelling is looked upon with discredit as a relic of barbarism. Meanwhile kingdoms once, like England and Scotland, at strife with one another, peacefully coalesced under hereditary monarchs, and war was banished from their limits. Coming down to our own day, the old mechanical system of government, under which kingdoms were handed about from ruler to ruler without the consent of the people, carried out on a colossal scale by Napoleon in the wars which drenched Europe in blood, became a yoke too grievous for humanity to bear, and under its iron reign a new feeling of national life was born which exacts an organic connection, a blood relationship between the government and the people, brings about the unification of peoples of the same race, and sets an ultimate bar to foreign conquest. Under this potent principle a united Italy and a united Germany have arisen, and the red tides of war have been driven back, leaving whole territories, once torn with discord, now free from its devastating floods. Nor is it without momentous significance that the leadership of Europe has passed from France, the stronghold of the old barbaric military spirit, to the more peaceful Teutonic races.

But is the progress to stop here? or may we not expect that the same laws which have already eliminated war from civilized private life, as well as freed extensive territories from its scourge, will ultimately work the same revolution in national life? May we not trace the gradual development of new conditions of national life which will ultimately necessitate some other appeal than the appeal to force by steps analogous to those that have already brought about the result in civil life?

Nations may be said roughly to pass through three stages of growth:

Firstly, the youthful stage; thinly peopled, exporting natural produce, and importing luxuries.

Secondly, the self-subsistent stage; well peopled, consuming their own produce, and manufacturing their own goods.

Thirdly, the most dependent stage; densely peopled, exporting manufactures and luxuries, and importing natural produce.

Holland, Great Britain, Switzerland, and Belgium have already passed into the third and most dependent stage, and with the increase of population other nations must infallibly do so as well. "A few years ago," observes a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "England was able to feed her own people from the produce of her own fields; she now buys grain to the annual value of more than 12,000,000*l.*, besides relying on foreign raw material for employment, foreign markets for the disposal of her manufactures, foreign land for the disposal of one or two hundred thousand of her surplus population."

Such being the new and unforeseen conditions of national life, may they not ultimately be found to be utterly incompatible with the old method of settling national disputes by force of arms, a war inflicting such intolerable injury on a neutral state as to necessitate the adoption of some other method of settling disputes than one which has ceased to secure even approximate justice?[1]

What the ultimate solution of the problem may be; whether as the state or county is already absorbed into the nation, the nation in its turn is destined to be subordinated to some larger whole, such as the European Confederation sketched by Professor Seeley in the pages of this Magazine, the nations being disarmed, and the confederation alone possessing the right of levying troops; or whether, as the Declaration of Paris, now adopted by forty-six civilized powers, would seem to promise, it will be found possible to establish a system of international law, with some

[1] See *On International Law*, by Frederic Seebohm, Longmans, 1871, where the whole question is ably discussed, the writer being himself a distinguished member of the Society of Friends.

kind of international judicial machinery for its interpretation, and jointly enforced by the nations adopting it, it would indeed require a far-seeing eye to decide. All we have endeavoured to prove is that Quakerism has only proved itself

> "the prophetic soul
> Of the great world, dreaming of things to come,"

in its resolute protest against war, and its prophecy of its final extinction.

With regard to that other great "open sore of the world," slavery, the part that Quakerism has taken is equally remarkable. Slavery has never as a rule been recognised among the Friends except in the mitigated form which it assumed among the Jews. Penn, in his laws for his Pennsylvanian Colony, enacted that at the end of fourteen years every slave should be manumitted on payment of two-thirds of the produce raised by the gift of land and tools from the Society.

But even of slavery in this modified form we find a condemnation entered in the minutes of the Society as early as 1727, nearly a century before Parliament abolished slavery in the English Colonies. As early as 1772 the practice of holding slaves had, owing to the labours of Woolman and others, ceased among Friends, and in the great anti-slavery contest the names of many eminent Quakers — Joseph Sturge, William Allen, William Forster, Joseph John Gurney, Joseph Gurney Bevan, and others—are prominent. Clarkson himself was largely prompted and sustained in his labours by Friends. And on the other side of the Atlantic, the Quaker poet, Whittier, for many years animated a small band of Abolitionists with his vigorous poems against slavery. It was a Quaker, Levi Coffin, who invented "the underground railway," a systematic method for transmitting slaves across the State of Ohio to the British possessions, by which many thousand slaves were rescued and gained their freedom. But how deep and thorough has been their devotion to this great question is perhaps best evinced by the untiring efforts the Society has made, after the abolition of slavery in America, and the excitement of the struggle were over, for the relief and permanent training of 4,000,000 freedmen thus suddenly emancipated. Nearly 200,000*l.*, or about half the total relief contributed for the assistance of the freedmen, was subscribed by the small Society of Friends.

In the cause of education, the lead the Quakers have taken has been the more remarkable, in that they started at a decided disadvantage. The stress laid by the early Friends on the teaching of the Spirit led at first to a tendency to depreciate all external teaching, both sacred and profane. In respect to the qualifications of a Gospel minister, Barclay says, in his famous *Apology*, "that letter-learning had proved more frequently hurtful than helpful," and the minister was exhorted to take his seat in the meeting for worship with his mind as much as possible like a blank sheet. Indeed, in reading the diatribes of Fox and the early Friends against human learning, one is forcibly reminded of a Dissenting preacher at Cambridge, who, inveighing in broad north-country accents against the classical studies of the University, ended his peroration with the startling, but to himself conclusive question, "Do you think *Paul* knew Greek?" The shrewd mother-wit of George Fox was however quick to rectify in practice any doctrinal excesses, and we find him in 1667 establishing two schools in the neighbourhood of London, where he desired that "girls and young maidens, as well as boys, might be instructed in all things civil and useful in creation," a definition of education broad enough to satisfy a London School Board. We believe he even issued some expurgated classical school-books, but the exact nature of a Quaker Iliad we have found ourselves reluctantly obliged to relegate to the domain of "the unthinkable." Five years later fifteen schools were in operation, chiefly used by the middle and wealthier classes, while the poorer children were partially instructed in the Society's meeting-houses.

The provisions for education remained

however very defective till the great revival of discipline in the middle of the eighteenth century, when education became a subject of paramount concern. In 1719 the indefatigable labours of Dr. Fothergill and others resulted in the establishment of a large boarding-school at Ackworth, in Yorkshire, where 300 children of the middle and poorer classes have now for eighty years received a good English boarding-school education at the expense of the Society. When, therefore, it is urged that the Quakers have no poor, it must be remembered that a process of "levelling up" has been steadily going on for nearly a century. They alone have recognized the claim of the poorest to a liberal education, and have proved themselves capable of affording the necessary funds, since they alone of Christian communities seem to have practically realised the Christian altruistic theory of property, neither all-levelling communism on one side, nor selfish "rights of property" on the other, but a trust concentrated in one hand for the good of the many. Many a poor boy educated at Ackworth has risen to take his place among our great merchants; many have now independent positions in the Colonies, a large proportion of the Ackworth boys emigrating, and none remaining in the too often almost serf-like subjection and poverty of our English labourers. The British and Foreign School Society, chiefly founded by Quakers, attests their activity in the cause outside their own body.

The work of the Society of Friends in the amelioration of our penal code and the improvement of the state of our prisons is well known in connection with the honoured name of Elizabeth Fry and others. It is difficult to account for the disgraceful state of our prisons fifty years ago. The prevalence of scepticism and religious deadness, the engrossing interest of public events on the Continent, the heavy drain on national resources of the French wars, seem all inadequate to account for the incredible abuses that prevailed. For counties as well as boroughs, an old gate-house, or an ancient feudal castle, with its dungeons, its damp, narrow cells, and its windows overlooking the street, often formed the common prison of offenders of either sex, and of all grades of crime. The danger of escape was provided against by heavy irons. Dirt and disease abounded; gambling, drinking, and swearing were habitual. The London prisons were still worse. The state of Newgate on the occasion of Elizabeth Fry's first visit is thus described:—"At that time all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined in the part now known as the untried side." The two wards and two cells of which the women's division consisted, comprised about 190 square yards, intc which nearly 300 women with their numerous children were crowded, tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them day and night. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision, in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were partly raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same room they lived, and cooked, and washed.

With the proceeds of their clamourous begging when any stranger appeared amongst them, the prisoners purchased liquor from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language; military sentinels were posted on the leads, but such was the lawlessness prevailing, that even the governor entered this part of the prison with reluctance.

Into "this hell above ground," Elizabeth Fry and her small band of devoted fellow-workers entered, the love of Christ constraining them. On her second visit, at her own request, she was shut up alone with these outcasts from God and man, beginning her work among them by reading the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, and

holding up before them the divine, pitiful Saviour of the lost—

> 'Christ, the brother of rejected persons, brother of slaves,
> Felons, idiots, and of insane and diseased persons." [1]

She then appealed to the mother in them, pointed out the grievous consequence to their children of living in such a scene of depravity, and proposed to establish a school for them, to which they acceded with tears of joy. But one of the great secrets of her power is seen at once; true to her Quaker belief in a "divinity in man," a "light that lighteth every man," however degraded, she treated them at once as fellow-beings, and fellow-workers, and not as the wild beasts they seemed, desired them to consider the plan, as without their hearty co-operation she would not undertake it, leaving it to them to select a governess from their own number. This they did, choosing a young woman named Mary Connor, who proved admirably qualified for her work. An unoccupied cell was appropriated for a schoolroom by the permission of the prison authorities, who, however, looked upon it as a hopeless experiment; and Elizabeth Fry, accompanied by her friend Mary Sanderson, and the prisoner Mary Connor, formally opened the school. Mary Sanderson thus describes the scene, writing to Sir Fowell Buxton:—"The railing was crowded with half-naked women struggling together for the first places with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. I felt as if I were going into a den of wild beasts, and well recollect the shuddering when the door closed upon me, and I was locked up with such a herd of novel and desperate companions."

At first the children were chiefly thought of, the idea of the reformation of adult women so sunk in degradation being abandoned as hopeless. But soon Elizabeth Fry and her heroic little band of Quaker workers became convinced that much might be done to introduce habits of industry and order among them, the poor women themselves being most earnest in requesting that the experiment might be tried.

Her first step was to procure remunerative employment, for it need scarcely be said that Elizabeth Fry was not one to begin her work of reformation by deliberately stubbing up the very principle of industry, on the development of which she knew all reformation must depend, through the adoption of that "unproductive labour" which is surely one of the cruelest violations of the God-given instincts of human nature invented by man. Looking upon all punishment as corrective and not penal only, one of her fundamental principles was that the convict should enjoy a portion of the fruits of her labour in order to cultivate in her a sense of the advantages of industry, knowing that one good habit formed is a greater deterrent from evil than ten thousand fears of possible future punishment. She accordingly sought out the manufacturers who supplied Botany Bay with clothing, laid her views before them, and they at once engaged to provide work. A room in Newgate was granted her by the sheriffs for her desperate experiment, as it was considered, a committee of twelve ladies was formed, and all the tried prisoners assembled. Elizabeth Fry again explained to them that the ladies did not come with any absolute authoritative pretensions; that it was not intended that they should command and the prisoners obey; but it was to be understood that all should act in concert, that not a rule should be made or a monitor appointed without their full and unanimous concurrence, and that for this purpose, each of the rules should be read and put to the vote. This was then done, the rules were passed enthusiastically, the women divided into classes, each class with its own monitor, and a matron appointed over the whole. A portion of Scripture was then read, and the classes withdrew in the greatest order to their respective wards.

The experiment exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The courtyard,

[1] Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass.*

instead of being peopled with beings scarcely human, blaspheming, fighting, tearing each other's hair, or gaming with a filthy pack of cards for the very clothes they wore, which after all did not suffice for decency, presented a fortnight after a scene where stillness and propriety reigned, while the countenances of the women wore an air of gravity and self-respect as they sat busily working and listening to one of the ladies reading out. Though a refractory ward was placed at Elizabeth Fry's disposal, she never had occasion to use it.

This, then, was the beginning of that remarkable work which Elizabeth Fry afterwards extended to all the prisons of the United Kingdom, and to many on the Continent. It proved what might be done by Christianity and wise Christian methods with even the most abandoned, and formed the foundation of that continuous reformation which has resulted both in an amelioration of our criminal code, and in a steady improvement of our prison systems. But it is to our shame that the Friends have hitherto protested in vain against the incredible folly of unproductive labour, thousands of our criminals still "grinding the wind" by tread-mill or crank, still lifting heavy weights to one side of a court-yard, to lift them back to the other, and presenting the nearest earthly embodiment of one of the circles of Dante's *Inferno*, "the fruitless toil that never overtakes its end":—

"Behold the human squirrels, round and round
Tramping the never-ending cylinder,
The 'incorrigible rogues' that wise men send
To houses of correction, there to learn
That honest labour is indeed a *curse*."

"Well, I always did think working for one's living was by no means pleasant," exclaimed a criminal on leaving prison, "and after the dose I have just had of it, blest if I ain't convinced of it."

But even the services the Friends performed in prison discipline, and in protesting against the abuses of capital punishment, pale before that great service England owes them for having been the first to introduce the mild treatment of the insane, a few months prior to Pinel's great movement in France. We must apologise to our readers for entering into some painful details, since unless we realise what was the recognised treatment of the insane up to the period when Pinel flourished in France, and William Tuke in England, it is impossible to form any adequate idea of what we owe the Quakers in this respect alone.

"The mere enumeration," says Dr. Hack Tuke, "of the means employed to tame the fury of the maniac, whether on the Continent or in England, would subject the historian to the charge of gross exaggeration from a stranger to the actual history of insanity up to about fifty years ago. The practice of flogging was in some establishments, at least, resorted to, about a dozen lashes being daily administered to the unfortunate patient. The maniac was almost always chained, and frequently was in a state of entire nudity; he was consequently filthy in the extreme. Often placed in a cage of iron, each revolving year still found him crouching like a wild beast immured within his iron-bound cell, 'the dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,' his limbs moulded in one position, and whatever of mind or feeling remained, crushed to the lowest pitch by changeless monotony, or maddened by intolerable despair."[1] But whips and fetters were not ingeniously cruel enough. Chairs were so constructed that all movement of the limbs was prevented; and others were devised to whirl the patient round at a furious speed in order to produce extreme vertigo and sickness. German writers proposed drawing the patient up to a tower, and then suddenly letting him plunge down, thus giving him the impression of entering a cavern; naively adding, "that if the patient could be made to alight among snakes and serpents, it would be better still!" The bath of surprise was another very

[1] *Moral Management of the Insane*, by Daniel Hack Tuke, M.D.

favourite remedy, the loose boards covering a cistern being so arranged as to give way, the unfortunate patient finding himself suddenly submerged and in danger of being drowned. The wonder is that any human feeling survived this system of accumulated torture acting on the already diseased and irritable brain. Yet Elizabeth Fry, who interested herself in the cause of the lunatic as well as of the prisoner, on visiting a public asylum at Amsterdam, noticed, among many other miserable objects, one unhappy woman heavily ironed, perfectly naked, and grovelling in straw. Whether the look of compassion on the beautiful face, or the voice that had caught the echoes of heaven from constantly comforting the wretched, attracted her, we know not; but she dragged herself to the length of her chain and endeavoured to reach her visitor; the hand she desired to touch was yielded to her, and she covered it with her kisses, bursting into an agony of tears. Surely the darkest chapter in the history of man is his treatment for so many ages of these afflicted ones, "smitten of God and afflicted" with a mysterious malady which most depends on kindness and wise sympathy for its cure, and love,

> "That tender thought clothes like a dove,
> With the wings of care."

It was in 1792 that the great and good physician Pinel began his revolution in the treatment of the insane by unchaining fifty of the maniacs of the Bicêtre, one of the public asylums of Paris. The first man on whom the experiment was tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been chained *forty years*. He was supposed to be one of the most dangerous, having in a fit of fury killed one of his keepers. He was set at liberty after having consented to put on the camisole, the long sleeves of which fasten up behind. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell back again; for he had been in a sitting posture so long, that he had lost the use of his legs; but after a quarter of an hour he managed to keep his balance, and tottered to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the two succeeding years he spent in the Bicêtre, he had no return of violence; and even made himself useful in managing the other patients. In the course of a few days Pinel released fifty-three maniacs from their chains; among them were men of all conditions and countries. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded tumult and disorder, and the whole discipline was marked by a regularity and kindness which had the most favourable effect on the insane themselves, rendering even the most furious more tractable.

A year before Pinel began this reform in France a circumstance occurred which turned the attention of the Friends to the same subject. "In 1791," to quote from a speech of Dr. Conolly's, at Willis's Rooms, "a member of that Society sent one of their family, a lady, for care to the York Asylum. The rules of that asylum forbade her friends to see her; she died; something wrong was suspected; and from that day the Society of Friends, acting as always in conformity with Christian precepts, and never hesitating to face a right work because of its difficulties, determined to establish an institution in which there should be no secrecy. William Tuke was the great founder of the new asylum, and from the first he and his friends pursued in that institution those principles of moral treatment which are now universally acknowledged."

The great revolution in the treatment of the insane thus inaugurated in England a little prior to Pinel's great movement in France is the more remarkable, in that the founder of the York Retreat was not guided to it by medical knowledge and a long course of study of psychological therapeutics, but simply by the common principles of religion, humanity, and common sense, slowly but steadily feeling his way to the application of those principles to the insane, aided by Jepson and Fowler, introducing

settled employment, cheerful amusements, gardening, tea-parties, and above all, "the strengthening and consolatory principles of religion and virtue;" and this at a time when the great medical authority, Dr. Cullen, was writing in favour of the employment of fear in the treatment of the lunatic, and prescribing stripes in some cases of mania!

Gradually this great experiment began to attract the attention and curiosity of medical men and philanthropists; and twenty years after its projection, an account of the Retreat was published by Samuel Tuke, grandson of the founder, and reviewed by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh*. In this able work the author forcibly remarks, "If it be true that oppression makes a wise man mad, is it to be supposed that stripes and insults and injuries, of which the receiver knows no cause, are calculated to make a *mad man* wise? Or would they not exasperate his disease and excite his resentment? May we not hence clearly perceive why furious mania is almost a stranger to the Retreat?"

This publication was quickly followed by an exposure of the incredible atrocities and abuses of the York Asylum, among which downright murder was not an infrequent incident. The public feeling was at length aroused and alarmed, a Committee was appointed by the House of Commons, and in the next five-and-twenty years fifteen asylums were built and opened on the new principles of treatment.

In 1837, the important step was taken in the Lincoln Asylum of the total abolition of mechanical restraint, always so liable to abuse, and the substitution of the padded room in cases of violence. This principle, hotly contested, but never fairly tried. on the Continent, was adopted by Dr. Conolly in the large lunatic asylum of Hanwell, containing 1,000 patients; and in 1844 he gave it as the deliberate conclusion of his immense experience "that there is no asylum in the world in which mechanical restraint may not be abolished not only with safety, but incalculable benefit." So rapid was the spread of these merciful principles, that in the same year seventeen English asylums had, when visited by the Commissioners in Lunacy, only 24 patients out of 2,368, mechanically restrained.

All honour to our Quakers in England, and to Pinel and his coadjutors in France, who, in the teeth of every difficulty and opposition, brought about this grand revolution, and removed the deepest blot on our common humanity.

"Egregia sane laus! Præclaram enim humanitas atque disciplina de barbarie reportavit victoriam."

Our space only allows us to touch briefly on the three remaining points on which Quakerism strikes us as in advance of other Christian communities.

First, with regard to the vexed question of the rights of women, the position of women is undoubtedly higher among the Friends than in any other society. From George Fox's time an equal place has been assigned them in the family of God, as in the human family, in the Church, as well as in human society. Their divine commission, "Go tell my brethren that I ascend to my Father and their Father, to my God and their God," has been recognised and narrowed down by no human limitation. Without committing ourselves to the bold rationalising exegesis of the Quakeress, who, when hard pressed by certain Pauline texts relative to women keeping silence in the church, replied, "Thee knows Paul was not partial to females," we may say that the Friends alone have proved themselves free from the old tendency to stick to the letter of Scripture, and sin against its divine progressive spirit, binding women, after nineteen centuries of freedom, with precisely the old worn-out bandages and restrictions which were necessary to preserve social order when first Christianity enfranchised women, and proclaimed the equality of the sexes. And perhaps that laborious Society for the Protection of Providence which exists in our midst, might study the result with advantage, and might even learn in time that, as we do not make

laws to prevent weak-armed men from being blacksmiths, to quote from John Stuart Mill, so we need not in the long run make restrictions to keep women from spheres for which Providence has unfitted them, Nature being abundantly strong enough to preserve the order of the sexes without the help of our crutches. Free to exercise any exceptional gift in public, and taking their regular share in the business of the Church, the Quaker women are profoundly domestic, though with a certain largeness of mind, and absence of feminine littleness, which doubtless springs from their wider training.

Again, the Quakers are exceptional in their treatment of heretics. In dissenting communities the unorthodox brother is too often summarily kicked out like a ball. In the Established Church we reserve him for the charity of our Law Courts; or, if a layman, scourge him with caustic controversy in our public prints. The Church of Rome clothes him in curses from head to foot. The Quaker alone treats him as a "brother in perplexity." On one occasion an outburst of heretical views took place in a large congregation of Friends. The evil grew public and alarming. A few of the leading and most intelligent members of the Society were at once told off to meet the difficulty. Leaving their various vocations at great personal inconvenience, they proceeded to the heretical centre, and there, day after day, patiently met their erring brethren, made themselves acquainted with their difficulties, sympathised with them, reasoned with them, implored the Divine guidance for them and with them, and finally won some back to a firmer grasp on

"The mighty hopes that make us men;"

and even those whose opinions they failed to influence, confessed that Christian brotherhood had become a living fact to them — surely a fact which would keep them from ever making total shipwreck of faith. Has not the Christian Church still something to learn from Quakerism?

And, lastly, it has often struck us as a curious fact that, of all religious bodies, the Quakers alone have recognised the religious uses of silence. In these days of high pressure we have often wondered how many overwrought brains would annually be saved, if we had, like the Quakers, to sit for some four hours weekly in silence before the Lord, enjoying "a sermon not made with hands," as Charles Lamb quaintly expresses it, and bathing the sore-fretted spirit, "tired even to sickness of the nonsense noises of the world," in a religious stillness.

Our space obliges us to pass over the teeming activities of Quakerism in the promotion of temperance, sanitary measures, adult Sunday-schools, drinking fountains, &c.; but we have said enough to show the advanced position Quakerism occupies in the modern Church, the standing witness it must ever be against Sacramentarianism and priestcraft, the wonderful works it has accomplished through its vital grasp on the old mighty truth, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life."

ELLICE HOPKINS.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

"I think the House beautiful; it is so full of remembrances."

"The slow, sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow, sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil."—TENNYSON.

I AM sitting beside my nursery fire,
Watching my children at play,
And my thoughts go back to the long long years
Whose record is—passed away.

Yes, passed away is the echo I hear,
As I sit within this room,
And think of the lives of those loved ones dear
Who first made the House a Home.

I see myself still, a little child,
Its walls unfinished and bare,
When brought on our Queen's Coronation Day,
The festive gladness to share.

Three years passed away, and the old man died,
Two households we were before:
Now we gathered all round this one fireside
Thirty years ago, and more.

And now, by these very same windows bright
My children are standing to-day,
Looking out on the green grass, the clouds so light,
The blue heaven that is far away.

Far away, but to their child-thought quite near,
For one has just entered there,
Who had told them God would soon call her home
To His Heaven so bright and fair.

They were told God's call had come in the night,
"I did not hear Him, mamma,"
"I can see no hole in the clouds all white,
Oh! how did she go, mamma?"

Ah! how do they go? There is answer none,
  Be the last watch long or short,
As Love holds each look of the dying one
  In tender questioning thought.

It came all too soon, that first sad watch,
  In the days of spring-time sweet,
He had come home to die, but dying found
  The life in Him complete.

Deep sorrow, yet gladness, was ours that day,
  When, gathered around his bed,
The Name humbly confessed as there he lay,
  We shared in the broken bread.

Father, sister and friend and aunt were there,
  And she who had loved so well,
With him through whose life it was holy joy
  The glad news of Hope to tell.

'Twas sudden and short on that winter day,
  When death's vale by him was trod—
No time to think, no farewell could we say:
  Father and son were with God.

Peaceful and calm did the aged one lie,
  The corn sheaves for garnering drest,
"Yes, to live is Christ, but it's gain to die."
  And she entered into rest.

The watch was not sad, we could scarcely weep
  Through those days of the new-born year,
She seemed like a tired child fallen asleep,
  But the waking was not here.

She had wandered back to the summer days
  And up to the golden gate;
On her lips were words of prayer and praise,
  And we could but watch and wait.

And others have crossed to the further shore,
  Though not from the old roof tree,
Kind hands closed *his* eyes, though no kith or kin,
  Whose grave is beside the sea,

Where they laid him, though all too late they went
  To see that gentle life close,
While with sound of funeral the marriage-bell blent—
  So mingle life's joys and woes.

One passed, too, for long happy years a wife,
  Who left us a blooming bride,
She quietly laid down the burden of life,
  Fair children grown up by her side.

She had looked for new life with summer's warm breath,
  Alas! she waited in vain,
The new life *was* hers, but of heaven, not of earth,
  His mother meets Willie again.

I am sitting beside my nursery fire,
  Watching my children at play,
And my thoughts go back to the long long years
  Whose record is passed away.

They are passed away, but memory still
  Calls those faces round me yet;
I hear their voices, am one in their midst,
  An unbroken household met.

Ah! me, 'twas a home where goodness and worth
  Found ever a welcome meet,
And none would go, but they fain would renew
  The happy memory sweet.

For a Christian life breathed its power around,
  Nothing mean could entrance find,
Loving counsel and help alike were given,
  Ever courteous, liberal, kind.

Each day brought to each its appointed task:
  But the happy social time
Was when over the open book they talked
  Of its prose or poet's rhyme;

Or discussion grew strong, deep truths were weighed,
  Thought, satire, flashed out by turn!
Or in other moods these aside were laid,
  Love's sweeter lesson to learn.

And music and song would the hours beguile
  When the evening guests were there,
While the eager talk and the answering smile
  Lighted up those faces fair.

But these dumb old walls give no echo back,
  They have kept their secrets well,
Fond words have they heard while glad tears were shed,
  But never a one they tell.

But there lingers about them a hallowing charm,
  And I feel them dearer now,
As, folding my children within my arm,
  And kissing each fair white brow,

I think of the time when I stood by your side,
  To begin my life anew,
And we whispered low, till death do us part
  We will be to each other true.

And through the seven years that have passed since then
  Our life has been richly blessed,
While our home was *hers*—'twas as if we had
  Entertained an angel guest.

And what glad hearts were ours when first to my breast
  I folded our baby girl,
Then another came, little Sunbeam bright,
  Laughing eye and flaxen curl.

And yet once again we gave thanks, when he,
  "Little brother," came to share
Our fond love, we forecasting the years to be,
  As he lay cradled there.

And the dear old home is now ours alone!
  As a trust it comes to me,
Yes, a sacred trust from those who are gone,
  Ah! what shall *our* record be?

As sitting beside my nursery fire,
  Watching my children at play,
I ask, will they feel it a holy place,
  When we, too, have passed away?

ITALIAN ART AND LITERATURE BEFORE GIOTTO AND DANTE.

II.

ART AND LITERATURE IN RELATION TO THE CLOISTER AND ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE.

To-day we intend to review the Art and Literature of Italy in relation to the cloister and ecclesiastical life from the year 1000 to 1300.

It has been so often said that the Middle Ages were the ages of faith and religious enthusiasm, that we need not say much on the reasons which caused the predominance of religious idea and ecclesiastical laws over the civil authority. This is a fact, and this fact was the necessary consequence of the abuses which the brute force of the invaders had brought into their political sway. The ecclesiastical body, the clerical society, had monopolized all power, even that of the administration of justice, at a time when authority was milder and justice was safer in their hands than in the hands of civilians.

The impartial historian cannot look upon this prevalence of religious power over body and mind as dangerous to society in the times we are treating of. Religious power was, in the course of many centuries of change and devastation, the only element of stability and durability. Its foundation lay on a basis of truth and sublime teaching, which, whatever may have been the abuses of its ministers, had often disarmed oppressors and suspended the course of their barbarous executions and spoliations, arresting them on the threshold of churches and cathedrals. Those innumerable hordes, speaking unintelligible languages, respecting nothing, carrying away everything, came and remained till others not very dissimilar took their place, doing the same deeds; while the Church remained always the least changeable among the continued changes of powers and of people, and the most human of all rulers. Its domination then was natural, and was also popular.

But was this authority without censure? Certainly not. The monk Wala, writing in the ninth century to a king of France, Louis the Débonnaire, says that the reasons of that disordered state of society which disposed people's minds to believe in the approaching end of the world were twofold: the clergy taking too great a part in political affairs, while the laity equally meddled in ecclesiastical concerns. The immense wealth which the clergy, the monasteries, the convents, the popes, had accumulated, had already corrupted and distracted them from their divine mission. If we open the *Divina Commedia*, which is as the handbook of the Middle Ages, we shall find the greed and avarice of the clergy and Rome stigmatized with that vigour which, in unmistakable manner, belongs to Dante. One of the three wild beasts the poet meets in the dark forest of life, where he has lost the path, is the wolf, the symbol of Rome, of Papal Rome, that greedy animal,

> "Which has a nature so depraved and bad,
> That she can never sate her craving will,
> But after feeding hungereth the more."

Then there is the infernal whirlpool of the fifth canto, in which the souls stained with the vices of prodigality and avarice find their punishment. They are divided into two bands continually whirling round in two opposite directions, one band of sinners half way round the circle meeting the other band, who have been guilty of the opposite vice; clashing and striking against each other with huge weights, which they push with their breasts; then, breaking like the waves of Charybdis, they separate to meet again at the end of the other half circle, striking and howling at each meeting—"Why didst thou squander?" To which the others answer,

"Why didst thou withhold?" Among the avaricious Dante sees nearly all the sinners with shaven crowns; wherefore he asks Virgil whether they are all priests. "They are all," Virgil replies;

> "All priests and cardinals and popes,
> In whom did avarice its power work."

There is no doubt about the way in which people judged the love of the ecclesiastics for worldly goods, and Dante does but reflect the opinion of his time in judging them severely. We have quoted Dante only to invoke the authority of a man who cannot be suspected of irreligion, and to give an example of the bitterness of his sarcasm; but the whole history of Italy in those three centuries, the long struggle between Guelphs and Ghibellines, the contempt of papal bulls and excommunications, the schism of Arnold of Brescia in the twelfth century, and many other facts to which, by the nature of our subject, we shall be brought to point in the course of these lectures, show how early in Italy this power was already contested, and how society and intelligence felt it could at last emancipate itself from the guardianship of ecclesiastical power.

But we must not compare this baneful influence of the clergy with the real power which religious ideas had on the minds of men. Priestly power and religious idea were, and still are, two distinct and separate things. Priestly power was, and is still, hated and stigmatized; religious ideas were, and are still, felt in Italy as elsewhere. And if, making a fair distinction between them, we take, thus to speak, a bird's-eye view of the period, we shall see that among the three principal currents of intellectual life which we have noticed in the preceding lecture—one emanating from the *new religion*, another from *foreign influence*, and a third from *national traditions*—the first is the most important, and exercises the most powerful and healthy influence upon the art and literature of the time. Individuals may be hypocritical in all ages, but a whole people and a whole age cannot be so. Hence we must infer that there was something in the state of society, something peculiar, which disposed the mind to religion and monastic life—a life which often gave birth to the noblest achievements of man, by converting and educating the people, and cultivating and promoting the study of art and literature. What was, then, this "something peculiar" required to explain the age? It is the contrast which is noticed in society, and which reflects itself in art and literature; the contrast between might and right, between brute force and civilization. On one side you see castles and fortresses, the works of barons and kings to frighten and oppress the people; on the other, churches, asylums, monasteries, and convents, to receive the pilgrim, the sufferer, and the weary, seeking silence and separation from the struggles of the world. "In our day," says a contemporary writer, "rich and noble men give their time to oppress and torment the poor who have the misfortune to be dependent on them. When, by their ferocious deeds, they have awakened hatred among their subjects and fear their revenge, they build a castle, they surround it with a ditch, they separate the gate from the road, so that nobody may enter except by lowering the bridge, they raise a lofty tower in the centre of the castle so that they may look afar into the surrounding country and see who is approaching; and then they are perfect masters, and their castles are a refuge to themselves, a prison and a place of torture to their victims." This is typical of feudalism in the Middle Ages.

But by the side of the evil there is the remedy. The spirit of devotion and charity, contemplation and study, takes refuge in abbeys, monasteries, and convents, which, as though in defiance of the proud castles of the oppressors, also chose the tops of lofty mountains and the most enchanting spots of land, thus showing their admiration for the beauty of nature, and their sagacity in preferring situations where the contemplation of that beauty brings man

more closely to his Maker. This taste in the choice of a spot for a religious edifice has been always remarkable in Italy. Where there is beautiful scenery, if there be an elevated place whence you can see from afar the turmoil of the world as at your feet; if a friendly hand may be needed, when danger threatens the traveller and the pilgrim—there is a church, or a sanctuary, or a monastery, or it may be only a cross, at the foot of which the wayfarer can sit, and rest, and pray. The Alps and the Apennines, from the St. Bernard to the Hermitage on the slope of Mount Etna, all the mountains and peaks of Italy testify by those glorious signs to the religious fervour of the Middle Ages. If you would have one proof of it among thousands, go twenty miles from Florence to the romantic valley of Upper Arno. There among the most magnificent fir-trees, which carry your mind to the stern grandeur of a Norwegian forest, you see the church and convent of Vallombrosa, the site and name of which are remembered by Milton. Higher up is the *Eremo del Paradisino* (the Hermitage of the Little Paradise), from which the view enlarges on the clear horizon until it is lost in the azure waves of the Mediterranean. Ascending to the sources of the Arno, through the fertile Cosentino, you arrive at the Camaldoli, another convent, and the cradle of another monastic order. Proceeding on to the ridge of the Apennines, you reach the *Sacro Eremo*, a spot which truly seems to invite man to the contemplation of God in the wonders and beauties lavished on the land. Thence you can see the slopes descending to the Mediterranean. Further on, on the summit of another steep and solitary mount, you will find the Alvernia, the secluded place selected by St. Francis, which would enchant the traveller had he not first seen the others. In these most pleasant sojourns retired those hermits, cenobites, and anchorets, and there assembled those legions of monks, which constitute one of the most prominent features of the Middle Ages. Cloister life was a refuge from the world for all those who, having made a sad experience of life, or satisfied their ambitious desires, wished to end their days peacefully. But there was also another class who took shelter in those tranquil and retired places, these were the men who, abhorring the struggles of the world, wished for leisure that they might devote it to noble and intellectual pursuits. Hence monachism exercised a great influence upon the learning and the art of Italy and Europe.

The influence of monastic bodies upon literature and art has, however, been much disputed by some modern writers, and strongly supported by others. The first, though allowing something to the social influence of monachism over the ferocious conquerors of Italy, assert that the monks were the destroyers more than the keepers of the Greek and Latin classics; that their ignorance was equal only to their cupidity; that the cost of parchment and the want of paper induced them to obliterate valuable classical works, that they might write parchment prayers and psalms, which they sold for a small sum. Some chroniclers confirm this assertion, and besides this, the fact of classical works having been discovered by chemical means concealed under indifferent and barbarous writing belonging to this age, would be a further proof that this was sometimes the case.

But we must not take exceptions for the fact. Learning, literature, and art cannot be historically reviewed at this period without inquiring into the monastic institutions of the time. When we find the names of Lanfranc, St. Anselm, Peter the Lombard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, Roger Bacon, Desidero, Abbot of Montecassino, and Arnold of Brescia, all monks; when we know that the first treatise on painting was written by the monk Theophilus; that Beato Angelico was also a monk, that Guido d'Arezzo was a monk, that St. Francis was one of the first poets in the Italian language—we cannot say that monastic life has proved unfavourable to art and literature in Italy and Europe. On the

contrary, we think that by having kept public schools continually open, by patronising art and artists, by promoting the erection of churches, convents, and monasteries, by copying and illuminating manuscripts, by controversial and philosophical discussions, by composing popular religious songs and teaching music, by emancipating themselves occasionally, as in the case of Arnold of Brescia, from the meek tenor of their lives to raise a cry against the corruption of religious authority and in favour of the ancient national greatness, and by taking sometimes the lead in the manufactures and industry afterwards introduced among the people—the monk, I repeat, prepared the way for that noble activity of the Italians in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries which is the bright dawn of modern Italian art and literature.

Nor was this influence of monastic bodies extended only to Italy. I have no fear of being accused of national vanity if I allude to the influence which Italians, such as Lanfranc and St. Anselm exercised on the revival of letters, first in France, and then in England.

The learning of these two celebrated men is a proof of the accomplishments possible in Italy even as early as the eleventh century; for we are told (more particularly of Lanfranc) that "he was instructed in his youth in the school of liberal arts and secular laws according to the system then general in his country." And these words are quoted from Milo Crispin, a monk of the monastery of Bec, in Normandy, of which Lanfranc had been prior. But in assigning to these two men their proper place in the spread of Italian learning to foreign countries, I will rather quote the authors of the *Histoire littéraire de la France*, certainly never friendly to Italy, than use my own words. "Lanfranc and Anselm," these say, "besides cultivating the higher sciences, displayed in their pure Latinity a refined taste unknown since the decline of literature and science. This they communicated to their pupils, and these again transmitted it to others. The happy influence of this revolution, having spread from Normandy to the whole of France, gradually extended to England and Germany, and reacted even on Italy. The monastery of Bec has the glory of having been the cradle of this revival, wherefore the historians of Lanfranc's life were justified in saying that the Western World, especially France, England, and Germany, felt the influence of his brightening mind. Before Lanfranc, and Anselm his pupil, had erected schools in France, the Latin which the French wrote was coarse and barbarous, their theology was crude and lacked precision, their philosophy merely dialectic, and of metaphysics they scarcely knew the name. But after those two great men had established public schools, all those faculties reached a degree of perfection which even the more enlightened succeeding ages have not disdained to take as a model. Lanfranc ingeniously and triumphantly employed theology in defence of faith. Anselm solved theological questions abstruse in his days; and by always showing the authority of the Scripture to be in accordance with his doctrines, taught divines how to reconcile reason with revelation. He rose above the conventionalities of the schools, and left proof of the power of his mind in books which show him deserving the title of the greatest metaphysician since the time of St. Augustine." I will add to this testimony of writers not over partial to Italy the fact that this title is confirmed to Anselm of Arti by no less a man than Leibnitz.

These were not the only men who brought out of Italy the learning of their century. Peter the Lombard, Ludolf of Novara, Bernard of Pisa, were at the same time, or shortly after, famous in Paris as professors of theology and philosophy. Thus Paris soon became a great centre of intellectual activity, to which even many Italians actually went to complete their philosophical studies. Thus began that influence and reaction of the mind of one country over another, which I think is characteristic of modern civilization.

To the school of Abelard, which

sprang from the mental activity brought by Italians to bear in France, Italy owes that Arnold of Brescia memorable in the twelfth century for his opposition to the temporal power of the Popes. The philosophical and eloquent demonstrations of Arnold with regard to the relations between Church and State expressed the tendency of the Italian mind to emancipate itself from the dominant ecclesiastical power, and mark the period when the Popes began to lose ground morally in Italy. This desire of mental and religious emancipation preceded Protestantism by more than three centuries; and Arnold would have been as successful in Italy at a much earlier date as Luther was afterwards in Germany, if the German Emperor, who made him prisoner, had not consigned him to an English Pope, who caused him to be burnt before the break of day, that the people might not prevent it, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber, that the people might not adore him as a saint. Thus when we are told that it was only when Protestantism prevailed in Germany and England that the human mind began to think freely, we must remind the historians who assert it that it was a German Emperor and an English Pope, and not the Italian people, who crushed in Arnold of Brescia, the initiator of that emancipation.

Obliged, however, as we are to limit our review, and to condense into a short compass the facts, already numerous, of our subject, we will note among the hundreds of monastic orders then living in Italy three which have rendered singular services to Italian literature and art. These are the Benedictines, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans. Classical literature is principally indebted to the first; popular, or Italian literature, to the second; and fine arts to the third: not so much, however, that they do not contribute sometimes to other departments, as is especially the case with the Benedictines.

Monachism, as is well known, existed in the East before Christianity. It is also well known that from the East it passed first to Italy, whence it extended to the West; with this difference, that the East consigned the monks to idle contemplation, while in the West they had to work. St. Benedict, who in the fifth century founded the celebrated Monastery of Monte-cassino on a hill of the Abbruzzi (where there was a temple dedicated to Jupiter), in his *Rule of Monastic Life*, which became the most general in Europe, declares openly against idleness in the following words:—"Idleness is the enemy of the soul: the brothers in consequence must at certain hours be engaged in material work; at others in religious reading." Monachism, then, passing from the East to the West, has altered its character; it was no longer a state of ascetic exaltation, but a state of moral austerity, which did not disdain society and the duties which it imposes, but only submitted them to rule and stricter obligations. This difference took place in Italy principally through St. Benedict. To prescribe activity, however, was not enough, it was necessary to enforce it. Passive obedience and abnegation of individual will were the means to the end. The result of this institution was extraordinary. In the absence of all civil institutions tending to education, episcopal and monastic schools flourished under the protection of bishops and abbots. Nor was their instruction limited to what referred more especially to the Church. They cultivated astronomy and mathematics; they studied the ancient philosophers; they copied manuscripts, illuminated some, destroyed others, and when their artists were insufficient, they called others from Greece, from Constantinople, where art and learning had lived more peacefully, because not subjected to the viscissitudes of foreign invasions, as in the West, though not more prosperously.

Desiderio, one of the most celebrated abbots of Monte-cassino, who was afterwards Pope Victor III., had assembled in that convent artists of all kinds, and enriched that library with works of profane as well as sacred erudition, which have been thus preserved to us. The works of Cornelius Nepos, Homer

Virgil, Terence, Horace, Ovid, Theocritus, Seneca, and Cicero, and many others form part of this rich collection. It was through the monks of Monte-cassino that the connection with the Arabians was actively kept up, and there was one of them, called Constantine, who in the eleventh century went to Bagdad, frequented the schools of the Arabians, learned the languages of the East, travelled, and studied the institutions of the Persians, Indians, and Egyptians, and returned with his treasures of knowledge and of books, to Monte-cassino, teaching what he had learned to a very advanced age.

If I could enter into details about the monasteries of Bobbio and Forfa, the first of which did in the North of Italy what Monte-cassino did in the South, I should be able to cite many facts to show what immense attention was given to the noblest studies, and how many archæological treasures have been here preserved, and how many of the literary discoveries of modern times belong to the cloisters of the Middle Ages.

But we are more immediately impelled by the desire of finding the threads which will lead us to the days of Dante and to the *Divina Commedia*. Now there is in the literary studies of those times, more especially in those cultivated by the monks, a double current, which I will call the one of *restoration*, and the other of *renovation*. The first included all that belongs to classical literature, the second all that goes to form the New Literature. The one looks to the past; the other to the future. The first has been sufficiently inquired into by many, and we have said enough to state the importance of the monastic orders in the literary history of Italy, especially in transmitting to us the intellectual treasures of antiquity. It is the second, the element of the new literature, its spread among the people, the adoption of the Italian language, with which Italian literature really begins, that more especially calls our attention; and to this we will look for more vital sources of new ideas.

In the Middle Ages the literature more current among the people assumed two forms, the Songs of Troubadours and the Legends of Saints. The first was more especially the poetry of the barons and feudal lords, living within their castles, and among their counts, though in time they became little popular. The second was the real poetry of the people, as it was the oldest and the most in accordance with the feelings of the multitude. The legend was poetry and history, combined a tale of faith and morality, of justice and right, clothed in the enthusiastic language most accepted by the people. To relate the life of a saint it was not necessary to know the art of writing; it was enough that the tale taught love, sacrifice, and pardon, and exalted the imagination with visions of another world, in which the finger of Providence and the omnipresence of the Eternal were visible in every human action, more especially in favour of the weak and innocent against violence and corruption. The legend has been called the epic poetry of the conquered. It opened a source of consolation to their imagination, as the cloister opened an asylum and a place of security to their lives. When the people, who were the only judges of the merit of these compositions, found in one a true expression of their own feelings, they called it the *Golden Legend*, and under that name many acquired wonderful popularity.

The more startling and extraordinary the narrative, the more it dealt with the invisible world, with demons and angels, with torments and recompenses, the more strongly it seized upon the popular imagination. This cycle of visions extends among nearly all Christian nations from the third century of the Christian era—from the tales of martyrdom and the mysteries of the catacombs—to the fourteenth century. The most ancient recorded in Italy belongs to St. Augustine; that nearest to the time of Dante is the *Vision of the Young Alberic*, Monk of Monte-cassino.

The tale of Alberic was thus:

The young Alberic, seized with a

severe illness, remains nine days in the stillness of death. His soul, however, under the guidance of St. Peter, has visited the region of punishment. He has seen men wandering in a valley of ice; women trailed through a forest of thorns and boiling bronze; the sacrilegious swimming in a lake of fire; simoniacs plunged in a bottomless well; and so on. The abyss hid in its lowest depths a snake of infinite length, whose devouring gorge swallowed and rejected, in the shape of sparkles, swarms of damned souls. On the river which was a boundary to this gloomy empire there was a bridge which enlarged or narrowed to admit the souls whose trial was over, or to exclude those who were yet stained with sin. The young Alberic is abandoned for a short time to the fury of the demons, passes through the flame, where, received again by his guide, he finds himself in the presence of the Divine tribunal. A sinner is waiting for his judgment. His crimes are traced in a book which the *Angel of Vengeance* holds open in his hands. But a tear of repentance, fallen from the sinner's eyes in the last hour of his life, has been gathered by the *Angel of Mercy*, and this tear has power to efface the condemning page. Then on a plain, covered with flowers, inundated with light, rises the mountain of the terrestrial paradise, with the tree of forbidden fruit on its top, and a happy multitude surrounding its base. Meanwhile the soul of young Alberic, seized by a demon, had ascended still higher. He has traversed the planetary spheres, visited the heavens and the stars, and hence contemplated the wonders of the empyræum. Finally St. Peter gives him leave to depart, and orders him to relate what he had seen. This is in short the vision of the Young Alberic, written under his dictation at the beginning of the twelfth century, and which became so popular that it was reproduced in the fresco of an ancient church near Jossa in the Abbruzzi.

I have condensed it merely to show the style of this new mythology, as it has been justly called, the effect of which must have been wonderfully healthy in an ignorant and superstitious age. All these visions and legends have, so to say, a family likeness. Hence in the vision of the Abbot Joachim there is a narrow bridge on a river of fire. Just and guilty souls crowd upon it: the just pass rapidly, like eagles; the guilty fall down into the burning current. In a legend enshrined in the Malospini Chronicles, the Marquis of Brondeburgh is lost in a forest, where he sees a forge, in which he thought they were working iron; but instead of the smiths they were demons torturing guilty souls. The marquis is told he would incur the same fate; wherefore he changes his life, sells all his property, and builds seven convents in Italy. In the vision of the anchoret Barantus two bishops appear tormented in a strange way, and hell itself paved with no less than the skulls of priests. Dante, in his *Divina Commedia*, gathered all these traditions, and marked the culminating point of the legendary period, or rather visionary cycle, embodying the beliefs of his time in a vision of his own, and making it serve social, religious, and political purposes. The popularity of this literature served wonderfully in the hands of monks to inspire the multitude with religious awe, though it may have served them *sometimes* for more worldly purposes.

The popular influence of monastic bodies, however, is in no case so evident as in the Franciscan Order. Since the period of history we are reviewing has been inquired into with less contempt than it used to be, the fine *eulogy* of St. Francis, which Dante puts into the mouth of St. Thomas, in the eleventh canto of the *Paradiso* has excited more attention than formerly. The readers of Dante will remember the marriage of St. Francis to Poverty, whom he loved so much in this world. Now this alliance between a monastic order and poverty must have looked very novel at the time when monasteries competed in splendour and pomp. But it was a sign of the time; it was the triumph of

the democratic Italian republics even over the religious spirit of the age. The Franciscans were the sacred militia of the Middle Ages in the free Italian communes. Friends to the weak, foes to the oppressors, they lived on the charity of the people; they despised the rich, courageous because they sided with right, fearless because they numbered legion, free because they did not possess anything, and so had nothing to lose. There is a whole series of poets belonging to this order, the first of whom is St. Francis himself. Fond as he was of the poor, he does not care to sing in any other language than that of the people. His first song is a hymn to the sun; but the characteristic feature of this sacred troubadour, is that his marriage with Poverty is but an imitation of the chivalric usages of the time. He was handsome and young; he had distributed his money in alms, he had learned the habits of the troubadours, the art of the courtier, the traditions of the Knights of the Round Table. He was a gay companion, the lord of banquets, the minstrel of society; he dreamt of wrongs to redress, of the innocent to save, of the weak to raise by his courage—he loved, in short, all the enterprises and adventures of knights-errant. He accompanies one of the Crusades; he bravely fights before Damietta; he conceives the formation of a new chivalry, the chivalry of Christ, and he returns to Italy to found his order. But could there be a good chevalier without his dame? Certainly not. He had but just returned; his friends visit him, and find him thoughtful. "What is it?" they ask; "do you think of choosing a wife?" "You have guessed," he says. "I am thinking of marrying one that is to me the noblest, the richest, and most beautiful dame. My lady is Poverty." He then sings a hymn to Poverty, which he personifies, according to the symbolism of the time, seeing in her eyes the power of matching souls touched with her love from all terrestrial thoughts and inclinations, and raising them to the contemplation of the angels. On the 26th of May, 1219, in the smiling valley below the city of Assisi, the saint's native place, the first general review of his militia took place. They mustered 5000 men, encamped under the shade of the beautiful foliage: their clothes were sackcloth, the earth their bed, a stone their pillow, and their recreation was prayer and the singing of hymns and psalms. People assembled from all parts; poor and rich asked each other what it meant. "It is the camp of God—it is the holy chivalry." They were the followers of St. Francis, who had taken the oath of poverty, and were going to receive the watchword from their chief, which was: "Love of God, nature, and mankind; poverty and humility." They separate, they scatter themselves to all parts of the world, they consider themselves the chevaliers of faith. In the East they take the place of the Knights Templars; in the West they preach to the Moors; in Italy they assist the lepers, and teach the people poetry—popular poetry—so that they may understand and sing the praises of God.

In the sublime songs of St. Francis there breathes a spirit of faith and enthusiasm, which, in spite of a language still rude and imperfect, gives them a harmony quite in accordance with the subject. His poems have a graceful and touching simplicity for one who reads them with a view to the life of their author. In reading them one must remember that he wrote them when, absorbed in contemplation after a life of labour, he gave a positive farewell to the world, to look upon it from a lofty sphere, where he felt but love to God. This love he continually sang and taught in his works, which form one of the most interesting monuments of primitive Italian life, faith, poetry, and literature. Among the pupils of St. Francis, the Beato Jacopone da Lodi deserves notice.[1] His life is little known, but he deserves as high a place as his master does in the literary history before Dante. Of a noble family and well

[1] See "How the *Stabat Mater* was Written," by A. Schwartz, in *Macmillan* for August, 1873.

educated, he became an advocate, and married one in whom beauty, riches, nobility, and virtue were united. A short time after his marriage public games were performed in the city of Lodi. He was invited with his wife. All the ladies took their places on a stand erected for the occasion. In the midst of the games the scaffolding gave way, and all the assembled ladies fell with it. Jacopone runs to the spot; his wife is severely wounded; he reaches her, he takes her aside to a sheltered spot, removes her dress, and finds that under her rich attire she wears a cord to torment herself as a penance for her sins. After a few moments she expires. Jacopone, struck by the case, is as mad. People call him mad; but the frenzy has its effect. He sells all he has; he devotes himself to poverty. The frivolity of human pomp, the vice of his countrymen now moves his indignation. Rough or blunt, he rebuked all; he allowed himself to be called mad so that he might speak out unpleasant truths. Master of the Holy Scriptures, he assumed their prophetic style and assembled a crowd; he preached to them in the streets, and instilled humility and poverty. One day a relative returning from the market with two fowls he had bought, asked him to carry them home. Jacopone went straight to the Church of St. Fortunato, where they had their family vault, and placed his birds on the table stone. After a few hours the purchaser became angry that the fowls had not arrived in time for dinner. "Did you not tell me to take them to your home? And which is your home but that which you must inhabit for ever?"

Ten years he lived this life, and when, having knocked at the gate of the Franciscans, they rejected him, he wrote two songs, one in Latin the other in Italian, and sent them to the monastery.

Here are some passages from the Italian song:—

"Listen to a new folly, which comes to my fancy. I have a wish to be dead, since I have lived so bad. I leave worldly comforts to take a straiter path. I wish to show that I am a man. I wish to retrace my steps and bring my cross, and leave a memory of my folly. My folly is this. I wish to throw myself among rude men, who do not reason, because they are seized with a holy frenzy.

"Now, men, hear what I am about to do. I have resolved to be thought a stupid, ignorant, senseless man, a man full of strange fancies.

"I leave to you syllogisms, artful words, sophisms and insoluble questions, and aphorisms, and the subtle art of logic. I leave you to side as you like—one for Socrates, another for Plato, losing your breath to argue now on one side, now on the other, and plunge you deeper in the mire. I leave that wonderful art, of which Aristotle wrote the secret, and the Platonic doctrines, which often are but heresy. I leave all that. A simple and pure mind can raise itself alone, without the aid of their philosophy, and stand before God. I leave you my old books I loved so much, and the works of Cicero, whose harmony was so sweet! I leave you the sounding of instruments, and the singing of songs, and the beautiful women and damsels, and their artfulness and their subtleties, and their arrows, which cause death! I leave you florins, and ducats, and wealth, and all merchandise!

"I wish to prove myself by a hard and powerful religion if I am of brass or tin. That is what the trial will soon show. I go to a great battle, to a great strife, to a great work. O Christ let Thy strength help me, that I may be victorious. I will adore the Cross, which already embraces me in its fervour. I ask that it may communicate to me its folly. Henceforth I will become a contemplative soul, triumphing over the world; henceforth I will seek peace and joy in the ecstasy; henceforth I wish to try if I can enter Paradise by the path which I deem the best, there to enjoy the songs and the happiness of an immortal company. Lord, give me the power to know and to do Thy will here below; then I will be resigned, if it is Thy pleasure that my soul be lost or saved."

Such a strain of poetry shows the religious enthusiasm which animated the age of the *Divina Commedia*. The gates of the monastery were at once opened to Jacopone. In the passage I have just translated you can recognize the man who rejects philosophy, rejects the science of Plato, of Socrates and Aristotle, rejects the scholastic philosophy of his times, and with it the pride and vanity which accompany it, to have his mind free, that it may raise itself more easily to religious faith. When he had taken leave of science, to bury himself in faith and poverty, one would expect to hear

no more of the poet; but it is not so. The activity of his mind finds vent in different subjects. Hence this spiritual poetry is not the only style in which Jacopone tries his power. His poems are divided into three classes—theological, satirical, and popular.

The theological have a mysticism, the result of an ideal world the poet has created for himself, inhabited by angels and virtues, and bright with eternal truth. The connection of the human soul with this world is human activity in the right cause, and pleases God. He gives two wings to the soul, which alone carry it to heaven; they are chastity of heart and purity of mind.

The satires bring the poet to the realities of life. It has been said of the Beato Angelico that he was so accustomed to paint the joys of Paradise, and express every variety of celestial happiness on human faces, that when he had to paint the devils of hell he could not help giving the same innocence and purity to demons and condemned souls. Such is not the case with Jacopone. His strain of invective against the vices of his countrymen is most cutting; so are also his satires against the Popes of his time, to whom he did not shrink from saying hard truths in hard words; wherefore he was excommunicated and thrown into prison by Boniface VIII., the same terrible Pope whom Dante places in the *Inferno*. Finally, his popular poems, among many things which a more polished society would not accept, have all those qualities which the imperfect state of the language could admit. Jacopone is also the author of the *Stabat Mater*, which is so well known and so dear both to Catholics and Protestants.

I am sorry I cannot do full justice to this poet. As a general remark I will note that all his poems have the same three sources of inspiration, theological, satirical, and popular, which have also a pre-eminent part in the *Divina Commedia*. His theology may not be so transcendent and deep as that of the *Paradiso*; his satire so sharp, noble, and elevated as that in the celebrated allusion to Florence and the passing events of the time, nor his popular language so choice, powerful and original; in fact in nothing can he bear the smallest comparison with Dante; yet there is enough to assign to him a place among the poets preceding Dante.

To the Franciscan monks, who exercised a popular influence on Italian literature before Dante, we must also give the glory of having, in the basilica of Assisi (dedicated to the founder of their order), begun the first and most important change of Italian art, that of its emancipation from the conventionalities of Greek or Byzantine artists in church-painting. Byzantine church-painting had its day; excellent specimens of its merits are numerous all over Italy, more especially at Rome, Ravenna, and Venice. But its types were no longer suited to an age whose appreciation of beauty increased with wealth, luxury, and intercourse with other countries—an age, in fact, which marked the first manhood of the Italian people and the Italian mind. The Byzantine figures breathe vigour and simplicity, and sometimes a certain majesty of design; but the disposition of the groups is extravagant, the details are incorrect, the outline dry, and no knowledge of perspective is evinced. Profusion of gold everywhere, especially in the ground on which stand forth the figures of the Redeemer or of the Creator. On some crucifixes you would suppose mummies had been suspended with feet disjointed, while wounds pour out large rivulets of greenish blood; black, stern madonne, with long, stiff fingers, round eyes, and rough child; in general long figures, vulgar heads, and want of expression are the characteristics of Byzantine art. It has imagination without grace; richness, but no purity of design; rigidity, but no power; talent, but no genius. It is in fact a style of transition, which soon became one of decline, when, having adopted certain immutable laws, art was reduced to a mere mechanism, which any monk could copy and reproduce with little trouble or expense.

It is in the basilica of Assisi that

Guido da Siena and Giunta da Pisa emancipated themselves by degrees from their Greek masters. The golden ground we see first substituted by azure besprinkled with golden stars. The figures become more animated, the expression more ideal, the dryness of the outline and grouping is softened, the immobility of the attitudes gives place to a more natural disposition; in fact art makes the first steps in its new life. Guido da Siena and Giunta da Pisa are followed by Bonamico, Parabuvi, Diotisalvi, and by that Duccio who is placed by some above Cimabue, and finally by Cimabue and Giotto, who completed the revolution.

Among the many paintings inspired for the new style of art by the founder of the Franciscan order, every one who has been in Assisi must have seen Giotto's fresco representing the wedding of St. Francis with Poverty, in her ragged clothes, with a slender figure and thin face, but still preserving the features of a most beautiful woman. A dog barks at her, two children throw stones at her and place thorns in her path; she, calm, happy, and radiant, stretches out her hand to St. Francis. While Christ himself joins their hands, the Eternal Father, accompanied by angels, appears in the midst of clouds, as if heaven and the universe assisted at the happy wedding. There is nothing here which has the slightest association with the Greek manner. All is new, and free from school conventionality. And if you read the hymn of Dante to St. Francis, and the songs of St. Francis himself, and of Jacopone in praise of Poverty, and then look at the fresco of Assisi, you will see in the Franciscan order the same source of inspiration, the same sign of popularity.

The revolution we have noticed in painting is also evident in architecture; nay, architecture, as usual, preceded in point of time even painting. The Byzantine style in fact was modified by the Italian at a much earlier period than painting. The first and most magnificent monument of architecture we find in Italy in the tenth century is St. Mark's at Venice. St. Mark's was begun the second time, after a fire had destroyed the first building, in the year 977, and was finished with great magnificence in the year 1051, that is to say, after a lapse of seventy-four years. A decree of the Republic ordered that no vessel should return from the East without bringing statues, columns, bassi-rilievi, marbles, and precious materials of every kind for the edifice. Thus it was completed. The continuation, having occupied nearly a century, was the work of many architects. St. Sophia's at Constantinople was regarded at this time as the most splendid Christian temple in the world. The intercourse between Venice and the East, and the reported magnificence of that temple, made the Venetians adopt the same form in their construction. Through the desire of making St. Mark's still richer than St. Sophia's, the Venetian architects introduced changes and added many ornaments from the already famous architecture of the Arabs. Wherefore St. Mark's was justly called a Greek-Arabian edifice.

This marks a step in the way of originality in Italian architecture. Still it was not a step likely to bring architecture to its greatest purity and magnificence; on the contrary, it contributed to establish that style which is the combination of many styles in one, though one prevails over the others. In Venice it is the Byzantine element that prevails; in Pisa, the style of the Roman basilica. The Cathedral of Pisa comes next to St. Mark's. Pisa was also on the way of founding its prosperity by its trade with the East; wherefore columns, capitals, cornices, stones of all styles and form were brought from the East and accumulated for the erection and decoration of the cathedral. Roman monuments were also at hand, and their ruins served for the building. In putting together columns of different orders, in employing without harmony ruins of ancient edifices, in placing statues of different sizes, in distributing stones and marbles of different colours in

strange confusion, the architect shows that the age was still corrupted; yet the conception is much richer than it was before his time, and the sentiment of art is expressed with sufficient efficacy to give to the style a special character. This style, which prevailed principally during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, is called Romance, or Romanesque. We shall return to it in the next lecture.

The prodigious activity of the Italians in building churches and cathedrals at this time surpasses imagination. The simple enumeration of spots, and saints to whom they are dedicated, and the dates of their erection, would fill several pages. In fact, if all that the age in question produced in architecture, painting, and sculpture were to be ascribed to one general influence, the influence would be that of religion, allotting in proportion very little to civil and military architecture. In this general religious enthusiasm of the Middle Ages, in this harmony of the songs of the poets with the creed of the people, of the feelings of men with the works of the painter and architect, music, a sister art, could not be neglected. The revolution in musical art arose from the same cause as that of the other arts, and had therefore the same result. Music assumed very early a character fit for the new religion in Italy. The celebrated Ambrosian hymns date from the ninth century. The Empress Justina persecuted St. Ambrose. The Milanese people watched him day and night to save him from the imperial wrath. St. Ambrose, moved by their affection, and wishing to make their vigils less tiresome, thought of assembling them in churches, and teaching them to sing hymns and psalms. "O Lord," said St. Augustine when he heard them, "how sweet is the melody of Thy songs! how they move me, and make truth and religion penetrate into my heart!"

In the reform which St. Ambrose introduced in sacred music, into the technicalities of which I shall not enter, another reform was added by Gregory the Great in the beginning of the ninth century; and finally, Guido d'Arezzo, or Michele Guido, a monk of the Pomposa, invented musical notes, and completed the revolution which marks the transition of music from its profane to its more spiritual uses.

The power of religious ideas, however, nowhere shows itself in a stronger light than in the fact of the Crusades. The first Crusade proclaimed to Christianity had been preceded by a successful Italian expedition—that of the Pisans against the Moors of Sardinia and the Arabs of Sicily. In an incursion of the Moorish Corsairs on the territory of Pisa, when the town was unguarded by troops, Cinzira de' Simondi, a Pisan girl of noble family, the Joan of Arc of the Middle Ages, called the people to arms, and defended the town bravely, obliging them to withdraw. A few years afterwards a Moorish king (Mugheid-el-Ameri, whom the Italians called *Mosetto*) died a prisoner at Pisa. The Italians, therefore, long before the Crusades took place, knew the way to the East—commercial and military.

The material effects of the Crusades on the prosperity of Italy were perhaps greater than any artistic or literary conquest. Italy was then industrious and commercial, and it is but natural that she should reap great material advantages from the rush of the West to the East through the Mediterranean.

But we have already seen architecture greatly modified in Italy by the contest with the East before the Crusades. The East, in fact, not being so new to the Italians as it was to other Western people, through their habit of visiting Oriental countries, I am disposed to think that they were not so much struck with the difference as the people who lived farther west would be.

The question, then, is still open whether what is styled Gothic architecture came from the East to the West, or is altogether an original German style. If the first admission be adopted, you can see how much the new art owes to the Crusades. But the controversy is too hot even in our days

to admit a solution, as a good deal of national vanity and so-called superiority of race is mixed with it. Much contested also is the origin of chivalry, which some pretend to be German, others Eastern or Arabian, and which played a great part in the Italian literature of posterior ages. We received, however, from the East, long before the Crusades, as far as Italy is concerned, a new mythology—I think at best that this is not disputed also between Germans and Arabians—the mythology of Magic Art, of Necromancy, and other mysterious sciences and popular superstitions, which in the Middle Ages we see working upon some singular features of the Italian mind, producing its effects even on Dante, though not to so great an extent as on Pulci, Ariosto, Tasso, and many others.

In their poems the East and the West, the Saracens and the Franks, the Arabs, the Italians, and the Persians are mixed with Italians, Spaniards, and English. They form the real poetry of the Crusades and chivalry, in which Italian literature has as yet no rival.

EDOARDO FUSCO.

To be continued.

HOW I WENT TO THE LEVEE.

"THE Prince of Wales has returned," said my wife's mother. "George, go to the levee and congratulate him on his safe arrival."

"But I have never been to a levee," I remonstrated.

"Only the greater reason why you should lose no more time," said my wife's mother, looking sternly at me over her spectacles; and let me tell you when my wife's mother looks in that way at any one there is no gainsaying her. She has made up her mind and nothing can unmake it.

Let me further take you into my confidence, and say that I am a thriving, middle-aged man, in the Russia trade. In a knowledge of linseed, hemp, tallow, and grain I can hold my own against any man, except my senior partner. I go to the City by the Underground every morning, Sundays excepted, and I live in Gloucester Place. My wife's mother lives with us, and adds materially to our income, and I feel sure to our happiness. She must have her way, for she has been threatened with a heart-disease for more than forty years. She always had her way in the late Mr. Jones's time, and she has it now; for the doctors say it would be as much as her life is worth to thwart her.

"If mamma wishes it, my dear, you must go," said my wife, whose subjection to her mother is such that if I were ordered to jump over the moon, like the cow of our infancy, by that imperious woman; my wife would only say, "My dear, you must do it."

"But I must get some one to present me," I said, despairingly.

"Of course you must," said my wife's mother, "and I have thought of someone."

It is wonderful how fast my wife's mother thinks when she sets her mind to it.

"Our member for Swillington," she went on; and she said this with such an air you would have thought it was like one of those boroughs of which Dod says, "The family of Hopkins has great influence in this borough," when, in fact, my wife's mother's brother is a local attorney in that town, and may possibly command two or three votes.

"But will he present me?" I rejoined.

"Let him refuse if he dares," said my wife's mother. "We will use all the family influence against him at the next election;" and then she threw herself back in her arm-chair and glared into space.

"If you go on so, George, provoking mamma, she will have an attack of spasms, and then you must take the consequences."

"But what can I do?"

"Write at once to our member, and ask him to present you," gasped my wife's mother, reviving a little.

So, to make a long story short, I wrote, and, to my surprise, received a polite note from the Hon. Percy Daft, the member for Swillington, saying that it would give him the greatest pleasure to present me at the levee on the 15th of May.

Great was the joy over our breakfast-table when this answer arrived. My wife's mother clapped her hands, and my wife poured out my tea by mistake into the slop bason. I had to drink it, lest, as my wife's mother said, "it should be wasted," though the hot water with which the bason had been half-filled before made my tea very weak.

"That's the first step gained," said my wife's mother. "Now, what dress will you go in?"

"I am sure I can't tell. I suppose

there's no uniform for a Russia merchant?"

"Russia fiddlesticks!" said my wife's mother. "What a pity now you had not joined the Volunteer movement when we so much wished it."

Here let me say that neither my wife nor my wife's mother had ever wished any such thing. I had wished it when we were first married, but my wife's mother would not hear of it.

"No, no!" she said, "no soldiering for me. First this Volunteering will take you away from business in time of peace, and when the French or the Germans come to cut all our throats, you'll have yours cut, and then who, I should like to know, is to support the family?"

Then my wife and my wife's mother had an anxious discussion, in which very vain regrets were expressed that I had not been in the Guards, or the Excise, or the Queen's household, and so been spared the expense of buying a Court suit; but the end was that I had to go to my tailor, who, like an honest man, confessed that he had never made a Court suit in his life, and least of all expected to "build" one for me.

"It can't be helped, Tape," I said, "the ladies wish me to go, and I am going."

"Oh, if the ladies wish it, of course we must yield," said the polite Mr. Tape. "I'll just step down to my friend, Mr. Measure, the West-end tailor, and look at his book of Court dresses, and see that you have the correct thing; but," he added, gravely, "I think you will find it very expensive."

"I must have it, whatever it costs," I said, conjuring up my wife's mother in a fit of *angina pectoris;* but I own in these hard times I went home rather crestfallen and very pale.

"What's the matter, George?" cried my wife, and "What's the matter?" re-echoed my wife's mother.

"Tape says it will be very expensive."

"Tape be——" said my wife's mother with a blank which the reader may fill up with any form of words he pleases.

"As if we could not afford to go to Court just for once in our lives," said my wife.

"Yes, my dear," said my wife's mother; "and think of the meanness of the man who stops to count the cost, when his going to Court may form an era in his life, and when the Lord Chamberlain will probably say when he sees the gallant bearing of George when he is presented, 'a man of such noble manners must have a beauteous wife,' and then we shall receive a gilt-edged card, commanding the presence of Mr. and Mrs. George Hopkins at a Court ball at Buckingham Palace. Think, I say, of the meanness of a man with this splendid prospect before him stopping to count the cost of a paltry uniform."

"I told Tape I must have it, whatever it cost."

"Quite right; quite right," said my wife's mother. "George, when I talked of meanness, you know I meant Tape, and no one else."

In a few days Tape came early before breakfast with my uniform, as he called it, and he brought it in two boxes and a long oilskin cover, which my eldest son, a boy of great forwardness, thought must contain a fishing-rod.

"Look 'ere, sir," said Tape, tapping one of the tin boxes of a triangular shape, "what do you think is inside this?"

"I'm sure I can't tell."

"This is your cocked 'at. This you must wear on your 'ed."

"I did not think a cocked hat necessary."

"So necessary" said Tape, "that Mr. Measure says, 'You'd be turned out of the levee by one of the beefeaters before you'd gone a yard, if you did not have your cocked hat in your 'and.' Just look at it, isn't it a beauty?"

I did look at it, and it certainly looked very fine. It was of black beaver, frizzled up with a crest of white feathers, and it was all guarded with gold lace.

"And this is what you must wear at your side, sir," said Tape, unstrapping

the oilskin case and producing a sword, the pummel and hilt and scabbard of which were richly, if not chastely, gilt.

"Shall I draw it, sir?" said Tape.

But before I could answer, a voice behind me cried—

"No, no, let that sword never be unsheathed save against the enemies of our country." Both Tape and I turned round, and beheld my wife's mother in her dressing gown, who, hearing of the tailor's arrival, could not contain her feelings and her curiosity to see the new uniform which was to bring such honour on the family.

"Now for the uniform," said Tape, as he unlocked the other tin box of an oblong shape.

"This," he went on, as he held up the coat, "is a real work of art, and do you know, sir, it was all the easier to make because Mr. Measure found out you was in the royal service?"

"The royal service!" I exclaimed. "I never was in the royal service."

"Ah! but you are, sir, though without knowing it. Don't you belong to the firm of Blogg, Hopkins and Dipps, wholesale and retail Russia merchants in the City?"

"I do," I said.

"Well then, sir, that firm is one of the Queen's tallow merchants, and you are one of her Majesty's servants, and this is your proper uniform. None of your miserable Court dresses, but a real Civil Service uniform."

"I always knew that this would be a proud day," said my wife's mother; "I should not be surprised if you had a right to the private *entrée* in your official capacity."

"But just look at the beauty," said Tape, holding up the coat, and, saving my wife's mother's presence, the unmentionables also. "'Ere's a nap, and 'ere's gold lace, and 'ere's oak leaves, and 'ere's a broad gold stripe down each leg!"

What could we do, my wife's mother and myself, to whom was now added my wife, but admire the uniform and the sword; my own admiration I admit being somewhat dashed by the consciousness that this uniform of the royal household would cost me a pretty penny.

Strange to say my wife's mother never asked a word as to the cost of the uniform, but, turning sharply on Tape, demanded sternly—

"And what's the good of those tin boxes, I should like to know?"

"Them," said Tape, with great presence of mind,—he had not seen enough of my wife's mother to know all the real terror of her presence—"them is to protect the uniform and the cocked 'at against the hinclemency of the hair. Suppose Mr. H. 'ere was ordered off by the Queen to Russia to buy bristles for the brooms and brushes of the 'ousehold, why, it stands to reason he'd take his uniform with him. If he didn't put it in a tin box, the hair in Russia—I mean the hair of the hatmosphere, not the 'air of the 'ed—is so cold, it would shrivel up all this gold lace like young taturs in a frost. Likewise if he were ordered to Hafrica to buy palm oil, there the hair is so damp that his uniform would be spoilt. That's why tin boxes is necessary, leastways that's what Mr. Measure says."

That evening I tried on my uniform, and my sword and my cocked hat, and not only my wife—dear easy thing—but my wife's mother also, declared they never saw anything half so noble in their life; and, "to think," they added, "of your having a uniform all this time, and we knowing nothing about it."

I must confess, however, that the children were not so complimentary, for I overheard our eldest girl say to her brother as they went up to bed after the exhibition, "Papa is very like one of the Lord Mayor's footmen whom we saw at the show last Lord Mayor's Day."

And now the awful day was approaching. Having the uniform made was passive. The time for action had almost come. Every day my wife's mother looked anxiously at the extracts from the *Gazette* in the paper, and at last she read out—

"Any nobleman or gentleman who proposes to be presented must leave at the Lord Chamberlain's office, St. James's Palace, *before twelve o'clock*, two clear days before the levee, a card with his name written thereon, and with the name of the nobleman or gentleman by whom he is to be presented. In order to carry out the existing regulations, that no presentation can be made at a levee excepting by a person actually attending that levee, it is also necessary that an intimation from the nobleman or gentleman who is to make the presentation of his intention to be present should accompany the presentation card above referred to, which will be submitted to the Queen for Her Majesty's approbation. It is Her Majesty's command that no presentations shall be made at the levee except in accordance with the above regulations. It is particularly requested that in every case the names be very distinctly written upon the cards to be delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, in order that there may be no difficulty in announcing them to His Royal Highness."

"There, George," she said, "now you know what you have got to do."

All I can say is, whether she read so fast that I was dazed, or whether I was paralyzed with fear, that I could only gasp out, "What have I got to do?" convulsively turning as it were by instinct to my wife's mother.

"Do, why to go to the Lord Chamberlain's office, at St. James's Palace, and obey his instructions like a man."

To the Lord Chamberlain's office accordingly I went, though to tell the truth I would much rather have gone to the family dentist.

I am not very good at finding places and offices, and besides I knew little of St. James's Palace. Though my firm has the honour of being one of the Queen's tallow chandlers, I personally know little of the palace which we help to light. To me, therefore, the Lord Chamberlain's office was hard to find, but the sentries and the police were kind, and at last I made my way to the dreaded portal, in what, I am told, is called the Stable Yard.

Though our firm is rich I am but a junior partner, and not rolling in wealth, but I would willingly have given £20 sooner than beard the Lord Chamberlain in his den. Still there I was, and the step must be made, or what would my wife's mother say? I entered therefore, the door was wide open, and a very kind official told me to turn into a room on the right, where I saw two or three young men not unlike our clerks in the City, and to my surprise, not in uniform. At first I said nothing, till one of them blandly asked me what I wanted.

"I wish to be presented at the next levee," said I, covered with confusion.

"Then," said the official very kindly to reassure me, for I am sure he saw that I was ready to faint, "you must produce the assent in writing of the person who is to present you."

Fortunately I had both my presentation card and Mr. Daft's letter ready, so I produced them and handed them to the official.

"Is this an official presentation?" said the functionary.

"Oh, no!" I said; for it occurred to me that if I said I was one of Her Majesty's servants they would tell me that the Lord Steward must present me.

"Oh, no," I replied, "the Hon. Mr. Daft is a friend of our family."

"Very well," said the official. "Leave your card and Mr. Daft's letter of assent. Your name will then be submitted to Her Majesty, and when you come to the levee be sure you bring two cards with you on which your name and the words 'Presented by the Hon. Percy Daft' are legibly written; one of these cards must be given up on entering the palace, the other you must retain to be handed to the Lord Chamberlain who reads it out when you are presented to His Royal Highness."

"Is that all that I shall have to do?"

"That is all," said the bland official, and accordingly I departed full of gratitude to him for not refusing my name

on the spot, and feeling very much like a boy quitting the dentist's house without having so much as had one tooth stopped.

I suppose I looked very radiant when I got home, for both my wife and my wife's mother said they never saw me look so happy in my life.

At last there was only one day left before the levee, or rather one day and a *dies non*, a Saturday and a Sunday, for that levee, as all the world knows, was held on a Monday. Up to this time my respected senior partner, Mr. Blogg, knew nothing of my intention to be presented, though he must have suspected that there was something in the wind from my occasional absences from business.

He is a man, I grieve to say it, wholly given up to tallow and bristles. If he dreams of anything it is of huge vats of "yellow candle," bought at 48*s.* and retailed at 54*s.*; or of measles in the Ukraine which makes the hogs' bristles fall off. Of all the chapters in the Bible the one in which he takes the most interest is that 9th chapter of Exodus, which begins by narrating the plagues of Egypt—how the flax and the barley were smitten, while the wheat and rye were spared; and when he hears it read in church he chuckles to think that with the grain safe it might be possible to show a good balance at the year's end, even though the flax and the hemp failed. As for bristles, he can never quite forgive the Jews for eschewing pork, and banishing his favourite commodity from Holy Writ. Though loath to run him down, I am constrained to say that he has a dull, unimaginative soul, and that his intellectual horizon is narrow and confined.

This is the man who is virtually my master, and of whom I stand almost as much in awe as I do of my mother-in-law.

"I am thinking, sir—" I began, but before I could finish my sentence he looked up from the ledger in which he was just then checking some long account, and regarded me so ferociously that I faltered and stopped short.

"Thinking of what, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Of going to Court and being presented."

"Of going to Court! and why should you go to Court, Mr. Hopkins?" just as sternly as my wife's mother had maintained the strict contradictory, that I must go to Court.

"It is the wish of Mrs. Hopkins and of Mrs. Jones, my wife's mother, sir; and I may mention I am going on Monday."

"And that's the day on which we expect to hear that the navigation of the Neva is opened, and we hope to buy by telegram cargoes of bristles and tallow free on board."

Here my senior partner heaved a deep sigh, and continued—

"And when do you expect to be back here, Mr. Hopkins?"

"That, sir, depends on the Prince of Wales and the Lord Chamberlain. I thought that as the Royal Tallow Chandlers we could not omit to congratulate His Royal Highness on his safe return, and Mrs. Jones thinks so too."

I only wish my wife's mother had been in our counting-house to hear the whistle which my respected senior partner gave when he heard her name. He said nothing personal, however, to her; he only whistled her down, and then went on, "Pray, Mr. Hopkins, if it is the duty of the firm to congratulate the Prince of Wales, why is it that I have not undertaken that duty?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, sir."

"But I can, Mr. Hopkins. It is because I am not a fool, and—" he added fiercely—"because I have no mother-in-law to lord it over me in my own house."

Having said this he returned to his ledger and spoke no more, only muttering every now and then something to himself. Seeing he was in no placable mood I left him to himself; but I can truly say that I was very thankful when the office closed for the night, and I was free to go home.

The next day was Sunday, that blessed day when the senior partner betook himself to his abode at Hornsey, and when my mother-in-law sometimes went

three times to church. As I sat in my pew I seemed to see myself side by side with our member, the Hon. Percy Daft, proceeding in all the glory of our uniforms—he is a Deputy Lieutenant—and both falling on our knees before the Prince, kissing his hand, graciously extended to us, and even bedewing it with our tears of love and loyalty. In this feeling I had even—again at the instigation of my wife's mother—written our member a friendly note, begging him to inform me at what hour I should meet him at the gate of the Palace, so that he might present me to the Prince of Wales.

"It is the duty as well as the pleasure of members of Parliament," said my wife's mother, "to show these little attentions to their constituents, else why do we return them to Parliament?"

Dear me, what a time Parliament will have of it if my wife's mother ever gets her rights and has a vote for the borough of Swillington!

I am sorry to say that after church, where my devotions were much disturbed by these visions, my excitement rather got worse than better. In the afternoon the ladies went again, but I stayed at home, and, I regret to add, desecrated the Sabbath by trying on my uniform, and rehearsing the act of presentation, in which my eldest girl with my cocked hat on her head played the part of the Prince of Wales, and my eldest boy that of the Lord Chamberlain, holding my walking-stick in his hand as a wand of office.

All that day I had little appetite. Dinner and tea were alike wasted on me, and at night I had fitful dreams, starting bolt upright in bed and sadly disturbing the rest of Mrs. Hopkins.

In the morning I awoke early, and was up and dressed before the post came, and then and there received my first blow.

Into the letter-box a letter was dropped, and I knew at a glance it was in the handwriting of our member. Tearing it open I read as follows:—

"Mr. Percy Daft presents his compliments to Mr. Hopkins, and is unable to make any engagement as to meeting him at the levee. It is not usual for those who present gentlemen to be personally present when those gentlemen are presented. It is enough if they attend the same levee."

I stood staring blankly at this dry note with all its "presents and presentations" for some time, till I was brought to myself by my wife's mother, who had again descended the stairs in her dressing-gown to intercept the letters, but on this occasion I had been the early worm.

To see the letter and to snatch it out of my hand and to read it were simultaneous acts on the part of that determined woman.

"George," she said, "we shall have to vote yellow instead of blue at the next election," and as she said this she snapped her fingers at an imaginary Mr. Daft.

"How am I ever to make my way through the levee by myself?" I said, and tears began to fill my eyes.

"George," said my wife's mother, "you must show yourself a man on this as on other occasions. It is very mean of our member to refuse you his company, but what of that? Eat your breakfast, and then we will dress you and you shall go to the levee in a cab."

Well, I ate my breakfast and smoked a pipe in our yard at the back of the house, and then having completed my toilet alone till the bounds of propriety were reached, my wife and my wife's mother came in, and at once a great contest arose as to how my sword was to be worn. I am, I am ashamed to say, left-handed; with that hand I do everything, and with my right little or nothing. The question now arose whether I was to wear my sword on my left or my right side. It was in vain that my wife's mother quoted the verse in the Psalms: "Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh;" for that left the question still open, and besides, swords are not now girded on the thigh, or if they are, are very likely to trip the sword-bearer up.

On the whole my wife was for doing

what the rest of the world did. "He will never want to use it," she said; "let us gird it on his left side."

"Ah, but," said my mother-in-law, "if something happened—if he met a mad bull, for instance, and had to use it, and it turned out that he couldn't draw it on that side, and so was gored to death—how silly we should look."

This and my unfortunate natural left-handedness settled the matter, and my sword was girded on my right side so that I might be able to draw it; but I am afraid from the look the cabman gave me that I looked a sad guy.

The sword being girt and my white neckcloth tied, at the ends of which and on the cuffs of my coat my wife's mother insisted on stitching lappets of lace which she produced from the family treasures, it only remained to put on my uniform, stiff with gold lace, and that act accomplished—if ever there was a human hog-in-armour, there stood one before my wife's cheval-glass.

"Now! dear George," said my wife, "nothing remains but to put on your cocked-hat and then you will be perfect."

"How noble he looks!" murmured my wife's mother. "I do hope the Blackadders over the way will see him as he steps into the cab! How astonished they will be!"

But now there was no more time left for admiration. Up rattled a four-wheeler to the door, called by our faithful parlour-maid. Down stairs I tripped as fast as I could, but that odious sword would get between my legs.

"Have you got your cards?" shrieked my wife's mother from the first floor.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, and in another moment I stood on our doorstep, paused to gather up my sword, stuff my cocked-hat firmly on my head, and then dashed into the cab.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To St. James's Palace," I cried; "to the levee."

"Oh, I see," said the cabby, "one of Her Majesty's servants going to wait at Court?"

"Just so: drive fast, my man."

Away we rumbled; but to me the cab seemed to fly like an express train till we got into a file of carriages in St. James's Street. To tell the relief which my feelings underwent when I saw a general, as I thought by the splendour of his uniform, in a hansom close to me, no tongue can tell.

At last we got to the entrance of the palace nearly opposite to the German Chapel. How my heart sunk within me as I alighted, and stood before two superior beings all in crimson and gold, who calmly surveyed me as I paid my fare.

"Move on, move on," they said to the cabman, while they motioned to me to walk in and mount the staircase. Inside were exons and gentlemen at arms, and a whole host of men in every uniform under the sun, all resolutely bent on pressing onward, and forcing their way up stairs. All this time I had kept my cocked hat on my head as the safest place for it in that throng, till at last one of those gentlemen in crimson and gold whispered—

"It is not etiquette to be covered in the palace," and I had at once to take the hint and doff my cocked hat.

I was now wedged into a crowd much denser than I was ever in at the Crystal Palace, and much worse behaved. I was always saying to myself, "If these are gentlemen, why don't they behave as such?" Now a big burly man tore on and took the skin off my ear on his epaulet. Then a heavy dragoon, with spurs like an old gamecock, struck them into my calf. As for squeezes and pushes and buffets they were endless, and my ribs were black and blue. So we slowly made our way step by step till we reached the level of the first floor, and saw behind a barrier a stern official ready to receive our first cards. Those who, like the foolish virgins, of whom my wife's mother is so fond of speaking, had not got their cards ready written, had here to stop and write them while we passed on into a waiting-room with triumph. When I say with triumph, let me add not all of us, and least of all myself.

As I proceeded along the corridor rejoicing in comparative freedom from spurs and epaulets, I was aware of a serious-looking official—I think he wore a blue and gold coat something like my own—who scanned me narrowly, and then making straight at me, said very politely, but very resolutely—

"Sir, your dress is not according to regulation. Lace lappets and ruffles are not allowed to be worn at levees or Court balls, and if I did my duty I should not allow you to proceed till you had taken them off."

And here let me say how hampered I was in this part of the proceedings by the iniquity of Tape. The wretch had never so much as put one pocket into my coat. I only discovered this at the last moment when I was rushing out of the house, and what I was to do with my wife's mother's lace if that ruthless official tore it off I cold not tell.

"Oh, sir," I said in accents which would have melted a heart of stone, "do suffer me to proceed. It is the first time that I have ever been here; pray forgive a first fault."

"You may proceed and take the consequences. What the Lord Chamberlain or the Deputy Chamberlain or any of the other authorities may say when you get farther on, I am sure I cannot tell. All I say is, proceed under protest. I see, too, you have got your sword on the wrong side," and then he laughed.

This was the last kick that roused the lion that lurks in the soul of all the Hopkinses. I replied, therefore, with great severity, but I hope with equal dignity—

"I wear my sword on that side because I am left-handed, and cannot draw it with my right."

"No one requires you to draw it in Her Majesty's palace," said the official, with an air that would have done honour to the Lord Chamberlain himself. "But pass on, sir, pray pass on," he added, as though I and not he had been stopping the way, and keeping a host of presentations back.

From this point, I must confess it, my position became very painful. At every turn I fancied that I should come upon the Lord Chamberlain or some of his myrmidons who would not be so lenient to me as his subordinate. How my heart heaved when at the end of the corridor I beheld an aged, portly man, bearing a halberd in his hand, and clad in gorgeous attire.

"Pray tell me," I said to my next fellow-sufferer, a portly man in a green and gold uniform, which some one afterwards told me was that of a Scottish Archer, "Pray tell me is that the Lord Chamberlain, that I see yonder?"

"No, sir, it is not; but just one of the beefeaters."

Beefeater or not, that beefeater or yeoman of the guard was very good to me, and when in the crush through the doorway my cocked hat fell, and was just about to be trodden under foot, that veteran beefeater stooped and picked it up for me.

"Tell me," I said to him, "how far off is the Lord Chamberlain?"

"Oh! a good way yet, sir. It may be three rooms, for this is a crowded levee."

About this time, even though in sore dread of the eye of the Lord Chamberlain, I began to wish the end were come. Nay, how I wished I had never put my foot into such a throng, and I even abused my wife's mother mentally.

But had I wished to retreat, there was no going back. Before and behind me alike, was a huge crowd, all bent on reaching the Prince as soon as possible at whatever cost. It would make anyone but a hatter or a tailor weep to think how many cocked hats perished, or were lost to their owners on that day; how many uniforms torn and tattered; and what added to our misery was that in each room or pen through which we passed was a side strip railed off and guarded by watchful beefeaters; along which, while we were being suffocated and crushed to death, some few privileged persons passed and discoursed gaily at their ease. If my wife's mother had been there she would have thought of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, but for

myself I could only think of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Nor did it increase my comfort to see in this side paradise our member the Hon. Percy Daft, who, as I afterwards learnt, was "about the household" of some one of our princes, and so had the private *entrée.* There he was as cool as a cucumber, while I was hot as pepper.

Now as I have confessed so much, I may as well say that I never heard of an *entrée* before, except as a made dish; but it was easy to see that this kind of *entrée* was just as nice as, if not nicer than, the other.

Of course I tried to catch the eye of our member, but somehow or other he always looked the wrong way, and there I stood, made still more hot by the feeling that within a few feet of me was the very man who was to present me, and yet I could not get him to recognize me.

But all things have an end, and even a levee, and the end was now coming. After rushing and crushing in and out of several pens, at last we came to a room in which the pen ended in something like an eeltrap, in a narrow space railed off, into which not more than two and two could pass at a time side by side. This went on through another doorway, and beyond that doorway we saw a welcome signal. These were those happy souls who, having been presented and done their duty to the Prince, had received his gracious bow, and then passed on into the room from which our eeltrap was railed off.

But we had no time to envy their good fortune. Our time was now coming, our second cards were drawn from pockets by those who were lucky enough to have them, and from cocked hats by those who had not. We are now on the very threshold of royalty, and we can hear the voices of the Chamberlains as they pass the cards on to the Lord Chamberlain. With a great flutter I produced my card which had got sadly battered in the *mêlée* through which I and my cocked hat had passed.

I had scarce time to look about me, but still I saw just before me one or two Indian gentlemen whose attire seemed to consist, besides their turbans, of two dressing-gowns of different patterns, worn one before and one behind. Among them was a most decided Red Indian, all feathers and doeskin robes and beads, and it occurred to me even in the agony of my fright, that the Lord Chamberlain would find Hopkins an easier name to read than those of these red and yellow gentlemen. What befell the yellow sort I know not, but it so happened that the red variety was just before me. I now saw the way in which presentations were made; a deputy's deputy takes your card, who passes it on to another deputy, and that deputy hands it to the Lord Chamberlain, who calls out the name.

Now there was only one between me and the prince.

"Pa-ha-ba-bo-Peep, the great sheep-shearer, presented by the Secretary of State for the Colonies," called out the Lord Chamberlain, and with that the untutored savage bowed gracefully to the Prince and passed on.

My turn came next, and I was prepared to follow his example as the Lord Chamberlain called out—

"Mr. George Hopkins, presented by the Hon. Percy Daft," but, as ill luck would have it, that unhappy wrong-sided sword got between my legs and tripped me up, and I fell flat or rather on all fours at the feet of the Prince of Wales. If I had had presence of mind I should have recovered myself and kissed his feet, but I had no presence of mind, and so I lay there and grovelled till the Lord Chamberlain's deputy's deputy picked me up, and passed me on, while the Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge, were convulsed with laughter. As for the Lord Chamberlain, he would have laughed too if he could, but Lord Chamberlains never laugh; their office is far too serious to admit of any such levity.

Passing on I encountered all the Queen's ministers and all the Foreign Ambassadors standing bolt upright

with their backs against the wall, and they all laughed—no! not all, Mr. Disraeli preserved his usual sphynx face, and did not even smile; but some of the others roared and held their sides. I ought of course to have been very glad that one of the house of Hopkins had afforded so much amusement to the Royal Family and the great Officers of State, but it did not strike me so at the time. On one thing I did congratulate myself, and that was that the Lord Chamberlain had not made any remark on my dress, and that he had allowed me to pass and be presented unchallenged.

I was making my exit from my place of torment with some little satisfaction on this score, and rejoicing at the thought of seeing my name in the paper next morning, when in the last corridor I met the same stern official who had already warned me, and who seemed on the watch for me.

"Your name is Hopkins, sir, I think?"

"It is," I faltered.

"Then, sir, it is my duty to inform you, by command of the Lord Chamberlain, that your irregularity in attire has attracted public attention, and that your case will be considered."

With these words he made me a low bow and left me.

Really I was so angry that I could have defied the Lord Chamberlain himself. "Let him consider it, if he pleases," I said to myself. In this mood I emerged from the palace, walked to the cab stand and got home about four o'clock.

As I rattled up to the door, I saw my wife and my wife's mother with anxious faces looking over the blind in the drawing-room

"Is it all right, and were you presented?" they both cried.

"All is right," I said; "and I was presented; but for heaven's sake let me have some Apollinaris and brandy."

That refreshing draught over, I told them all, omitting of course any part of the proceedings which told against myself.

"How grand it will be to see your name in the paper to-morrow morning! won't that astonish the Blackadders?" said my wife's mother.

I was tired as a dog and went early to bed. I was late for breakfast next morning, the paper had just come, and my wife's mother was reading the presentations. In a little while she had read them over, and throwing the *Times* down she shrieked:

"Why, George, your name is not in the paper at all!"

I seized the paper frantically and looked, but it was no good, there was no "George Hopkins" amongst the presentations.

"It is all an oversight of course." said my wife's mother, recovering herself; "but we will set it straight; and you shall have a paragraph all to yourself, stating 'The name of Mr. George Hopkins was accidentally omitted among those presented to His Royal Highness at the levee on Monday last.'"

So we wrote the paragraph and sent it to the editor; but next morning what we read in the *Times*, in large print, under the Court Circular was this—"The presentation of Mr. George Hopkins at the last levee is cancelled, because he appeared improperly attired on that occasion."

Let me draw a veil over the uproar in the family which followed this cruel announcement. When I got to the City I saw at once that my senior partner and all the clerks knew it by their malicious smiles. As for the Blackadders over the way, we fortunately do not know what they thought because we do not visit them.

Whether Mr. Tape's bill for my uniform, which came to over £200, was any alleviation to the family grief, I leave the reader to guess; but if this touching and truthful story should deter any tallow or other monger from being presented at Court, it will have done good service to the public.

DULL SERMONS.

"Don't put all your theology into your *first* sermon; you will want some of it for your second." Such was the advice once given in my hearing by the late Bishop of Winchester to his candidates for Deacon's Orders, seated round his large horse-shoe dining-table. He added, "Mind you are not dull in your style of preaching; it is very easy to be dull; the generality of people *are* dull."

As regards the ordinary Sunday sermon, most of the laity will fully agree with him, and did they live in Oxford, and watch the way in which clergymen are manufactured, they would easily understand the causes of this wretched flatness of discourse. A young man of no great ability can in three years scramble through the minimum of classics; answer a few questions on the subject-matter of four and a half books of Aristotle's *Ethics;* cram up a small allowance of Bible facts; "pass," often by the skin of his teeth, as Job says, the terrible ordeal of the examiners; skim through a regulation list of books for ordination; learn up a certain stock of biblical or sacrificial phrases, to be served up according to the well-known views of the Bishop, and, donning a suit of black, be ordained, and turned out to act as a fully fledged parson, often sent directly to minister to the needs of a poor and populous parish.

The next Sunday the youngster, "sworn in" at the age of twenty-three to defend a number of enormous propositions which he has swallowed wholesale, having very likely never written an essay in his life, nor said one grammatical sentence in public; whose only speech has been made in returning thanks on behalf of the bridesmaids at some wedding in the long vacation; utterly ignorant of life, of men and things, stands up, and in a cold perspiration of terror, lets off a collection of platitudes about some obvious fact or incomprehensible dogma; or else delivers a curious medley of texts, bad philosophy, inapt similes, ridiculous assertions, and tremulous appeals, enough to dumbfounder the simple folk, and convulse the educated hearers.

This striking result is caused not seldom by the poor stripling having made a sort of Irish stew of Newman, Robertson, and Sadler, served up with a little gravy of his own. But after one or two Sundays have passed, the dull drab of the man's mind is clearly apparent (one can't go on poaching for ever). Still if the curate be hard-working among the poor, quiet and inoffensive in society, and thoroughly orthodox in his dress, people get to like him "out of the pulpit," and for the sake of his honest toil and good intentions, patiently sit under him and endure his nonsense week by week.

I observe that many of these young gentlemen take refuge in what may be termed the "*Salad Sermon;*" the text is picked from the Gospel, mixed up with the Epistle, flavoured with the Lessons, and garnished with the Collect; his hearers are then invited to observe the wisdom of Mother Church in her "admirable selections," and to follow the blessed guidance she affords in her round of Fast and Festival.

Then there is the concordance kind of sermon, easily concocted, and capable of being produced to any length in a straight line. The subject, say, is Love; you copy out forty or fifty texts in which the word love occurs; you remind the people that it is synonymous with charity; this enables you to produce a fresh stock of places in the Bible mentioning charity; you speak of it as the basis of "all that has been done for us, all we can do for one another." At the close you make a series of applications, beginning with interjections, thus—"Oh, my friends! Oh, beloved! Oh, young man! Oh, sinner! Oh, halting one!" Then lean forward in the pulpit, drop one hand over the side, turn up your eyes, and

ask your flock to carry home the "blessed thought" (or the awful thought, if you are preaching on Hate), and chew the cud of reflection upon it in the stillness of the secret chamber, or the silent hours of the night, adding (as though it were a new and original idea), in slow and solemn tones, "It's for you, for me, for *all*."

But, after all, the "Cerberus Sermon" is the most wearying when endured Sunday after Sunday. To be told *ad infinitum*, no matter what may be the subject under discussion, that this question naturally divides itself into three heads is very tiring; the scaffolding of the sermon is somewhat thus: "These are times requiring a man to have a clear idea on this all-important subject; it will be well, then, to state what it is *not* at the outset." Take a "*Temple*," for instance, anything will answer the purpose — "This, Beloved is *not* a Chapel, *not* a Synagogue, not even a Church, but a Temple; clearly understand to-day we are speaking of a *Temple*." This line of talk for ten minutes; then another ten minutes are spent in describing the shape and the furniture of a Temple; what a Temple really is in its essence; lastly, how *we*, under the New Dispensation, may all of us become Temples, Holy Temples, everlasting *Temples*.

But second only in its weariness is the stock Saint's Day sermon of the young Ritualist, when he has to preach about the least prominent of the Apostles—"Of this follower little or nothing is said in Holy Writ; he was, no doubt, a humble and devoted member of that early band of Christians who first went forth beneath the banner of the Cross. We can picture him unflinchingly fighting, unwavering and bold, winning a martyr's crown for the cause he loved so well; he is among the many known only to One above in the beauty of their lives and their sufferings in death." England being a free country, these pictures can be drawn *ad libitum*, the only objection to them being that they do not really teach anybody anything.

Young bachelor curates seem fascinated by such themes as the trials of domestic life, the duty of husbands and wives, and the best mode of bringing up children, though their clumsy handling of the babe to be baptized forms an amusing contrast to their words of wisdom.

In one respect High Church Clergy have done good service to the nation; they have spoken out boldly, and called "a spade a spade;" still courage to use the simplest word is by no means general; and with many clergymen, to be plain and straightforward in their pulpit language seems an impossibility. I remember quite a sensation running through a congregation, when a preacher, one evening, instead of talking about "habits of cleanliness," and the "necessity of regular ablution," remarked that "plenty of soap and water had a healthy bracing effect upon the body, and so indirectly benefited the mind." People were aghast; and looked as much as to say, "Come, come, this won't do; if Mr. So-and-So really means us to wash, we'd better leave the Church; he ought not to say what he means in homely words like these; if he insists upon using terms everybody can understand we shall have to protest." At the time of the Irish Famine, no clergyman could bring himself to say the word "potato" in the pulpit. Preachers called it "that root, upon which so many thousands of God's creatures depended for support, and which in His wise purposes had for a time ceased to flourish;" or spoke of "that esculent succulent, the loss of which had deprived so many hungry sinners of their daily sustenance"; but no one said "potato."

But why should it be more irreverent to use the word "potato" in the pulpit than to speak of corn, wine, oil, or sparrows? In simplicity of expression may often be found the secret of true dignity and real eloquence; good plain words, Saxon ones if possible, monosyllables if to the point, are the best and surest way of gaining the ears of a congregation. Compare the soporific phrases of the ordinary sermon with any chapter of the English Bible; mark

how pleasant is the change when a verse of Scripture occurs amid the dry, meaningless verbiage of the preacher, like an oasis in the desert. But who shall paint the awful suffering inflicted by an extempore preacher, unequal to the effort, whose one talent seems to be the talent of going on? will no one dare to expostulate, and if so, would he stop? He reminds one of the deaf old woman, who screamed away to help the church choir close to her; when reproved (unable to understand the rebuff) she answered, "Not to me be the praise, it is a *gift:*" and moreover the sermon is generally the same, only with a different text. I knew a Calvinistic preacher who in his discourses seldom failed to speak of the "back settlements of eternity," where in the ages before the world *was*, the elect had been chosen. Very few people ought to preach extempore, for, without knowing it, they generally fall into the same idioms Sunday after Sunday; they have "a choice assortment of stock phrases always on hand—country orders promptly supplied." But the goods are ever the same; like street barrel-organs, they play so many tunes, and no more. A clergyman friend of mine met an old woman one morning after this *round and round* kind of sermon. She said, "Ah, sir, it were a beautiful sermon, it were—so comforting like; it came over, and over, and over again." He fled home, and *wrote* something for the Evening Service.

Only a clergyman with a clever, candid wife should be permitted to indulge in the "*gift*" of extempore preaching; he would not be *allowed* to repeat himself. "But how can we be expected to find sound, interesting matter week by week, as years go on?" ask the clergy. I answer, Study what Dr. Liddon calls the "Shakespearean side" of religion; study the book of men and manners around you; mark the facts of human life; realize how other people feel, and what they have to contend with; be on the look out for hints; as the late Dean of Canterbury said, "Put your sermon in soak" at the beginning of the week, and build up the practical half of it out of the experience of your parish. Avoid the everlasting type and antitype sermons, where the stones David used against Goliath are made to symbolize the Sacraments, or the children of Jacob's concubines to typify modern Dissenters. Aim at a practical discourse; ask the half-dozen leading men in your parish for a little help; tell them what you propose to preach upon; this will interest them, and bring them to church without fail. Let us suppose you are going to speak about decision of character; the man of business will be able to furnish instances, taken from his personal experience in past years, where hesitation lost, or decision won, the fruits of golden opportunities; he will be pretty sure to add a suitable anecdote or two; the village grocer, or the Radical shoemaker (shoemakers are always Radicals), will in their turn contribute to your store; the schoolmaster and one or two more will assist; and instead of bald generalities you will have matter more than you require, will have gauged the mental calibre of the people, and will on Sunday administer medicines, like a wise physician, after testing the pulse of your patients.

If the clergy would rest upon their people, would take them into their confidence, would catch the ideas floating in the atmosphere of their parish and work them up into a practical shape, the parishioners would listen eagerly, and be proud of *their* share in the sermon. The isolated parson who walks from his study to the pulpit and from the pulpit to his study may be a capital theologian, but his Sunday guns will fire over the heads of his flock.

Perhaps the best books for a young clergyman to read in lieu of the experience which can only come in time, would be the *Arabian Nights*, as illustrating the Book of Esther, or the history of Daniel; the works of Thackeray, if he is preaching to fashionable people; and Dickens's works, if his sphere of usefulness is among the "great unwashed." The Father looking daily for the return of the Prodigal Son finds a fitting illustration in the door left open for the chance of welcoming back "little Em'ly,"

in *David Copperfield.* Christ drew His instruction from things *as they were then*; following in His steps the clergy ought to find the *present* equivalent to His parables; the letter cannot always be kept, the spirit is for all times. Homely common sense, speaking out of a full heart to a people familiar and friendly, about subjects discussed in the week, which are perplexing the minds or harassing the lives of those who form the audience, will never be dull. The Bishop of Winchester cautioned his clergy against dwelling too much on heresies and schisms over and done with long ago, in these words: "Don't waste your time in killing dead devils, but spend it in manfully fighting the live ones."

As regards the delivery of the discourse, we recommend the advice of the Scotch pastor, "*Cultivate the pause.*" The best oratorical effect was produced on one occasion by an interval of silence during which a celebrated preacher was trying to remember the lost thread of the argument; afterwards, as he opened his lips to apologise to his friends for the delay, they congratulated him upon it, as having had a very fine effect.

It is easy in "Coward's Castle" to pooh-pooh scientific investigation, and speak of the leading scientific men as "enemies to the Faith," and "carried about with every blast of vain doctrine;" but the laity would rather hear a clear exposition of the points in which they are wrong; an able and temperate sermon showing the perplexed business-man where things were certain; how to receive fresh discoveries, and what were the fallacies likely to mislead him; and where he might be content to wait for more light; a sermon like this would not be dull, but would be thankfully and eagerly listened to by the earnest men of all classes: it is painful to hear again and again that "if you once begin to undermine the Bible by doubting the accuracy of certain texts, the whole foundations of Christianity will be shaken:" all we can say is: "So much the worse for the foundations of Christianity." The thing is a mere question of fact; a question of evidence to be fairly faced; and the best way of "building up" a people in goodness, is by picking out the old mortar and "repointing" the edifice. Give a man a preparatory training in weighing evidence, and the shocks of criticism will not make him turn infidel; go on ignoring the result of modern research as long as you can; teach that everything in the Bible is *equally* necessary to salvation, and then, when the storm comes, it will sweep away the taught, religion and all; and the hearers acting upon the oft-repeated dogma, "all or none," will find themselves with *none.*

Only the other day, a leading clergyman in the "Establishment," when asked if he had seen an able article on "Courage and Death," in the *Fortnightly*, replied, "Oh, no; I never read any ephemeral literature." He certainly preaches very ephemeral sermons; but to my mind the real need of sermon-teaching is to deal with the questions now distressing and puzzling people; to supply a healthy antidote to the wrong-headed tendencies of the age. Handle carefully and fairly the riddles of to-day, and earnest men and women will bless you; even though an elderly spinster or two were to threaten to leave the Church, because your style differs from that of what *they* call the old Divines.

While young clergymen are pushing ritualistic details to extravagance, the thinking lay world is hungering for honest manly advice; let the clergy as asking nothing, and expecting nothing, boldly speak out exactly what they think, and try, for the sake of their flock, to grapple with the intellectual problems of the age; and having thought out for themselves the bearings of a question, an "ephemeral" question if you will, let them stand up and give us the fruits of their reflection. We shall hear no more complaints about dull sermons then; and the pulpit will become a real power, helping to guide and form public opinion and individual goodness.

C. H. Grundy.

THE FAUST LEGEND.

THE once popular delusion which identified Faust the magician with Fust or Faust, the inventor of the art of printing from movable types, is no longer entertained. It is just possible, however, that Faust the printer may have been the father of that Faust, professor of the black art, around whom have crystallized all the most remarkable stories that had previously been told of other magicians from Zoroaster to Simon Magus, from Theophilus of Syracuse to Robert of Normandy, and from Pope Sylvester to Cornelius Agrippa—who lived about the same time as the Faust endeared to us by poetry, painting, and music, and, like that personage, kept a black dog. There is nothing to show that Faust the printer had dealings with the devil; though he seems to have been suspected at one time of corrupt practices in that direction. The story runs that after perfecting his system of printing from independent characters Faust went to Paris, where his invention was not yet known, and there sold as manuscript, and of course at a high price, copies of the Latin Bible produced by his new and comparatively inexpensive method. Faust intended to work printing as a secret process, and the sale of printed volumes at the prices usually charged for volumes copied out by hand would, no doubt, speedily have enriched him. His customers, however, compared what they had bought; and when it was seen that the words and letters in the pretended manuscripts were, letter by letter, absolutely identical in shape, it was difficult not to conclude that the copies had been multiplied by unlawful means. Thus John Faust, in the middle of the fifteenth century, by practising an imposition, acquired the character of a wizard.

It is quite certain that John Faust, the printer, who, unable to patent his invention, had determined to make money out of it by applying it to his own private ends, was not the Faust who, by solemn compact and in return for certain immediate advantages, gave himself over to Satan. Faust the necromancer—calling himself, according to some authorities, George, according to others, John Faust—may all the same have been the printer's son. The period of the magician's activity dates from the end of the fifteenth century; and not later than the beginning of the sixteenth we find him installed in the chair of magic at the University of Cracow. "They are not great magicians now," says Heine[1] of contemporary Poles, in some remarks on Twardowski, the so-called "Polish Faust," who was doubtless one and the same person as that German Faust who professed sorcery at Cracow. The Poles, however, must have been terribly addicted to magic in the early part of the sixteenth century if, as appears to have been the case, it was thought worth while to maintain at their celebrated university a lecturer on the subject.

One reason for supposing that Professor Faust, of Cracow — "Faust, junior," as he always styled himself—may have belonged to the family of John Faust, the printer of Mayence, is to be found in the lamentable but undeniable fact that he also was given to romancing. Far from denying his alleged connection with the devil, he was in the habit of boasting of his influence in that quarter; and he openly declared that the victories gained by the Emperor's armies in

[1] See Heine's preface to his ballet-libretto or "Tanz-poem" of *Doctor Faust*, written for Mr. Lumley, Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852, but never produced.

Italy were all due to his occult machinations. The Poles may have been amused by these tales. But Faust's German friends saw no fun in them, and were inclined to look upon their author as the mountebank which he seems really to have been. One of Faust's countrymen, after remarking on the vanity of the man's profession as soothsayer—which nevertheless, he says, gained for him the admiration of the vulgar—adds: "I heard him chattering in the inn. I did not chastise him for his boasting. What is the madness of another man to me?" Another remarks that "Magister Georgius Sabellicus Faustus, junior," as the professor of magic called himself, is a philosopher less remarkable for philosophy than for fatuity, that he ought to be beaten with sticks, and that it is astonishing he can be allowed publicly to profess doctrines and practices condemned by the Church. The priests were naturally very much against him, and accused him of having said that if all the works of Plato and Aristotle were lost he could rewrite the whole of them with an added grace of his own. He was also charged with having asserted that there was nothing at all wonderful in the miracles of Jesus Christ, all of which he could at any time perform.

The most noteworthy testimony on the subject of this mediæval conjuror and spirit-rapper comes from Melanchthon, who was personally acquainted with him. In his *Table Talk*, collected by Manlius, Melanchthon is represented as saying that he had known "a certain person named Faust," who was professor at Cracow, where he taught magic; who travelled a great deal, had acquired many secrets, and at Venice had astonished the people by flying in the air. The devil, according to Melanchthon, raised the magician aloft, but maliciously dropped him, so that he was much injured by the shock, though not killed. His end came to him at a village in Wurtemberg, where, being very low-spirited one evening, he, in the first place, cautioned the innkeeper with whom he lodged not to be too much terrified if anything alarming happened during the night. At midnight, in fact, the house was shaken as by an earthquake; and the next morning, Faust not making his appearance, the innkeeper went into his room and found him lying by the side of the bed lifeless, and with his face turned to the ground—a sign that he had been killed by the devil. "Until then," observes the reformer, "he had a dog with him who *was* the devil." Melanchthon sums up Faust's character by calling him "*turpissima bestia et cloaca multorum diabolorum.*"

Wierus or Weiher, writing in 1588, the year after that in which the Faust legend first appeared in print, speaks of Faust as a professor of magic at Cracow and other places, and tells an anecdote of him which is also to be found in the popular story. Faust, when from time to time he diverted his mind from the contemplation of the higher philosophy, was fond of a practical joke; and meeting one day a man who wished to be shaved, he proposed for a sufficient quantum of wine—to which, according to Wierus, he was addicted—to perform the operation without soap or razor. The offer was accepted, when Faust rubbed the man's chin over with arsenic, and so effectually that not only his beard but his skin also came away.

The compiler and commentator of one of the earliest versions of the Faust legend, Widman, whose *True History*, &c., was printed at Hamburg in 1599, represents Faust, at least in his early days, not as a winebibber, but as the sworn enemy of excess both in eating and drinking. Faust had a particular horror of drinking before going to bed, and saw death in that "sleeping draught" which Macbeth seems to have taken habitually, and which he expected Lady Macbeth to bring him the last thing at night in whatever business he might happen to be engaged. Faust felt strongly on this subject, and placed his views on record in Latin hexameters and pentameters.

"Credite mortales, noctis potatio mors est,"

is one of his lines; and he wrote a

couplet to the same effect in a medical work of which Widman speaks knowingly as though he himself had seen it. Here is the couplet :—

"Corporis atque animi mors est impletio ventris,
Liberat a morbis sobrietas variis."

But from the moment that the chroniclers take him in hand Faust, as we first saw him, "chattering," "boasting," and "astonishing the common people," loses his identity. His actions remain the same, but his character is entirely changed. He keeps a dog, he flies through the air, his house at a critical moment is shaken by an earthquake, and he applies in facetious moods his secret shaving-powder to the chins of the vulgar. Faust's thoughts, however, are now those of his biographer—evidently a theologian of the Reformed Church; and the problems which he sets himself to solve are those which agitated the period in which the materials of what has since been known as the Faust legend were first put together. The so-called story contains more controversy than incidents. Each brief section of narrative is followed by a long section of disquisition; and the result is at once a tale and a tract, in which we are not only informed as to what befell Faust, but are also enlightened as to the errors of the Church of Rome. It is with the Evil Spirit, the enemy of God and of the human race, that Faust enters into relations, and it is between him and Faust that the real drama takes place. But we are reminded from time to time that on many points, as in regard to celibacy and the reading of the Bible, the views of the evil spirit are identical with those of the Roman clergy. Mephistopheles appears in the garb of a monk; which accounts for the hood, though not for the red cloak (borrowed apparently from Zamiel), in which he is exhibited on the modern stage; and in telling Faust what subjects he may and what he absolutely must not discuss he forbids the Bible, but allows him full liberty to occupy himself with "ceremonies, the mass, purgatory, sophistry, legends, councils, and school theology." Faust prefers higher themes, and, without touching on the Bible, disputes with Mephistopheles on the relations of the devil towards God, the nature of heaven and hell, the eternity of punishment for sin, and the possibility in his own particular case of repentance and reconciliation with the Divine Ruler.

Neither Spiess, the author of the earliest version of the Faust story, published in 1587 (on which Marlowe based his *Dr. Faustus* produced the year afterwards), nor Widman, nor any of the German narrators who have treated this theme, take note of Faust's life in Poland, which in due time was made the subject of a separate legend, with Polish details, and with Twardowski, a Polonized Faust, substituted for the Faust of Germany. The Polish Faust behaves with much levity. Like his German cousin, he takes flights in the air with his attendant fiend, and, like the Faust of one of the German ballads, enjoys the right of requiring this personage to execute three commands—the third of which, in the case of Twardowski, was that he should take Mdme. Twardowska for his wife. Rather than do this, the devil, who was already acquainted with the lady, broke the compact, and Twardowski was saved. This ingenuity on the part of the national magician has been celebrated by the Polish poet Miçkievicz, in appropriate verse. Is it not remarkable that, whereas the German Faust wished to marry but was not allowed to do so by Mephistopheles, the Polish Faust, a married man, sought to rid himself by diabolical means of his wife? Twardowski seems to have been the only married man who ever sold himself to the devil, though not the only one who endeavoured to escape from his matrimonial responsibilities by getting the devil to relieve him of them. But *Le Mystère du Chevalier qui donna sa Femme au Diable* has very little to do with the Faust legend.

The wife of the wicked knight just mentioned was saved by the intercession of the Holy Virgin who sent her,

as she was praying in a road-side chapel, into a deep sleep, then replaced her by the side of her husband and rode with him to a wood where Satan was to meet him. "Wretch," cried the indignant Satan when he saw what the wicked knight had been unable to perceive; "instead of your wife you have brought me the Mother of God." "He was not worthy of such a wife," said the Holy Virgin. "But I loved her and have taken her from him. She is now in my Son's Kingdom."

Theophilus of Syracuse, too, was saved by the Holy Virgin, when, like Faust, he had signed away his soul. But after the Reformation this means of escape was not within reach of those necromancers who had been brought up in the Protestant faith. Faust, moreover, was much more "advanced" in his opinions than the very primitive Theophilus, or than that simple-minded gentleman in the *Contes Dévots*, who was willing, if by so doing he could gain the heart of the woman he loved, to forsake God, but would not on any account abandon the Holy Virgin—a mark of attention for which the Blessed Mary duly rewarded him. Faust did not believe in a future state, or at least had grave doubts on the subject. In his first interviews with Mephistopheles he was uncertain whether he should sell himself at all; and he felt tolerably confident that if he did sell himself he would be able at the last moment, either through repentance or by some other means, to cheat the devil, and regain his liberty. Mephistopheles showed himself willing to make things easy for him, and contented himself as a first step with presenting for his consideration, in diplomatic fashion, a little convention in five points.

No. 1 exacted the denial of God; and Faust accepted it without much hesitation, resolved as he was at a fitting moment to abjure his impious renunciation. No. 2 obliged him to hate the human race, a condition which grieved him, as his fellow-creatures had done him no harm, and he bore no ill towards them. He could not, however, but yield on this point as on the preceding one. No. 3 required him to hate the clergy, who seem to have been regarded by the author of the legend—doubtless himself a clergyman—as holding a midway position between God and man; No. 4 bound him never to set foot in a church; and No. 5 forbade his getting married. As Faust cared neither for church nor clergy, and had no wish to get married, he agreed readily to the three last points. Mephistopheles, on his side, pledged himself to execute all Faust's commands during a period of twenty-four years, at the expiration of which term Faust became his, body and soul. When everything was settled, Faust was informed that he must sign with his blood. A vein was opened; the precious liquid was put in a vessel on the fire; it boiled; Mephistopheles handed Faust a pen, and the business was finished.

Meanwhile, there had been no question of Helen, still less of Gretchen, of whom no trace or suggestion is to be found in the earliest versions of the Faust legend. The primary object of the baffled magician had been to extend his knowledge, and it was not until later chroniclers had developed the story in various directions that, in connection with Article 5, the shadowy figure of a young German girl was introduced, which took form in subsequent editions, until at last, in the hands of the poet, it bloomed into the personage of Margaret.

But for the famous fifth point in the treaty between Faust and Mephistopheles, Margaret might never have existed; and, as in the sixteenth century, the story of Faust would still have remained that of his selling himself to the fiend; of his disputations with Mephistopheles on the mysteries of earth, heaven, and—above all—hell; his repentance; his vain attempts to escape from the power of the devil; his increasing despair as the term of his compact draws to an end; his exhortations to his admirers, the students, that his example may not be lost upon

them; and finally his death. Helen of Troy, with her "coal-black eyes, cherry lips, and neck like a white swan," as she is described in old Spiess's narrative, would probably not have been forgotten; though her part in the drama of Faust's career, despite the fact that she lives with him as his wife and bears him a son, is not an important one. Lovers of analogies may, perhaps, say that Helen is to Faust what Venus, in another legend based on the same fundamental idea, is to Tannhäuser. The principle is laid down in one of the numerous popular versions of the Faust story, that the devil likes "the word" to be followed by "the deed;" and though Faust, under pressure, has declared himself in writing to be the enemy of God, man, the clergy, the Church, and marriage, he does not, in practice, show himself to be anything of the kind until Helen is introduced as if to console him for his inability to take a wife. He passes his time in holding "disputations" with Mephistopheles on high theological and metaphysical subjects; in playing ridiculous practical jokes; and in summoning to his presence the heroes and other personages of the Homeric poems—including Polyphemus, whom the author of the narrative compares with Goliath, and thereupon launches into the history of Samson. At last, in Spiess's original version, Helen appears, and, remaining with Faust, becomes the mother of a child, who receives the name of Justus. But in this story of the year 1587 the appearance of Helen does not follow closely on Faust's unlawful desire to get married. It was reserved for Widman—who published his elaborate narrative and commentary twelve years later, and who considered himself better informed than his predecessor as to the true history of Faust—to establish the connection between Faust's desire to get married and the substitution by Mephistopheles of Helen for the legitimate wife who could not on any account be allowed to him.

In a much shorter version than either of the preceding ones, published in 1728, and described by Scheible in *Das Kloster* as the first of the "little story-books" on the subject, Faust's wish to get married takes the form of love for "a beautiful but poor girl who was in service at a tradesman's in his neighbourhood, and who would permit him nothing out of wedlock." Faust had a very serious quarrel with Mephistopheles in regard to this damsel; and when he declared his intention of marrying her, whether the diabolical agent attached to him liked it or not, a mighty wind arose and shook the house (as when "Georgius Sabellicus Faustus," of the University of Cracow, gave up the ghost); after which the building burst into flames, so that Faust was near being tormented with fire before his time. All the authors testify to the occurrence of this phenomenon as the emphatic expression of the devil's aversion to matrimony. But the editor of the narrative published in 1728 seems to have been the first to show that, as soon as the devil had frightened Faust out of all idea of marrying the future Margaret, he at once calmed and demoralized him by giving him Helen in place of the "beautiful but poor girl who would permit him nothing out of wedlock."

In yet another edition of the Faust legend dated 1839, and which may possibly, therefore, have been founded, in part at least, on Goethe's dramatic poem, the Margaret episode, which was destined to be gradually developed until it should at last fill the whole framework of the story, has assumed larger dimensions and gained new features. The "beautiful but poor girl" has now become the "beautiful and modest daughter of honourable people," whom Faust, "through the assistance of a procuress and by means of rich presents and deceitful promises, befools and brings to ruin." Thereupon, when she became a mother and found herself deserted by her faithless one, "she in her distress killed her own infant, and was sentenced to undergo the punishment for child-murder. The story is quite credible," continues the writer. "The devil

would take good care that each word given by Faust should be followed by a deed; and when one bears on his soul the soul of another he is already on the way to eternal damnation."

Neither Spiess nor Widman says anything to indicate the existence of a Margaret beyond telling us that Faust wished to get married; from which it may not unreasonably be inferred that there was some one he wished to marry, for we had already been assured that marriage in the abstract possessed no sort of attraction for him. It is remarkable, however, that the charming personage who in the end was to become the most interesting figure in the Faust story should in the earliest versions have had no definite existence. Her place in the tale was already marked from the beginning. She is the natural dramatic consequence of Article 5, which Faust was bound to observe, and which he is led through the unconscious girl to set at defiance, that he may fall more surely into the power of the fiend. But, though century by century she grew in importance, it was not until Goethe breathed into her the breath of poetic life that this innocent and suffering agent in the damnation of Faust was known by a name. Since Goethe's time Margaret, adopted by painters, dramatists, and composers, has had new beauty bestowed upon her, or, at least, has had her own native beauty presented in new lights. Rembrandt painted Faust, Christopher Van Sichem painted Faust and Mephistopheles. But Ary Scheffer painted Margaret and scenes in which Margaret is always the principal figure. In Goethe's *Faust* the first part—what is generally accepted as the whole work—ends with the death of Margaret; nor does the real drama commence until Margaret is accosted by Faust as she leaves the cathedral, in which we afterwards see her unable to utter a prayer. Margaret, moreover, as a lyrical personage in the fullest sense of the word could not but engage the attention of composers; of whom the first to set her beautiful songs to music was Schubert.

When just fifty years ago Prince Puckler-Muskau told Goethe that he had seen *Faust* performed with music by Prince Radziwill, the venerable poet replied that "it must have been very strange." Far stranger would the ingeniously constructed — or rather cleverly trimmed—drama of *Faust and Margaret* have appeared to him; and curious, indeed, would he have found the opera composed by M. Gounod on the *Faust and Margaret* drama as converted by its skilful arrangers, MM. Barbier and Carré, into a libretto. Herr Wagner has expressed, in *Opera and Drama*, needless indignation at the thought of *William Tell* having been set to music by an Italian; and he has, at least, equally good reasons for complaining that *Faust* should have had what threatens to be its permanent operatic form given to it by a Frenchman. The French have, indeed, during the last thirty or forty years, shown a curious persistency in taking as a subject for music what they knew perfectly well to be a German legend. Three French composers of very different degrees and kinds of talent, Mdlle. Louise Bertin, Hector Berlioz, and M. Gounod, have sinned in this manner; and, to speak only of M. Gounod's charming opera, it must be admitted that the two principal male personages of that work, wandering about as if in search of adventures, bear a far greater resemblance to the Lionel and Plumkett of Flotow's *Martha*, than to the Faust and Mephistopheles of necromantic tradition. Goethe's *Faust* was never intended for the stage; nor even in the abridged stage version prepared for the German theatres could it ever have become a popular stage play. M. Gounod's opera, on the other hand, has pleased the public everywhere, and nowhere more than in Germany; where, however, the managers, to mark their sense of the difference that exists between the work of the German poet and that of the French dramatists and composer, give to the latter the name not of *Faust* but of *Margaret*.

Thus, in the course of three centuries

the popular story of "Faust" has gradually become transformed into the popular opera of *Margaret.* It is for Margaret, according to Gounod's opera, that Faust sells himself; and, Margaret having been loved, ruined, and abandoned, Mephistopheles claims Faust as his prey. The Faust story is converted into the story of an aged student, who gives himself to the devil for renewed youth and the love of a pretty girl, and who is carried off to the devil as soon as the pretty girl has been destroyed in body and mind, if not in soul. The public might say to Margaret in the eloquent words of Faust himself—

> "One word, one look, from you is more to me
> Than all the teachings of philosophy."

They prefer the story of Margaret's love to the records of Faust's "disputations" with Mephistopheles, and to the history of his spiritual experience as he finds himself sinking more and more hopelessly into the power of the devil.

Neither in Goethe's *Faust* nor in the *Faust* of the popular story-books is the principal personage carried off to the infernal regions for his conduct to Margaret; which, if it might make angels weep, could from devils only elicit a smile. In Germany, as in England, an idea has got abroad that at the end of the First Part Faust is seized by Mephistopheles and borne away. So, indeed, he is, but to fresh adventures, not to eternal torments. Otherwise the action of the Second Part would take place in the lower world; and "Helen of Troy" would not be Helen resuscitated, but Helen's ghost. Goethe seems to have intended at one time to follow in the second part, as he had done in the first, the main incidents of the popular story. After the "beautiful but poor girl" of whom Faust became enamoured but whom he was not allowed to marry comes, as an essential part of the tale, the brilliant Helen with whom there would be no question of marriage. In the old legend Faust further visits the Court of the Emperor; and this also he does in Goethe's Second Part. But the last few years of Faust's life in the old story-books (as also in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, based on Spiess's narrative) are passed in ever-increasing mental and moral torments; of which, in the popularized operatic version of Goethe's dramatic poem, we naturally find no more trace than in the poem itself. The Faust of Spiess's and of Widman's narrative repents, is thereupon called to account by Mephistopheles, and forced to renew his engagement, so that there may be no mistake about the matter. He then questions his "dear Mephistopheles" more earnestly than ever as to the nature of eternal punishment; and Mephistopheles civilly explains it to him by the example of a stone which, heated, made red-hot, and left to cool, may be heated again and again for an indefinite period. The pain of hell consists, moreover, says Mephistopheles, in hell's lying at the foot of heaven, which from the infernal abyss is plainly visible, but quite inaccessible. Vividly realizing the terrors of his approaching end, Faust now suffers so much that one night he wakes Mephistopheles, and asks him whether he is not already in hell. Mephistopheles scouts the idea. The torments that await the damned go far beyond all that can be pictured by the imagination, he tells him; adding, when Faust shudders with alarm, that he is grieved to see him so timid. "Put a bold face on the matter," he adds with truly diabolical pleasantry, "and think of the number of Jews, Saracens, and sinners of all kinds whom you will have with you." Before his death, Faust, who has already written his memoirs for the benefit of humanity, addresses some last words to the students. He prays in vain that the devil while torturing his body to all eternity will yet spare his soul. Then at night a noise of hissing and shrieking is heard; and when the students enter his room next morning they find the remains of the unhappy doctor scattered about the floor.

Of Zito, the Bohemian Faust, some account may be found in Scheible's *Kloster.* Zito possessed neither the

intellectual elevation, nor the spiritual aspirations of the Faust celebrated by Spiess and Widman. But he mystified peasants, cheated horsedealers, and indulged in various "shaves," including the removal of the beard by means of arsenic, like the Faustus of the German chroniclers, and of our own Marlowe.

Twardowski, the Polish Faust, besides being a great practical joker, is popularly believed—as was at one time the Faust of Germany—to have invented printing. His life may be studied in a monograph with illustrations, published some fifteen years ago at Vienna, under the title of *Twardowski; oder, Der Polnischer Faust.* Entering Russia, from Poland, in the year 1863, with a copy of this harmless work in my possession, I was required to give it up; and on claiming it afterwards at the censor's office at Moscow, whither it had been sent on, was assured that it was a political pamphlet of the most revolutionary character. "Twardowski," said the far-seeing officials, "represents Poland, the devil is Russia and the author of this insidious publication would show that Poland is bound to Russia by a compact of diabolical origin." Thus, several centuries after his death, Twardowski was still destined to mystify the vulgar. I, however, was the victim of his last practical joke, for my monograph was confiscated.

H. Sutherland Edwards.

A LAST WORD ON THE BURIALS BILL.

In my address at Sion College I touched for a moment on the now much discussed question of the Burials Bill. I observed that whatever resembled an arbitrary assertion of his own private will and pleasure should be shunned by a clergyman; that the exercise of his right of refusing burial to unbaptized persons often resembled, and not unfrequently was, such an assertion; and that it would be for the advantage of the Church to abandon this right. I added that if this were done, and if the option of a silent service, or of a shortened service, in place of the present Burial Service, were also given, as much would have been conceded to the Dissenters, in the matter of burials, as justice requires, as much as it is for the public interest to concede, and as much as it will finally, I think, be found necessary to concede.

But much more than this is claimed for the Dissenters. Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill lays down that "it is just and right to permit the performance in parish churchyards of other burials than those of the Church of England, and by other persons than the ministers of that Church." And the *Times* says in recommendation of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill: "A just legislature has to put the business on the basis of justice and truth. It will consider what a Dissenter or his friends desire, and what, being in accordance with his or their wishes, will be no injustice or untruth. It does really seem late in the day to have to prove that the imposition of a service at variance with the whole course of a man's life, opinions, and practice, is an injustice and an untruth. An Englishman has a right to worship in the style he thinks truest and best, just as he has a right to dress as he likes, to select his own acquaintances, or to choose his own pursuits." "Let the Dissenting minister then," concludes the *Times*, "enter the churchyard, and have his own say over his own spiritual son or daughter; and let the incumbent cease to intrench himself in the vain illusion of an inviolable churchyard in a parish which has long ceased to be his exclusive domain." And Lord Selborne, in the debate on Lord Granville's resolution upon the subject of burials, treated it as a matter quite clear and self-evident, that to deny this right to Dissenters was a violation of the established English principle of religious liberty. "Is there any conceivable logical answer," he asked, "to the observation, that in these cases you deny after death that religious liberty which in every other respect is given to the deceased during the whole of their lives? You deny this liberty in the present state of things in two ways: by refusing to them the liberty of being religious in their own way, and by imposing upon them the necessity of being religious in your way." "The feelings of the great majority of the laity," Lord Selborne adds, "when it is brought home to them that there is this violation of the established principle of religious liberty in dealing with interments, will go more and more with those who complain of this grievance."

A number of clergymen, many of them bearing names well known and respected, have proposed, as "a reasonable concession to the feelings of Nonconformists," to "grant permission to a recognised minister or representative of any religious body to perform in the churchyard a funeral service consisting of passages of Holy Scripture, prayers, and hymns." But absolute liberty is the right claimed, and these limitations are evidently inconsistent with it. "We are afraid," says the *Times* of the clergymen's proposal, "that even with the most liberal interpretation, this restriction leaves out of account some communities for whose

rights the supporters of the Bill would contend as strenuously as for those of others. *But it is a misapprehension, it is to be apprehended, of the essential nature of a Nonconformist, to suppose that he would ever pledge himself to conform to anything.* The essence of his demand is to claim free access to sacred places, which the necessity of nature compels him to use, with such observances as the principles of his communion may prescribe." Yes, "necessity of nature"; for, it is argued, "while every other public incident of a man's life must be optional, he must be buried." And therefore, contends the *Times* to exactly the same effect as Lord Selborne, "let the natural necessity of burial be once admitted, and the necessity of according religious freedom in the satisfaction of it must inevitably be allowed."

Finally, it is said that in all other Christian countries except Spain the right of burying their dead in the parish churchyard with their own services and their own ministers is conceded to Dissenters; and here, again, is a reason why in England too the clergyman should, as the *Times* says, "cease to intrench himself in the vain illusion of an inviolable churchyard in a parish which has long ceased to be his exclusive domain"; should "let the Dissenting minister enter the ground and have his own say over his own spiritual son or daughter."

I have been asked how the concession which I spoke of at Sion College can be thought sufficient when it is so much less than what the Dissenters themselves and their friends demand, than what some of the best of the clergy offer to concede, than what natural justice and the recognised English principle of religious liberty require, and than what is almost universally conceded in the rest of Christendom? And I am asked this by those who approach the question, just as I approach it myself, in a spirit perfectly disinterested; who have no political object to serve by answering it in a way favourable to the Dissenters, who do not care whether or not it is the liberal-looking, popular, taking thing so to answer it; who on the other hand have no need to bid for the support of the clergy, and who are without the least touch of ecclesiastical bias; but who simply want to get the question answered in a way to satisfy their own minds and consciences, want to find out what is really the right and reasonable course to pursue. And for their satisfaction, and for my own, I return for a moment to this matter of burials, before finally leaving the whole question of Church and Dissent; that I may not seem to be leaving it with a curt and inconsiderate judgment on a matter where the feelings of the Dissenters are strongly engaged.

What is the intention of all forms of public ceremonial and ministration? It is, that what is done and said in a public place, and bears with it a public character, should be done and said worthily. The public is responsible for it; gets credit and advantage from it if it is done worthily, is compromised and harmed by it if it is done unworthily. The mode, therefore, of performing public functions in places invested with a public character is not left to the will and pleasure of chance individuals. It is expressly designed to rise above the level which would be thence given. If there is a sort of ignobleness and vulgarity (*was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine*) which comes out in the performance of the mass of mankind left to themselves, public forms, in a higher strain, and of recognised worth, are designed to take the place of such crude performance. They are a kind of schooling which may educate gradually such performance into something better, and meanwhile may prevent it from standing forth, to its own discredit, and to that of all of us, as public and representative. This, I say, is evidently the design of all forms for public use on serious and solemn occasions. No one will say that the common Englishman glides off-hand—and by nature into a strain pure, noble, and elevated; on the contrary, he falls with great ease into vulgarity. But no people has shown more attachment than the English to old and dignified forms calculated to save us from it.

Such is the origin and such is the defence of the use of a set form of burial service in our public churchyards. It stands on the same ground as the use of all appointed forms whatever, in public places and on serious occasions. It is designed to save public places and occasions, and our character as a community, from being discredited through what the caprice and vulgarity of individuals might prompt them to. The moment a place has a public and national character, there emerges the requirement of a public form for use there. And therefore it is really quite marvellous to find a man of Lord Selborne's acuteness, maintaining that to withhold from the Dissenting minister the right, as the *Times* says, "to enter the churchyard and have his own say over his own spiritual son or daughter," is to "deny after death that religious liberty, which in every other respect is given to the deceased during the whole of their lives." To be sure, he was speaking in a parliamentary debate, where perhaps it is lawful to employ any fallacy which your adversaries cannot at the moment expose. But is it possible that Lord Selborne can himself have been deceived by the argument that to refuse to Dissenters the liberty to have what services they please performed over them in the parish churchyard, is to "deny after death that religious liberty, which, in every other respect, is given to the deceased during the whole of their lives?" True, the deceased have had religious liberty during their lives, have been free to choose what religious services they pleased. But where? In private places. They have no more been free, during their lifetime, to have what proceedings they liked in the parish church and in the parish churchyard, than to have what proceedings they liked in the House of Lords or in the Court of Chancery And for the same reason in each case: that these places are public places, and that to safeguard the worthy use of public places we have public forms. That then, in his choice of religious proceedings, which the deceased Dissenter enjoyed during his lifetime, or which any Englishman enjoys, is a liberty exercisable only in private places. He enjoys just the same liberty after his death. To refuse to any and every individual the liberty to dictate after his death what shall be done and said in a place set apart for national use, and belonging to the public, is just the same abridgment of his religious liberty, as much and as little an abridgment of it, as he has been subjected to during the whole course of his life. He has never, during his whole life, been free to have, in such a place, whomsoever he likes "enter the ground and have his own say." He is not free to have it after his death.

It is impossible to establish a distinction between a man's rights in regard to his burial and his rights in regard to other public incidents, as they are called, of his life. They are optional, it is sometimes said; burial is necessary. Even were this true, it would prove nothing as to a need for exemption in burial rather than in other matters, from the requirement of public forms in public places. Burial is necessary, but not burial in public places. But the proposition is practically not true. For practical purposes, and in regard to mankind in general, it is not true that marriage is optional. It is not even true that religious worship is optional. Human nature being what it is, and society being what it is, religious worship and marriage may both of them, like burial, be called necessary. They come in the regular course of things and engage men's sentiments widely and deeply. And everything that can be said about the naturalness of a man's wishing to be buried in the parish churchyard by a minister of his own persuasion and with a service to his own liking, may be said about the naturalness of his wishing to be married in the parish church in like fashion. And the same of worshipping in the parish church. It is natural that a man should wish to enjoy, in his own parish church, worship of his own choice, conducted by

a minister of his own selecting. And the hearty believers in a man's natural right to have in the parish churchyard a burial to his own liking, do not conceal that they believe also in a man's natural right to have in the parish church a worship to his own liking. "Let me be honest about it," said Sir Wilfrid Lawson at Carlisle; "if you let the Nonconformist into the churchyard, that is only a step towards letting him into the church." The two rights do, in fact, stand on precisely the same footing. If the naturalness of a man's wishing for a thing creates for him a right to do it, then a Dissenter can urge his right to have his own minister say his say over him in the parish churchyard. Equally he can urge his right to have his own minister say his say to him in the parish church. What bars the right is in both cases just the same thing: the higher right of the community. For the credit and welfare of the community, public forms are appointed to be observed in public places. The will and pleasure of individuals is not to have sway there. This is what bars the Nonconformist's right to have in his life-time what minister and service he likes in the parish church. It is also what bars his right to have after his death what minister and service he likes in the parish churchyard.

Certain clergymen have been arbitrary, insolent, and vexatious, in exercising the power given to them by that rubric which excludes unbaptized persons from a legal claim to the burial service of the Church of England. I can understand people being provoked into a desire to "give a lesson," as Lord Coleridge said, to such clergymen, by admitting Dissenting ministers to perform burial services in the churchyard. I can understand the better spirits among the clergy being disposed, out of shame and regret at the doings of some of their brethren, to concede to Dissenters what they ask for in the matter of burials. I can understand their being disposed to concede it, too, out of love of peace, and from the desire to end disputes and to conciliate adversaries by abandoning a privilege. But the requirement of a fixed burial service in the parish churchyard is not made for the benefit of the clergy, or in order to confer upon the clergy a privilege. It is made for the benefit of the community. It is not to be abandoned out of resentment against those who abuse it, or out of generosity on the part of the more liberal clergy. They are generous with what is really, however it may appear to them, not a privilege of theirs, but a safeguard of ours. If it is for the advantage of the community that in public places some public form should be followed, if the community runs risk of discredit from suffering individuals to say and do what they like in such places, and if the burial service of the Church of England is enjoined on this principle, then it is not to be given up in order to punish the folly of some of the clergy or to gratify the generosity of others. If the principle on which it has been enjoined is sound, the service is to be retained for the sake of this principle.

And so evidently sound is the principle, that the politicians who take the Dissenters' cause in hand cannot help feeling its force; and Mr. Osborne Morgan proposes, while allowing the Dissenters to have their own services in the parish churchyard, to "make proper provision for order and decency;" and Lord Granville stipulates that the services shall be conducted "in an orderly and Christian manner." But unless these are mere words, meant to save appearances but not to have any real operation, we are thus brought back to the use of some public and recognized form for burials in the parish churchyard. And the burial service of the Church of England was meant for a public and recognized form of this kind, which people at large could accept, and which ensured an "orderly and Christian" character to proceedings in the parish churchyard. Proceedings dependent solely on the will and pleasure of chance individuals, and liable to bear the marks of their "natural taste for the bathos," as

Swift calls it, cannot ensure this character; but proceedings in a public place ought to have it. And the very politicians who advocate the Dissenters' cause admit that they ought.

So it is a case for revision of the public form of burial at present imposed. The burial service of the Prayer-Book was meant to be used in the parish churchyard over all Christians—to suit all. It does not suit all. Some object to things in the service itself. More object to being strictly confined to that service only. More still object to being deprived in their burial of the offices of a minister of their own persuasion. On the other hand, a self-willed clergyman is enabled by a rubric of that service to withhold its use in some cases where its use is desired, and where to withhold it is both foolish and cruel. Such is the present state of things, and it has to be dealt with by means of some change or other which shall remove causes for just discontent without abandoning the principle of requiring proper and worthy forms to be observed at proceedings in the parish churchyard.

There is division among Christians, and in no country are they found all agreeing to adopt the same forms and ministers of religion. Different bodies of Christians have their own forms and ministers. And except in England these different bodies have, it is said, the churchyard in common. In Ireland it is so. In Scotland there is, as in England, an Established Church; yet the forms and ministers of other religious bodies are admitted to the use of the parish churchyard. In France the Catholics are in an enormous majority, yet Protestants can be buried with their own forms in the graveyards of Catholic churches. In Germany, where both Catholics and Protestants are found in great numbers, and much intermixed, the churchyards of the one confession are open to the burial rites of the other.

Now in comparing the Church of England with other Churches it is right to remember one character which distinguishes it from all of them. The Church of England was meant, in the intention of those who settled it at the Reformation, to satisfy the whole English people and be accepted by them. It was meant to include both Catholics and Protestants in a compromise between old and new, rejecting Romish corruptions and errors, but retaining from Catholicism all that was sound and truly attaching, and thus to provide a revised form of religion, adapted to the nation at large as things then stood, and receivable by it. No other Church has been settled with this design. And therefore no other Church stands precisely on the same ground in offering its formularies to people. For whereas other Churches in offering their formularies to people offer them with the recommendation that here is truth and everywhere else is error, the Church of England, in offering its formularies to Englishmen, offers them with the recommendation that here is truth expressly so presented as to suit and unite the English nation. And, therefore, to no Church can dissent be so mortifying as to the Church of England; because it is the denial, not only of her profession of the truth, but also of her success in her direct design. However, this cannot make things otherwise than they are, and the Church of England, whatever may have been its design, does not manage to satisfy every one any more than the Churches in other countries. And whatever special mortification she may have cause for, in seeing around her forms and ministers of religion other than her own, that is no reason why she should be less liberal in her dealings with them than the Church in other countries. Either she must manage to suit them herself, or she must be liberal to them.

Reciprocity, at any rate, is but fair. If the burial rites of the Church of England are admitted to Presbyterian churchyards in Scotland, and to Catholic churchyards in Ireland, the burial rites of Scotch Presbyterians and of Irish Catholics ought surely to be admitted to Anglican churchyards. There can

be no fear that the burial-rite of either should do discredit to the churchyard. The funerals of Scotch Presbyterians are conducted, I believe, in silence; in a silent interment there can be nothing offensive. The Catholic Offices for the Dead are the source from whence our own are taken. In either case we have the security for decency which the deliberate public consent of large and well-known bodies of our fellow Christians affords on behalf of the burial-rites in use with them. Great bodies like these are not likely to have given their sanction to a form of burial service discreditable to a public churchyard and inadmissible there. And if we had only to deal with the Presbyterians and the Catholics, the burial question would present itself under conditions very different from those which now do actually attend it. Nay, if the English Dissenters were reducible, even, to a few great divisions —suppose to the well-known three denominations—and either there were a common form of burial service among these denominations, or each denomination had its own; and the Dissenters were content to be thus classed, and to adhere either to a single form of Dissenters' burial service, or one of two or three; then, also, the case would be different. But these are not the conditions under which we are dealing with the burials question. The dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion have brought the Dissenters in England to classify themselves not in two or three divisions, but in one hundred and thirty-eight. And their contention is that, no matter how they may split themselves up, they have still their right to the churchyard; new sects as much as old, small sects as much as great, obscure sects as much as famous; Ranters, Recreative Religionists, and Peculiar People, as much as Presbyterians and Baptists. And no man is entitled to tell them that they must manage to agree among themselves upon one admissible form of burial service or upon one or two admissible forms; that would be restricting their religious liberty. "It is a misapprehension," the *Times*, their advocate, tells us, "of the essential nature of a Nonconformist to suppose that he could ever pledge himself to conform to anything. The essence of his demand is to claim free access to sacred places, which the necessity of nature compels him to use, with such observances as the principles of his communion may prescribe." Whether the observances are seemly, and such as to befit a public and venerable place, we are not to ask. Probably the Dissenters themselves think that a man's conscience recommending them to him makes them so. And what Lord Granville and Mr. Osborne Morgan and the political friends of the Dissenters think on this matter, and how they propose to ensure the decent and Christian order for which they stipulate, and at the same time not to violate that essential principle of a Nonconformist's nature which forbids him in religion "ever to pledge himself to conform to anything," does not quite appear. Perhaps they have not looked into the thing much, or they think that it does not matter much, and that the observances of one body of religionists are likely to be as good as those of another. Yet surely there is likely to be a great difference between the observances of a great body like the Presbyterians, counting its adherents by hundreds of thousands, having existed for a long time, and possessing a well-known reason for existence—counting, also, amongst its adherents, a great mass of educated people—there is likely to be a great difference between the observances of a body like this, and the observances of such a body, say, as the Peculiar People. Both are Dissenters in England; but one affords the same sort of security that its proceedings in a parish churchyard will be decorous which Anglicanism itself affords, the other affords no such security at all. And it is precisely in the country churchyards, if accessible to them, that the observances of ignorant and fanatical little sects would parade themselves; for these sects are found above all in country places, where there are no

cemeteries, and not in great towns, where these are. And we are not to take security against such a violation of the parish churchyard by requiring the hundred and thirty-eight Dissenting sects to agree to one or more authorisable forms of burial service for themselves, if they object to the burial service of the Church of England, because, where religious observances are concerned, "it is the essential nature of a Nonconformist not to pledge himself to conform to anything!" The Nonconformist's pretension, to be dispensed from pledging himself thus, can only be allowed so long as he is content to forego, in exercising it, the use of places with a public and national character. To admit such a pretension in those using, for any purpose, a place with a public and national character, is a mere plunge into barbarism.

The example of foreign countries is quoted, and of the foreign countries most like our own, France and Germany. In France there are many churchyards with a separate portion for Protestants, and in this portion Protestants are buried with their own rites and by their own ministers. This, as has been pointed out, is not what our Dissenters wish for, or would accept. In Germany there is no such separation, and Protestants are buried in Catholic churchyards by their own ministers, with their own rites. But, in either case, what Protestants? In France, Protestants belonging to the Reformed, or Calvinistic, Church, a Church with a great history, a Church well known, with a well-known rite, and paid and recognized by the State equally with the Catholic Church. In Germany, Protestants belonging to the Lutheran Church, to the Calvinistic Church, and to the Church formed by the union of the two. Like the Reformed Church in France, these are all of them public bodies, with a public status, a recognised rite, and offering sound security for their proper use of a public place like the churchyard. Do English people imagine that in France or Germany, whose liberality is vaunted at the expense of ours, Ranters or Recreative Religionists or Peculiar People are all of them free to "have their say" in the parish churchyards? Do they imagine that in the use, such as it is, of Catholic churchyards by Protestants in France and Germany the "essential principle" of our English Nonconformist, "not to pledge himself to conform to anything," is allowed to have sway? If they do, they are very much mistaken.

Nothing, therefore, in the example of France and Germany condemns the taking security from those who are admitted to use their burial rites in the parish churchyard. If Catholics and the three Dissenting denominations were admitted, each with a recognised burial service, to our churchyards, that would be, in a general way, a following of the precedent set by France and Germany; at any rate, of the precedent set by Germany. But to this the Nonconformists themselves will never consent, therefore it is idle to propose it. And there are other reasons, too, for not proposing such an arrangement in this country. In the first place, it is not required in order to ensure religious burial for Christians of all kinds. The Church of England, as has been already said, was expressly meant to serve the needs of the whole community, and speaking broadly and generally one may say that the whole Christian community has at present a legal right to her burial offices, and does obtain them. The Catholic Church does not bury Protestants, but the Church of England buries Protestants and Catholics alike. Then, too, the mass of the Protestant Dissenters use the burial service of the Church of England without objection. And the country is accustomed from of old to see used in the parish churchyards this burial service only, and to see it performed by the clergyman only. Public feeling would certainly be displeased by a startling innovation in such a matter, without urgent need. And there is no urgent need. Again, there is certainly a danger that Catholics, their position towards the Church of England being what it is, might be disposed, if they were

admitted with their ceremonies to the parish churchyards, to make capital, as the phrase is, out of that event, to render it subservient to further ends of their own; and this danger does not exist on the Continent, for there the Catholics stand towards no Protestant Church in the position which here they hold towards the Church of England. It does not exist in Scotland, where the Established Church is not (I may say it, I hope, as I mean it, without offence) a sufficiently great affair to tempt Catholics to make capital out of the admission of their rites to the parish churchyards. All this would incline one to keep the practice as to burials in the main as it is now in the English churchyards, unless there is some clear hardship in it.

Such a hardship is found by some people in the mere fact of not being free to choose one's own rite and one's own minister. As to the free choice of rite in a public place, enough has been said; and it is admitted that in itself the burial rite of the Church of England is not generally unacceptable. There remains the hardship of not being able to have one's own minister to bury one. The language used by Lord Granville on this topic was surprising. No doubt the feelings may be soothed and pleased by the thought that the service over one's remains will be performed by a friend and acquaintance, not by a stranger. But to say that the sentiment demanding this satisfaction is so deep and natural that its orders must without fail be obeyed, and that much ought to be sacrificed in order to enable us to obey them, is really ridiculous. From the nature of things, such a sentiment cannot generally be indulged. Life and its chances being what they are, to expect that the minister, whose services we require to bury us, shall be at the same time a friend or acquaintance, shall be at any rate a man of our own choosing, is extravagant. That the form fixed for him to follow in ministering over us shall in itself be proper and acceptable, is the great matter. This being once secured, the more we forget the functionary in the service, the better. The Anglican burial service has a person appointed to read it—the parish clergyman. In itself, the Anglican burial service is considered by the great majority of Protestant Dissenters fit and acceptable. And it is taken, almost every word of it, from the Catholic offices of religion, the old common form of worship for Christendom. For a national Christian burial service this is surely enough. The service is both approved and approvable; but Lord Granville's sentiment, it seems, is wounded, unless he may also approve the minister who is to read it over him. I should never have credited him with so much scrupulosity.

A parishioner's right to be buried in the parish churchyard with this approved and approvable burial service is what we really have to guard. The real grievance is when this right is infringed. It is occasionally infringed, and infringed very improperly and vexatiously. The means for infringing it are afforded by the rubric prefixed to the burial service, a rubric directing that "the office ensuing is not to be used for any that die unbaptized, or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves." Excommunication is no longer practised. To refuse the burial office to suicides is a penal measure, perhaps in the abstract consonant with public opinion, practically, however, in all but extreme cases, evaded by treating the suicide as of unsound mind. In the denial of the burial office to "any that die unbaptized," lies the source of grievance. The office is meant for Christians, and this was what the rubric intended, no doubt, to mark; baptism being taken as the stamp common to all Christians. But a large and well-known sect of Christians, the Baptists, defer baptism until the recipient is of adult age, and their children, therefore, if they die, die unbaptized. To inquire whether a child presented for burial is a Baptist's child or not, is an inquiry which no judicious and humane clergyman would make. The office was meant for Christians, and Baptists are Christians, for surely

they do not cease to be so because of their tenet of adult baptism. Adult baptism was undoubtedly the primitive usage, although the change of usage adopted by the Church was natural and legitimate, and the sticklers (as may so often be said of the sticklers in these questions) would have been wiser had they acquiesced in it. But the rubric dresses the clergyman in an authority for investigating and excluding which enables a violent and unwise man to play tricks that might indeed make the angels weep. Where he has the law on his side he can refuse the burial service outright to innocent infants and children the most piously brought up; he can, under pretence of doubt and inquiry, adjourn and often withhold it where he has not. Such a man does harm to the Church, but it is not likely that he will have the sense to see this when he has not eyes to see what harm he does to himself. There may not be many of such men, but a few make a great noise, and do a great deal of mischief. There is no stronger proof of the immense power of inspiring attachment which the Church of England possesses, and of the lovable and admirable qualities shown by many of the clergy, than that the Church should still have so strong a hold upon the affections of the country in spite of such mischief-makers. If the Church ever loses it and is broken up, it will be by their fault. It was the view of this sort of people with their want of temper and want of judgment, the view of their mischievous action, exerting itself with all the pugnacity and tenacity of the British character, and of their fatal prominence, which moved Clarendon, a sincere friend of the Church of England, to that terrible sentence of his: "Clergymen, who understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind that can write and read."

The truly desirable, the indispensable change in the regulation of burials, is to remove the power of doing mischief which such persons now enjoy; and the best way to remove it is to strike out the first rubric to the burial service altogether. Excommunicated persons there are none to exclude. What is gained by insisting on the exclusion of suicides? In nine cases out of ten the plea of unsound mind is at present used to prevent their exclusion, from the natural feeling that to exclude them is really to visit their offence, not upon them, but upon their relations and friends, to punish the living for the fault of the dead. Where ought the widest latitude of merciful construction to be more permitted, where ought rigidity in sentencing, condemning, and excluding to be more discouraged, than in giving or withholding Christian burial? Of the test of baptism we have already spoken. It was meant as a test of the Christian profession of those buried in a Christian churchyard. It excludes many whose Christian profession is undoubted. But with regard to this profession, again, where is the virtue of being jealously critical after a man's death and when he is brought for burial? What good end can be served by severity here, what harm prevented? Those who were avowedly and notoriously not Christians will, it may be supposed, have forbidden their friends to bring them for Christian burial. If their friends do bring them, that is in fact to recant on behalf of the dead his errors, and to make him profess Christianity. Surely the Church can be satisfied with that, so far, at least, as not to refuse him burial! But in fact the great majority of those who reject Christianity, and who openly say so, have nevertheless been baptized and cannot be excluded from Christian burial. Can it be imagined that the mere rite of baptism is a rite the non-performance of which on a man during his lifetime makes the Christian burial of him after his death a vain and impious mockery? Yes, clergymen can be found who imagine even this. Clergymen write and print that their conscience will not suffer them to pronounce words of hope over an unbaptized person, because Christ said: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he

cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Perhaps no vagaries in the way of mis-interpretation of Scripture texts ought to cause surprise, the thing is so common. But this mis-interpretation of Christ's words is peculiarly perverse, because it makes Him say just the very opposite of what He meant to say. "Except a man *be cleansed and receive a new influence*," He meant to say, "he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." And St. Peter explains what this *being cleansed* is: "The answer of a good conscience towards God," of which baptism is merely the figure. Reliance on miracles, reliance on supposed privileges, reliance on external rites of any kind, are exactly what our Saviour meant, in the words given in the Fourth Gospel, to condemn reliance on anything except an interior change.

The rubric in question, therefore, might with advantage be expunged altogether. If clergymen complain that they shall then be compelled to pronounce words of hope and assurance in cases where it is shocking, and a mere mockery, to use them, it is to be said that this they are just as much compelled to do now. But no doubt such a necessity ought not to be imposed upon them; and in some cases, so long as the service stands as it does now, it *is* imposed upon them, and this equally whether the rubric is struck out or not. The words expressing good hope concerning the particular person buried impose it. But perhaps what has been said of the unadvisableness of using the occasion of burial for passing sentence of condemnation or pronouncing an opinion against the particular person dead, is true also, though certainly in a much less degree, of using it for pronouncing an opinion in his favour. We are intruding into things too much beyond our ken. At any rate, even though the bystanders, who know the history of the departed, may well in their hearts apply specially to him the hopes and promises for the righteous, the general burial service has another function. It moves in a higher region than this region of personal application. Its grandeur lies in its being a service over *man* buried. "We commit his body to the ground in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," is exactly right. *The* resurrection, not this or that individual's resurrection. We affirm our sure and certain hope that for *man* a resurrection to eternal life there is. To add anything like a pronouncement concerning this or that man's special share in it, is not the province of a general service; and the words, "as our hope is this our brother doth," would really be better away. For the sake of the service itself, its truth, solemnity, and impressiveness, they would be better away. And if they were away, there would be removed with them a source of shock and distress to the conscience of the officiating clergyman, which exists now, and which, he might say, would exist even more were the introductory rubric expunged.

The requirement of a fixed and noble form, consecrated by use and sentiment, as the national burial service in our parish churchyard, is a thing of the highest importance and value. Speech-making and prayer-making, substitutions or additions of individual invention, hazarded *ex tempore*, seem to me unsuitable and undesirable for such a place and such an occasion. In general, what it is sought to give utterance to by them can find its proper expression in the funeral sermon at another time. With hymns the case is different. They are not inventions made off-hand by individuals round the grave; we at least know what they will be, and we are safe in them from the incalculable surprises and shocks of a speech or an outpouring. Hymns, such as we know them, are a sort of composition which I do not at all admire. I freely say so now, as I have often said it before. I regret their prevalence and popularity amongst us. Taking man in his totality and in the long run, bad music and bad poetry, to whatever good and useful purposes he may often manage to turn them, are mischievous and deteriorating to him; somewhere and somehow and at some time or other he has to pay a penalty and to suffer a loss for taking delight in them. It is

bad for people to hear such words and such a tune as the words or tune of *O happy place! when shall I be, my God, with Thee, to see Thy face?*—worse for them to take pleasure in it. And the time will come, I hope, when we shall feel the unsatisfactoriness of our hymns and they will disappear from our religious services. But that time has not come yet, and will not be brought about soon or suddenly; we must deal with circumstances as they exist for us. Hymns are extremely popular both with Church people and with Dissenters. They meet here on a common ground, and both of them admit, in hymns, an element a good deal less worthy, certainly, than the regular liturgy, but also a good deal less fixed. In the use of hymns we have not, then, as in the use of speeches and extemporaneous prayings, a source of risk to our public religious services from which they are at present free; for they allow of hymns already. Here are means for offering, without public detriment, a concession to Dissenters, and for gratifying their wishes. Many of them would like, in burying their friends, to sing a hymn at the grave. Let them. Some concession has been already proposed in the way of allowing a hymn to be sung as the funeral enters the churchyard. Let the concession be made more free and ample; let a hymn or hymns be admitted as a part of the regular service at the grave. The mourners would have to give notice beforehand to the clergyman of their wish for the hymn, and it should be taken from one of the collections in general use.

This hymnody would lengthen the burial service. In view of this I should like to suggest one alteration in that beautiful and noble service, an alteration by which time might be got for the hymn, when desired, and which would moreover in itself be, I cannot but think, an improvement. The burial service has but one lesson, taken out of the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The passage taken is very long, and, admirable as it is, it is as a whole very difficult to understand. I should say that it is difficult as a whole because as a whole it is embarrassed, were it not that many people cannot conceive of an inspired writer as ever embarrassed; and I will not raise questions of this kind now. But difficult the lesson certainly is; difficult, and also very long. Yet it has parts which are most grand and most edifying, and which also taken by themselves are quite clear. And a lesson of Scripture should make as far as possible, a broad, deep, simple, single impression, and should bring out that impression quite clear. Above all, a lesson read at the burial of the dead, and with the hearers' minds affected as they then are should do this. It should be a real *lesson*, not merely a *lection;* which—from our habit of taking for this purpose long readings, hardly ever less than an entire chapter, and in which many matters are treated—our lessons read in church too often are.

Now the offices in our Prayer-Book are, as has been already said, for the most part made up out of the old Catholic offices, the common religious offices of Christendom before it was divided. But whoever looks at a Catholic service book will find that the lessons there are in general very much shorter than ours. There are more of them and they are much shorter, aiming at being as far as possible, all of them, complete wholes in themselves, and at producing one distinct, powerful, total impression; which is the right aim for lessons to follow. To this end chapters are broken up, and parts of them taken by themselves, and verses left out, and things which are naturally related brought together; and this not in the least with a controversial design, or to favour what are called Romish doctrines, but simply to produce a clearer and stronger impression. The unknown arranger of these old lessons has simply followed the instinct of a true critic, the promptings of a sound natural love for what is clear and impressive. And in following this he gives an instance of the truth of what I have somewhere said, that practically, in many cases, Catholics are less superstitious in their way of dealing with the Bible than Protestants. The fifteenth chapter of the

First Epistle to the Corinthians appears in the Catholic offices for the dead, but in detached portions; each portion thus becoming more intelligible, and producing a greater effect. Thus the seven verses from the beginning of the 20th verse (*Now is Christ risen from the dead*) to the end of the 26th (*The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death*) form one lesson, and a most impressive one. Another admirable and homogeneous lesson is given by taking the verses from the 41st (*There is one glory of the sun*) to the end of the 50th (*Neither doth corruption inherit in-corruption*), and passing from thence to the beginning of the 53rd (*For this corruptible must put on incorruption*), and continuing down to the end of the next verse (*Death is swallowed up in victory*). Here we have two separate lessons, much shorter, even both of them together, than the present lesson, and (I think it will be found) more impressive by being detached from it. But a lesson from the Old Testament is surely to be desired also. Who would not love to hear, in such a service, that magnificent prophecy on the breathing of life into the dry bones, the first ten verses of the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel? This also is to be found as one of the lessons in the Catholic offices for the dead. In the same offices is another lesson, even more desirable, it seems to me, to have in our burial service; a lesson, the most explicit we have, from our Saviour himself on the resurrection of the dead. Just that short passage of the fifth chapter of St. John, from the 24th verse to the end of the 29th — the passage containing the verse: *The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.*

Thus we have, instead of one long and difficult lesson, four short, clear, and most powerfully impressive ones. Let the rubric before the existing lesson be changed to run as follows:—"Then shall be read one or more of these lessons following"; and we shall have the means of making time for the hymn, if hymns are desired, without unduly lengthening the service; and if hymns are not desired, we shall be richer in our lessons than we are now.

But the hymn at the grave is not the only concession which we can without public detriment make in this matter to the Dissenters. Many Dissenters prefer to bury their dead in silence. Silent funerals are the practice in the Church of Scotland, and, I believe, with Presbyterians generally. To silent funerals in the parish churchyard there can manifestly be on the score of order, propriety, and dignity, no objection. A clergyman cannot feel himself aggrieved at having to perform them. The public cannot feel aggrieved by their being performed in a place of solemn and public character. Whenever, therefore, it is desired that burial in the parish churchyard should take place in silence, the clergyman should be authorised and directed to comply with this desire.

Thus I have sought to make clear and to justify what I meant by that short sentence about burials which occurred in what I said at Sion College, and at which a certain dissatisfaction was expressed by some whom I am loath to dissatisfy. The precise amount of change recommended, and the reasons for making it, and for not making it greater, have now been fully stated. To sum up the changes recommended, they are as follows:—The first rubric to be expunged; four lessons to be substituted for the present single lesson, and the rubric preceding it to run: "Then shall be read one or more of these lessons following"; the words, *as our hope is this our* brother *doth* to be left out; a hymn or hymns from one of the collections in general use to be sung at the grave, if the friends of the deceased wish it, and if they notify their desire to the clergyman beforehand; silent burial to be performed on the like conditions.

The Dissenters, some of them, demand a great deal more than this, and their political friends try to get a great deal more for them. What I have endeavoured is to find out what to a fair

and sensible man, without any political and partisan bias whatever, honestly taking the circumstances of our country into account and the best way of settling this vexed question of burials, would seem to be reasonable and expedient. Nor are the concessions and changes proposed so insignificant. I believe the majority of the Dissenters themselves would be satisfied with them. Certainly this would be the case if we count the Methodists with the Dissenters, and do not mean by Dissenters, as people sometimes mean, the political Dissenters only. And those who are incensed with the folly of some of the clergy in this matter, and desire to punish them, would probably find that they could inflict upon these men of arbitrary temper no severer punishment than by simply taking away from them, where burials are concerned, the scope for exercising it. However, my object in what I have proposed is not to punish certain of the clergy, any more than to mortify certain of the Dissenters, but simply to arrive at what is most for the good and for the dignity of the whole community. Certainly it is postulated that to accept some public form shall be the condition for using public and venerable places. But really this must be clear, one would think, to any one but a partisan, if he at all knows what "things lovely and of good report" are, and the value of them. It must be clear to many of the warmest adversaries of the Church. It is not hidden, I am sure, from Mr. John Morley himself, who is a lover of culture, and of elevation, and of beauty, and of human dignity. I am sure he feels that what is here proposed is more reasonable and desirable than what his Dissenting friends demand. *Scio, rex Agrippa, quia credis.* He is keeping company with his Festus Chamberlain, and his Drusilla Collings, and cannot openly avow the truth; but in his heart he consents to it.

And now I do really take leave of the question of Church and Dissent, as I promised. Whether the Dissenters will believe it or not, my wish to reconcile them with the Church is from no desire to give their adversaries a victory and them a defeat, but from the conviction that they are on a false line; from sorrow at seeing fine qualities and energies thrown away, from hope of signal good to this whole nation if they can be turned to better account. The dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion have some of mankind's deepest and truest instincts against them, and cannot finally prevail. If they prevail for a time, that is only a temporary stage in man's history; they will fail in the end, and will have to confess it. It is said, and on what seems good authority, that already in America, that Paradise of the sects, there are signs of reaction, and that the multitude of sects there begin to tend to agglomerate themselves into two or three great bodies. It is said, too, that whereas the Church of Rome, in the first year of the present century, had but one in two hundred of the population of the United States, it has now one in six or seven. This at any rate is certain, that the great and sure gainer by the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion is the Church of Rome. Unity and continuity in public religious worship are a need of human nature, an eternal aspiration of Christendom; but unity and continuity in religious worship joined with perfect mental sanity and freedom. A Catholic Church transformed is, I believe, the Church of the Future; but what the Dissenters, by their false aims and misused powers, effect, is to extend and prolong the reign of a Catholic Church untransformed, with all its conflicts, impossibilities, miseries. That, however, is what the Dissenters in their present state cannot and will not see. For the growth of insight to recognise it, one must y, both among the Dissenters thems es and in the nation which has to ju ge their aims and proceedings, on the lp of time and progress; time and pro s, in alliance with *the ancient and in d integrity, piety, good nature and d humour of the English people.*

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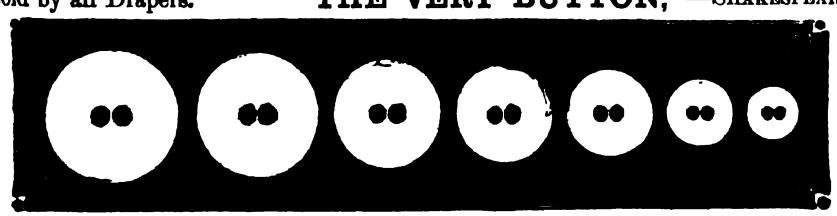

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Aug. 16

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1876.

Contents:—

I.—Sir Salar Jung and his Claims. By M. Laing-Meason.

II.—Madcap Violet. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," etc. Chapters XXVIII.—XXX.

III.—The Italian Drama. By Miss Phillimore.

IV.—Rambles by Cornish Seas. By the Hon. Roden Noel.

V.—The Khojas: the Disciples of the Old Man of the Mountain. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Bartle Frere.

VI.—The Elder Hamlet. By George MacDonald.

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This province, so the Hyderabad government declares, was assigned over to the English as a temporary measure, and not with the consent of the Nizam or his ministers, who were forced by threats, and almost at the point of the bayonet, to concede what was demanded of them. During a late tour in India, the present writer heard these claims discussed on all sides. Since coming home the question has been renewed in England by the advent of Sir Salar Jung. From sources that are unimpeachable as to their authority, the following brief history of the whole affair has been taken. And when we

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reflect how much the welfare of our great Eastern Empire depends upon whether or not we keep faith with the natives of that country; when we remember how much it has cost us in bloodshed and in treasure whenever we have failed to do so, a brief *exposé* of what may be with truth called the burning question of the present day in India will probably not prove uninteresting.

Nearly a century ago, when an alliance was first commenced between the British Government and the Nizam, the latter was certainly the greater power of the two. In the course of time their respective positions were reversed. In less than twenty years the superiority of the English troops over the different native armies obliged the Nizam to lean upon the East India Company for assistance. In 1800 an important treaty was made between the two governments. By that treaty the Nizam ceded to the English, in perpetuity, and in addition to any territory previously granted, the districts of Cuddapah and Bellary, on condition that an army for the defence of the Nizam's dominions should be kept up continually at a certain strength, should consist of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and be officered by Englishmen. This was called the Subsidiary Force, and it has been maintained out of the revenues derived from the above-named provinces for the last seventy-five years. To this treaty, which has been termed by a writer well acquainted with India "a careful bargain on both sides," the Nizam never has objected, nor ever sought to evade it. But in 1816 Mr. Russell, then the British Resident at Hyderabad, at the express desire of Lord Hastings, the Governor-General, insisted on a second force of 6,000 men being formed—which was in point of fact nothing more than a second subsidiary force, although at a later date it came to be known by the name of the Contingent.

With the formation and maintenance of this new force called the Contingent, commenced not only the financial difficulties of the Nizam but also his disputes with the rulers of British India. From 1817 to 1853 the Hyderabad government was at peace with the whole world, but the Contingent, which had been raised for temporary service in time of war, was kept up during all those thirty-six years solely at the Nizam's expense. The cost of the force was immense, more particularly when the amount of the Hyderabad revenue was taken into calculation. The latter did not exceed 1,000,000*l.* per annum, and the Contingent absorbed 420,000*l.*, or nearly half that sum, every year. In war, as a temporary measure, such an expenditure could be understood; but in time of peace it was simply absurd. As a matter of course the payments of the force, which had to be made every month to the tune of 35,000*l.*, fell in arrear, and had to be made good by loans at the minimum interest charged in India, viz., 9, 12, and even as high as 15 per cent. Again and again did the Nizam remonstrate, but the British Government—in those days the East India Company—turned a deaf ear to his complaints. So long ago as 1819, Mr. Russell, then British Resident at Hyderabad, pointed out that to persevere in forcing the Nizam to keep up this force must end in his State becoming bankrupt. In an official letter from him to the Supreme Government at Calcutta, we find him saying that "this"—that is, the Contingent and the expenses the Hyderabad government was put to in order to keep it up—"is the sole and entire cause of the difficulties of the Nizam's government, and the source of every oppression that is suffered by its subjects." The only individual that upheld the Contingent was a certain Chundoo Loll, who in those days was Prime Minister of the Nizam, who was—because he supported it for thirty years—an immense favourite of the British Government, and kept in office against the express desire of two successive Nizams. Strange to say, the British Residents at the court of Hyderabad appear to have always had very clear and honest views respecting the policy of what may

be termed reducing the sovereign of an independent state to the level of a mere vassal. And stranger still, although these officials were almost invariably supported by the Court of Directors, which in those days ruled India from Leadenhall Street, they were always snubbed and thwarted by the Supreme Government, which seems to have acted in all that concerns Hyderabad, from first to last, in defiance of both the higher authority and of those who certainly ought to have known what was the true and just line of conduct to take. Thus in 1823, when Chundoo Loll had been in office ten years, Lord Metcalfe, then Resident at Hyderabad, wrote of him as follows:—"The merits of Chundoo Loll consist in his ready attention to the wishes of the British Government. His demerits, in the gross abuse of the unlimited and irresistible power obtained by our support, in the most vicious mal-administration, in a system of extortion which has ruined the country and destroyed all confidence in the possession of property of any kind." But notwithstanding such an opinion of him, and in defiance of the openly expressed wish, as we said before, of two successive Nizams, this man, by the influence of the British Government, continued in office for more than twenty-four years. In another despatch, written in 1832, Lord Metcalfe called the Contingent "in reality a joint concern between Chundoo Loll and us" (the Government of India). In 1848 General Sir John Lowe, who had then succeeded to the appointment previously held by Lord Metcalfe, said that "if the Contingent were kept up for three years longer the whole administration would be brought to a standstill. It is still more grievous," he continues, "to reflect that a considerable portion of these pressing pecuniary difficulties of the Nizam's government has been indirectly brought upon it by our own annual demand upon its revenue for the pay of the Contingent." As regards the Contingent itself, Lord Metcalfe at another period wrote: "It must have been quite revolting to the feelings of the court and of the chiefs of the nationa army; it is, in fact, a sort of plaything for the Resident, and an extensive source of patronage at the Nizam's expense." And a very costly plaything it proved to be, for the gross expenditure on the Contingent for the first thirty years of its existence amounted to no less a sum than fourteen millions sterling. Of the overcharges connected with this force we may form an idea from the mere fact that since 1853—that is to say, since our line of conduct towards the Nizam has for very shame sake been more honest than before—the annual cost of the Contingent has been reduced by the not very small sum of 120,000*l.* Previous to 1853 we forced the Nizam to pay 420,000*l.* a year, but since the latter year the Berars were almost taken by force from the Nizam, and the British Government having, as a matter of course, for its own sake endeavoured to economise as much as possible in the payments made, this enormous reduction has been the result. This part of the affair reminds us forcibly of the rascality of an Italian servant, as told in an old comedy in that language. So long as the man provided for the household out of his master's pocket the expenses amounted to a scudo a day. But when his master made a contract with him, and it was an object for him to save as much as he could, the outlay —for exactly the same number of persons and for the same quality as well as quantity of food—was reduced by nearly one-half.

The never-ending drain of money for the Contingent at last produced its natural effect. We have seen that this force was instituted solely at the wish of the British Government in India; that its maintenance produced all the financial difficulties of Hyderabad; that the Nizam had already what was called the subsidiary force, which was paid to perform the same service as the Contingent in time of peace and war. As a matter of course, the arrears of the Contingent got larger and larger, and the money had to be borrowed from the Indian Government. In 1849 Lord Dalhousie

called upon the Nizam to settle these arrears and to make a definite arrangement for the future pay of the Contingent within a fixed time. The reply from the unfortunate Nizam was always the same. He did not want and did not require the Contingent; the subsidiary force was enough for him, and for the defence of his kingdom; the expenses of the Contingent were ruining him; let the force be disbanded, and he would give security to pay up what was already due; but don't let his debt be increased. To all these remonstrances Lord Dalhousie not only turned a deaf ear, but on the first January, 1857, he addressed a letter to Colonel Fraser, then Resident at Hyderabad, in which he desires that officer to make a careful selection of a portion of the Nizam's territory, and to inform the Supreme Government which part of those dominions it would be most convenient to take, in order to provide for the Contingent—regard being specially paid to the fact that the province would probably be held permanently. Colonel Fraser's reply was exceedingly plain, business-like, outspoken, and in every way very much to the purpose. He informed the Governor-General that the Berars were without any exception the richest and most fertile part of the Nizam's dominions; and Raichore was next in value to it. He further suggested that not merely these provinces, but the whole of the Nizam's dominions should be taken over by us at once, a certain portion of its revenues being allotted for the honourable support of the Nizam and his family. Even Lord Dalhousie, in spite of his doctrine and practice regarding annexation, deemed this proposed measure a little too strong, and would not agree with the Resident. But the province of the Berars and of the Raichore Doab, he determined to secure in some way or other. The claims of the British Government were again and again urged upon the Nizam. The latter was told by no less a person than the Governor-General himself that he was bound by treaty to maintain the Contingent. This the Hyderabad government altogether denied, and in point of fact there exists no such stipulation in any treaty between the British Government and that of Hyderabad. In the words of an able pamphlet published on this subject:—"The situation became perpetually more embarrassing to the Nizam, who felt that he was most unfairly treated, and who was firmly resolved that nothing short of positive force should induce him to dismember his country for the support of an army which he had never sanctioned, and the maintenance of which by the British Government had brought about his ruin."[1]

Two years passed away, and matters came to a crisis. In 1853, Lord Dalhousie sent Colonel Low as Resident to Hyderabad for the express purpose of negotiating the cession of these provinces. But the Nizam was determined not to give way, and Colonel Low was placed in a very difficult position. From the very clever pamphlet mentioned above, we copy the following account of what was passing about this time at Hyderabad:—"Several direct conversations" (between the Resident and the Nizam) "took place, of which Colonel Low kept records, and some of which Sir Salar Jung himself heard. On one occasion the Nizam asked the following question: 'In the time of my father, the Peishwah of Poona became hostile both to the Company's Government and to my father's government. Sir Henry Russell organised this Contingent and sent it in different directions, along with the Company's troops, to fight the Mahratta people. This was all very proper and according to the treaty, for those Mahrattas were enemies of both States; my father's army conquered the ruler of Poona, you sent him off a prisoner to Hindostan, and took the country of Poona. After that there was no longer any war; so why was the Contingent kept up any longer?' To this Colonel Low answered that the Nizam's father had agreed to it. The Nizam answered, 'Not my father, but Chundoo Loll.' To this Colonel Low

[1] *Indian Policy and English Justice.* By H. M. Hyndman. London, 1875.

admits he could give no direct reply, which shows the facts were very clearly understood on both sides."[1]

Nay, even Lord Dalhousie himself, in his published Minute of March 30, 1853, speaks in the following language: "The Government of India has no right whatever, either by the spirit or the letter of the treaty of 1800 (the only treaty then in force) to require the Nizam to maintain the Contingent in its present form." And yet this same Lord Dalhousie instructed Colonel Low most particularly to "contend to the uttermost for the cession" of the Berars, to provide for this very same Contingent which he admitted to be sanctioned by no treaty.

Colonel Low certainly did follow his instructions to the uttermost. To a definite cession of any kind, even retaining a nominal sovereignty over the ceded province, the Nizam would not in any way agree. Colonel Low, therefore, as he himself wrote to the Government, "finding that the Nizam's dislike to the words *in perpetuity* was extreme, and fearing that the whole negotiation might fail if I insisted on that word, I announced that it was a part of the scheme which my Government had allowed me the liberty to alter, if necessary, and I announced formally that, if His Highness wished it, the district might be ceded over merely for a time, to maintain the Contingent so long as he might require it." But even to such a greatly modified wording of the treaty the Nizam personally was resolutely opposed, and at last yielded to what Colonel Davidson, the Assistant-Resident, called a series of "threats and objurations." He was told, without any mincing of words or beatings about the bush, that if he did not give way the British regiments then under orders at Poona would immediately march upon and occupy Hyderabad. And as Lord Dalhousie had previously informed the Nizam in a direct communication, that the British Power "could crush him under its foot and leave no trace of him," His Highness was not unnaturally afraid that this process might commence at once.[1]

[1] *Indian Policy and English Justice*, pp. 45, 46.

Never perhaps in history was any document recorded as being signed under more direct compulsion. By this treaty of 1853, the most fertile provinces of the State of Hyderabad were assigned to the British Government for the support of the Contingent, as long as the Nizam might require it, as well as to secure the arrears due to the Government, amounting to 500,000*l.*, which were said to exist, but which were in reality covered by a much larger counter claim of the Nizam's government against that of British India.

Certain clauses in the treaty stipulated that accounts were to be rendered to the Nizam's government of all receipts and all expenditure of the revenues of these districts which had been thus temporarily ceded to the British Government. But this appears to have been regarded as a dead letter from the first. For twenty-two years have these districts been under British rule. The expenses of the Contingent have been reduced from 420,000*l.* to 300,000*l.* per annum, *but the* 120,000*l. a year for twenty-two years have as yet never been accounted for.* Nor is this all. Owing to several reasons, but chiefly to the great increase of cotton cultivation in Western and Central India, to the completion of the different lines of railway, and to the increased facilities of taking produce to the coast, the revenue of these provinces has increased from a little more than 500,000*l.* to upwards of 1,000,000*l.* But of this the Nizam has never reaped the benefit. It is true that in 1860, after these provinces had been held in hand for more than seven years, and after the Nizam had done us such excellent service during the mutiny, a supplemental treaty was made, and was indeed forced upon the Nizam, by which the Raichore Doab province was restored to him. But of the Berars a firmer hold than ever was taken. Then, as now, the Nizam asked for the disbandment of the Contingent, but

[1] *Indian Policy and English Justice*, p.

to this the British authorities would not listen for one moment. Of the past seven years, from 1853 to 1860, no accounts whatever were rendered to the Hyderabad government; nor from 1860 to 1876 have any accounts been given of the revenue of the Berars, as a province that is ever increasing in value. Of this supplemental treaty of 1860, Colonel Davidson, the very officer who negotiated it, denounced the document in his Administration Report of 1862 as most unjust. Others who have read it declare that it reminds them of a man who, owing another a hundred pounds, pays him back five and takes great credit to himself for having acted so honestly and justly. To make the case complete in the annals of injustice, since 1860 a commission of British officers assembled by order of the Supreme Government to inquire into the military requirements of the Hyderabad territories, have distinctly reported that the contingent force and the existing subsidiary force, are unnecessary and objectionable, as "causing an undue accumulation of native troops in the same country," thus affirming what successive Nizams had advanced for the best part of half a century. And yet the Government of India insists upon the Contingent being kept up, and upon retaining one of the finest districts in the world for payment of that force. Well may the natives of India remark, as a Moslem gentleman at Agra did a few months ago to the present writer, "the English nation appears to have abandoned honour, good faith, and justice as expensive and useless helps to government."

So much then for the manner in which we behaved to the Nizam's government; let us see how that government retaliated on us in our sorest hour of need, and when with rare exceptions, every native state in India had turned against us.

In the very darkest hour of that fearful time, when the whole of the Bengal army was in arms against a comparatively mere handful of Englishmen, and the few Punjabees and others who had remained faithful to us during the mutiny, the late Lord Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay, telegraphed to the Resident at Hyderabad, "If the Nizam turn against us, all is lost." Never were truer words flashed over the wires. If the Nizam *had* turned against us, if he—or rather Sir Salar Jung, who was the moving spirit of the Hyderabad dominion—had allowed the fanatical Moslems who were eager to attack us to have their own way, nothing could have saved the whole of Central and Southern India. "Hyderabad was crowded with armed men, who longed only for war," says the pamphlet from which we have more than once quoted. Day after day brought news of fresh disasters to the British forces in almost every direction; and the rumours of the native bazaars increased tenfold the amount of our losses. There was a season, and not a short one either, when nearly every Englishman in India, and almost as many at home, thought that the whole country would have to be reconquered, and "that a struggle of twenty years would barely suffice thoroughly to reassert our supremacy."[1] But through the whole of that fearful time Sir Salar Jung never faltered for one moment. In a letter to the Supreme Government of India, dated 29th March, 1858, Colonel Davidson, who had succeeded Colonel Low as Resident, writes that "the unhesitating energy and promptitude with which the Nizam's minister (Sir Salar Jung) assisted the English Government was beyond all praise." And further on in the same despatch he says, "From his (Sir Salar Jung's) open and avowed determination to assist us at all hazards, he became most unpopular and almost out-lawed by the Mohammedan population, but no invectives, threats, or entreaties ever made him swerve from the truly faithful line of conduct he from the first adopted. His assassination was planned a dozen times, and I believe he was fully aware of this; but neither dread on that account, nor, for a time the continued intelligence of repeated reverses to our cause in the North-west, shook

[1] *Indian Policy and English Justice*, p. 26.

him for a moment. Every contingency and every requisition made to him by me was met with the same firmness and consistency; and the resources of the Nizam's government were, as far as lay in his power, placed unhesitatingly at my disposal." Surely a letter like this written by a high British official to his superiors, and written when the Sepoy mutiny had barely come to an end, ought to serve as evidence that the obligations of the Indian Government to Sir Salar Jung are not trifling? To him, if to anyone in the world, is it due that a fair hearing and a careful consideration of the claims he has come to prefer before the English people and the English Parliament, should be granted. Instead of this, the late Viceroy of India refused officially to discuss the question at all; and if there is any truth in what many people in London say, Sir Salar Jung has, since his arrival in this country, received an unmistakable hint that the sooner he returns to India the better, for nothing can change the resolution of the Government not to move at all in the matter. And yet, both as a nation and as individuals, Englishmen pride themselves upon the good faith and impartiality with which they discuss all questions and treat all men with whom they have any dealings. To read a case like that of the claims which the Nizam's government has upon our own makes us cease to wonder how in process of time the great mutiny of 1857 was brought about. Injustice so palpable must sooner or later be paid for in one way or the other. The natives of India have as keen a perception of right and wrong as any people in the world. They are far from being immaculate as regards truth and justice, but they have a great admiration for it in others. And from the manner in which the Government of India is ever holding up to them the old adage, that honesty is the best policy, they have a right to look to us for treatment of a very different kind from that which the Nizam has received at our hands. When in 1860 the Queen's proclamation announcing that the Imperial Government assumed the sovereignty of British India, and that the old East India Company had ceased to exist, was published, there was a sentence in the document of which the natives of India took express note; it was as follows:—"We shall respect the rights, the dignities and honours of the native princes as our own. We announce that all treaties and engagements made with native princes are by us accepted, and will be scrupulously maintained." How, we may ask, can the natives of India reconcile these words with our subsequent deeds, if our dealings in the Hyderabad case are to be regarded as a specimen of the latter?

"I would sacrifice," said the Duke of Wellington, when he commanded our armies in Hindostan, "every frontier in India ten times over to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith. What is it that has brought us through so many difficulties both in war and peace? The British good faith, and nothing else."

In the matter of the Berars it cannot be urged that the latter is a British province, for in all despatches and reports it is still recognised as an integral part of the Nizam's territory. Nor can it be argued that the province was either ceded or assigned in perpetuity, for no such stipulation can be found in any existing treaty. Neither can any statement as to the native population not being so well treated, nor so equitably governed under the Nizam as under the British Government, hold good. In 1860 the districts of Raichore Doab and Dharasco were restored to the state of Hyderabad, and it is everywhere admitted that they are quite as well governed now as when they were under the British rule. If the inhabitants of the Berars were canvassed man by man, ninety per cent of them would elect to return to their ancient allegiance under the Nizam. For the maintenance of the Contingent, as we have seen before, there can hardly be any pretext, as a Commission of British officers of the highest rank has reported that it is not required. Nor can it be urged that the British Government cannot treat with a minor like the present Nizam; for no

once nor twice, but scores of times in India, under exactly similar circumstances, have most onerous obligations been imposed upon the state of Hyderabad and other native kingdoms of which the ruler was a minor.

If ever there was a case in which it might be assumed as a moral certainty that a province would not suffer, but on the contrary would probably benefit by being transferred to another government, it is this of the Berars. Sir Salar Jung, when in 1853 he became Prime Minister, found the whole State of Hyderabad, owing to long years of misrule, in a condition little short of anarchy. In the capital hordes of armed ruffians did very much as they pleased, and in the country it was might, not right, that got what it claimed. The state of the Nizam's regular army was enough to deter any man not gifted with the most wonderful energy from attempting any serious change. It numbered not less than 50,000 men, who were, in fact, so many armed robbers. In August, 1855, some eight hundred of these ruffians attempted to urge a claim against the Nizam's government in the city of Hyderabad by main force, and it was only by the determination of Sir Salar Jung, who had been only two years Minister, and was little more than twenty-one years of age, that the disturbance was put down, peace restored, and the ringleaders banished. Outbreaks of a similar nature were almost of weekly occurrence in those days. To disband these men, except by a few at a time, was impossible, for there was no money in the treasury with which to pay them; and indeed could this have been possible, it would only have made matters worse, for they would at once have joined some of the many petty chiefs who had revolted in other parts of the country. The finances of the country were also in a terrible state. To begin with, there was the payment of the Contingent to provide for, amounting to upwards of 35,000*l.* a month. The revenues of the country had for many years been collected in the worst possible manner—the same that has been the real cause why so many Eastern governments have come to financial grief and final bankruptcy—by "farming" them out to the highest bidder, who in his turn imposed very much what taxes he liked, and invariably ground down the people to the dust. In a word, from first to last the whole system of government, judicial, financial, and administrative, was vicious in the extreme. And yet to attempt any reform too suddenly would have been utter madness, and would have probably made matters worse than before.

No one who did not actually see the States of Hyderabad in those days can have any idea of what they were. In Hyderabad itself no Christian, Hindoo, or other, except a Moslem, could walk or ride through the streets without being liable to insults of the grossest kind. In 1854, the present writer, when passing through Arungabad, the second great city of the Nizam's dominions, was spat upon by a fanatic Moslem, who abused him in the foulest language; but the miscreant was screened by the crowd, and was never punished for his offence. All this has, since Sir Salar Jung became Minister, gradually changed, so much so that four or five years ago, the Resident at Hyderabad wrote to the Governor-General of India, that the cities, towns, villages, and country of the Nizam's dominions were no more like what they were in 1853, than the England of to-day is like the England of the days of the Stuarts.

Himself a man of dauntless courage, Sir Salar Jung has always inspired those who believed in a good cause and were themselves brave. The best men in Hyderabad have always gathered round him; and where he led the way none feared to follow. The odious system of farming the revenues he has altogether abolished. The taxes have been for many years collected at fixed rates, and in the same manner as is followed throughout British India. The armed irregular troops of robbers, who were such a pest to the whole country, have been gradually disbanded and sent about their business. Any stranger, no matter what his creed or his dress may be, can now walk the streets of Hyderabad or Arungabad as safely as if he were in London

or Paris. A department of public works, in which the directing men are Europeans, has been formed, and the greatest efforts have been made to do as much for the improvement of roads as the revenue will admit of. At the sole expense of the State a branch railway connecting the city of Hyderabad with the main line between Madras and Bombay, has been constructed. The whole country has been divided into circuits for the purpose of collecting the land tax, and proper officers appointed over each district. Each of these officers is obliged to give in his accounts in a prescribed form, so that there exists little or no opportunity for either extortion or peculation. The sources of revenue throughout the state are the same as in other parts of India, namely, the land-tax, the excise, and the customs. Of these the first is the most lucrative; but as the land is now carefully and moderately rented, the cultivators are not ground down, and the whole population is very much better off than in any other native State, and quite as much so as in British India. In 1868, after one of the many attempts to assassinate Salar Jung had been made, he determined to provide, as far as possible, against the probability of an early and untimely death. With this in view he commenced, and has since continued, to educate a school of statesmen under his own eye, by the help of English instructors, who shall carry on the traditions of his rule after his death. The importance of such an act — to say nothing of the determination and disinterested feeling which dictated it— must be evident to every one.

It is often alleged, and in many instances with a considerable amount of truth, that the natives of India greatly prefer the English to any native rule. But in the case of Hyderabad, or at any rate of that State so long as Sir Salar Jung is Prime Minister, this does not hold good. When, in 1860, the districts of the Raichore Doab and Dharasco were restored to the Nizam, the inhabitants at first expressed great fear that in place of the cold and repellent justice of the English Government, they would be exposed to the more familiar although unpleasant rapacity of the old native rule. But, in the words of the writer whose pamphlet we have quoted before, "When they discovered that, under Salar Jung's administration, the English uprightness was united to native methods, their delight knew no bounds; and now they would be sorry to return to the steady but unappreciative system which increased their material prosperity, but paid no regard to their feelings or prejudices." [1]

Nor, in justice to our subject, ought we to omit to mention that the same enlightened spirit which the Nizam's Minister has shown with regard to financial and public works has also been extended to justice and education. As regards the former, the courts of law are all presided over by the best and most impartial men that can be found in the country. And we should not forget—for it would be most unfair to do so—that whatever may be the faults of the Moslem creed, truth and justice are with all who profess that belief, almost, if not quite, as highly valued as they are amongst the very best men in Christian lands. In the matter of education, the advances made in the Nizam's dominions during the last twenty years is even more visible. In nearly all the villages throughout the country there are primary schools, in which the sons of the wealthy zemindars, as well as those of the poorer classes, are taught to read, write, and cipher. An Italian Roman Catholic missionary told the present writer at Madras a few months ago, that he knew no country in the world where there were so few of the labouring classes who could not read and write as in the Nizam's dominions, where he, the missionary, had spent twenty years ministering to the native Christians settled here and there over the Hyderabad territory. And the worthy priest further said that he believed children of any denomination or creed might attend these schools, for in no instance was religious teaching of any description attempted.

[1] *Indian Policy and English Justice*, pp. 31, 32. London, 1875.

Her Majesty's Government in India, most unfortunately for that country, has not yet shaken off certain traditions which it inherited from the old East India Company. This at least is the only manner in which we can account for those anomalies which still exist between the supreme power in the East and the native princes. Thus there is nothing which even up to the present time is more certain to offend the authorities than the employment by native rulers of any Englishman or other European in any position of trust. And the more capable or trustworthy the person so employed, the surer is the indignation of the British Indian Executive. Even Sir Salar Jung, after all he has done for his own country, and all the good he effected for us during the mutiny, cannot do as he or his government wishes in this respect. It will hardly be believed that not long ago his Excellency took into his service a Scotch financier, in whom he reposed great confidence, and through whose means he hoped to effect several salutary changes in the finance of the country. But no sooner was this known to the Supreme Government than pressure was put upon Sir Salar, and he was very soon forced to dismiss the gentleman from his service; for no other reason than that the authorities at Calcutta do not wish that Europeans who are not in the pay of the British Government should by any means get behind the scenes. In the same way, and presumably for the same reason, by an old Act of Parliament, which dates back nearly a hundred years, no native prince can borrow money in England. If he wants to pay off any encumbrance he must have recourse to the seroffs, or native banks, of his own state, to whom he will have to pay certainly not less than from ten to fifteen, and perhaps twenty per cent interest. And yet in England we hold up our hands in horror when the newspapers record any case of injustice in a foreign country! If the English language has any meaning, the only way we can read these treaties, and what may be called their bye-laws, with the Nizam—and it is to be feared with the other native princes also—is that, like the usurers in more civilised lands the British Government gets a victim in its power, stops all other sources of his credit, and finally gets possession of his land and other property. Working in this way the conquest of all India can only be a question of time.

But there is another, and, as far as our interests are concerned, a far more serious light in which this question must be looked at. In the whole of India there are but three native statesmen who have taken the best Englishmen for their models, and who have always endeavoured to combine with their regard for the prejudices of the natives the integrity and uprightness of European officials. They are Sir Madhavo Rao, of Baroda; Sir Dunker Rao, of Indore; and Sir Salar Jung, of Hyderabad. Of these, by far the most important, both in relation to us and to the state over which he rules, is the last. How he has fulfilled his engagements to us, how he rescued Hyderabad from anarchy, and how he has set an example to the rulers of other native states in India, has been briefly recorded in this paper. The limits of a magazine article will not allow of our doing so in all the detail that the facts deserve. But what if he should fail to obtain justice for his master? What if he—like so many natives of India who come to the foot of the throne to ask for bread and are sent away with a stone—returns to Hyderabad with the claims for the restoration of the Berars and the disbandment of the useless Contingent less likely than ever to be satisfied? What effect will such a proceeding have upon the natives of India in general, and upon those of Hyderabad in particular? The day may not be far distant when the Governor-General of India may be only too glad to have as an ally a powerful native state such as that of the Nizam; and now is the time to secure that alliance for ever. As a matter of simple justice, and as recognition of most important assistance rendered us in the darkest times we have ever passed through in the East, the restoration of the Berars to the Nizam's government

ought to be conceded. The man whose services to England were called by Sir Richard Temple in his official despatches "simply priceless," ought not to be allowed to return to India with a petition such as Sir Salar Jung has brought with him ungranted. Our good name, our national character for keeping good faith even with our enemies, and the very first principles of our Christian faith, alike demand that, even now, at the eleventh hour, the great wrong of which the Nizam's government so justly complains, should be righted. If it be not—quite apart from the effects such injustice may cause at some future day, when we shall be perhaps far less able than now to face new Indian troubles—the name of England will be dragged through the dirt all over our great Eastern Empire in a manner to which we have hitherto been strangers. From Peshawur to Cape Comorin, from Bombay to Calcutta, amongst officials and non-officials, civilians and military men, merchants, barristers, and what not — amongst Englishmen and natives, Moslems, Hindoos, Parsees, and Christians—there is, as there can be, but one opinion regarding the justice of the claims which Sir Salar Jung has come to England to prefer. Nay, the very men who in obedience to the commands of their superiors have done most to carry out the views of the Government in this matter, are in private life the loudest in denouncing the enormous injustice of the case, and declare that the moment has arrived when the restoration of the ceded province and the abolition of the Contingent can no longer be delayed.

Some people may regard it as a mere loss of time to study, even within the comparatively short limits of a magazine article, a question like that of Sir Salar Jung and his claims, which has only reference to India and our rule in that land. We cannot agree with them. In the *Times* of the 20th February, 1872, the following sentence occurs, and with it every thoughtful Englishman must agree:—"It is only by attracting attention to the prominent figures in Indian history, by casting light upon the salient features of their career, and making them stand out boldly from the canvas that it will ever be possible to interest the general reader in Indian affairs." That the case now before the English public comes under this category few will deny. The interest in this affair of the Berars is only just commencing, and is not likely to die out for some time to come.

Let us not mince matters. In the matter of the Nizam's claims, the Government of India is on its trial before all the native states of that great empire. The case may be called a test action. Its result will prove whether we most value our national good name for keeping faith, or the old rotten traditional rule of conduct which is called by the high sounding name of "political motives." It is useless to deny that we have in India, particularly as regards the native powers, much to blush for—much of which we have good reason to be ashamed. The time has come when—even for our own sakes—we ought to set our house in order, and reform a vast deal of what has been more than unjust, and worse than wicked in our government of that land. To the old school of Indian officials—and it is to be feared amongst many younger men—anything like a change from the accursed policy of "sitting upon the natives" will no doubt seem absurd. But the lookers on often see more than the players of a game. Truth and justice always carry the day in the long run. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit Missionary of India, was once asked how he made so many friends, and so many converts to his Church from amongst the Hindoos and Moslems of India. His reply might, with great propriety, be inscribed in the offices of many Anglo-Indian officials. "I have always found," he said, "that many more flies are caught with a spoonful of honey than with a barrelful of vinegar."

M. Laing-Meason.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CROSS CURRENTS.

THE mischief now wrought by this tender-hearted little woman, in all innocence, and with the best intentions in the world, could not have been done half so thoroughly by the most artful and ingenious plotter that ever appeared in a melodrama. The reason was simple. She had a clear, convincing, unwavering belief in her own reading of the relations existing between her brother and Violet, and between Violet and George Miller; and while this belief was likely to impress in some measure the people around her—mental magnetism being a far more sure thing than animal magnetism—it was a complete safeguard against her making any mistake in the *rôle* she was unconsciously playing. She had nothing to conceal. She had no secret plot to work at. Her intense, unselfish regard for the happiness of those two near her was too obvious to be questioned.

Then look at the position in which she stood for the effectual carrying out of this unintentional mischief. Any other person coming to James Drummond with the same story would certainly have been met with distrust, and might probably have been met with ridicule; but she was Violet's most intimate friend, the confidante of the girl for years back. Then she was a woman, versed in the mysteries of the feminine heart; and it was with the most open sincerity that she had assured him he knew nothing of girl-nature. When she appealed to him, for Violet's sake, to give the girl free opportunity to get out of the terrible position in which a blunder had placed her, what could he answer? If her heart were really beginning to look longingly back towards the young man who had left her in a fit of anger, surely it was better she should declare the truth, and go. But he had too noble a regard for the girl to challenge her, to drive her into a corner, and claim from her a denial of these lingering regrets, as a more hasty or a more selfish man would have done. She should have her free choice.

Now we come to Violet herself; and here Mrs. Warrener's mischievous work was far more easy. She had only induced her brother to remain aloof—to give Violet time—to watch and judge for himself; while she had been successful in bringing back the old, sad look to his eyes. But with Violet the case was different. The girl was proud, high-spirited, impetuous; while love in any case is quick to imagine and magnify danger. When Violet came on board again, after having sent off her telegram, Mrs. Warrener was on deck awaiting her. She took the girl's hand in hers, and drew her a bit aside, so that she should not be overheard; then she said, in a very gentle and kindly voice—

"You are troubled about something, Violet. Can I help you? If you do not wish to tell me what it is—I shall not be offended with you; but you know I might be able to help you; and you know how anxious we all are to see you cheerful and well and happy."

The girl was looking down; her face burning; she was not like the bright, audacious Violet of old.

"I have no right to be cheerful and happy," she said, in a low voice. "I have acted badly—I have given great pain to others—"

"But all that may be mended," said Mrs. Warrener, eagerly; for was not every word uttered by the girl further confirmation of her, Mrs. Warrener's, belief? "Indeed no great harm has been done, Violet—it will be made all right again, dear. May I guess that

that telegram was sent to Mr. Miller? Yes? Then you will be friends again—and your old relations will be established again—"

"Oh, no," the girl said, "that is impossible!—that is quite impossible. But I am so sorry—"

"Violet," said her friend, with a smile—for she saw her way clear to making everybody happy, "I am going to tell you a secret. My brother spoke to me yesterday about what had happened between you and him—do you look afraid, Violet, and afraid of me? If it were only possible—if I could only have you for my sister—do you think I would not welcome you with open arms? You are one of our family already, Violet; if this other relation had been possible I should have been more delighted than I can tell you—"

"Yes," said the girl in a bewildered way: she did not quite understand.

"But now I am so anxious to see you out of your trouble, Violet," said the good-natured little woman, with increasing confidence, "that I must speak frankly to you. You must not imagine that you are bound to my brother—if it would secure your happiness, I know he would never in this world say another word about what has happened; and you must not imagine, either, that you would be doing him so great an injury, for after all the affection he has for you is what he always had for you—even when he was glad to see you were about to marry Mr. Miller; and if you were again about to marry Mr. Miller, he would be quite as pleased, and glad, too, that both he and you were not the victims of a mistake. You know, Violet, the kind of affection with which a man of his years regards a young girl. It is very unselfish. If he thought you stood in need of some one to aid and guide you, he would be prepared to marry you, when that was suggested to him; and if he thought it better for you to marry some one with an older claim on you, he would give you up frankly, and still regard you with the same affection. Do you see all that, Violet?"

Was all this terrible thing true? Was it true that he only regarded her with that friendly affection of which his sister spoke? Then she remembered, with a great shame and dread, the circumstances that had led to this engagement. Mr. Drummond had almost been challenged to return her affection. A confession of her love for him had been carried to him; her good kind friend had responded; and now his own sister was talking of this response as a mistake, from the effects of which all the persons concerned were to be rescued.

Violet North had not James Drummond's patient strength and reticence of character; she was quick, proud-spirited, prone to act on the first impulse. Her girlish sense of dignity was touched: she would not have it said that any man had, through compassion for her friendless position, been led into exaggerating his regard for her and offering her marriage. On the other hand, her deep affection for him was quite as powerful with her as her quick sense of honour; would she have the man she loved drawn into an engagement that he might regret all the years of his life?

These fancies, fears, and resolves darted through her mind as she stood there for a second or two, quite silent.

"He has asked you to tell me all this?" she said, nerving herself to speak calmly.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Warrener exclaimed, with honest eagerness;. "not a word of it—not a single word of it. You know how kind, how utterly regardless of himself, my brother is. So long as he imagines that you might consider a marriage between you and him as likely to promote your happiness, all the tortures in the world would not get him to say anything against it. If you went to him just now, he would declare that he was rejoiced at the prospect—'

"Would that be fair? Would that be honest?" the girl said, indignantly, and not without some sudden and sad look-back to certain words which she had believed all too fully when she heard them.

"It is so easy to put in a little exaggeration—when one is anxious for another person's happiness," Mrs. Warrener said, with a smile.

"And if I go to him now, and speak to him about this matter, he will continue to deceive me—for my good?" asked the girl, somewhat proudly.

"You must not call it deception," said Mrs. Warrener, gently. "If I were you, I would look at the motive for it, and call it kindness."

"Then what am I to do?" Violet said, standing erect. "Break off the engagement at once, and get back to London? The steamer comes in here to-morrow. My father is in London at present."

Her friend regarded her curiously. Was she acting? Or was she really vexed and disappointed—with the mild disappointment of a girl who, having fancied she had two lovers, finds she has only one?

"No, no, Violet, you must not do anything rash," she said, quietly. "If I have shown you how matters are likely to come all right in the end, it was not with the wish of advising you to do anything at once. You can afford to wait—indeed, I suppose you must wait now—unless you think there is the least chance of Mr. Miller altering his mind and coming back to the Highlands?"

The suggestion was thrown out at random; and yet Mrs. Warrener would not have been surprised to hear that he was coming back.

"I don't know what Mr. Miller's intentions are," said Violet, with some haughtiness, "but if he comes back here, I must leave."

Mrs. Warrener did not like to smile; and yet the girl was so charmingly simple. Clearly, she had not quite forgiven him just yet; she was inclined to stand on her dignity; her compunction of the morning, awakened by reading his letter, was only now disappearing.

"Well, Violet, let us say no more about this at present. Come down below and have some breakfast—"

"Thank you, I don't care about any ust now."

"Well," said Mrs. Warrener, with a laugh, "we are having a pretty lot of trouble over nothing. But I cannot allow you all to act like spoiled children. Here is James, too, gone off without taking any breakfast. Now, if you won't have any, what I propose is this: let us at once put luncheon for the whole party in the dingey, and we can all go away up the loch in search of him. Will that do?"

Violet considered that Mr. Drummond must have been eager to get to the wild-duck when he left without his breakfast; but she willingly consented to aid in the provisioning of the dingey; and in due course of time that handy little boat started on a voyage of discovery. It ought to have been a pleasant excursion. Though a curious sort of watery vapour hung round certain portions of the shore, out here the sun had drunk up the fog, and the blue sea sparkled in the light. Behind that veil of mist, too, they could see something of the white houses of Portree, and the out-jutting rocks covered with trees and bushes. There was a pleasant scent of sea-weed in the morning air; and all around them there was a delicious, dreamy silence and quiet.

But when, after a good long pull, they got up towards the head of the loch, things were rapidly changed. A sort of grey, transparent darkness seemed to fall around them. They had an impresion that the sun was still shining, but they could not quite tell where he was, and there was no light on the still water. They could see objects at a considerable distance; but these objects were vague and confused.

A large bird went whirring by, some twenty yards from the boat; the women were startled by the noise it made.

"It iss a skart, and a big skart too," said one of the two sailors.

Some half-a-dozen birds, smaller, apparently, and yet of considerable size, went whizzing past overhead.

"That was only pyots," said the man, but all the same he seemed to imagine that Mr. Drummond had missed a chance.

There were indeed plenty of birds about; the fact being that at this moment Mr. Drummond, having explored a distant creek of the loch, was now coming over to where the dingey was, and these birds he had driven on before him. Away in the distance they heard the faint crack of a shot; by and by, they descried the gig coming slowly through the strange transparent mist. At the same moment they discovered that they were aground.

But what was this approaching them? —a tall, strange figure that seemed to take diverse shapes as the luminous fog floated this way and that. Although they were aground on the sand, they could see nothing but water as far as their sight could reach; and this tall figure was coming to them through the water. Their eyes were blinded with the humid mist; they could not see distinctly; but at one moment they caught sight of a pink flash of flame, and afterwards there was a loud report that was echoed by all the hills around. Then the fog around them seemed to be filled with birds, screaming and calling, and flying so near to the dingey that it was apparent they, too, were bewildered. More pink flashes; more loud crashes of noise; that mystic figure going here and there with a sound of splashing water wherever he went. Then by and by, he came nearer; and they perceived that he was slowly wading through the sea, and carrying in his hand a number of birds.

"Oh, James," his sister cried, "have you been in the water all this time?"

"And not for nothing," he said, holding up five curlew, which he deposited in the bow of the dingey. "The birds are confused by the fog; I could have shot twenty dozen of sea-pyots."

"You have not even your shooting-boots and gaiters on," his anxious sister said.

"I began by taking off my shoes and socks altogether," he answered; "but these flats of sand are filled with small flounders, and it is a most horrid sensation to find them shooting away from beneath your feet. I had to put on my shoes again. But what has brought you up here?"

He was talking quite cheerfully; Violet, who dared not look at him, felt every tone of his voice sink into her heart; it was the old friendly voice —and it spoke of nothing but friendship.

The question had been addressed to her, as she happened to be nearest him; and she started.

"Oh," she said, with sudden embarrassment, "we brought you some lunch."

"Why, you are fast aground," he said—and there was certainly no embarrassment in his speech to her—he seemed to have recovered all his ordinary equanimity and brightness. "And so is the gig back there. If you are going to have luncheon now, I must wade back to the gig, and tell the men to come along when the tide floats them."

"Uncle," said a young lady in the boat, looking over at the beautifully clear water and the fine sand, "would you let me wade over to the gig?"

"For shame, child!" her mother said.

There was another young lady in the boat who, in other circumstances, would have dearly liked to have gone on a wading expedition; but she was thinking of different matters at the moment.

Eventually it was decided that there was no need to apprize the occupants of the gig, for the fog was gradually clearing, and by and by they would be able to make signs. The humble store of provisions was opened. Mr. Drummond, having wrung his trousers as much as possible, got in at the bow, and sate there so as not to damage the ladies' dresses. It was a sufficiently cheerful meal. An outsider would have imagined that these people were just as they had been two days before.

Was it an excited fancy that made her think she could detect a somewhat forced tone in his cheerfulness? Was he striving to make it appear to her that he was quite happy and contented? Certainly, he was as vivacious, rapid, and ingenious in his talk as ever

—starting away from a letter which he had received that morning, in which his correspondent spoke of his having accompanied a great man of letters—remarkable alike for his personal force of character and for the northern ruggedness and earnestness of his writings—to the British Museum to look at the Elgin Marbles. The fact that this celebrated person could see nothing interesting or impressive in these remains of Greek art was to this preacher—sitting on the bow of the dingey, with his wet shoes placed on a thwart, and a plate supported on his knees—a fruitful text. They had a lecture on the fundamental antagonism between the northern mind, stern, realistic, eagerly seeking after moral value and individual portraiture, and the soft, bland imagination of the south, placing its ideal types in an atmosphere of perpetual repose. In the intervals of this meal of cold beef and bread they heard the lecturer declare his own enthusiastic preference for the north—how the individual character in a portrait by Rembrandt had more fascination for him than the blank faces of a hundred Apollos—how that the highest excellence of art was that which most keenly touched the highest emotions of the human being—how that the ballad of *Helen of Kirkconnell* was worth twenty dozen of *Iliads*—how that the mystery of the northern imagination that made the common objects of the world around us strange and wonderful——. But at this point the lecture was broken off, for a certain young lady handed her uncle a tumbler of ale over the shoulder of one of the men. Resuming, the lecturer declared that the grandeur of a mountain could not be understood unless there were mists floating about it; and that he had always had a profound affection for the sailor of the anecdote-books who, coming on deck in the English Channel, on a voyage homeward from the Mediterranean, and finding himself surrounded with driving sleet, and fog, and east winds, remarked, 'Ha, this is weather as is weather; none o' your hanged blue skies.' Then he spoke of the reverence which men in all ages had paid to the artist, who was to them the nearest approach to the Creator—he could not make his creations eternal, but at least he could give them some little permanence, and rescue from destruction and forgetfulness the passing glory of a sunset, the tender beauty of a moonlight night, or the happy laughter of a girl's face——.

"Is this part of your new book, uncle?" said the young lady.

"No," he continued calmly. "My new book will be devoted to giving lessons in good manners to impertinent young misses who ought to be at school."

"And when will it be published?"

"I am glad to see you are anxiously awaiting it. It will be out as soon as I have started the magazine that is to review it favourably."

"Will you let me write the review?" Mrs. Warrener asked.

"But this is a great project," he said, seriously, to his sister. "I can see a large fortune looming in the distance. I calculate that there are at least forty thousand people in this country continually writing books, tracts, and pamphlets that are so confoundedly foolish that no review will notice them. Very well. My *Universal Review* will set to work to praise every one of these books and pamphlets; then I shall have forty thousand people declaring that the *Universal Review* is the greatest and wisest journal in the world; and with a circulation of forty thousand at sixpence a number, I have no need to appeal to the public at large at all. Do you see?"

"And will you do all the praising yourself?" she meekly asked.

"Not a line of it. I patent the invention; but I don't drive the engine. I shall get an amiable young curate; and I will put it to him that, as there is a great deal of unnecessary severity and cruel wrong-doing in reviewing, he is called upon to restore the proper balance of things by introducing a large measure of charity and benevolence. He will do a generous work; and I shall have my forty thousand

sixpences. Even should my success encourage rivals——"

"*There iss a skart out there, sir!*" called out Alec, in a low, eager voice, for the gig had been by this time paddled up to the dingey.

"Where?"

"Out there, sir—sweemen in the watter," was the quick answer, for the young sailor was far more anxious to get after the birds than the sportsman of this little party.

Far out among the blue ripples—almost in the middle of the bay—they could descry a black object floating on the sea. Now Mrs. Warrener had for some time back declared her intention of having one of those huge black-green skarts stuffed and put up in the hall of the cottage in Camberwell Grove; and she had repeatedly besought her brother to shoot one for her. His efforts had so far been unsuccessful. The skart is a quick diver, a rapid flyer, and, although his body is big enough as a target, his thick, strong plumage is not easily pierced by ordinary shot. Besides, Mr. Drummond was generally too intent on bagging curlew, which were good for the yacht's larder, to care to startle the neighbourhood by firing random shots at stray cormorants.

On this occasion, they resolved to adopt a little bit of strategy. The dingey was sent round the curve of the shore, to get to seaward of the bird, so that it was not likely to rise when the way was blocked; while Mr. Drummond, getting into the dingey, was pulled away along the other shore. By and by the bird was between the two boats—swimming about, and occasionally diving, but showing no sign of fear. When, however, the gig was slowly paddled out towards it, it became a trifle more alarmed. It was evidently swimming away from them, and making for the other side of the loch. But there was the dingey; and now it became a question whether the big dark-green bird, with its long neck and ungainly body, would boldly adventure a flight past either of the boats, or dive.

Mr. Drummond was up in the bow of the gig, his breechloader kept out of sight. When they had got to within about sixty yards of the skart, he stealthily put down his hand, but almost at the same moment the bird made a plunge forward and disappeared.

"Now, my lads, pull away!" he called out. "He'll rise close to us——"

The bang of the gun interrupted the speech; he had fired a snap-shot at the skart, which had come up some forty yards off on their left. But the shot had merely struck the water; for the bird, finding itself close to its pursuers, had immediately dived again.

They pulled quickly to the spot, and waited about, but the skart was evidently taking a good swim down below. The difficulty of getting a shot at him, moreover, was enhanced by the chances of his rising somewhere in a line with the dingey, in which case it would be impossible to fire, although the smaller boat was a long way off.

"There he is, sir!"

The big black object was visible for just a moment some twenty yards a-stern; and again a charge of shot went crashing down on the water.

"You will hit him that time, sir," called out the eager Alec. "Ay, we will hef him this time; he will no go far now."

But when they next saw this Jack-in-the-box, after the lapse of a couple of minutes or so, he was a great distance away; and the two boats had to begin the chase anew. Suffice it to say that after about three-quarters of an hour's waiting about, and a great deal of snap-firing, the skart was at last stretched on the water, and when he was dragged dripping into the boat, he was found to be an unusually large specimen, with especially fine, thick, glossy plumage. The men declared that they would be "ferra glad to hef the skart to eat, and Alec he wass ferry clever at the skinning, and the skin it could be stuffed ferry well whatever."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Drummond to them. "I know of old what

the cooking of a skart does to a yacht; you wouldn't get the smell out of the forecastle for a week. You may have a couple of these curlew, if you like; but no skart, if you please."

It is easily to be understood that there was no objection to this course—Alec being of opinion that a curlew was "just as good as a faisant"—and so in great contentment they rowed back through the beautiful bright afternoon towards the yacht. Portree looked very picturesque as they approached it. Over its shadowed rocks and trees stretched a silver-grey sky, mottled with millions of small, faintly-yellow clouds—a clear, bright, ethereal sunset; its white houses, its dark green firs and bushes, and boats were distinctly seen in the cold twilight underneath; while a pale blue smoke from the chimneys arose to the glowing sky overhead.

When Violet got on board, she went down to her little cabin, and took out from her pocket the letter which had so deeply moved her in the morning. She read it again—this time with less emotion. So far, indeed, from the letter making any appeal to her feelings, it was studiously cold; it was this very coldness that had startled and pained her—that had brought with it an accusation which she could not altogether repel. She felt she deserved to have this former friend of hers address her as "Dear Miss North." She had been thoughtless in allowing him to nourish illusions for so long a time; she ought not to have listened to his prayers for delay and further consideration; she had been selfishly forgetful of his pain and disappointment in the enjoyment of her own newly-found happiness. All this suddenly occurred to her on her first reading of this letter; and she knew that she could make no reparation.

But on one point her pride was touched. The writer of this cold, formal, business-like letter went on to say that he considered he was bound to inform Sir Acton North of what had occurred in so far as it affected him, Mr. Miller. That is to say, the young man having had his suit approved by Violet's father, would go and inform him that these relations were now at an end. He wished to know, therefore, whether Miss North would prefer his confining his statement to that one point, or whether he was to tell the whole story.

Violet could not brook for a moment what she regarded as a sort of insinuation. Thus it was she had demanded to be put on shore immediately; and at the Post-Office she had telegraphed as follows:—"*I am deeply sorry if you are pained. As regards my father, you may tell him what you please.*"

And now, as she still held George Miller's letter in her hand, and looked at it without seeing a word in it, she was asking herself whether the young man would really tell her father the whole story. That morning she had no reason to dread such a revelation; she had, indeed, intended to sit down and write to her father a good deal more than George Miller knew; she had even settled in her own mind how she would begin the letter—"My dear papa, I am the very proudest and happiest woman in the whole world. At last I know what it is to have one's admiration and love go hand-in-hand——."

But since that morning something strange had occurred. She did not quite know what it was—but it had greatly changed the world for her. Her mind was filled with dim forebodings, and even with a dull sense of pain, that seemed to blurr and confuse her perceptions of the things around her.

Then, with a sudden and resolute effort of will, she roused herself. She would go frankly and courageously to Mr. Drummond, and demand to know the worst. If this gentlest and truest of all her friends was pained on her account—if her presence there caused him the least embarrassment in the world—if, to please her, he was acting a part of forced cheerfulness—she would proudly and gladly set him free. If it was true that he had nothing to offer her but that constant and tender affection he had shown her ever since he

had known her as a school-girl and the companion of his niece, she would meekly and gratefully accept that, and let the dream of her life go with a sigh.

She could not go to him. The red blood tingled in her cheek as she thought of the manner in which he might meet her question. Could a girl so far demean herself as to ask for love; could she, more especially, who knew the great possibilities of unselfishness in this man's nature, run the risk of calling on him to sacrifice himself for her happiness—the happiness of a mere school-girl? No, she was too proud for that. She would wait to see whether it was true that they had blundered into a false position; if that were so, she would find some means of freeing them both. What mattered a school-girl's happiness, she again asked herself? The sun would rise all the same over these Skye hills, to-morrow, next year, fifty years hence: who was to care about her and the disappointment of her girlish dreams?

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

When, on that beautiful morning at Isle Ornsay, they first saw the glowing wonders of Skye and the Sound of Sleat, they were full of a new enthusiasm, and eager to go still further on in their explorations. Supposing that they should get to Portree—this was the subject of general talk and speculation—why should they not make a bold dash across the Minch to far Stornoway and the solitudes of the Outer Hebrides? With a fair wind, and provided that the Greater Minch was not rolling mountains-high before a north-easterly gale, they might do the sixty-five miles between Portree and the Lewis in a day. They would adventure it. They would visit that vast "peat floating in the Atlantic." They would touch the "ultima Thule" of Boethius; and was there not some talk, too, of letters of introduction to a mysterious island-potentate who had abundant salmon-fishing, and whose daughter had a yacht, the marvel of these distant isles?

But now, as they lay in Portree, the last anchorage between Skye and Lewis, they did not seem quite so enthusiastic about this project. Mrs. Warrener considered that, before attempting a voyage round the Outer Hebrides, they should get back to Castle Bandbox and get a sufficient supply of all sorts of necessaries. Her daughter had been making private and anxious inquiries of Captain Jimmy, who had frightened her with the possibility of their being becalmed out in the middle of the Minch—as he had been the summer before—for three days and nights, with the heavy Atlantic swell rolling the *Sea-Pyot* about in a fashion which a landswoman would not readily forget. All these and other considerations were being discussed at breakfast; Violet alone being silent and *distraite*. At last, Mr. Drummond, deeming that his guest had the best right to decide, frankly asked her what she would rather do.

Now the girl had lain awake nearly the whole night, and she was nervous, troubled, almost in a hysterical state. She had been thinking of that beautiful, enthusiastic time at Isle Ornsay; and somehow, when he put this question suddenly to her, the difference between that time and this so overcame her that her eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak. She endeavoured to escape unperceived; but his question had drawn attention to her. When she quietly left the saloon, Mrs. Warrener followed; her daughter remained, convinced that there was something behind all this that she did not understand.

Then she saw her uncle rise, and he was obviously very much agitated. All the generous kindliness of the man's nature revolted against the wretchedness which this girl was too clearly suffering; and could he any longer doubt that what his sister had told him was true? The girl was miserable; she should not remain miserable through him.

He went on deck, where the two women were walking up and down.

"Sarah," he said, with great apparent firmness and calmness, "I want to speak to Violet for a moment."

His sister withdrew, and then he said in the same tone—

"I cannot let this continue, Violet. We have made a mistake. Let us look on what has happened during these past few days as never having happened at all; and try to forget it."

She heard. It was all a mistake, then? That beautiful past was only a dream.

At this moment—she remembered it long after with a strange wonder—she looked up to his face with a frank and kindly smile.

"Yes," she said, lightly "we have made a mistake. Is it not fortunate that we have found out so soon—before there is any harm done? Now we can be as we were before; and it is—it is quite fortunate there is no harm done. Shall we go down now? I must apologize to them, and promise to make no more scenes."

She seemed quite pleased; and she smiled; but he noticed that the small white hand which she placed on the top of the companion stairs to steady her descent trembled so violently that he thought she must have fallen. He could not understand all this; but the girl had an excitable temperament—perhaps the events of the last few days had been a little too much for her nerves.

She was quite mirthful during breakfast. She said she did not care whether they went on to Stornoway or back to Castle Bandbox, so long as they lived in this curious little floating-house, with its miscellaneous groceries, and expedients in cooking, and makeshifts and mishaps. On the whole, she thought they had better go back and fit out for the longer trip. At present, at all events, they could not go on to Stornoway at all; for there was scarcely any wind.

Mrs. Warrener was delighted to see the girl once more bright and cheerful: she knew that the desired explanation had at length been made; and happier days were in store for all of them. So she, too, gave in her vote for returning; not without the secret hope that they might find George Miller awaiting them at Castle Bandbox.

When they went on deck, accordingly, they found the great mainsail hanging loose in the sunlight, though there was scarcely enough wind to make the canvas flap; while the men were hoisting the gaff topsail. Far up in the blue, the small red pennon at the topmast gleamed like a tongue of flame. The water was almost smooth around them, showing accurate reflections of the motionless white clouds, and of the dusky mountains over there that were mostly in shadow. In the south, and behind the olives and browns of these great shoulders of rock, stood the sharply-serrated line of the Cuchullins, the peaks of a pale, transparent blue.

They managed to get out of the harbour, and once fairly in the open they saw how impossible it would have been to have attempted Stornoway at this time. Away out there, in the direction of the Minch, the sea was like glass; here at hand there was a slight breeze that just kept the boat going, but that breeze was from the north-east. Miss Amy, for one, was glad they were not going to risk being becalmed for a few days on the long Atlantic swell.

When, however, they had crept down to the Sound of Raasay, the slight breeze that had carried them so far died off altogether; and they were motionless in a dead calm. The sea was a perfect mirror, in which that long panorama of mountains—faint and mystical in the heat of the sun—was reflected with a surprising exactness. There was neither a house nor a ship within sight. They seemed absolutely alone in a world of glassy water, of silent hills, and motionless skies.

In ordinary circumstances this would have been a time for novel-reading, card-playing, sewing, smoking, and so on—the various amusements and occupations possible on board ship; but curiously enough they did not seem to be much in want of any such means of

passing the time. James Drummond kept pacing up and down the deck—like a caged hyena, said his sister, who was in the best of spirits; answering the questions or remarks addressed to him rather absently. Violet was perfectly silent, and sate apart, looking out to sea; her accustomed companion, seeing the girl looked rather fatigued and wearied, tried to induce her to join in some sport or other, but without avail.

At this moment, indeed, the very number of conflicting emotions pressing in on the girl prevented her realising to the utmost her desolation and misery. She had so many things to think of; so many recollections to recall; so many quick, contrary, puzzling interpretations to consider of all this that had happened. She was a trifle bewildered, perhaps, so that the keen edge of her wretchedness was blunted. For one moment, for example, she would think with some slight surprise of the readiness with which he had thrown up this engagement; the next she would accuse herself of selfishness in expecting that he would continue to act a lie for her sake. Was it not better for both, indeed, that the truth should be known? There was no harm done, she had assured him. In a short time all would be as it had been.

At the same time, she felt very lonely. She had no mother. There were certain things about which she did not care to speak even to this kind friend who had tried to be as good as a mother to her.

"Violet," said the young girl near her, coming up to her and putting her arm round her neck, "you will blind your eyes if you look so constantly at the sea. Don't you know that? I wish you would come and persuade Captain Jimmy to make us some of those rope-quoits you were speaking of—come!"

"No, thank you, dear," she said, rising, "I am going down to write a letter."

"And where do you mean to post it?" said Amy, with a laugh. "In a bottle?"

"I only want to write it: we can post it at the first place we land."

"Don't be too curious, Amy," said Mrs. Warrener, with a smile. "To write to one's friends in absence is like having a talk with them; and that is pleasant to you, without thinking of how the letter is to be forwarded."

But Mrs. Warrener was wrong in her conjecture as to the person with whom Violet wished to converse in this silent and mystic fashion. She had no intention of writing a long love-letter, full of contrition for past cruelty, and promises of kindness in the future. She took advantage of the dead calm to write the following few lines to her father:—

"YACHT *Sea-Pyot*,
"OFF THE COAST OF SKYE,
Sept. — 187—.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I suppose by this time Mr. Miller has told you that he has asked me definitely to marry him, and that I refused. I could not marry him. I waited a long time to see, because he was so anxious about it, but it was no use; and I am sorry if I have caused him pain or annoyance. And so you see, dear Papa, as I am not engaged, and have no prospect of getting married to anybody, I am thrown on your hands again, like a bad sixpence. I had some notion that you had got rid of me at last; but I really could not bring myself to marry Mr. Miller. Now what I want you to do, dear Papa, is this. I do not think I can stay longer with Mrs. Warrener when they return to town. They have been more kind to me than I can tell you—all of them; I have never seen anybody in my life treated with such constant kindness; I can never be sufficiently grateful to them. But I don't think I can always stay with them; and do you think, dear Papa, you could board me out somewhere when I get back to London? I should be sorry to trouble Lady North; if we did agree for a time, my temper would soon break the whole thing up again. And if you could think of some way, dear Papa, in which I could be useful—I should not like to be living like a genteel pauper, doing nothing, caring for nothing. I

should like to earn my own living, if you would allow me; and I have been thinking of two or three ways. They say my figure is passable; I might become one of those living models that the big milliners have for showing ladies' dresses—walking up and down, you know, before the purchaser. Or I might get a place in one of those large restaurants, to serve behind the bar; but I fear that would tend to give me a low opinion of my fellow beings. I could not be a governess; I should box the dear creatures' ears when they were impertinent—besides, that trip to Canada pretty nearly put an end to my music. I could not take to dressmaking; because I make nearly all my own dresses, and I would not make another woman's for her—to encourage her in her idleness. So what is there left? I am glad that I am not a father, with a bad sixpence always turning up; but I am your affectionate daughter,

"VIOLET NORTH."

She went on deck.

"Violet," said Mr. Drummond to her, speaking in a very kindly way, and noticing that her eyes were cast down, "if you want your letter posted soon, we will go in to Broadford instead of going on—that is, if we are ever to see Broadford again."

"Oh, no, thank you," she said, with much distinctness. "The letter is in no hurry. It is quite a question, indeed, whether it catches papa in town."

"Have you written only to your papa?" said Mrs. Warrener, concealing a smile.

"I have written only to papa," the girl said, turning round with some surprise.

They did get down to Broadford, however, creeping along before the occasional puffs of wind, which were becoming more frequent. When they drew near the opening of the bay, they had then to decide whether they would go in and anchor for the night, or go on; the skipper being altogether in favour of going on, partly because he always expressed a certain doubt about the safety of Broadford Bay, and partly because there were indications that this too fine weather would not last. So on they went, in the wonderful roseate evening, watching the colours die out on the hills, and the first yellow glimmer of the Loch Alsh lighthouse appear in the gathering grey. What wind there was began to shift about somewhat; they had the topsail taken down as they got into the narrower waters between Balmacarra and Kyle-Akin. When, after dinner that night, the voyagers came on deck, as was their wont, they saw that the moon behind the black hills of Skye had an ominous ring round it. They were clearly approaching the end of that long spell of fine weather.

But the wind did not rise till next morning about seven or eight o'clock. All through the night they had been creeping along through the dangerous Narrows of Skye and into the opener waters of Glenelg Bay; and it was well that they had fair sea-room when this squally south-eastern gale began to blow. In a very short space of time the aspect of things was considerably changed. When Mr. Drummond put his head up the companion, he got some intimation of what was going on by finding his cap caught by the wind and whirled out to sea. He returned with the report that it was raining hard; a good stiff breeze blowing; the sea rising.

Smothered in waterproofs, they made their morning appearance on deck. What a change! Watery mists half hiding the gloomy mountains of the mainland; the sun only a confused glow of light behind the whirling masses of vapour; the sea a stormy and desolate waste of grey-green, with the long, rushing, roaring lines of the sea-horses coming sweeping along to break on the plunging bows of the vessel. Violet was glad of all this—of the new, keen life and motion that had burst upon them; she would go into no shelter; she stood with her face growing red with the beating rain, with her teeth set against the wind, with her eyes proud and glad for the first time since she had been at this place before. No longer did she look at the rain-desolated Isle Ornsay,

or at the gloomy mountains of Loch Hourn, with anything of sentimental regret. This wild day seemed better fitted to her now. In her reckless feeling of the moment she hoped the gale would increase a hundred-fold; had she been alone on board, she would have been glad, perhaps, had the vessel gone foundering down to the bottom. The past was gone—with its fair summer skies, its blue seas, its thousand secret and tender hopes: now let the wild winds blow as they pleased!

And they did blow, though not at the bidding of an unhappy girl. Captain Jimmy had very speedily to reef his mainsail; and the hatches were closed, for there was a good deal of water coming leaping over the *Sea-Pyot's* bows.

"We shall have a heavy sea on before we get down to Ardnamurchan," said—or rather shouted—Mr. Drummond to his skipper.

"Na," said Jimmy, with the rain running down his nose, "na, na, it will be no a ferry bad sea; but," he added, cautiously, "it will be better if the leddies will put the things in the cabin safe—that will be better whatever."

Indeed, long before they got to Ardnamurchan they had need to make things secure, for the gale had raised a heavy sea, which tossed about the small *Sea-Pyot* like a cork, and rattled the glasses and candlesticks below in an alarming manner. Yet there was much delight in this day's voyage—through the plunging seas and whirling rains, and past the bleak and desolate islands lying in the waste of waters. There was little opportunity for speaking; there were many things to claim attention; Violet, for one, was glad of the excitement and distraction afforded by the storm. As the day wore on, the violence of the wind increased; and when, at length, they got down to Ardnamurchan and faced the mouth of the Sound of Mull, the sea was running high enough to cause the yacht to groan and creak in all her timbers as she rose and plunged with the waves. The skipper did not at all like the look of the sky. There were intervals of a strange darkness, followed by periods of a no less strange light, when the sun seemed to be shining through a mass of vapour quite close at hand. Along the western horizon there was a curious copper colour. No one was particularly sorry when the *Sea-Pyot* succeeded in running into Tobermory Bay.

But even here, in this small harbour, the gale pursued them; and in the dusk they could hear the heavy waves dashing against the sea-wall and the quay. Before turning in for the night, the skipper threw out his second anchor, and an anchor-watch was ordered. During that wild night, some of those in the small cabins lay awake and listened to the creaking of the timbers as the yacht plunged and rolled at her anchorage, and to the long swish of the waves along her sides; and even these sounds were scarcely so ominous as the tramp of men overhead and the calling of the skipper—he having got his mates up at two in the morning to lower the topmast and take the gig in from her davits on deck, so that the wind should have less pressure on the yacht. Had she dragged her anchors that night, there would have been no need to tell this story.

In the morning the state of affairs was even worse. The gale had increased in fury. Here, in this small harbour, huge green waves went rolling by—their summits caught and whirled away in foam by the wind—to dash on the sea-wall of the little town and send volumes of spray on to the houses and shops. All the doors were shut against the storm. The blue smoke from one or two chimneys was blown this way and that by squalls of wind; and now and again the woods on the hill beside the town were swept by flying rain-clouds. Out at sea nothing was visible but the white crests of the breakers; but here in the bay the crews of the coasters—black and bulky craft that rolled heavily in the waves—were busy making themselves as secure as they could with extra cables. It was a sufficiently perilous business for two

men who were in a small boat; and who, every minute or so, were completely lost to sight in the trough of a great wave, while at other times the water could be seen breaking over them in drenching showers.

Of course, there was no chance of getting out that day; it was for a long time doubtful whether they dared venture ashore, short as the distance was. At length, Mr. Drummond volunteered to go ashore in the gig, with a couple of men, to post Violet's letter. But she would not give the letter up.

"I am going in any case," said he. "You may as well allow me to post your letter for you."

She stood irresolute, impatient, embarrassed; she had a great wish to implore him, for her sake, not to venture; but how could she do so *now?* The men were lowering the gig. Drummond was buttoning on a big sou'-wester.

"Now, Violet: the letter, if you please."

She suddenly pulled it from her pocket, tore it in a dozen pieces, and flung it overboard—the wind whirling the pieces away like feathers.

"Why did you do that?" said he. "I must go ashore—there is no risk."

He jumped into the boat and took the tiller-ropes; the men pushed off from the yacht, and struck their oars into the water; the next moment the gig was borne away on the crest of a mighty wave, only to dip the next minute and half disappear in a cloud of windy spray. They nearly fouled the chain cable of one of the colliers—which probably would have ended their voyage for them; but having missed that danger, they encountered no other; and soon those on board the yacht saw through the sea-spray the tall figure of Mr. Drummond walking solitarily along the high quay.

"Don't you know why he has gone ashore?" Mrs. Warrener said to Violet, with an amused look.

"No—not at all," the girl said. "I can imagine no reason at all for running into such danger."

"There is not any danger, Captain Jimmy says, only they will be drenched through in coming back."

"And why did he go ashore?"

"To get some new bread for you. He was vexed that you had to eat biscuit at breakfast this morning."

"I would rather eat tarred rope——" she said, vehemently; and then she stopped and turned away: she was schooling herself to silence.

In due time Mr. Drummond returned on board, drenched but successful. He had got new bread, fresh butter, a newspaper not more than two days old, some fresh milk and eggs, and a cap to replace the one of which the sea had robbed him the day before. Likewise there were two or three little trinkets for the women: he said the impulse to buy everything he saw was almost irresistible—he had grown so tired of always finding the same amount of money in his pockets.

The wild weather continued all day. Occasionally a brief break appeared in the flying clouds; and a watery sunshine streamed down on the white houses of Tobermory, and on the green trees over them and around them; this flash of brightness being all the more brilliant on account of the black masses of rain-cloud forming the background to the green and white little town. But presently this frail vision of sunshine would disappear; and the old picture would be presented of the huge green waves, of the black hulls of the coasters rolling heavily, of white foam, and wind-swept clouds.

Then rain set in steadily in the afternoon, and they were forced to go below, to seek refuge in books and cards. Occasionally, there was a little conversation—not much; and Violet was glad when it ceased; for she was beginning to see that Mr. Drummond wished very much to be considered gay and cheerful, whereas the quick eyes of the girl perceived that he was so only by fits and starts, and obviously with some effort. He had been rummaging among the books left by his friend in the yacht; and had lit upon an old copy of Hero-

dotus, which he professed to treat as a description of Europe at the present day, written in the form of a parable. What was this about a marriage-market, and the prettiest girls fetching the highest prices? And how could Cyrus have known anything about the Stock Exchange when he said: "I was never yet afraid of those who in the midst of their city have a place set apart, in which they collect and cheat one another by false oaths?" He was much interested in learning that the vessels which sailed down the river to Babylon were circular; and also that "every vessel has a live ass on board, and the larger ones more;" but he considered that the writer had made a slip here, as we have not yet adopted the circular form of ironclad. And so forth. Sometimes they understood these occult references; sometimes they did not; had Mr. Miller been present, he would have turned away disgusted, for he never saw the fun of any one trying to puzzle you by obscure jokes. A joke was a joke—something to laugh at—not a conundrum. What, for example, could Mr. Drummond mean by saying to him one night at the Judæum that he supposed the favourite wine at the Club was old Clo' de Vougeot?

They were more interested, however, in the next book he proceeded to skim; which was a statistical description of the Hebrides accompanying the sailing directions issued by the Admiralty. For suddenly he said—

"Sarah, do you think you could leave London?"

"For good?"

"Yes."

"To live where?"

"Somewhere about this coast——"

"Oh," she cried, "think of the winter—the bleakness, the bitter cold——"

"It is exactly the absence of cold that is the attraction—that made me think of living here in reading this book. The temperature of Lewis is the most mild and equable of any part of the British Isles—as I read. Snow seldom lies in these western regions. Look at the various shrubs and plants that grow out-of-doors here that are only to be found in hot-houses elsewhere. They have camellias in their gardens in Cantyre."

"What should we do all the winter?" said his sister.

"That is the point," said he, rather wistfully. "Would you care to make the experiment? We might get tired of it—but not more tired than I am now of London."

"I will go with you wherever you please," she said.

"How about Amy?"

"She can finish her schooling now at home," her mother answered.

Some silence ensued. It was with a strange sinking of the heart that Violet had heard this conversation. They had never mentioned her; they seemed to take it for granted that she would leave them when they returned to London; and yet, she asked herself, why? They could not have known what she wrote to her father; and she had given them no hint of her intentions. Up till now they had invariably consulted her about their joint plans, and were almost too anxious to accommodate their arrangements to her wishes. Now she was left out altogether; and she knew them too well to suspect them of anything but an innocent assumption that it was unnecessary to ask her.

Amy, who had been absent, came into the saloon at this moment.

"Come here, child, and tell us—would you like to come and live always in the Highlands?"

The girl, in the most natural manner in the world, turned to Violet.

"What do *you* say, Violet?"

Happily, in the dusk, the extreme embarrassment of the girl was not visible.

"Oh, I?" she said, hurriedly. "Your mamma understands, Amy, that—that you must leave me out——"

"You are not going away from us?" cried her old school-companion, in dismay.

"Not if we can prevent you," Mrs. Warren said, in her kindly way; and as she was passing she laid her hand

on the shoulder of the girl. "Not if we can prevent you, Violet. But there comes a time when the young birds will insist on flying away from the nest—and though we elder folk can't be expected to like it—still, it is the old story. Come, who will adventure for a blow on deck? We must give the saloon up to Duncan now."

The force of the gale still prevented their leaving Tobermory that day; it was not until the following afternoon that they were allowed to start. By that time a vague impression had been formed in Violet's mind that she had made her last trip in the *Sea-Pyot.*

CHAPTER XXX.

CHALLENGED.

OTHER impressions, too, she was rapidly forming, of a much graver character, and likely to lead to decisive action. The quick eyes of the girl saw through this affectation of cheerfulness which James Drummond sought to preserve in her presence. She came to know, in a vague way, and yet with absolute certainty, that he was beset by an anxious care. She had expected that the breaking asunder of those tender ties which had been too hastily formed would have released him, at least, from all anxiety and embarrassment, and she was glad to think that that would be the result, whatever the cost might be to her; now she knew, with a great sadness, that this her best of friends carried about with him a heavy heart underneath all that pretence of kindly merriment. She knew it. She could read it in his eyes, when she met him unexpectedly. And she could not but imagine that the cause of this secret care was herself.

What could be more simple than her line of reasoning?—if that could be called reasoning which was rather a succession of leaps of fancies and emotions. He was wretched because he could not return the affection she had offered him. To free him from that hasty and mutual pledge was nothing, so long as she remained there to recall it by her presence. To a person of his imaginative, sensitive, and unselfish temperament, she would appear as a standing reproach; he would consider himself—however unnecessarily—the cause of her unhappiness; and would be miserable himself in consequence.

"And this," she thought to herself, with some bitterness, "is what I have brought to him; this is how I repay him for all his kindness to me."

And so she became more and more anxious to get back to Castle Bandbox. Perhaps something would occur then to put an end to this unhappy state of affairs—though she knew that her heartache over the loss of the one highest dream of her life was not to be cured by any change of circumstance. She breathed more freely, then, when at last they weighed anchor, and stood out into the Sound of Mull.

The wind had fallen rapidly, but there was still a heavy sea on, and the afternoon sunlight sometimes shone stormily through the floating masses of vapour that clung about the Mull mountains. By and by the wind had so far abated that it was deemed permissible to hoist the topsail; and so they beat down the Sound at a very fair rate of speed, hoping to get home before midnight.

By and by they came in sight of a house only the tops of the chimneys of which were visible over a line of dark green trees. It looked a solitary place, on these lonely shores.

"That iss Finnorie," said the skipper, "there iss no song the people will like so well as the 'Farewell to Finnorie'—not any song they will like so well as that one."

Violet did not know this pathetic little piece; but she knew that she, too, was bidding her farewell to Finnorie, and to more than Finnorie. They were all standing on deck at this time. She said——

"It is a sad thing to bid good-bye to a place you have known——"

"It is a sadder thing to bid good-bye to illusions," said Mr. Drummond, somewhat absently; but he had scarcely

uttered the words when he seemed to check himself. "Though one ought to be glad about it," he added, quickly; "the sooner we get rid of illusions the better. The operation is not nice; but the results are wholesome. Finnorie, now. And that is the manse of Finnorie? I suppose the song will last a century yet. Perhaps it was only an accident; or was it composed with a view to posthumous fame? There is no man without that, you may be sure; though the ordinary person's notion of posthumous fame is to live in the kindly recollection of sons and daughters, and grandchildren, and friends—a very good thing too, you know—it has a hold on a man's actions—it may make him more generous than he would otherwise be. What, now, is the nearest town or village to this remote little manse? Loch Aline, I suppose."

He stopped there. Loch Aline—that was the place young Miller was supposed to make for when he left them on that memorable Sunday. Some strange things had occurred since then—too strange, perhaps, to be understood just yet.

The dark came on; in the dusk they could see the livid blue waves burst into flowers of white foam as they went rushing past. It was an angry sea, though there was not much wind.

"The sea is very deep here, I suppose," said Violet to the skipper—she happened to be standing alone with him—he at the helm.

"Indeed it iss that," said Jimmy.

"If you went overboard, you would drown soon—perhaps you might drown before coming up at all?"

"It would be a ferry bad thing to try that," said the skipper, with a shrewd smile.

She had not the least intention of trying that. It was a passing fancy—nothing more.

But they ran a greater chance of seeing it tried that night than was at all pleasant. When they were well out of the Sound and crossing to the south of Lismore lighthouse, they were struck by a sudden squall. In the midst of the darkness—the moon not having risen as yet—there was something startling in this sudden roar of wind that caught the *Sea-Pyot* and threw her over almost on her beam-ends. Instantly the skipper called out to lower the topsail and there was a confused scuffle forward. The next moment there was a loud shriek from Mrs. Warrener, who had rushed up the companion-way to see what all the noise was about, and who just then caught a glimpse of one of the men being whirled by her in the dusk and carried right up and over the gig, where he remained suspended in mid-air, the flapping and straining topsail tearing this way and that over his head. That was Alec. Somehow the sheet had got twisted round his feet, and the force of the wind on the loose sail had torn him from his hold, though he clung to the rope like a rat. A brief, exciting period of tumult ensued. Mr. Drummond sprang to the man's aid, and caught him by the boots; another of the sailors came running to his assistance; and together they hauled him down on deck. But the question was how to get those great blowing volumes of canvas secured, for the gale was sweeping them this way and that; and again one of the sailors was knocked off his feet and had to cling to the bulwarks to prevent his being driven into the driving sea. This was becoming too serious. Violet was standing by—frightened, but with all her senses about her.

"Can you hold her for a moment?" the skipper called out.

The girl seized the tiller; and he made a dive at the fluttering canvas, while the sailor got on his legs again. But what was she to do? Right ahead of her the great glow of the light-house burned in the night; if she kept the boat away, she would expose her still further to the fury of the gale, and make it more difficult for the men to shorten sail; if she ran her up to the wind, she might get dangerously near the long black promontory of Lismore. Captain Jimmy, however, had had no intention of entrusting the safety of his vessel to alien hands for anything but a second

In another moment he was back at the tiller; the men had the foresail secured; and all the damage done by the sudden squall was that Alec had lost his cap, and that Amy Warrener having been thrown down on the floor of the saloon, had been overwhelmed by a shower of candle-snuffers, shilling novels, and biscuits.

By and by, an equable breeze having succeeded this fragmentary hurricane, they found themselves lightly and pleasantly running for home, while the moon had come up in the south over the black islands, so that they should easily pick their way along the hilly road to Castle Bandbox. It ought to have been a joyful return after all this beautiful cruise; but there was a great silence on board, the chief talker being more than usually absent and thoughtful.

"We shall soon be ashore now," said Mrs. Warrener to Violet, the two of them being in their little cabin, packing up various things.

"I suppose so," said the girl.

"I hope you have enjoyed the trip?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said she—the thoughtless answer to an ordinary question.

"And you will enjoy a few days on shore before we start again."

"I do not think I shall be with you next time, Mrs. Warrener," said Violet.

"What do you mean, Violet?" said her friend, ceasing her work, and standing up.

Perhaps she would rather not have answered. Everything around her seemed so wrong and miserable that talking about it promised little. But after all there was something of the wildness of despair in the way in which the girl threw out her hands and began to speak hurriedly and excitedly.

"How can you ask that? Do you not see what is going on? Do you not see that your brother is miserable; though, with his constant kindness, he tries to conceal it? And I know I am the cause of it; and when I know I am the cause of wretchedness to my friends—I—I think it is time I was out of the way."

"Violet," said Mrs. Warrener, taking the girl's hand, "You are too impulsive—you will do something wild some day. Now will you listen to reason? A great part of what you say is true. James has not been quite himself for a few days back; and there is no doubt he is a little anxious about you. That is natural. He has had the greatest interest in you ever since he knew you; and he has had a great affection for you; and he is not a man to throw those things aside lightly. He is not at all a man like that. When he has got to like any one, there is no use arguing with him; he is very steadfast. Now can you wonder at his being rather troubled about you? You yourself have not been over-happy, Violet, of late."

"I do not think I have been—I have been over-happy," said the girl, with a strong effort to restrain her tears.

"And can you wonder that he has been perhaps rather too anxious about you—considering how easily you will get out of all this unfortunate trouble——"

"Well," said the girl, vehemently, "he shall not be vexed and troubled about me. I am not going to requite all his great kindness to me that way."

"You would best remove his trouble by becoming happy yourself, Violet," her friend said, with a smile, "and you will soon be able to do that."

"Soon?" said the girl, thoughtfully. "Shall I soon be able to remove this trouble from him?"

"Oh, yes."

"I suppose now," said Violet, speaking in a strangely slow and measured way, "I suppose now—you would say that there is nothing—nothing in all the world he would not do to make me happy——?"

"Nothing!" said James Drummond's sister, honestly, and with decision. "I believe there is nothing in all the world he would not do to make you happy."

The girl thought for a moment; and her face was rather pale.

"And I—who am only——" she managed to say that, and no more; she drew a long breath, and fell back, her hand unconsciously catching at the edge of the berth. Mrs. Warrener, with a

short, quick cry of terror, caught hold of her before she fell; and managed to get her on to a chair. After all, it was only a faint: what more common than that? When she came to herself, she was very much ashamed; and she wondered how she could have been so stupid; but there was an unusual look about the eyes which Mrs. Warrener could not quite understand.

She professed to treat the whole matter very lightly, however.

"You are such a wild and headstrong girl, Violet, in those fancies of yours, that I don't know what is to become of you. I wish you were safely married, and had some one to look after you——"

"I think I will go up on deck now," she said—her face still somewhat pale —"it is cooler there."

Her friend accompanied her. They found the *Sea-Pyot* now drawing near to her moorings; and they recognised in the moonlight the familiar outlines of the dark hills behind Castle Bandbox. There, too, was the little bay, the yellow sand showing a pale semicircle of light in the shadow, where the two girls used to bathe.

"Wouldn't you like to go down there now, Violet," said Amy, "and have a bathe in the moonlight?"

"I should like to catch you at it, either of you!" said her mother. "And yet I know you are both bound to be drowned there, sooner or later."

Out went the rattling anchor-cable with a roar in the silence of the night; there was some busy work with the sails; then the gig took the voyagers into the small landing-place. In the moonlight they walked away up through the quiet meadows to the cottage on the hill. There was little said.

Years upon years it seemed to Violet North since she had left that small home up there; for indeed the very moments seemed years now, as she felt her life pushing forward to some tragic climax with swift, inexorable, irrevocable steps. The gathering volume of her emotions—love, and pride, and gratitude all commingled—was carrying her onwards, whither she as yet dared not look.

But she wished to look and to know —whatever it might be; and when the others had gone into the house, and were busy in unpacking and so forth, she slipped round by the back, and got into the road that led away up among the hills. The cool mountain-air was grateful to her hot forehead; in the silence she could think of all this that had happened to her, and was going to happen; she was glad to be away, to be alone. She wandered on, not paying much heed to the rocks, and heather, and young plantations, all faintly visible in the moonlight, but vaguely conscious of the murmur of a stream in the valley below her, that seemed to make the silence of the night more intense.

She was in no blind and passionate bewilderment of grief; she was too proudly self-possessed for that; and yet it seemed to her that a great sadness dwelt over this beautiful night; and perhaps, once or twice, she remembered that she had no mother to whom she could go at this terrible crisis of her life. She reasoned with herself very calmly. It was her great misfortune to love this man with her whole heart; he knew it, and his life was made miserable by the knowledge; how was all this unhappiness to be cured? Her going away would do no good; she would leave with him that anxious care about herself, that dumb unspeakable regret that haunted him and clouded over the ordinarily bright and joyous spirit. And what was she, that she should cause this wretchedness to the one among all human beings whom she most loved and honoured? Her sore heartache, incurable as it was, she could have borne; but not the thought of the pain she was inflicting on this dearest of all her friends, who sought so anxiously and yet so vainly to conceal the wound. She reasoned calmly enough, perhaps; but her heart was beginning to beat fast; and all the high, impulsive, proud spirit of the girl was rising to the firm lips and the pale face. She stood st[illegible] now, and listened—there was no [illegible]

to interrupt her self-communings. And this was the question she asked herself —not audibly, but so that her beating heart could hear:

"*In the old time, when you were careless and happy, you asked yourself whether you could die for the man that you loved; and you were very proud to answer yes. You were very sure then you could do it. And now, if the same question is asked, what will you say? Will you meanly retreat from it? If nothing will do but getting out of the world altogether—so that the old glad light will come back to his eyes in time, after he has forgotten all about you—can you show to yourself what your love is worth by doing that?*"

She was not so calm now. The beautiful dark eyes were full of a strange agony; she was breathing quickly; her face was paler than the moonlight itself.

That was the question she asked herself; what was the answer?

No man, woman, or set of circumstances ever confronted this girl with a challenge, and found her turn aside from it: that was not possible to her. The answer to the question was written in the firm lips and the wild white face.

After all, what was this sacrifice that was demanded of her? The book of life, so far as she could read it in her bewilderment and despair, was to her only a record of disappointment on disappointment, of regret, and lamentation, and grief. She had had no kindly cared-for youth; and now her womanhood, as she was about to enter upon it, and as the fascination of it glimmered before her like a beautiful vision, had been suddenly shut off in darkness, and she was left with only the bitter memory of what might have bee...

She heard steps behind her, and turned quickly. She found Mrs. Warrener, with some light shawl thrown round her head, coming towards her.

"Violet, what do you mean by running away like this? I felt sure you had gone up among the hills by yourself."

The reply was a strange one. The girl took her friend's head between her hands, and kissed her gently, and looked wistfully and earnestly into her eyes.

"If I have annoyed you at any time," she said, "and if you think of it afterwards, you will believe that I never did mean it, and that I was very sorry. You will promise me that; and if I have done harm to any one in your house, you will ask them to forgive me —and forget it when they can."

The gentle little woman burst into tears.

"Oh, Violet, what do you mean?" she cried, with a strange apprehension in her breast. "Why are you crying? What is the matter with you—that you are so pale?"

"It is nothing," said the girl. "We will go back to the house."

They walked down the road in the moonlight, both silent; for Mrs. Warrener was beset by vague fears, and she was afraid to question the girl too closely just then. When they had entered the house, Violet escaped to her own room, for it was now late. She stood for a moment at the window —looking out on the black hills, and on the trees and on the small patches of oats, that the moonlight made of a silvery grey—and she was holding her hand tightly over her heart.

"*Don't break yet,*"—this is what she would have said, had her wild, despairing fancies been translated into words, "*Don't break just yet, until I have made my friends happy. Then you can do with me—what you like!*"

To be continued.

THE ITALIAN DRAMA.

I.

THE "LUDI" OR EARLY MYSTERY PLAYS—THE "CARNASCIALESCHI" OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI—THE "ORFEO" OF POLIZIANO.

A.D. 900—1500.

"Ce qu'on ne doit point voir, qu'un récit nous l'expose—
Les yeux en le voyant saisiroient mieux la chose.
Mais il est des objets que l'art judicieux
Doit offrir à l'oreille et réculer des yeux."
BOILEAU, *l'Art Poëtique.*

IN choosing the title of the *Italian Drama*, the writer wishes to imply that the slight sketch contained in these papers will only date from the revival of dramatic art in Italy. The classical fame of the Roman theatre, closely connected as it is with the immortal productions of the land where the drama first burst into life, remains in far abler hands.

It will, however, be seen that the rules and forms of the ancient drama had taken such deep root in Italy that they sprang up again, after centuries of devastation, to give life and shape to the first efforts of her modern tragedians. Even at the time of the fall of the empire, the theatres which had witnessed the classic scenes of the Roman drama were not entirely destroyed. They still served for the scenic representations of the *Mimi* as they were called, who were supposed to be directly descended from the ancient *Mimi* of the Attellanian "Fabulæ."[1] Most of the Italian writers on the drama agree in saying that those which were called *Commedie dell'Arte*, were the only comedies represented in Italy during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. In these dramas the author's business was confined to arranging a skeleton plot called a *scenario*, leaving with the actors the option of filling it up with speeches according to their fancy, just as in the present day each actor chooses his own gestures and actions to represent his conception of the part he has to play. It was, however, understood that a certain standard dress, and certain fixed jests belonged to each part, and these were adhered to so strictly, that they have descended even to our times in the familiar forms of Harlequin and Punch (Puncinello). The dress of the former (Arlecchino), originally called *Centona* or *Centunedo* being one garment made of numberless pieces, still preserves its character.

By degrees the *dramatis personæ* of the *Mimi* became enlarged by Pantaleone (a Venetian merchant); Dottore, a Bolognese physician; Spaviento, a Neapolitan Braggadocio, and other representatives of the various states of Italy. Each spoke the dialect, and each wore the costume of his native city. Far from being discouraged by the ecclesiastical authorities, they received the decided support of such grave fathers of the Church as St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Anthony; the latter only adding a proviso that Harlequin should not be represented by a clergyman, nor Punch be exhibited in church.

The scenic representations of the *Mimi* were after all only relics of former times, but like the ancient classical drama, —not to speak of the rude attempts of many a barbarian nation, Scandinavian, Peruvian, and Chinese—the real efforts of the resuscitated Italian drama took a religious form. The pilgrims, or their return from the Holy Land, or f

[1] A kind of play or farce, which took its name from "Attella," a town belonging to the Osci in Italy. These farces were a sort of rude game played by the Roman youth, who represented the characters of ancient mythology.

to iacomo di Galizia, or the Madonna del thruy, first began the custom of reciting publicly with a certain amount of gesture and action the sacred story of the Passion of our Lord, the life of the Blessed Virgin, the Acts of the Apostles, and other passages either from the Scriptures or from the legends of the saints.

At first these recitations, which rapidly became very popular, were performed in the open air, either in the churchyards, the public piazze, or the fields and highways. But soon these places were discarded as unworthy of the sacred character of the mystery plays, and they were represented in churches where stages were erected expressly for the purpose. These sacred dramas resemble the Greek plays in having both for their authors and performers persons dedicated to the service of religion. If the first Grecian poets were also priests, and, up to the time of Sophocles, recited in person their dramatic compositions to the people, the mystery plays were also composed and performed by the ecclesiastical, and not the lay members of the Church. We learn from reliable authority that six sacred dramas were written by the nun Rosvita of Gandersheim between the years 980 and 1000; and Muratori quotes a decretal of Gregory IX. specially enjoining that the priests, deacons, and subdeacons shall, under the authority of the bishop, represent these dramas with fitting masks and dresses, for the diversion of the people.

But if the drama was re-awakened to life by the same motive which prompted its birth, and if we may trace several points of resemblance between its origin and its revival, many obvious reasons interfered to prevent these representations, in their religious form, from approaching in the smallest degree to the excellence of the ancient Greek theatre. Among the Greeks there was no office of higher importance in the state than that of the poet. Hence few were chosen for it but such as could unite to their natural poetical gift a perfect acquaintance with the politics and opinion which it was necessary to instil into the people. They knew how to turn the theatre to account in moulding the popular mind to the ends which the government had in view—how to find in it the most powerful stimulus to their patriotic zeal, and their eager desire for liberty. But priests of the Middle Ages, who were the authors and directors of the sacred dramas, had no such object in view, and, being scarcely less ignorant than the people they professed to teach, their influence, far from raising the popular tone, could only serve to increase the ignorance and superstition which so generally prevailed.

Then, if for a moment we consider the nature of Pagan worship, absurd in principle, defective in means, partial and inconsistent in result, we shall see that out of these very errors the fine arts which combined to illustrate the Greek drama drew their greatest advantages. Where the religious teaching was wholly bent on fomenting human passions, instead of reproving them, where the gods, leaving the instruction of mankind to philosophers, appeared only as gods of pleasure—pleasure which, though inspired by poetry, eloquence, and music, was still pleasure—it is evident why these fine arts came to be considered as celestial gifts to be gained at whatever cost, and to be worthy of the highest esteem.

Again, when the people considered the manifold weaknesses, not to say vices, attributed to the objects of their public veneration, it must have been obvious that there was no such vast and appalling difference between gods and men, as to render the former unfit to be represented on the stage for the amusement of the latter. Further, their patriotic feelings were appealed to by each representation of those mythological legends from which it was their proudest boast to derive history. Thus while every circumstance combined to exalt the Grecian drama to its lofty summit of perfection it had also a political importance which rendered it one of the most dearly-prized institutions of the state.

But when, after the lapse of centuries

of darkness and ignorance, the drama began to revive in the land of its adoption, all the auspices which had been so favourable to its origin were changed. We need no words to prove that the sacred mysteries of Christianity are at once too awful and too incomprehensible to be presented on the stage as a spectacle for men. Human understanding being incapable of attaining to the full conception of these sacred subjects, they must be brought down from their infinite height to come within the range of so limited a vision, when, by a natural consequence, that which is human and material must fall miserably short in an effort to represent what is spiritual and divine.

A very few examples will perhaps show better than any argument how rapidly these sacred dramas, orginally pious in their intention, degenerated into abuse.

As early as the year 1264 we find that certain statutes *della Compagnia del Gonfalone* in Rome provided that these "Ludi," as the mystery plays were termed, because they were an essential part of the games and festivities held at Easter and Pentecost, should be represented twice in the year.

The feast of the "Pazzi" (maniacs) is the most conspicuous example of the profanity of these ceremonies. Under the presidence of a mock archbishop, called the "Arcivescovo dei Pazzi," the offices of the Church were turned into elaborate ridicule; but the details are too repulsive to be put forward here, and the reader can form a very fair idea of the whole ceremony from Walter Scott's description of the form it took in Scotland under the lordship of the "Abbot of Unreason." [1]

Another example may be found in the *Ludo Pascale della Venuta e Morte dell' Anticristo*, annually performed by injunction of the Roman statutes. It was a sort of confused drama, in which the Pope and the Emperor, with other sovereigns of Europe, appeared on the scene, with the Antichrist, accompanied by personifications of Heresy, Hypocrisy, and Heathenism. In 1304, we read of the *Inferno* being represented at Florence, on the river Arno, which was covered with every sort of boat, steered by demons and filled with condemned souls, amid loud cries and flames and every other horrible notion that the subject could suggest. The concourse on the Ponte alla Carraia to see this extraordinary spectacle was so great that the bridge gave way and thousands were precipitated into the river beneath.

These are some specimens of the sacred dramas, which lasted for centuries, not only in Italy but all over Europe, till at last they were prohibited on account of their shocking profanity. They may be looked upon as the first efforts of the revived Italian drama. Still as they were played sometimes as *sceni mute*, without any words, sometimes with speeches invented on the spur of the moment, no pains were taken to preserve their forms or their dialogues, so that up to the fourteenth century we have no real specimens of Italian dramatic poetry.

But as ignorance declined, and the study of classic lore began to revive, it became evident that these "Ludi" could never reach the level of the ancient drama. Fearing at first to venture in the untried path of the new language, as yet unformed by the *Divina Commedia*, the dramatic writers kept closely to the track of the old Latin tongue in their aim after a more exalted kind of drama. The first of these, Albertino Mussato, a learned Paduan, born in 1261, carefully modelled his Latin plays upon the pattern of Seneca. One of his tragedies called *Eccesinis*, treating of a modern subject, the death of Ezzelino, tyrant of Padua, won so great a reputation at the time that, like Petrarch, Mussato was honoured by a laurel crown, presented to him by the Paduan university in 1313. The Bishop of Padua further issued an edict that on every Christmas Day the doctors, regents, and professors of the two Paduan colleges should go to his house in solemn procession to renew annually the offer of the crown.

[1] See *The Abbot*, p. 108.

Although Mussato is supposed to have written his tragedy in strict imitation of Seneca, he has not always attended to the unities of time and place. Tiraboschi truly observes that, in any case, "*una cattiva originale non potea fare che una cattiva copia.*" Still, although pronounced by critics to be full of defects, they also admit that the passions are drawn with some force, and that a real interest runs through the play.

Albertino Mussato died at Chiozza in the year 1329, at the age of seventy. He was so close a contemporary of Dante that it is curious there should be no mention of him in the *Divina Commedia*. It appears from Petrarch's letters, that in his early youth he also attempted to write a Latin comedy *per sollevar l'animo.*[1] He called it *Philologia*, but was so convinced of its worthlessness that he took no pains to preserve it, and it never saw the light. It is a question, which some affirm and some deny, whether he was the author of two other dramatic compositions, one on the siege of Cesena, in 1357, by Cardinal Albanoz, the other upon the fate of Medea, which are still preserved in the Libreria Laurenziana at Florence.

Many other plays in modern Latin succeeded these first attempts, but they do not seem to have been ever represented. The earliest prose Italian dramatic composition is said to have been translated from the Latin play *De Captivitate Ducis Jacobi*, by Secco Polentone, and to contain a remote reference to the arrest of General Jacopo Piccinino in 1464.

But soon throwing off the stiff bonds of translation, the vernacular began to assert itself with decided freedom and vigour in the *Maggiolate*, *Ballate*, and *Intuonate*, for which it was so eminently adapted. The *Maggiolate*, as their name would show, were the May-day festivities, of which a feeble remnant has descended to our own day; the Maypole being represented in those times by a living shrub, which, adorned with festoons and flowers, was planted opposite the window of the Queen of Love and Beauty, with every festive accompaniment of poetry, music and the dance. The *Ballate* and *Intuonate* were merely sonnets, usually selected from the *Vita Nuova*, set to music and sung to a kind of dance, as if the same instinct which prompted the inflections of the voice to express the feelings of the soul guided the movements of the body to the same end.

Although this kind of poetry can hardly be said to partake of the dramatic character, it prepared the way for the *Carnascialeschi*. These were originally Carnival festivities, but, under the skilful treatment of Lorenzo de' Medici, they developed into a species of consecutive drama. Up to his time the *Carnascialeschi* were carried on in dumb show, with figures of wax or wood dressed in grotesque characters. The *Trionfi* of Petrarch were frequently chosen for these representations, and Lorenzo was the first to suggest that the words should be used also, set to a musical accompaniment.

On one occasion the *Trionfo della Morte* was elaborately prepared by the Florentine painter Piero di Cosimo, nothing being omitted to strike terror into the hearts of the people. The funeral car, invested with every emblem of mortality, paraded the city, accompanied by troops of citizens singing the following lines:—

> "Morti siam come vedete
> Così morti vedrem voi;
> Fummo gia come voi siete,
> Voi sarete come noi."

Lorenzo himself composed many of these *Carnascialeschi*. His great desire was to wean the people by degrees from the sacred dramas which had so long occupied the stage; but aware of the jealousy and suspicion with which any such reform would be received, he prepared the way by himself writing a sacred drama, only of a far higher order than any of those hitherto represented. It was called *SS. Giovanni e Paolo*—not, however, the great Apostles, but two followers of the daughter of Constantine,

[1] Vol i., lib. ii., lett. vii., p. 361.

who were put to death for the faith in the time of Julian the Apostate. It is written with a simple grace worthy of the ancient classical dramas, and the moral is carefully drawn. *L'Abramo e l'Isaaco* of Feo Belcari and Pulci's *Barlaam e Josafat* were contemporary productions of the same improved nature.[1] Lorenzo's next attempt was a drama called *Il Trionfo di Bacco e d'Arianne*, full of vigour and grace. He had soon many imitators eager to follow in the new path which he had struck out The *Virginia* of Bernardo Accolto, founded on one of the novels of Boccaccio, was quickly succeeded by the *Cefalo* of Niccolo da Correggio, a man of no ordinary ability, famous as a soldier but more famous for his poetry. He was held in such high esteem by his contemporaries, that Ariosto dedicates two lines to him in the *Orlando Furioso*:—

> "Un Signor di Correggio . . . . .
> Con alto stil par che cantando scriva."
> *Orlando Furioso*, cxlii. s. 92.

Pre-eminent among the successful followers of Lorenzo was his friend and contemporary Angelo Poliziano. His talents first declared themselves in his *Stanze per la Giostra di Giuliano de' Medici*, from the rich treasures of which neither Ariosto nor Tasso disdained to borrow. Thus, while the theatres at Rome, under Pomponio Leto, were representing with laborious pains translations of the plays of Plautus and Terence, Poliziano, the youthful poet of Florence, produced the first real Italian drama. His *Orfeo*, written in a highly-polished style, with regularity of plot and unity of intention, marks a distinct era in the dramatic history of Italy. Poliziano was only eighteen when he wrote this drama at the special request of Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga. Moreover, it was completed in two days' time, in the midst of all the tumult and rejoicings of a great festivity.

The first editions of the *Orfeo* were so mangled and confused as to give no idea of its real beauty and elegance. But, fortunately for Poliziano's fame, the learned Padre Affo discovered an ancient and perfect manuscript in the convent of the Santo Spirito at Reggio, which has enabled him to give us a correct edition of the play. It is styled a tragedy, and is divided into five acts, which division is announced at the end of the prologue, in the lines:—

> "On stia ciascuno a tutti gli atti intento,
> Che cinque sono; e questo è l'argomento."

The dialogue is regular, the style clear and correct, and there is a beautiful chorus at the beginning of the second act, in which the Dryads bewail the death of Eurydice. The speech of Orfeo as he stands before the gate of the Inferno (Act iv., Scene 1) is so fine that we feel it might indeed draw

> "Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,"

and have

> "Made hell grant what love did seek."

There follows a spirited dialogue between Pluto and Proserpine:—

> "Chi è costui che con l'aurata Cetra,
> Mossa ha l'immobil porta."

> "Who is he, who with his golden lyre,
> Hath moved the gate immutable?"

Then Orpheus makes his pathetic supplication in the rolling stanzas of the *ottava rima*, so difficult to render with any justice in a translation:—

> "Hear me, ye rulers of that hapless race,
> For ever banished from the light of day,
> To whom the creatures of all time and place
> And nature's works their mournful tribute pay:
> Hear my lament, and show some pitying grace,
> Love ever leads me onward on my way—
> I come not cruel Cerberus to bind,
> But still my love, my only love to find.

> "A serpent hidden 'neath the flow'ry mead,
> Hath ta'en from me the jewel of my life,
> So doth my heart in constant anguish bleed,
> And nought can still its grief and bitter strife;
> But if, of the time thou didst in triumph lead,
> Trophy of famous love, a captive wife,
> Still any trace within thy mem'ry live,
> Once more to me my lost and lov'd one give.

[1] Two interesting volumes of these *Rappresentazioni*, as they were called, may still be seen in the British Museum.

'All earthly things at last must enter here,
Each mortal life to thy domain must fall,
And all that moves beneath the lunar sphere
Sooner or later must obey thy call.
Brief be our span above, or long and drear,
Thy dismal shores must claim us each and all;
Here is the utmost limit of our way,
Here must we yield us to thy endless sway.

"Thus must my fairest Nymph, one day, be thine,
O'erpassed the term of nature's earthly life;
But thou the creeping tendrils of the vine,
And grapes unripe hast shorn, with ruthless knife,
To reap, while green, the harvest's promise fine,
Oh who would work such grievous havoc rife—
Give then, give back my dearest hope to me,
No gift I ask, only a loan of thee.

"Then by those waters, turbid and forlorn,
Of Stygian marsh and Acheron's sad waves;
And by that chaos whence the world was born,
By Phlegethon, whose burning torrent raves;
And by that fruit, O Queen, which pleased thee well,
When first thou cam'st within these shades to dwell.
If still injurious fate my prayer deny,
Then will I ne'er return, but here will die."
(*Orfeo*, Act. iv.)

Pluto is moved to grant Orfeo's request, with the one fatal condition attached to it.

Resuming for an instant the old classical fetters, Poliziano makes Orfeo exult, in Latin, over his "half-regained Eurydice," but immediately afterwards returns to the vernacular, so exactly adapted for the beautiful and plaintive lament of the unhappy bride:—

"Ahimè che troppo amore
Ci ha disfatti ambidua!
Ecco che ti son tolta a gran furore
E non son or più tua—
Ben tendo a te le braccie, ma non vale
Che indietro son tirata—Orfeo mio, vale!"

Although the play is written in five acts, each act being very short, it is comprised in brief compass.

Whatever disputes may occupy the Italian *letterati* as to whether the *Orfeo* was the first representation in the vernacular—and many are of opinion that it did really precede the *Cefalo* by a few years—in regard to merit they are unanimous in giving it the first place on account of its immense superiority to any of the Italian dramas hitherto produced.

Poliziano was the brightest ornament of Lorenzo de' Medici's brilliant court, and that discerning patron of literature and art thought no favours or distinctions too great for his young favourite. But in spite of Lorenzo's patronage, in spite of his learning and rare gifts, Poliziano was far from happy. He was the victim of a morbid discontent, arising partly out of the extreme deformity of his personal appearance, which is said to have preyed upon his mind, partly from his unpopularity, for he had many enemies jealous both of his court favour and rare talents. He died in 1494, surviving only two years the death of his friend and patron Lorenzo, to whom he was deeply attached. He has been accused of sharing the infidel opinions in his time so rampant in Florence; but, on the other hand, it is urged that he translated from the Greek the work of St. Athanasius upon the Psalms of David, and that he made a careful study of Hebrew in order to arrive at a better understanding of the sacred writings. A contemporary writer assures us that he died in the Christian faith, being attended on his death-bed by Fra Domenico da Pescia, one of the two Dominican friars who shared Savonarola's martyrdom. It is also stated that, by order of the great preacher himself, Poliziano was vested after death in the garb of St. Dominic and buried in the church of San Marco.

His remains were afterwards removed into the church, and laid beside those of Pico della Mirandola, his contemporary and friend.

II.

"IL TEATRO ITALIANO ANTICO."

A.D. 1500—1600.

"Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage."
Il Penseroso.

We have seen how Poliziano, with one vigorous effort of his genius, struck off

from the Italian drama the fetters of a dead language; and sent it forth into the world in the freedom of its own beautiful speech.

But nearly a century elapsed before the dramatists of Italy knew how to make a real use of their liberty. They had been so long accustomed to the stiff rules and forms as well as to the language of the ancient drama, that they continued to follow in its track with leaden footsteps, content to sacrifice to a servile imitation much of their inventive genius and all confidence in their own powers.

Gian-Giorgio Trissino, commonly called the "Father of Italian Tragedy," framed his *Sophonisba* in strict obedience to the rules of Greek art. His natural gifts were sufficiently remarkable to make this voluntary bondage the more unfortunate, while his tragedy being founded on a Latin argument, there seemed the less need to subject it so rigidly to the rules of Greece. Many passages of real pathos, which occur in the *Sophonisba*, show to what a far greater height of excellence the author might have reached had he left his genius to take its natural course.

Still, on the other hand, the claim of the *Sophonisba* to the first place in Italian tragedy may be due, in some measure, to the regularity of its plot, the preservation of the unities of time and place, and a strict adherence to the other canons enforced by the rigid rules of dramatic art. In fact its claim to precedence rests chiefly upon superior merit, for in point of time it might be disputed by two other tragedies in the vernacular.

Even if we consent to look upon the *Orfeo* more as a *pastorale* than a tragedy, there was a rival *Sophonisba* written in 1502, by the Marchese Galeotto del Carretto, dedicated to Isabella d'Este, Duchess of Mantua; and this was succeeded by another tragedy — the *Pamphila* of Antonio da Pistoia—represented on a wooden theatre in the palace of Ercole II., Duke of Ferrara. But these tragedies scarcely obtained any reputation at the time, and are now considered by critics more in the light of confused allegorical dialogues than regular dramas.

The *Sophonisba* of Trissino, on the contrary, created a great sensation when it was represented at Rome in 1515, before Leo X., and its merits and defects have been ever since freely discussed by the great writers on Italian literature. Scipione Maffei gives it the first place among the early tragedies of the *Renaissance*. Voltaire considers it the first tragedy worthy of the name "que l'Europe ait vu après tant de siècles de barbarie." He finds many points to praise, though lamenting its stiff adherence to classical rule, which criticism he points with all the happiness of French illustration: "Il s'appuie sur Homère pour marcher, et tombe en voulant le suivre: il cueille les fleurs du poëte grec, mais elles se flétrissent dans les mains de l'imitateur."

Notwithstanding these defects, Trissino has no rival to dispute his claim to the first place among the tragedians of the "Teatro Italiano Antico." Even now the tragedy may be read with interest:—the character of Sophonisba is sustained throughout with dignity and pathos combined—

"With her th' Italian scene first learned to glow,
And the first tears for her were taught to flow—"

and it cannot be denied that some of her speeches are full of tender feeling. The scene before her death where she takes leave of her maidens, contains passages which have been especially admired. The appeal to her absent mother—

"Oh my mother! and art thou far away!
Might I but once have seen thy face again,
And in thine arms have laid me down to die!" [1]

and the farewell to her son—

"O figlio mio tu non avrai piu madre!"

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[1] "O madre mia quanto lontana siete,
Almen potuto avessi una sol volta
Vedervi ed abbracciar nella mia morte."

The chorus in the third act, the poetical figure which paints our life—

> "as some treasure rare
> Not to be squandered in occasions base,
> Nor yet withheld from service of renown:
> For that a noble death throws back its light
> O'er the forgotten life that's passed away—"[1]

and many similar passages of the kind would repay the reader for a patient study of the drama.

The popularity of the *Sophonisba* was not confined to Italy. It rapidly found its way into France, and Voltaire is not ashamed to admit that the French dramatists gained the first ideas of the rules of their art from the Italian tragedian.

Gian-Giorgio Trissino was descended from an ancient family of Vicenza. His father was a Captain in the service of the Republic of Venice. His mother belonged to the Veronese family of Bevilacqua. He was born in 1478 and died in 1550. His idolatry of the classics, which perhaps hampered his natural genius, he derived from the instruction of his Athenian master, Demetrio Calcondila. The *Sophonisba* was composed at Rome, where the talents of the author early recommended him to the notice of Leo X. to whom in return for his consistent patronage Trissino dedicated his *Sophonisba*. In this dedication the author apologizes for employing the Italian instead of the Latin language, and for having chosen to express himself in blank verse, which he considers more adapted for moving the passions than rhyme. He was often employed by the Pope as an ambassador to various states, and it is said that he refused a Cardinal's hat. He never accepted any ecclesiastical dignity, and Voltaire is inaccurate in prefixing the title of "Le Prelat" to his name.

Giovanni Ruccellai (born 1475, died 1526), the nephew of Lorenzo de' Medici and the friend of Trissino, followed closely in the footsteps of the first Italian tragedian. But if, stimulated by the modern plot, there is more originality in his tragedy of *Rosmunda*, he falls back again into the character of a humble imitator in his next drama the *Oreste*.

The story of the *Rosmunda* is sufficiently interesting to make it worth while to look at the play, and some lines of really remarkable beauty are to be found in the "Cori." Yet the *Oreste*, in spite of its being only an imitation, is praised by Scipione Maffei as superior to *Rosmunda*, and is considered worthy of claiming a distinct position among the old tragedies of Italy.

After the attempts of which we have spoken, a few years passed without being marked by any dramatic effort worthy of notice, till the *Canace* of Sperone Speroni (born 1500, died 1588) excited general interest and some controversy. This tragedy, which was much applauded by the author's fellow academicians of the "Infiammati" at Padua, aroused a storm of criticism from the general literary world, a just retribution perhaps for the author's malignant attack upon Tasso, whose *Gerusalemme Liberata* Speroni had condemned unread. However much he pretended to defy the criticisms which now assailed him in his turn, they induced him to alter and amend his tragedy in many points; and despite all the tempest of invective and criticism showered upon it at the time of its publication the *Canace* is now looked upon as one of the landmarks of the Italian drama. Its variety of versification and its florid style were among the many points to which exception was taken, as being unsuitable to the gravity and dignity of the tragedy. Nevertheless there were many who praised the style for a certain grace and delicacy which had hitherto been foreign to the drama, and who imagined that Speroni's style had served as a guide both to Tasso and Guarini in their respective *pastorali* of the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*.

It would make a wearisome catalogue

[1] "La nostra vita è come un bel tesoro,
Che spender non si devi in cosa vile
Ne risparmiar nell' onorate imprese;
Perchè una bella e gloriosa morte
Illustra tutta la passata vita."
Sophonisba, p. 79.

to cite even the names of all the tragedies which followed in the wake of those already mentioned, nor would the recital of names of dramatists who were not great ornaments to the Italian theatre repay the reader.

Some few exceptions ought to be made, in favour of (1) the *Orbecche*, the best of the nine tragedies produced by the fertile genius of Giambattista Giraldi (born 1504, died 1569), who first recommended the division of the drama into acts and scenes. It was represented in 1541, with splendid scenery, before Ercole II., Duke of Ferrara, with so much truth and passion that the audience were in tears.

The *Orbecche*, so called from the name of the daughter of the King of Persia, is founded on an Eastern plot so full of horrors that the prologue finds it necessary to prepare the minds of the august spectators at some length for what they are about to witness. They are warned that they are no longer in Ferrara, the happiest and most peaceful of cities; but in Susa, the *crudo albergo* of every disaster and crime they can imagine. Yet the interest of the piece does not wholly depend on the horrors which it contains, and, as in most of these old tragedies, many gems of poetry are to be found in the "cori."

(2) The *Œdipo* of Anguillara, represented in 1565 at Vicenza, on a wooden stage, constructed by Palladio for the occasion, in which Luigi Groto,[1] commonly called "Il ciéco d'Adria" on account of his infirmity, played the part of Œdipus. This man, although blind from his birth, became not only an actor of some merit, but also wrote two tragedies considered worthy of a place in the "Teatro Antico"—*L'Adriana*, and *La Dalida*. The plot of the first of these is said, like Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*—to which it bears a close affinity—to be founded on the novella *La Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto; and those who have the patience to read it through will observe several points which resemble the favourite English play.

[1] Born at Adria 1541, died at Venice 1585.

(3) The *Antigone* of Luigi Alamanni, which was honoured by a theatre constructed by Palladio, and further adorned for its representation at Venice by twelve great pictures for scenes, painted by Zuccaro himself.

(4) The *Soldato* of Angelo Leone (published 1550) is mentioned not so much on account of any intrinsic merit, as because it is supposed to have first suggested the idea of a "tragedia cittadina," or domestic tragedy, a pleasing variety from the "sceptred pall" with which the Italians had hitherto invested the tragic muse.

(5) The *Acripanda*, by Antonio Decio da Horte, represented at Florence (1592), is again a departure from the mythological track, but is none the less full of the horrors and cruelties which an Egyptian plot can so well suggest to the imagination; yet the first scene of act iv., where the murdered children appear as ghosts to comfort their bereaved mother, is so pathetic that it almost compensates for the horrors which lead up to it. We subjoin a few stanzas selected from Mr. Walker's admirable translation of this beautiful scene.

ACRIPANDA, CHORUS, GHOSTS OF THE TWINS.

Ghosts.

"Thou to whom our birth we owe,
Loved in life and in the tomb,
Turn and hear a tale of woe,
Turn and mark thy children's doom.

* * * *

"Why lament to see us soar,
Where the tides of transport flow,
Gifted from the heavenly store
Far beyond our loss below?

"Would you wish to lure us down,
Here to wander with the dead?
Tho' the bright imperial crown
Sparkled on each youthful head.

* * * *

"Fickle chance no longer here,
Runs her ever-changing round,
Sad misfortune's frown severe,
Never clouds the hallowed bound.

* * * *

"Banish sorrow, banish fears,
Taint not thus our pure delight,
Nor will unavailing tears
Deprecate our heavenward flight.

"May the fates benignant join,
To thy life's allotted space,
All the long revolving line,
Severed from our hapless days."

Acripanda.

"Whither denizens of air
Whither do you flit away,
Your allotment to prepare,
In the realms of endless day?"

Chorus.

"See! they mount and now they go,
Like an arrow from the bow
Now they skim the starry bound!
Now they pierce the blue profound!
Melting now like vapours grey,
See the phantoms flit away,
Where their forms they seem to shroud
Deep in yon disparting cloud!
High the heavenly portal glows;
Angels open—angels close."

WALKER'S *Historical Memoir on Ital. Tragedy*, p. 123.

(6) The *Merope* of Torelli-Torelli, who was the last to make use of the "Coro Fisso." This ancient institution, which the Italians had copied from the Greeks, was destined to give place to the new and popular invention of the "recitative." It is still undetermined where the chorus was placed on the stage, but it was always accompanied by music of a solemn character in the style of the choral church music of the period, sometimes even with the addition of a dance to a slow measure, like the early *Maggiolate* and *Carnascialeschi.*

(7) The *Torrismondo* of Tasso, written during his imprisonment at Bergamo (1587), sheds its lustre upon this period of Italian tragedy. This has already been mentioned in a former paper,[1] so we will not reconsider it here, only pausing to observe that although an inferior production of that great author, it is considered by Italian critics far superior to the other dramas of the age. Although many of the tragedies of this century obtained high laurels at the time, few, if any, would now elicit applause if they were once more put upon the stage. The admiration then so universal for the ancient classical theatre caused every effort to resemble it to be looked upon with favourable eyes, nor did the dramatists remember that the difference of language, manners, and times demanded a different kind of action and expression to that chosen by the ancient writers, or that the rivers of blood with which they chose to inundate the stage were any drawback to the enjoyment of the spectators. It is obvious that the long narratives which are to be found in the Greek tragedies were ill-adapted for reproduction by modern imitators, and that the use of the chorus had little to recommend it to modern ideas.

It was however perhaps natural that the Italians should begin by copying the Greek drama in order to prepare the way for those great dramatic compositions which, while they preserved the best features in the writings of the ancient dramatists, would avoid the defects peculiar to the customs and genius of their nation and times.

While the early tragedians of Italy, strictly bound by classical rule, continued for nearly a century servile followers and imitators of Sophocles and Euripides, in their efforts to revive the tragic drama, the comedians were no less victims to the same bondage.

We have already seen how Ercole I. had caused the plays of Terence and Plautus to be represented in the theatre at Ferrara, first in their original language, and afterwards in the literal translations of those classical writers into Italian.

The next step was to compose original productions in the Italian language, and it must be owned that good comedies of this period are even rarer than tragedies—perhaps because the dignity of the subject and the importance of tragic action served in some measure as a cloak for the many defects of their composition. But with comedy, where the personages often belong to plebeian or private life, and where the action is more familiar and domestic, a grace and vivacity of style and a happy ingenuity of plot are required to prevent the drama either from degenerating into what is insufferably dull and strained, or else from falling into the

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine*, Oct. 1875.

opposite defects of coarseness and vulgarity. Lest the words or jokes should fall flat, the actors would try to secure, by low and impudent buffoonery, the approbation which the composition itself could not command, until, when we take into consideration the unrestrained license of the age, we can imagine to what depths comedy had to descend to obtain applause of this nature.

But the blame does not belong to the actors alone. The writers, servile in their imitation of their Greek models, carefully copied their defects in this respect also.

"Des succès fortunés du spectacle tragique,
Dans Athènes naquit la comédie antique.
Là, le Grec, né moqueur, par mille jeux plaisants,
Distilla le vénin de ses traits médisants.
Aux accès insolents d'une bouffonne joie,
La sagesse, l'esprit, l'honneur furent en proie."

—Boileau, *l'Art Poëtique.*

To judge from the best critics of Italian literature, it would seem that these lines might well be applied to the Italian comedians of this century.

It would be a fruitless task to inquire into the numerous indifferent productions of the various Siennese academies —*Dei Rozzi, Degli Intronati, Degli Insensati*—who made it their especial business to promote this kind of comedy. These institutions were under the particular patronage of Leo X., who, with a delight in this species of representation scarcely becoming his position, summoned them year by year to Rome to perform the comedies composed by their various members.

It is probable that Leo X. had early acquired this taste from his tutor, Bernardo Dorizi da Bibbiena (born 1470, died 1520), the writer of the first Italian prose comedy, *La Calandria.* In the prologue Bibbiena defends himself for having written in prose instead of verse, declaring that the freedom of prose better befits the ease of every-day life than the restraint of rhyme. Also, this comedy "being intended for general representation to the world at large, the author does not write in Latin, but in the natural language which God has given us, and which is therefore not less worthy of esteem than Latin, Greek, or Hebrew; nor is our language inferior to any of these if we polish it and bestow upon it the same care which the Greeks bestowed upon theirs." Bibbiena was the friend of Ariosto, Sadoleto, and Bembo, the patron of Raphael, to whom his niece would have been married if the world had not been deprived of this unrivalled painter while yet in the flower of his youth. The *Calandria* was represented for the first time before Henry II. of France and Catherine de' Medici on the day of their solemn ingress into Lyons, in the year 1548.

It is to be noted that the comedies of this century were generally reserved for the festive occasions connected with the births or marriages of the princes and princesses of the various Italian States, where they were represented with every kind of magnificent display.

We read of Alphonso I., Duke of Ferrara, causing a theatre to be erected after a design of Ariosto for the purpose of representing the comedies which were the minor productions of that great genius. It is a question whether Ariosto's Comedy of *La Cassaria* did not precede *La Calandria*—at all events they were nearly contemporaneous. Ariosto may in truth be looked upon as the real father of Italian comedy, for, with his powerful intellect and all the bold confidence of genius, he struck out a new path for the comedy of Italy, while her tragedy was still labouring on in the old track. If he did avail himself of the classic models, he made their ideas his own, and then expressed them with native vigour and freedom, using them with the same power, says an old writer on the Teatro Antico, as Terence when he latinized the plays of Menander. *La Cassaria* and *I Suppositi*, two plays composed when he was quite young and written in prose, he afterwards remodelled and turned into verse so that they could not be recognised. *La Cassaria* was represented in 1517; *I Suppositi*, in 1514; *Il Negromante*, 1520; *La Lera*, 1524; *La Scolastice* (finished by his brother Gabriel), 1528

But the discussion of their merits and defects would more properly belong to a paper which could treat of his great as well as his minor works.

The only other writer of comedy of this century who can dispute the palm with Ariosto, is his contemporary, the great historian and statesman, Niccolo Machiavelli (born 1469, died 1527).[1] His comedies are considered by his countrymen of an importance scarcely inferior to his political and historical works, because they are written not so much with the object of diverting the mind of the reader, as with the intention of pointing still more forcibly the observations and reflections of his greater works upon the internal affairs of Florence. Machiavelli did not intend by his comedies to ridicule the worthless or hypocritical characters of the world in general, but those which existed in Florence in his own time, with the practical purpose of working an improvement in the religion, and the public and private laws by which it was governed. Thus his original comedies, *La Mandragola* and *La Clizia*—which must not be confounded with his literal translations of Plautus and Terence—have not only a literary, but an historical value.

It was not to be supposed that this double claim upon our attention would escape the notice of the great historian and critic of our own time when, with his master hand, he set himself to wipe away some of the black stains which had so long clung to the character of Machiavelli, and to the policy which still bears his name. "The *Mandragola*," says Lord Macaulay, "in particular is superior to the best of Goldoni, and inferior only to the best of Molière. It is the work of a man who, if he had devoted himself to the drama, would probably have attained the highest eminence, and produced a permanent and salutary effect on the national taste. . . . . By the correct and vigorous delineation of human nature, it produces interest without a pleasing or skilful plot, and laughter without the least ambition of wit;" and speaking of *La Clizia*, he says: "Machiavelli has executed his task with judgment and taste. He has accommodated the plot to a different state of society, and has very dexterously connected it with the history of his own times."[2]

We must refer our readers to one of the most brilliant of Lord Macaulay's brilliant essays for a further analysis of these two plays. Space will not admit of his criticisms being cited at full length in these pages, and we could not attempt to render their meaning in words other than his own.

The Italian theatre of this century is marked by a third order of dramatic representation generally supposed to be of native origin and peculiar to Italy.[3]

The *drammi pastorali* cannot be classed with tragedy, nor yet with comedy, for successfully avoiding the defects and errors to which either of these are respectively liable: they preserve a distinct character of their own. Neither the princely and heroic personages who pace the stage of "gorgeous tragedy," nor yet the more humble individuals of private and domestic life, who jostle one another through the merry scenes of comedy are admitted within their pale. The time and place belong to the imaginary blissful age of gold, and the *dramatis personæ* are restricted to the shepherds, nymphs, and other simple characters of pastoral life of a refinement of taste and perception equally imaginary.

The first attempt at the representation of a fable of this kind was the *Cefalo* of Niccolo da Correggio, and passing by some other instances not of sufficient importance to be cited, we come to the Arcadian scene of *Il Sacrifizio* (1554), of Agostino Beccari—the "cori" of which were set to music by Alfonso

[1] Ariosto was born 1474, died 1533.

[2] *Critical and Historical Essays*, vol. i. pp. 87—92. See also Mr. Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*, vol. i., p. 136.

[3] Tiraboschi declares that the only example of this kind of drama among the ancient classics is the *Dafne* of a certain Sositeo, whose origin, date, and country are alike unknown.—Tir. vii., p. 1305.

della Viola—the *Aretusa* (1563) of Albertino Lollio, and the *Sfortunato* of Agostini Argenti (1567). These were all destined to be thrown into the shade by the beautiful *Aminta* of Tasso, to whose merits attention has already been drawn.[1] We only refer to it again that we may call attention to the contrast presented by its unaffected simplicity, purity of style, and natural grace when compared with the artificial character of its pertinacious competitor the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini.

Battista Guarini (born 1537, died 1612), in more than one point the rival of Tasso, has however shown no lack of generosity towards him. Compassionating deeply the grievous misfortunes of his fellow poet, he had himself corrected many of the grave errors, which, owing to the author's unhappy imprisonment, had crept into the stolen editions of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, with as much care as if the immortal poem had been his own work. Guarini knew that it was not in his power to rival Tasso on such ground as this, but with the *Aminta* he thought he might successfully compete. He therefore laboured assiduously on his *Pastor Fido*, polishing and repolishing the dialogues of his characters, transporting into their pastoral abodes the manners and customs of the Ducal Palace where he lived, making the shepherds borrow the thoughts and language of statesmen, and endowing the nymphs with a series of stilted phrases sufficient to furnish a whole school of rhetoric, till, with the exception of their names and their garments of skins, nothing rural remained to declare their pastoral origin.

From the very first scene Guarini's imitation of Tasso, and his determination to place himself in opposition to him, becomes apparent. Where Tasso's heroine (Sylvia) rejects the counsel of her adviser, Guarini places his hero (Sylvio) in an exactly similar position. Tasso had disguised his own actual condition under the character of "Tirsi," to expose his treatment at the Court of Ferrara. Guarini, choosing the name of "Carino," avails himself of the same means to compass the same end (*Pastor Fido*, Act v. Sc. 1; *Aminta*, Act i. Sc. 2.) Finally Guarini places himself in decided and direct opposition to Tasso in the famous chorus from *Aminta*, "O bella età dell' oro" (Act. i. Sc. 10; compare *Pastor Fido*, Act. iv. Sc. 9), in which he imitates exactly the number of strophes, the metre, and the rhyme of his great rival.

The *Aminta* does not pretend to be anything more than a *pastorale*, and the unity, simplicity, and decision of purpose suggested by the title are maintained throughout the piece. The *Pastor Fido*, on the other hand, by the very complexity of the title of *tragicommedia pastorale*, presents to our minds all the incoherent, detached, and heterogeneous elements of which it is composed, and which cannot be brought into unison by the mere surface varnish of a polished style. The happy grace and natural ease of the *Aminta* are ill exchanged for the fantastic idealism, strained metaphors, and forced sentiment of the *Pastor Fido*. But after pointing out so many defects in the construction of the latter, it is only fair to call attention to the poetical execution, which is remarkable for harmony of verse, variety of metre, and skilful use of the blank verse in which Guarini excelled. Above all we must notice the famous and beautiful speech of Mirtillo (Act iii. Sc. 1), beginning—

"O Primavera gioventu dell' anno!"

which, had its author written nothing else, would in itself have served to immortalize his name.

As may easily be imagined, a crowd of imitators followed in the wake of Tasso and Guarini, but few, if any, of their compositions have survived, and their names are only to be found by referring to books of literature.

We must now pass on to the *drammi musicali*—or, as we should call it, the melodrama—an invention as peculiar to Italy as the *pastorali* we have just mentioned.

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine*, Oct. 1875.

The writer is aware that these *drammi musicali* would find a more fitting place in an essay on music. But, leaving the consideration of their musical character in other and abler hands, these papers will only treat of their connection with the drama. The union of poetry and music, dating from time immemorial, and reviving in Italy with the troubadours and minstrels of the Middle Ages, had step by step become more intimately connected, the improvement in the one keeping pace with the advance of the other. We read in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante's Canzone, "Love that discourses in my thoughts" (*Purg.* ii. 107, 108), being sung by Casella. We next hear of Petrarch's *Trionfi* being adapted for the musical festivities of the Carnascialeschi; then we have the *cori* of the tragedies and the *intermezzi* of the comedies, while the *madrigali* of the *pastorali* of Tasso and Guarini prove by their delicate harmony how eminently the Italian language, now brought to its perfection, would accord with song.

Here was the adaptation of music to poetry.

But as the science and theory of music became more understood, its immense and wonderful capacities developed themselves till it ceased to be the subservient art, and the poetry was composed with an especial regard to the musical rendering of the drama. Florence, ever first among the Italian states for brilliancy of invention, gave birth to the society which was to unite in happy concord the two sister arts of poetry and music.

Under the auspices of two Florentine nobles, distinguished alike in birth, literature, and musical science, Giovanni Bardi (Conte di Vernio) and Vincenzo Galilei, father of Galileo—no less of a musician than his son, and scarcely inferior to him as a mathematician—Jacopo Peri, and Girolamo Mei, famous musical theorists, this combination was carried far on its road to perfection. The Grand Dukes of Tuscany, ever liberal in their patronage of the arts, lent every encouragement to a society whose united efforts were eminently calculated to promote the splendour of the entertainments with which they were wont to celebrate their marriage feasts.[1]

Thus the Conte di Vernio, poet as well as musician, prepared more than one musical drama for occasions of similar festivity. The strict character of these *drammi musicali* consisted, it would seem, in *intermezzi*, or musical interludes, introduced into the comedy chosen for representation. The *intermezzi* had no connection with the comedy, although with some ingenuity they were made to represent in themselves a separate and continuous story, which was carried on at the end of each act of the drama. Thus, if the subjects, like those chosen by the Conte di Vernio, were selected from mythology, they were made to hang together, and to follow each other in proper historical order.

Such was the nature of the first *drammi musicali*, but a great step was yet to be made before they fulfilled the idea which the name of musical drama or opera would now suggest to our minds.

Hitherto the music employed for the *intermezzi* appears to have been of the nature of part-songs, introduced abruptly one after the other, with nothing to carry on the idea of harmony, or lead from one passage to another; the music entirely ceasing, and then beginning again in the same style. But continuous scenes carried on between several characters in a musical language capable of attaining to the rapidity of dialogue and the force and vigour of declamation, without ceasing to be music, and whole compositions entirely planned on this scheme, this had not yet been attained to, nor indeed was it to be reached for many years. Songs there were, and a certain knowledge of harmony and of the theory of music, but the "recitative" was the final discovery of that age of great discovery, the sixteenth century.

Unhappily for himself, the Conte

[1] See Sir Robert Phillimore's Translation of Lessing's *Laocoon*, Preface, pp. 44, 45.

di Vernio, who had done so much toward promoting the *drammi musicali*, being summoned from Florence to Rome to attend on Pope Clement VIII., was unable to witness their wonderful progress. His musical, dramatic, and literary society transferred itself to the house of Jacopo Corsi, his worthy successor in Florence, under whose roof the first "opera," *Dafne*, was produced, in 1594. Ottavio Rinuccini, the young poet of the day, wrote the *libretto* with such an especial care and choice of words, both with regard to poetry as well as music, that it is worth reading on its own account. Giulio Caccini, the inventor of the new musical language, to which Italian so eminently lent itself, supplied the "recitative," and Jacopo Peri composed the music.

The *Dafne* was immediately followed by another drama of the same nature, the *Euridice*, with the more ambitious title of *tragedia per musica*, which was represented in the year 1600 at the feast given at Florence in honour of the marriage of Maria de' Medici with Henry IV. of France.

The novelty of the invention which excited the general wonder and curiosity of Florence, the fame of the literary and musical society which produced it, the occasion of the great festivity chosen for its representation, the exactitude of the execution by the best musicians and vocalists of the day; last, but not least, the poetical merit of the drama which, up to the time of Metastasio, had no rival in grace of expression or musical harmony—it will easily be imagined how all these circumstances combined to render this dramatic spectacle one of the most striking that Italy had yet witnessed.

It is a fact worthy of notice that, just as the *Orfeo* of Poliziano had given the first impetus to the drama at the close of the fifteenth century, so the same pathetic tale was chosen to illustrate the new dramatic discovery of the year 1600.

Thus ended the remarkable *Cinquecento*. The fine arts by which it had been so conspicuously adorned—poetry, painting, and music — were all united in the melodrama, which, if by no means the most important, was certainly not the least remarkable specimen of the creative genius of the age.

But apart from a discovery whose individual merits and relative effect upon the drama deserve separate consideration, the Teatro Italiano Antico possessed tragedies which, never deficient in power or pathos, often attained to the sublime, comedies by whose sparkling wit the vices and follies of the age were held up to unsparing ridicule, and *pastorali*, whose brilliant imagery, delicacy of thought, and grace of expression can never cease to please even now, when the taste for that peculiar kind of drama has died away.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

To be continued.

RAMBLES BY CORNISH SEAS.

CORNWALL is certainly not a new subject. I only propose to give some sketches of a few walks I took there last autumn, premising that it was a new part of the world to me, and that my delight in what I saw could hardly have been greater had it been a hitherto unvisited country. I was, in fact, not more happy when Mr. Cyril Graham and I reached the oasis of Kurkur, in the Libyan desert, or when Jaun and I crossed the Renfer Joch, after climbing the Engelhörner, above Rosenlaui; but then, as "discoveries" go nowadays, I must own that mine have been rather mild. Tintagel, Arthur's castle, I have not yet seen; my excursions were on the south coast.

Porthcurnow was my headquarters for a few days, where there is a comfortable little lodging-house kept by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who are particularly agreeable people. You cannot do better than stay either here or at Porthgwarra, the neighbouring fishing village, where there is also accommodation of the same kind. Before the weather broke up a friend and I walked from the little inn on the Land's End, where we had slept, to Porthcurnow, on a fine calm day. The evening before, after wandering about at the Land's End, I lay out under shelter of a rock as the sun sank over the sea. Wild, now rarely blossoming, thrift in clefts of granite sang in the breeze; there was a fringe of foam, as ever, round the fantastic and splendid granite pile, a short distance from land, called the "Armed Knight," a natural fortress, with wave-ruined buttress, pinnacle, and spire. The sun was immediately behind the great Longship's Lighthouse, more than a mile from shore, throwing it into deep black shadow, making a long path of light upon the grey water; hen, westward travelling, he left the lighthouse visible, sinking, slowly crimsoning, into the wave.

Later, the stars came out in all their glory, the orange moon having risen; but soon the moon passed under a cloud, and sank again below the sea. But while the constellations passed over, and ocean's grand voice sounded ever in my ears, infinitely restless beyond dark headlands, what a sense of the wonder and yet nothingness of man and his concerns was borne in upon me here at the Land's End, where great seas confound their waters! I thought of that strange suggestion of one (James Hinton) who has lately passed from us —that, as atoms we name inorganic are compelled, by some unknown power, to resist the law of chemical affinity, and combine into vital organisms — into human bodies, whereunto pertains consciousness and thought—so those world-atoms of the void yonder, together with this our own world-atom, may form greater living organisms endued with grander thought. Then should we ourselves be to these as the living monads of our own blood, as the parasites of our own tissues are to us. And then I thought further of recent investigations into the nature of ultimate elementary atoms by Thomson, Clerk-Maxwell, and Clifford; how these hypothetic entities pulsate and radiate, whirl and travel, like planets and suns. May not these too be worlds with life and thought on them if one could but comprehend? The infinitely small baffles no less than the infinitely great; yet, as planets and suns are themselves inorganic, so still would be those atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, that form animal and human frames. What a rational, vital unity then pervades solid granite rocks, the Atlantic that rebels against their boundary, the solar systems yonder, and ourselves who wonder!

Later, in rough weather, I came here from Penzance (a warm, pretty place, with an excellent library), and never saw anything more magnificent than the Atlantic in his equinoctial wrath, as displayed at "dark Bolerium, place of storms." The white surges rose bodily and slowly, as with some awful deliberation, up the rock on which the lighthouse stands, and up the high rock-married structure itself, swallowing the whole solid mass, more than a hundred feet high, shrouding it completely from sight, the phantom armour of white water (not spray, solid water!) meeting above the lanthorn in a pointed flame, and redescending. You should climb to the very extreme point, and stand on a ledge of granite, if the direction of the wind permit the water to be carried somewhat away,—then will you behold solid moving mountains of dark bulk, of uncertain wavering ridge, following one another, their emerald crests smoking, heavily arching over in loud ruin upon where shadow grows in hollows under their altitudes impending! What Niagaras and Mosi-oa-tunyas thundering upwards against sable island fortresses will you witness! —all under low drifting storm-rack, in a dun rush of blown rain, wind, and ocean, confounding their tremendous sound together. But under the raging sea lies, they say, the fair land of Lyonesse, where fell King Arthur when

"All day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea."

In one place there is a tract of pale sand left in the midst of the sea at low tide, around which the water, emerald green in sunlight, paler beryl in misty weather, slowly sweeps. Through the mist one can dimly discern vast languid wreaths of spent foam, floating "many a rood" on the leaden wilderness.

How different the aspect of all when we strolled along the coast to Porthcurnow on that fine day in late summer, and looked down from many a beetling crag! The emerald clearness of those deep waters, undisturbed by storm, is delicious, and you long to be ever plunging for a swim. The "innumerable laughter" flashes through wave-worn archways; or misty shadow dims some precipice embayed, where weather-worn semi-columnar granite resembles vast organ-pipes, ocean below making music, ocean the "mighty harmonist!" "In some places the granite has the appearance of sable drapery hanging in folds." Turner, the greatest of all landscape painters, has painted these cliffs between Pardenick and Tol Pedn Penwith, than which there are probably none finer in Great Britain. Tol Pedn is the western boundary of Mount's Bay. You suddenly come upon two conical beacons on the down, one red, one black and white, and below there is a round weird fissure of immense depth in the green elastic turf of close thick sea-thrift, looking down into which you behold a mighty cave, where the sea boils at high tide.

I came once from Porthcurnow, on a rougher day, later in the year, and got a little boat from Porthgwarra, though the fishermen refused at first to take me, saying the cave was dangerous in rough weather. But a stalwart fisherboy thought otherwise, and I got him to land me on a boulder in this grand cave by taking advantage of an inflowing wave, he backing the boat out instantly to wait for me; so I clambered in till I stood under the fissure. A sea-portal of giants, grim and grand! You need no great imagination to behold a monstrous guardian Genius leaning against the rock to watch you. The mighty boulders are red, black with schorl, and rich brown, rolled smooth as pebble playthings of the giant surge. Dark green cormorants sat upon the rocks close to us as we passed in the boat, and never stirred. Glorious was the swirl of seething emerald between foam-fringed reefs and iron-bound coast; my boy knew every inch of the way, though our cockle of a boat got well buffeted, and we well wetted. But from the sea these cliffs are utterly magnificent. Castellated piles with pinnacle and spire, built sheer up two hundred feet above the wave, rich-

toned, and often royally robed in cloth of gold, lichen of richest yellow gleam. Such is the pile called "Chair Ledder." The fishermen at Porthgwarra, like Cornish fishermen in general, are very fine-looking, bearded fellows, in blue woollen jerseys. These Cornishmen, no longer wreckers, have done many a gallant deed with the lifeboat; but, rather to my horror, on this and another occasion, when there was some possibility of an upset in the course of my Cornish wanderings, the strong, bold fellow who took me out quietly told me he could not swim; so I felt rather guilty for having urged him to go. It is really a disgrace that the seafaring countrymen of Captain Webb should not regularly be trained to become good swimmers.

It was getting dark one day when a poor woman, who keeps one of the little lodging-houses of Porthgwarra, kindly gave me some tea before I went on to my destination in the rain, having put her baby to bed, a sickly child, who was crying in the cradle when I arrived. She told me it had been born after the death of her husband, a splendid young fisherman, who was drowned, not many months before, a very little way from shore, in her very sight. She and others were watching when the brown-sailed craft disappeared. Bitterly she cried as she spoke; and all the while, through chill twilight, the bell on the Rundlestone, a mile away at sea, was solemnly tolling, like a passing bell, as the wild waves leapt up to ring it. This is a romantic little place, with its rock-tunnel and its windlass high in the rock for drawing up the boats. Travelling from the Land's End, you come next to the little church of St. Levan, solitary, grey, and sad, where there are quaint oak carvings, a grey Celtic stone cross, and old lich-stones for resting coffins on at the churchyard gate. Beneath it is Porthchapel, a little shelly cove, where I often swam; like Porthcurnow, one of the most fairy-like spots imaginable. These two coves are filled with shells instead of sand—millions of minute shells of loveliest form, some perfect, some triturated, each representing an innocent, happy life; tiny pink and orange fairy-like pectens, palmer shells, little pearly cowries, frail white shining shells, like shed flower petals, smooth patellas, streaked with turquoise, and other microscopic "miracles of design," tinted like Bohemian glass, and variegated.

There can be no stain in a wave that breaks upon such a shore—it shelves down speedily; there is usually bright silver foam around the blushing felspar, and a heave of the billow here; looking downward, you see shadowy fish moving in the crystal, and as you float or swim, the green wave-line shifts against blue air; you note a shell-floor gleaming restless beneath; not a dint is there on the pale, smooth yellow strand, all unfooted unless by elves, only rippled into loose lines by feet of toying wavelets. Then there are limpid pools, with acorn-shells and sea-anemones in clefts of the rock where you may wash your feet free from shelliness, near which too you may dry yourself in the sun—tints of the laver, corallines, and free-floating feathery seaweed amber, green, purple being often therein beautiful. It is a pleasure to be tumbled in the sand by these billows, with their sun-gleaming, arching necks, their blown crests like cirrus, their murmurous, laughing lace-like foam. Between Porthcurnow and Porthchapel there is a charming cave, hung with leafy lichen, and adorned with pretty fern, *Asplenium marinum.* It is not very difficult of access.

There is now an electric-cable telegraph station at Porthcurnow, and quite a large colony of officials. But one of the finest sweeps of coast I know is the portion from Porthcurnow to Treryn Dinas, a headland, and "Cliff Castle," with the Logan rock upon it. As you walk along the cliffs toward Treryn Dinas, you have a marvellous amphitheatre of coast before you, its prevailing tint being rich dark brown, its elevation above the sea considerable, the headlands extremely noble in form. But Treryn, the strange, rhomboidally-

weathered, porphyritic cliff-castle, shaggy with byssus, should be seen in storm, or when Atlantic mists are driving wildly over the moors. Startling and weird is then the huge block called "Giant's Quoit;" and all the headlands, with the great rock-peninsula itself, loom like phantoms, their sombre skirts and iron feet only unshrouded, lashed by great long ridges of surging surf. I climbed to the summit of the Castle rock, and on returning the crystal-cloven granite head of it seemed strangely like a monstrous crocodile's, gazing straight up among low, scudding storm-clouds. In truth, you are always coming upon some monstrous animal in stone here—toad, frog, huge saurian, "dragons of the prime." The so-called "Giant's Chairs" on this pile, thought by Borlase to be Druidical, are probably the work of weather only, but may have been made use of in Druid rites for all that. Strikingly in keeping with the character of the county are the rude cromlechs, stone circles, stone pillars, kistvaens, old grey crosses, and sepulchral carns. (It is to be hoped Parliament will protect them.) Indeed it is hardly possible to be sure which is man's work and which is nature's, so ruinous and rude are primitive monuments here, so imitative of human work is the sculpture of everlasting elements. One calls these erupted volcanic masses the huge tombstones of those Titans who once ruled earth—fiery Vapours—before life in herb or animal yet was.

This is the cradle-land of our giants, of our nursery stories, of Jack-the-Giant-killer, Tregeagle, and all the brood. Two giants lived at the Logan Rock, and pitched about great boulders at one another; one stepped from St. Michael's Mount to Tol Pedn. How healthful and exhilarating are briny wind and savour of turbulent sea, when rain and spray blow in your face, as you watch the billows bursting! At such times there is a strange sound often mingled with voice of wind and water, as of shrill, alarmed quasi-human cries, borne fitfully on the gust as if they warned of danger. I do not know what it is, but I constantly hear it when alone. Can this be what makes the fishermen think that the drowned haunt these stormy cliffs? for they have at night some dread of passing along them. Yet wind sings a wild song among the boulders, and white whirled sea-gulls cry. What thunderous bellowing, what muffled explosions in recesses and caves unseen! Far away around the coast waves climb silently, white and ghostly—the cannon-smoke of ocean-war—loud reports accompanying discharges near at hand. When the billows leap over bluff islets detached from shore, they seem beautiful snowy plumes growing to overshadow them.

I also took up my quarters for nearly ten days at the Lizard, at Mr. Hill's comfortable little hotel, whence I issued forth every morning for a tramp, generally with David Roberts, an excellent, intelligent guide, and a thorough good fellow. Anything more beautiful and unique than Kynance Cave is of course not to be found—but that is a truism; only I suppose fewer Englishmen know Kynance, Clovelly, and Lynton than know the Rhine, which, at least in the hurried, conventional way they see it, is hardly so beautiful. A very palace of the sea-fairies is Kynance, the material of which it is a perfect luxury to behold—crimson fire burning in the heart of it, mottled green of many shades, often streaked, and veined with a porcelain-like substance called steatite, or flecked with brown diallage, and jade. These marbles (which appear to me almost more beautiful than any I have seen in Italy or elsewhere, and which ought to be a thousand times more used for ornament and architecture) you find wrought into fantastic grots, with soft floor of yellow sand, where lie shadows and penumbras, from whose recesses you look upon flashing green waves heaving against gem-like isolated pillars of serpentine, or portals, and rude tumbled masses of the same. What glorious prodigality of costly ruin fallen from beautiful cliffs! I duly examined the "Devil's Bellows," where mingled

air and spray are vehemently expelled from a small hole in Asparagus Island by the influx of a wave into a cave filling up an aperture in the opposite side; the noise is precisely like the noise you often hear on a steamer when she is rolling heavily. Then I ascended and descended to the "Devil's Throat," rather difficult of access, though Mr. Wilkie Collins's very graphic account of the place is a trifle sensational, if extremely amusing. You look down into a ghastly black pit, and far beneath in the darkness a dun grey water wanders imprisoned, and bellows foaming like a caged beast. By peering in you can just make out a spark of light, where the sea enters a long way off. A dismal infernal region! On coming down from Asparagus Island I had a splendid swim, much against the alarmed remonstrances of Roberts, who, though a much better climber than myself, and a brave life-boat volunteer, as usual with these fine Cornish coast people, knew comparatively little about swimming. The breakers were indeed somewhat formidable, for it was a rough day, and the waves are compressed into a narrow space here, clashing together from opposite cliffs, so that the walls of water toppling over one's head are somewhat heavy, and provocative of headache; for near in shore you cannot completely dodge them by diving through; but once out at sea, I was all right, only that, owing to the tide, I was longer getting back than I bargained for, being a good deal drifted; but Roberts shouted directions to me where to make for, since I could not very well see the little cove of sand, which was hidden by high waves. I had a party of tourists for amused spectators.

Next day I proposed to Roberts to take me up the Gull Rock, which is a fine bold mass of serpentine beyond Asparagus Island. Here strangers seldom go, though some of the young men of the place think little of the climb. There is a chasm dividing the two islands. It is quite narrow, and in fine weather nothing can be easier than to spring across; but I never got one calm day at the Lizard, and the seas come boiling in between these rocks from both openings of the strait, completely sweeping over the spots where you have to jump from and to, the interval of time wherein the space is left clear being very limited. Of course the tide must be low. But a young man was drowned here not long ago getting over. However, we got across all right, and began our climb. I availed myself of Roberts's help considerably, for it is a really difficult one; at one place you have to trust to adhering hands and knees, there being no cracks whatever. I moreover ignominiously stopped short of the final peak, we not having ropes with us; but with ropes and two guides the summit would be practicable enough even to us humbler members of the Alpine Club. However I was not in training, and had been till lately incapacitated by illness from climbing at all. Roberts went to the top, and threw me down a gull's nest. Yet from the ledge below the top, the view is simply magnificent —of the romantic cave in Asparagus Island that occasions the Devil's Blowhole; of the grand Lion Rock, Innis Vean; Old Lizard Head, and the Rill promontory. There is, moreover, just below you the most splendid of all "blow-holes," which in rough weather is absolutely like a geyser. The sea spouts forth in a glorious fountain of water, froth, and steam right over the opposite rock, with tremendous explosive uproar. On Gull Rock there is abundance of samphire, sea-beet, tree-mallow, &c. When we got down again the tide was flowing fast, and it was not easy to find the chasm clear enough for our leap. We were several times baffled; at last Roberts went, and directly I got a chance I followed. A huge wave gave me a bath up to the knee, but Roberts pulled me up quickly.

After getting my indispensable swim, and refreshments at the Kynance lodging kept by Roberts's mother, we went on to "Pigeon's Hugo," a very fine wild

cave, now only accessible by water; yet you can get down by a rude track cut in the precipice to within some yards of it. It is a grand, gloomy looking place, the black hornblende precipices being here perpendicular, and 250 feet high. Thence I proposed that Roberts should take me to the "Smugglers' Cave," if he happened to know it. This cave is described by the Rev. C. Johns in his charming little book, *A Week at the Lizard*, and it has very seldom been visited. But Mr. Johns's account whets one's appetite; especially as he says that in later years he never could get any one to tell him where the cave was, and could not find it himself, though a gentleman (lieutenant of the coastguard then stationed at Cadgewith) had formerly taken him into it.

Some time before the lieutenant was directed to proceed with his men to this spot, where (it had been ascertained by some fishermen, who from the water had witnessed the mysterious disappearance of a fox among the cliffs) there was a cave with scarcely visible entrance; for here, it was believed, smuggled goods were concealed, and a gang of sheep-stealers had taken up their abode. Arrived at the little hole of an entrance, he asked who would enter first, to which no one responded; for one man armed could have defended the robber's den against an army; the officer, however, led (as he had indeed intended to do), but no one was within: the party only found sheep's bones and leather, for one of the gang had carried on here the trade of a shoemaker. This cave is close to the Rill on the Kynance side. Roberts told me he did not think any one in the place except himself and his brother (who lately died) knew its whereabouts. But this brother had taken a young gentleman of Penzance in. We scrambled down the cliff, the footing being insecure enough, and wriggled ourselves into the cave feet-foremost with the utmost difficulty; but, having no candles, we came again next day; for Roberts said the cave had never been completely explored (and see Mr. Johns's book). Gigantic perpendicular, smooth faces of serpentine, precisely like the verd-antique Italian marble, veined with steatite, and great masses of crimson rock, rolled from above, all piled in confusion near the wash of restless seas, render the scene here a splendid one. Mr. Johns in his last edition (1874) states that he was told the cave was now only accessible by water. That is a mistake; but when he was in it, it was well lighted by the rays of the sun, which were streaming in through a narrow fissure extending many feet along the roof, whereas now all is pitch-dark, and the roof has sunk lower. Roberts was in the cave in 1872, and told me there was a pillar supporting the roof where it gets loftier—this, however, we found fallen; and soon you will have to be as slim as a launce fish before you can get in at all. On a stone we found a paper, almost illegible from damp, with the names of the young gentleman alluded to, and Roberts's brother, together with two small bones placed there by them. Roberts and I, having wriggled ourselves into every crevice of the cave, sat down on a stone in the further chamber; and he startled me by telling me that, though these two young men were in the cave only a few months previously, both were now dead, the young gentleman having destroyed himself. We found distinct traces of otters here; on some sand in the shelving corners of the floor, evidently communicating with the sea, fresh excrement and footmarks. Also we found any amount of sheep's bones, and heard very strange shrill cries now and then, which neither of us could account for. Water trickled down the serpentine walls. Roberts, a dark, fine-looking man, was very picturesque in the light of the taper we held, as he sat on a stone near me telling tales of the cave and its occupants. Two of the gang came to a tragic end. Having ventured to show themselves at Lizard Town, they were pursued by the police, who were on the look-out; so they made for Gue

Graye, and took to the water there, as is supposed, intending to swim to their old haunt, or secrete themselves in some creek. But the constables summoning them to surrender, they refused; and being kept in sight, they actually swam till both sank from exhaustion. Two of the same gang had also been concerned in a dastardly murder.

Another day I drove to Gunwalloe Church, and walked back along the cliffs to Lizard Town, having visited Mullion Cave on my way to Gunwalloe. On this walk, I had the good fortune to see a chough, hovering with black shiny wings over the cliffs, and making its peculiar cry. Choughs, thanks to the destructive instincts of Englishmen, are rare enough now. Mullion Cave is a very large, and extremely impressive one. At the entrance the red serpentine is polished by constantly trickling water, and of a very beautiful plum colour. At the extreme end of the cave it is well to wait till your eye becomes accustomed to the twilight —that is far better than burning furze, I think. But there was faint smoke hanging about walls and lofty roof, arising from the fires lighted by a party who had preceded me, which produced a very weird effect among the natural buttresses and recesses of this rocky architecture. There seemed to be strange phantoms haunting the gloom, with everlasting stillby sounds of murmurous water in the mountain heart, and solemn low thunder of muffled surge, as though "the mighty Being" breathed at rhythmic intervals without. Seals sometimes inhabit this fine rock-temple—in the winter the floor is all boulders; now it is paved with sand. The light on polished walls as we emerged reminded me of where light thus shines on black marble processions of gods and goddesses, and old-world princes in bas-relief, as one sees them who emerges from the gloom of sacred passage or chamber in Egyptian temple, half buried in desert sand. Perhaps, however, the colouring of a cave at Polpeer, which may be visited at low water, is still more beautiful: that seems draped in rich purple velvet. Mr. Johns describes "Dolor Hugo" also as thus tinted; but the weather was so rough that I could neither carry out my cherished project of swimming in as far as possible with a couple of tapers attached to my hat, nor get very far into it in a boat. Roberts and I rowed a little way in; but so dangerous was the dark swirling water which heaved foaming into its black portal, that we should have been stove in against the rocky abutments had we attempted to proceed further. That day we got the boat from Cadgewith, and were foolish enough to put to sea without looking if there was a plug! So we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves fast filling. I stuffed my handkerchief into the hole, while Roberts pulled as hard as he could to a pilchard-boat lying a short way off, and waiting for a look-out party on shore to give welcome warning of the near presence of a shoal, according to Cornish pilchard-fishery usage. The fishermen furnishing us with a bit of wood, we plugged our hole, and baled vigorously. The rocks along here look black and bold from the sea; yet from the shore they are not near so fine this Cadgewith side of the Lizard Lights as they are the other; the Mullion Rocks being really grand, but Cadgewith is a romantic little fishing village, with a seemingly good small inn, where (being wet one day) I got some hot toddy, and pleasant talk with host and hostess in the kitchen. The "Frying Pan" is a curious natural archway near Cadgewith, where I found asbestos. There are caves in the grand section of coast between Lynmouth and Lynmouth Foreland (North Devon), and near Ilfracombe, where I think I remember purple velvet robing similar to that of Polpeer and Dolor Hugo.

On the moors here grows the pretty white Cornish heather, *Erica vagans*, and here only I believe. The moors are otherwise desolate enough; yet Landewednack is a very pretty little seaside village, with a pretty old Norman

church embosomed in tamarisk, which grows freely here, and at St. Michael's Mount. But in autumn and winter you have to wade through sheer marshes on the moors. When A—— joined me, I had to take her to Kynance in a carriage, walking in the water being for her out of the question.

I shall conclude with a moonlight scene I witnessed in the course of my solitary stroll one evening. I came round to Polpeer from Old Lizard Head when it was far too dark to be quite pleasant walking on the edge of the cliffs. The brilliant beacons of the two lighthouses were burning yellow and steady against lowering purple cloud; and very near, though somewhat south of these, presently rose the moon, out of the same solid cloud-continent—pale, and veiled in mist—some celestial Ophelia, forlorn and crazed with grief, she seemed, as though vainly mournful for all the life once in her bosom; an extinguished orb, a dream-world vainly wandering with no heart to move, her vacant face faintly lustrous with the sun; a somnambulist, a wraith; strange fleeting colours appearing dimly in the fleecy fleeting mists around her, as she rose from clouds, like one rising from the grave; paling rocks of the little bay, and changing by her alchemy the ruffled water to coppery silver—a fluctuating tract, now narrower, now wider, and duskier at the marges. Grey cloud interposing, this darkened, leaving only a region of mystic light on far horizons—the travelling wave was as a black wall, ruining over in brassy shifting light, like a mail of bright fish or serpents. Rain now fell; and I, turning, beheld opposite to the moon, once more untrammelled of any palpable vapour, a ghostly rainbow relieved against dull cloud, a pale, misty semblance, a lunar rainbow, colourless—the shadowy cliffs, and dim, solid-seeming sea moaning.

RODEN NOEL.

THE KHOJAS: THE DISCIPLES OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

I.

THERE are few of the chapters in Marco Polo which have more charms for the reader than those which describe the "Old Man of the Mountain," his disciples, and their doings; and few of Colonel Yule's notes and illustrations in his invaluable translation of the old traveller[1] attracted more general attention than his notices of the present representative of the "Old Man" and his followers, the sect of "Khojas," who, though now peaceful merchants and cultivators, are the successors in unbroken descent of the Assassins of the Middle Ages.

I propose in the present paper to give a few additional particulars of those members of the sect who are found in India, Arabia, and East Africa.

A leading member of the community of Khojas accompanied Seyyid Burgash of Zanzibar in his late visit to England, and attracted much notice wherever the Seyyid went. He was a tall, stout, good-humoured, elderly man, whose fair complexion, red-dyed beard, and light-blue dress handsomely embroidered, were in strong contrast to the spare, wiry figures, bronzed features, grave expression, and plain sombre garments of the rest of the Sultan's Arab suite.

He spoke Hindustani fluently, and a little English, and made friends wherever he went. Nor was the interest he excited lessened when it became known that he was Tara Topun, the Khoja merchant of Zanzibar, of whom Mr. Stanley wrote,[2] "One of the honestest among men, white or black, red or yellow, is a Mahometan Hindi called Tarya Topan. Among the Europeans at Zanzibar he has become a proverb for honesty and strict business integrity. He is enormously wealthy, owns several ships and dhows, and is a prominent man in the councils of Seyyid Burgash. Tarya has many children, two or three of whom are grown-up sons, whom he has reared even as he is himself. But Tarya is but a representative of an exceedingly small minority."

The Khojas are the most numerous and wealthy of the three sects of Indian Moslems who, at Zanzibar, are locally classed as "Hindis," or "Indians," to distinguish them from the other "Banians," the idolatrous Hindu traders from India.

In the Blue Book relating to the Zanzibar mission[3] will be found a brief history of the various classes of Indian traders, of their connection with East Africa, and of the character of the trade they carry on. From time immemorial the Khojas and their ancestors seem to have traded on that coast, and the early Portuguese annalists describe numerous flourishing communities of them established between Sofala and Socotra. But, like the other castes of Indian traders, they withered and almost disappeared under the cruel and bigoted rule of the Portuguese. Thirty-five years ago the Khojas numbered only 165 families, with 26 married women, in the Zanzibar dominions. Five years ago they had increased to more than 700 families, containing 2,558 persons; and there were more than 700 married females in the island of Zanzibar alone. Since then their numbers have been much augmented by Indian emigrants from Kutch, Bombay, and Kattiawar.

At Muscat the Zanzibar mission found a large and wealthy Khoja community, with branch houses in almost every town on the coasts of Eastern Arabia where any trade is carried on. Their principal

[1] *Travels of Marco Polo*, translated, with notes and illustrations, by Col. H. Yule. Murray. Second edition; 1875.

[2] *How I Found Livingstone.* By H. M. Stanley. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1872, p. 8.

[3] Vide *Correspondence relating to Sir Bartle Frere's Mission to the East Coast of Africa*, 1872-3. Presented to Parliament, 1873, p. 98—108.

settlement is at El Matrah, separated from Muscat by a rugged rocky promontory. Here the Khojas live in great comfort and consideration. They have a quarter to themselves, walled off from the rest of the town, with gates which they can close at will; and they possess numerous local privileges and immunities, which testify to the anxiety of the rulers of Muscat to encourage so wealthy and industrious a class of traders. Most of them have moreover some sort of claim to protection as British Indian subjects, —in itself a highly valued privilege in every seaport town of the Arabian and African seas. The English visitor is consequently a welcome guest, and in the Khoja quarter of El Matrah he may yet find street-scenes, interiors, and groups of figures such as recall the descriptions of the *Arabian Nights*, or the memories of Cairo ere the overland communication had so largely substituted Frankish forms and ways for the more picturesque Oriental types which were still to be seen forty years ago in the capital of Mahomet Ali.

But who, it may be asked, were these Khojas?

For the history of the sect, and for details of their religious creed, secret and avowed, the student cannot do better than consult the records of a monster trial which some years ago absorbed, for months together, the attention of the public, as well as of the bench and the bar of the High Court of Bombay.

The parties were a section of the Khoja community resisting the claim of a Persian nobleman, named Aga Khan, Mehelati, who had appeared in Bombay and asserted himself as the hereditary head of their sect, by virtue of his descent from the "Old Man of the Mountain."

The property at stake was of the value of more than 10,000*l.* per annum in Bombay alone. All the best local counsel were engaged on the case, and no expense was spared in procuring and marshalling the evidence on both sides. The result was the collection and judicial sifting of a vast body of evidence of great interest to the historian, the antiquary, the theologian, and the student of moral and political philosophy. Sir Joseph Arnould was one of the judges who tried the case, and some day we may hope he will devote a portion of his leisure to embody in a readable shape the historical and other results of "the great Khoja case." Meantime the general reader may be glad to gather from the judgment delivered by Sir Joseph a few of the prominent facts established regarding this remarkable sect. We make no apology for quoting largely from the judgment,[1] which is accessible to few, and is necessarily encumbered with details relating only to the special case under trial.

One of the first questions to be decided was to which of the great sects of the Mahometans the Khojas belonged. Were they Sunis or Shias? In many outward observances it was proved they conformed to the Suni usage, but on the Aga's part it was contended that they were really Shias; whilst it was in evidence that many of their customs were not such as the orthodox authorities of either creed would approve.

The Sunis, as Sir Joseph Arnould reminds us, are orthodox Mussulmans, the people of "Sonna" or Tradition. Their profession of faith is the simple one, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the Apostle of God;" to this the Shias add, "and Ali, the companion of Mahomet, is the Vicar of God." This elevation of Ali to an almost co-equal position with Mahomet himself may be stated popularly as the great distinctive tenet of the Shias. "Shia" means either "separatist," or one who is "pure,"—pure, that is, from the blood of Ali and his fellow-martyrs. Mohamet died without appointing a caliph or successor. The caliph was to be both a temporal and spiritual sovereign. He was to be both "Emir-al-Momenin," or commander of the true believers, and also "Imam-al-Moslemin," or spiritual Chief of the Devout —as we should say, "supreme Pontiff," as well as "Imperator, or temporal ruler." The general expectation of Islam had been that Ali, the first disciple, the beloved companion of Mahomet, the husband of his only surviving child, Fatima, would be the first caliph. It was not so to be. The influence of Ayesha, the young

[1] Judgment of Sir Joseph Arnould in the Khoja case, printed at *Bombay Gazette* Pre' 1866.

and favourite wife of Mahomet, a rancorous enemy of Fatima and of Ali, procured the election of her own father Abubekr; to Abubekr succeeded Omar; and to him Osman; upon whose death, in the year 655 of our era, Ali was at last raised to the caliphate. He was not even then unopposed. Aided by Ayesha, Moawiyah, of the family of the Ommeiades, contested the caliphate with him, and while the strife was still unsettled, in the year A.D. 660, Ali was slain by a fanatic, in the mosque of Cufa, at that time the principal Mahometan city on the west bank of the Euphrates, at no great distance from the ruins of Babylon. This assassination of Ali caused a profound sensation in the Mahometan world. He is described as "most heroic among heroes, a man brave and wise, magnanimous, just, and self-denying, husband of the only and beloved child of Mahomet;" and his two sons, Hassan and Hoosein, had been the darlings of their grandfather, who had given them the title of "foremost among the youth of Paradise."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the story of their martyrdom—Hassan by poison in A.D. 669, and Hoosein in A.D. 680, in battle at Kerbela, after deeds of valour romantic even in an Arab of that age.

"This tragic event," Sir Joseph tells us, "stirred the heart of Islam to its very depths; and even now, after the lapse of nearly twelve hundred years, it separates, as from the first it separated, the Mahometan world into two great and hostile divisions of the 'Sunis' and the 'Shias.'"

The anniversary of Hoosein's martyrdom, known as the "Moharrum," from the month in which it occurred, has always been observed in Persia, the great Shia empire, as a day of the most intense mourning. Kerbela is to the Shias "what the neighbourhood of Jerusalem was to early Christendom;" and with it Nijuf, the burial-place of Ali, and Meshed Hoosein, the sepulchre of the martyr, are places of pilgrimage to all pious Shias, who, if possible, wish to be buried there, and make the dust of Kerbela into beads, which they touch every time they pray, while they drink some of the dust on solemn occasions as a kind of sacramental cup. "In short," we are told, "the whole religious life of the Shia is completely steeped in a current of thoughts, beliefs, traditions, and observances, which all have their source in Ali and Fatima and their two sons, Hassan and Hoosein—the four venerated names which, with that of 'the Apostle of God,' compose the Panchton (or Pentad) of the Ala Saba, or Holy family of Islam." All these practices, however, are regarded by the Sunis as deplorable superstitions; and Sir Joseph Arnould thus sums up the difference between the two sects:—"The Suni prays five times a day, the Shia only three times a day; the Suni with his arms folded across his breast, the Shia with his arms held straight down by his side; the Shia venerates Ali and Fatima as something more than mortal, and execrates the memory of Abubekr and Omar and Osman; the Suni pays sincere reverence to these three caliphs, and introduces their names into the Khootbeh (or Friday prayer), and into the dedicatory inscriptions in his mosques; the Suni, in India at least, celebrates the Moharrum with ribald buffoonery; the Shia with heartfelt lamentations. In a word, agreeing in reverencing Mahomet as the Apostle, and the Koran as the Word of God, the Sunis and Shias agree in little else except hating each other with the most cordial and bitter hatred. The quarrel of Ayesha and Fatima is an undying one, and Islam is still divided by the fierce enmities of the respective partisans of the favourite wife and of the only daughter of 'the Apostle of God.'"

Roughly it may be said that the Turks, Arabs, Afghans and Tartars are Sunis, the Persians Shias; and that the Moslems of India are divided between the two sects.

Sir Joseph next examines the question: "Who are the Shia Imamee Ismailis—the peculiar subdivision of the great Shia sect to which it was asserted, on Aga Khan's behalf, that the Khojas belonged?"

"Formally," he says, "they are those among the Shias who hold Ismail, the seventh in descent from Ali, to have been the last of the revealed Imams; and who also hold that, until the final manifestation of Ali, who (as an incarnation of God) is to come before the end of all

things to judge the world, the musnud of the Imamate (or, in Latin idiom, the office of supreme Pontiff) is rightfully held by an hereditary succession of unrevealed Imams, the lineal descendants of Ali through Ismail."

"Under the earlier Abassides, from A.D. 750 to A.D. 1272, the Ismailis, like all other opponents of the Suni or orthodox faith, were exposed to severe persecution. Their doctrine of the Imamate made them peculiarly obnoxious. Every caliph, or successor of 'the Apostle of God,' held, as part of his sovereignty, the office of Imam-al-Moslemin (supreme Pontiff of the Devout); so that the doctrine of the Ismailis, in the eyes of the Suni princes, was not only heresy in religion, *but treason against the State.*

"The result was that, from the beginning, they were compelled to teach and spread their tenets secretly.

"In all essentials the Ismailis were Shias, but they held in addition certain peculiar tenets, such as that respecting the Imamate, which would appear to have been first formalized into a regular system (with different ascending degrees of initiation, and stages of more or less esoteric doctrine) about the beginning of the tenth century of our era, by the famous Abdallah-bin-Maimun, who taught first at Ahwas in the south-west of Persia, and afterwards at Salemieh in Syria. Abdallah, together with several tenets derived from the Magians or Zoroastrians, is said to have adopted from the Hindu philosophy, and to have engrafted into the higher stages of the Ismaili initiation, certain principles of Pantheism, which, by doing away with the notion of a personal God and personal conscious immortality, are easily represented as involving the doctrine of human non-accountability, and even that of the moral indifferency of actions,—a reproach frequently brought, but apparently without good reason, against the more esoteric teachings of the Ismaili system."

There would, however, appear to have been good reason for this reproach if Von Hammer is justified in asserting that Abdallah taught as esoteric doctrine: (1) The rejection of all fixed rules of religion or morality—that all actions are therefore indifferent, and that only the internal disposition is of any value in estimating their moral value. (2) That the Imams of the true line of Ismail are at present invisible; therefore true believers must yield implicit obedience to the vice-gerents on earth of these secret rulers. (3) Allegorical interpretation of the Koran, whereby any moral doctrine may be rejected or defended. The higher grades only of his disciples were initiated into the secret doctrines. The lower were taught the rigid observance of ordinary Moslem rites.

By his disciples, about the middle of the tenth century, was founded the Fatimite caliphate of Cairo, which lasted till its overthrow by the Suni Saladin, about A.D. 1171. This Fatimite caliphate was a dynasty of Ismailis, and was named after Fatima, the wife of Ali, and sole daughter of Mahomet. In Cairo, under these Fatimite caliphs, the religious system of the Ismailis, with its secret lodges, its many stages of initiation, and its somewhat mystic ceremonies, was matured and perfected.

Among the doctrines specially noticed by Sir Joseph Arnould as thus developed are two. "First, the universal prevalence among the Ismailis of the practice of 'Takiah,' the concealment of religious opinion; secondly, their method of seeking to make converts by assuming to a great extent the religious standpoint of a person whom they desired to convert, modestly hinting a few doubts and difficulties, and then, by degrees, suggesting as the only possible solution of these, the peculiar tenets of their own system. *Takiah* is legally defined as 'mental reservation;' the root in Arabic implies *fear* or *caution*, and it is understood as meaning concealment of a man's own religious opinions, and adoption of alien religious forms, either from a desire to avoid giving offence or from dread of persecution."

Sir Joseph gives some amusing instances of Takiah in this sense as practised amongst ourselves, and quotes Burton's humorous description of Takiah practised by Shia pilgrims at Mecca, through dread of insult or persecution. He adds: "The peculiar tenets of the Ismailis with regard to the Imamate imposed upon them a peculiar reason fo-

practising 'Takiah' in all countries within the sway of the Suni caliphs. This long-enforced habit grew at last into a second nature, and the practice of Takiah became universal among the Ismailis—the offspring of persecution and fear."

The other practices of the Ismailis in assuming or admitting the truth of a greater portion of the religious tenets of those whom they wish to convert, is thus illustrated by Sir Joseph: "If the Dai or missionary has a Shia (not of the Imamee Ismaili persuasion) to deal with, he is to represent himself (as in this case he might do with perfect truth) as a zealous partisan of all the Shia doctrine. He is to dwell with unction on the cruelty and injustice with which the Sunis treated Ali and his sons, and on the martyrdom of Hoosein and the captivity of his family. He is to abuse the Suni caliphs of both lines, the Ommeiades and the Abassides, and then, having thus prepared the way, he is to insinuate as the necessary completion of the Shia system of faith, the more esoteric doctrines of the Ismailis.

"Is it a Jew he has to deal with? he is to speak disparagingly of the Christians and the Mussulmans, to agree with his intended convert in still looking forward to a promised Messiah, but by degrees to bring his mind to the persuasion that this promised Messiah can he none other than Ali, the great Messiah of the Ismaili system.

"If it be a Christian he hopes to bring over, he must expatiate on the obstinacy of the Jews and the ignorance of the Mussulmans, must profess reverence for all the chief articles of the Christian creed, but gently hint that they are symbolic, and point to a deeper meaning, to which the Ismaili system alone can supply the key; he may suggest that the Christians have somewhat misinterpreted the doctrine of the Paraclete, and that it is to this the true Paraclete that the Dai, or missionary, would lead his inquiring friend."

These practices are considered by Sir Joseph to be conclusively shown as habitual among the Ismailis; and to account for many of the tenets and observances of the Khojas, which would be considered equally abnormal and heretical by doctors of either Shia or Suni orthodoxy.

He proceeds to notice the next fact proved in the case, that the defendant Aga Khan was the lineal representative of Sheikh-el-Jebal, or "Old Man of the Mountain" of Marco Polo, and of the Chiefs, or (according to Von Hammer) the "Hereditary Grand Masters" of the Assassins of Alamut.

He tells us how, after the Ismaili system had been elaborately completed at Cairo under the Fatimite caliphs, receiving there a superstructure of Egyptian hierophantism, upon the basis of Magian and Indian dogma which it had derived from its Persian founders, it had the fortune, a little after the middle of the eleventh century of our era—about the time of William the Norman—to attract the attention of a very accomplished young Persian of Arab descent and of Shia faith, who had already given promise of a brilliant career.

This was Hassan-bin-Saba, the son of a learned Shia doctor of the city of Rhai, in Persia.

There are few episodes in the chronicles of those days more romantic, and yet better authenticated, than the story of Hassan and his fellow-students. Hassan's father, we are told by one of his school-fellows, was "a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine," as a Shia would naturally be reckoned under a Suni dynasty; and, apparently from political reasons, to escape suspicion of heresy, as well as attracted by the great fame for learning of the venerable teacher, Hassan was sent to study under the Imam Mowaffak of Nishapur, "one of the greatest of the wise men of Khorasan, a man highly honoured and reverenced—may God rejoice his soul! His illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran or studied the Traditions in his presence would assuredly attain to honour and happiness." Among Hassan's fellow-students he formed a close friendship with two. One was Nizam-ul-Mulk, whose description of their student life we are quoting from his *Wasiyat* or Testament—his legacy to posterity after a life passed as the all-powerful minister of successive Toorki or Seljukian Sultans of

Irak, the Suni reformers of Islam, and the proximate agents in rousing Western Europe to engage in the Crusades.

The third of the fellow-students was Omar, surnamed Khayyam, or the tent-maker, the astronomer-poet of Persia. One day, we are told, Hassan reminded his friends of the proverbial good fortune of all who had learnt from the lips of their aged teacher. "Even if we all do not attain thereto," he said, "doubtless one of us will;" and he proposed they should all take a vow "that to whomsoever this fortune falls he will share it equally with the other two." His friends agreed; they subsequently parted, years rolled on, and after many wanderings and changes of fortune, Nizam-ul-Mulk became vizier to the all-powerful Seljukian Sultan, Alp Arslan.

In due time Omar, the tent-maker, astronomer and poet, appeared at Merv, now the head-quarters of Turcoman robbers, but then the seat of the court of the great Sultan Malik Shah. Here the poet was welcomed by the friend of his schoolboy days. He asked for neither power nor place, but for "a corner under the shadow of the vizier's fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for the long life and prosperity" of his early friend. The vizier found him sincere, secured him an ample pension, and at Nishapur "he lived and died, busied in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in astronomy." When Malik Shah determined to reform the Calendar, Omar was one of the eight learned men employed. The result was the *Jalali* era, "a computation of time," says Gibbon, "which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." Omar's *Treatise on Algebra*, one of his many works on kindred subjects, has lately been republished and translated by French mathematicians. But he will probably be best remembered by his poems, chiefly quatrains or tetrastichs, sometimes all rhyming, but oftener with three lines rhyming, and the fourth blank. Selections from these have been admirably translated by Mr. Fitzgerald. In these epigrams Omar paints himself and his philosophy, a kind of "drink-and-make-merry" epicureanism, ith many glimpses of deep feeling and sarcastic humour, perhaps as characteristic of the time as of the man. "The result," says his translator, "is sad enough, saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt to move sorrow than anger toward the old tent-maker, who after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his steps from destiny, and to catch some authentic glimpse of TO-MORROW, fell back upon TO-DAY (which has outlasted so many to-morrows!) as the only ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his feet." The epigrammatic fetters in which he has chosen to move, while affording no scope for the luxuriant richness of description or elegiac melody of Lucretius, give point to the bitterness of Omar's speculations on Fate and Free-will, on Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and his final acquiescence in a hopeless Necessity. It is a curious tribute to the poetical merit of Omar's epigrams, and a not less singular evidence of modern English taste and feeling on the subjects of his verse, that an elegant English translation of selections from his Quatrains should have passed through three editions in the course of a few years.[1]

Whether before or after Omar we are not told, but Hassan, the third of the student friends, also presented himself before the prosperous vizier, and recalling himself to the vizier's recollection by a quotation from the Koran which denounces punishment on promise-breakers, claimed the performance of their schoolboy compact. The vizier responded with characteristic generosity, introduced his friend to his royal master, and Hassan was soon basking in the sunshine of court favour. But he forfeited his position by a characteristic act of treachery. The Sultan had required from his minister a balance-sheet of his empire, and the vizier had promised it, but begged to be allowed 400 days to have it prepared. Hassan hearing of this, hinted to the monarch that he could submit it in a tenth of the time; and, taken at his word, in forty days managed, with the help of information surreptitiously

[1] Omar Khayyam. The Astronomer-Poet of Persia. *Calcutta Review*, No. 59, March, 1858. Vol. xxx., p. 169.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia, rendered into English Verse. Third edition; London, Quaritch, 1872.

obtained from the royal records, to submit a masterly summary of the imperial finances. The vizier found himself on the eve of supersession and disgrace through the treachery of his schoolfellow; but he foiled the traitor with his own weapons—managed by abstracting some sheets of the budget to confound his rival—and Hassan was driven in disgrace from the court. In his exile he recalled to mind the early impressions he had derived from the teachings of a Dai, or missionary, of the Fatimite Ismailis, and repaired to Egypt to perfect at the fountain-head his knowledge of their esoteric doctrines.

A three years' residence in Cairo made him an adept and an enthusiast in the Ismaili faith, and he returned to Persia eager to propagate the tenets he had embraced, and we may well suppose burning to revenge himself on his fortunate schoolfellow and rival, the vizier of the Seljukian Sultan.

Persia at that time was in the most rigid bonds of Suni orthodoxy, the shepherd chiefs of Central Asia (and such in their origin were the Seljukian Sultans of Irak) having always been amongst the most devoted upholders of the straitest traditions of Islam.

Hassan-bin-Saba soon found that he could only attempt openly to propagate his new creed at the imminent risk of his life. Partly by force and partly by fraud he possessed himself of the impregnable mountain stronghold of Alamut (the "Vulture's" or "Eagle's nest"), built on a commanding crag of the Elburz mountains—the range that separates from the rest of Persia the provinces that lie immediately to the south of the Caspian.

Here he established himself about A.D. 1090; "and for thirty-five of the remaining years of a life which was protracted beyond the age of ninety, Hassan-bin-Saba employed all the remarkable powers of his mind in organizing a system of terror, which fought with the dagger against the sword, and revenged persecution by assassination."

Three chapters[1] of Marco Polo are devoted to Hassan's successor, the "Old Man of the Mountain" of Marco Polo's day. He tells of the mountain valley which the "Old Man fashioned after the description that Mahomet gave of his Paradise, to wit, that it should be a beautiful garden running with conduits of wine and milk and honey and water, and full of lovely women for the delectation of all its inmates; and sure enough the Saracens of those parts believed that *it was* Paradise." None were allowed to enter save those whom the Old Man intended to be his "Hashishin." He selected youths "from twelve to twenty years of age, such as had a taste for soldiering; to these he used to tell tales about Paradise, just as Mahomet was wont to do, and they believed in him just as the Saracens believed in Mahomet. Then he would introduce them into his garden, having first made them drink a potion which cast them into a deep sleep, and then caused them to be lifted and carried in. So when they awoke they found themselves in the garden."

After some time spent in all the sensual enjoyments of this earthly Paradise the potion is repeated, the youths awoke in the Grand Master's presence, and would be assured by him that they have in truth been transported to Paradise. "Now the Old One kept his court in grand and noble style," and was venerated as a prophet by "those simple hill-folk about him." So when he would have any prince slain, he would say to such a youth, "Go thou, slay So-and-so, and when thou returnest my angels shall carry thee back into Paradise. And shouldst thou die nathless, even so will I send my angels to carry thee back into Paradise." So he caused them to believe, and thus "there was no order of his that they would not affront any peril to execute, for the great desire they had to get back into that Paradise of his. Hence the great dread that he inspired all princes withal and made them become his tributaries, in order that he might abide in peace and amity with them."

Colonel Yule enumerates twenty-three of "the more notable murders and attempts at murder" attributed to these emissaries between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries. None are enumerated but princes and their viziers. The list commences with Nizam-ul-Mulk the

[1] *Marco Polo*, translated by Colonel Yule. Second edition. London: Murray, 1875. Book I., Chapters xxiii., xxiv. and xxvi.

powerful minister of the Seljulkian sovereign of Persia, and his two sons. He was the early friend, and latterly the successful rival, of Hassán. The list closes with the attempt to murder Prince Edward of England, afterwards Edward I., nearly two centuries later, at Acre, A.D. 1272. Two attempts are recorded to murder the great Saladin; and Raymond, Count of Tripoli, and Conrad of Montferrat, titular King of Jerusalem, were among the Christian victims. Most of the attempts were made in the most public places—in the presence of the Sultan or Shah, or in the chief mosque of some great city.

The word by which the Ismailis of Alamut and Massiat were designated in the Eastern languages was "Hashishin," a word derived from the use of the "hashish" (a preparation of hemp and bhang), with which Hassan-bin-Saba and his successors subdued the souls, and inflamed the energies, of the Fedawi, "the self-offering or devoted," whom they employed as their "blind unthinking instruments of death." The word "assassination" has long been naturalized in all the languages of Europe to signify the vilest sort of murder—murder done to order.

From these Assassins of Alamut sprang the Assassins of Massiat, a rock fortress north of Lebanon, who were the terror of Syria and Western Asia during the second Crusade.

There is considerable doubt as to the precise organization of the immediate disciples of Hassan-bin-Saba. This doubt is partly owing to the secret nature of all their proceedings, partly to the fact that the organization was derived from the earlier sect of Abdallah-bin-Maimun; but it is more due to the determination of later historians to discover in the organization of Hassan-bin-Saba the germ of that adopted by the Templars and many of the secret and revolutionary societies of the Middle Ages and even of modern times.

The following are commonly given as the grades of the perfect order:—

1. *Sheikh-al-Jebal.* The Chief or Old Man of the Mountain—"the Grand Master" as Von Hammer calls him—the divinely-appointed Imam.

2. Three *Dai-al-Kerbal-Kebir.* Von Hammer's "Grand Priors" or Provincial Governors.

3. *Dais,* or Priors, or Master Missionaries.—All members of these three orders were fully initiated into all secret mysteries.

4. *Refiks,* Associates or Fellows, less fully initiated.

5. *Fedawis,* or Devoted Ones—the guards from whom were chosen the Assassins proper. They were initiated no further than was needful to secure blind obedience.

6. *Lasiks,* or Novices and Lay Brothers. The "dog-like."

7. Common people uninitiated.

Hassan-bin-Saba is said to have died A.D. 1124 of extreme old age, being past ninety, and having for thirty-five years never quitted Alamut, nor removed more than twice from his chamber to the terrace of his castle.

There can be little doubt that Marco Polo's description gives a fairly accurate account of the ordinary proceedings of the sect according to the belief of their best-informed neighbours; but it is curious that at first the early Crusaders were inclined to regard the Assassins as allies, in their enmity to the great Moslem power. Von Hammer alludes to projects of the Templars and Baldwin II., king of Jerusalem, to form an unholy alliance between the Cross and the Dagger. Some excuse for a mistake of this kind may be found in the tales of indiscriminate slaughter of Ismailis ordered at various times by the Suni Sultans, tales which probably lost none of their effect as related to the Crusaders by disciples of the Old Man of the Mountain, who would have gladly turned to purposes of vengeance the stout arms of the Christian Northmen. But it is yet more curious that in their dissensions among themselves the Christian knights were prone to impute to Christian rivals a secret compact with the Infidel Assassins. Even so noble a knight as the Lion-hearted King of England did not escape the imputation, and was cleared, we are told, by a letter from the Old Man of the Mountain himself. Philip Augustus of France is said to have instituted a royal guard of *sergens d'armes,* the first royal guard of France, to

defend him against the Oriental emissaries of Christian rivals, and a similar origin is claimed for the sergeants-at-arms of our own sovereign.

But to return to the pedigree of Aga Khan, Mehelati, of Bombay—it is traced by Sir Joseph Arnould through Hassan-Ala-Sikrihi-es-Salam, or "Blessed-be-his-Name," called for shortness Zakaresalam; of whom it is said—

"By one of his proceedings, Zakaresalam excited more horror among orthodox Mussulmans than had been called forth even by the organized system of assassination established by the chiefs of Alamut. He caused a public pulpit to be raised in the Masella, or place of prayer at the base of the castle of Alamut, and thence proclaimed himself the Vice-gerent of God, abolished all Moslem ordinances of positive religion, declared that that sacred day of the Mahometan calendar should thenceforth be celebrated as the Feast of the Revelation of the Imam; and that the people should then and there (as from the narrative they appear to have done without much scruple) eat the flesh of the swine, and drink, even to drunkenness, the juice of the grape." This was in the middle of the twelfth century (A.D. 1163), and the details of his teaching justify the subsequent practice of orthodox Islam in designating the Ismailies as specially the "Mulahid" or Impious—a term previously appropriated to the Karmathites in general. Hassan-Zakaresalam was himself cut off by the dagger, and after the Grand Mastership of the Assassins had passed through the hands of four successors, in A.D. 1258, Alamut was captured and destroyed by Holagou, grandson of the great Zinghis Khan; and a few years afterwards the Assassins of Massiat, and other rock fortresses in Syria, were surprised by the Mamlook Sultans of Egypt.

Colonel Yule[1] tells us how, at a great Mongol diet, A.D. 1251, it was determined to complete the Mongol conquests; and the two brothers of the great Khan Mangu were deputed—Kublai to reduce China, and Hulaku or Holagou to subdue Persia and Syria. The conquest of the Ismaili Assassins involved the reduction of 100 fortresses well furnished with provisions and artillery engines. The last fortress is popularly said to have stood a twenty years' siege, and actually held out fourteen. Sir Joseph Arnould tells us that "although by this utter overthrow, in which men, women, and children were unsparingly put to the edge of the sword, the Assassins of Alamut ceased to be a terror to Asia, yet the race of the Ismailis still survived in Persia, and the hereditary succession of their unrevealed Imams is traced in unbroken line down to Aga Khan, the first defendant in this suit."

With the establishment of the Suffavi dynasty, Persia became Shia in religion about the commencement of the sixteenth century of our era, and all active persecution of Ismailis ceased; and, "after the troublous times of the Afghan invasion, and of Nadir Shah, and during the period preceding the rise of the present or Kajar dynasty, when the Zend princes had the principal power in the south of Persia (say from A.D. 1750 to A.D. 1786), we find that Abool Hassan, the grandfather of Aga Khan, was governor of the very important city of Kerman."

Macdonnell Kinneir, sixty years ago, in his *Topographical History of Persia*, speaks of a remnant of Ismailis, known as "Hooseinis," who were then found near the ruins of Alamut. They regarded as their Imam the father of Aga Khan, and Khoja disciples from India were still in the habit of making pilgrimages to his residence. Summing up the evidence before him, Sir Joseph declares it to be judicially proved that "Mahommed Hussain Hooseini, otherwise Aga Khan," or, as he is more formally styled when mentioned in official documents by the Indian Government, "His Highness Aga Khan, Mehelati," is the hereditary chief and unrevealed Imam of the Ismailis—the present or living holder of the musnud of the Imamate—claiming descent in direct line from Ali, the Vicar of God, through the seventh and (according to the Ismaili creed) the last of the revealed Imams, Ismail, the son of Jaffir Seeduk.

H. B. E. Frere.

[1] Chapter xxv. of Book I.

To be continued.

THE ELDER HAMLET.

'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

THE ghost in *Hamlet* is as faithfully treated as any character in the play. Next to Hamlet himself, he is to me the most interesting person of the drama.

The rumour of his appearance is wrapped in the larger rumour of war. Loud preparations for uncertain attack fill the ears of "the subject of the land." The state is troubled. The new king has hardly compassed his election before his marriage with his brother's widow swathes the court in the dust-cloud of shame, which the merriment of its forced revelry can do little to dispel. A feeling is in the moral air to which the words of Francisco, the only words of significance he utters, give the key: "'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart." Into the frosty air, the pallid moonlight, the drunken shouts of Claudius and his court, the bellowing of the cannon from the rampart for the enlargement of the insane clamour that it may beat the drum of its own disgrace at the portals of heaven, glides the silent prisoner of hell, no longer a king of the day walking about his halls, "the observed of all observers," but a thrall of the night, wandering between the bell and the cock, like a jailer on each side of him. A poet tells the tale of the king who lost his garments and ceased to be a king: here is the king who has lost his body, and in the eyes of his court has ceased to be a man. Is the cold of the earth's night pleasant to him after the purging fire? What crimes had the honest ghost committed in his days of nature? He calls them foul crimes! Could such be his? Only who can tell how a ghost, with his doubled experience, may think of this thing or that? The ghost and the fire may between them distinctly recognize that as a foul crime which the man and the court regarded as a weakness at worst, and indeed in a king laudable.

Alas, poor ghost! Around the house he flits, shifting and shadowy, over the ground he once paced in ringing armour—armed still, but his very armour a shadow! It cannot keep out the arrow of the cock's cry, and the heart that pierces is no shadow. Where now is the loaded axe with which, in angry dispute, he smote the ice at his feet that cracked to the blow? Where is the arm that heaved the axe? Wasting in the marble maw of the sepulchre, and the arm he carries now—I know not what it can do, but it cannot slay his murderer. For that he seeks his son's. Doubtless his new ethereal form has its capacities and privileges. It can shift its garb at will; can appear in mail or night-gown, unaided of armourer or tailor; can pass through Hades-gates or chamber-door with equal ease; can work in the ground like mole or pioneer, and let its voice be heard from the cellarage. But there is one to whom it cannot appear, one whom the ghost can see, but to whom he cannot show himself. She has built a doorless, windowless wall between them, and sees the husband of her youth no more. Outside her heart—that is the night in which he wanders, while the palace windows are flaring, and the low wind throbs to the wassail shouts: within, his murderer sits by the wife of his bosom, and in the orchard the spilt poison is yet gnawing at the roots of the daisies.

Twice has the ghost grown out of the night upon the eyes of the sentinels. With solemn march, slow and stately, three times each night, has he walked by them; they, jellied with fear, have uttered no challenge. They seek Horatio, who the third night speaks to him as a scholar can. To the first challenge

he makes no answer, but stalks away; to the second,

> It lifted up its head, and did address
> Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

but the gaoler cock calls him, and the kingly shape

> started like a guilty thing
> Upon a fearful summons;

and then

> shrunk in haste away,
> And vanished from our sight.

Ah, that summons! at which majesty welks and shrivels, the king and soldier starts and cowers, and, armour and all, withers from the air!

But why has he not spoken before? why not now ere the cock could claim him? He cannot trust the men. His court has forsaken his memory—crowds with as eager discontent about the mildewed ear as ever about his wholesome brother, and how should he trust mere sentinels? There is but one who will heed his tale. A word to any other would but defeat his intent. Out of the multitude of courtiers and subjects, in all the land of Denmark, there is but one whom he can trust—his student-son. Him he has not yet found—the condition of a ghost involving strange difficulties.

Or did the horror of the men at the sight of him wound and repel him? Does the sense of regal dignity, not yet exhausted for all the fasting in fires, unite with that of grievous humiliation to make him shun their speech?

But Horatio—why does the ghost not answer him ere the time of the cock is come? Does he fold the cloak of indignation around him because his son's friend has addressed him as an intruder on the night, an usurper of the form that is his own? The companions of the speaker take note that he is offended and stalks away.

Much has the kingly ghost to endure in his attempt to re-open relations with the world he has left: when he has overcome his wrath and returns, that moment Horatio again insults him, calling him an illusion. But this time he will bear it, and opens his mouth to speak. It is too late; the cock is awake, and he must go. Then alas for the buried majesty of Denmark! with upheaved halberts they strike at the shadow, and would stop it if they might—usage so grossly unfitting that they are instantly ashamed of it themselves, recognizing the offence in the majesty of the offended. But he is already gone. The proud, angry king has found himself but a thing of nothing to his body-guard—for he has lost the body which was their guard. Still, not even yet has he learned how little it lies in the power of an honest ghost to gain credit for himself or his tale! His very privileges are against him.

All this time his son is consuming his heart in the knowledge of a mother capable of so soon and so utterly forgetting such a husband, and in pity and sorrow for the dead father who has had such a wife. He is thirty years of age, an obedient, honourable son—a man of thought, of faith, of aspiration. Him now the ghost seeks, his heart burning like a coal with the sense of unendurable wrong. He is seeking the one drop that can fall cooling on that heart—the sympathy, the answering rage and grief of his boy. But when at length he finds him, the generous, loving father has to see that son tremble like an aspen-leaf in his doubtful presence. He has exposed himself to the shame of eyes and the indignities of dulness, that he may pour the pent torrent of his wrongs into his ears, but his disfranchisement from the flesh tells against him even with his son: the young Hamlet is doubtful of the identity of the apparition with his father. After all the burning words of the phantom, the spirit he has seen may yet be a devil; the devil has power to assume a pleasing shape, and is perhaps taking advantage of his melancholy to damn him.

Armed in the complete steel of a suit well known to the eyes of the sentinels, visionary none the less, with useless truncheon in hand, resuming the memory of old martial habits, but with quiet countenance, more in sorrow than in anger, troubled—not now with the thought of

the hell-day to which he must sleepless return, but with that unceasing ache at the heart, which ever, as often as he is released into the cooling air of the upper world, draws him back to the region of his wrongs—where having fallen asleep in his orchard, in sacred security and old custom, suddenly, by cruel assault, he was flung into Hades, where horror upon horror awaited him—worst horror of all, the knowledge of his wife!—armed he comes, in shadowy armour but how real sorrow! Still it is not pity he seeks from his son: he needs it not—he can endure. There is no weakness in the ghost. It is but to the imperfect human sense that he is shadowy. To himself he knows his doom his deliverance; that the hell in which he finds himself shall endure but until it has burnt up the hell he has found within him—until the evil he was and is capable of shall have dropped from him into the lake of fire: he nerves himself to bear. And the cry of revenge that comes from the sorrowful lips is the cry of a king and a Dane rather than of a wronged man. It is for public justice and not individual vengeance he calls. He cannot endure that the royal bed of Denmark should be a couch for luxury and damned incest. To stay this he would bring the murderer to justice. There is a worse wrong, for which he seeks no revenge: it involves his wife; and there comes in love, and love knows no amends but amendment, seeks only the repentance tenfold more needful to the wronger than the wronged. It is not alone the father's care for the human nature of his son that warns him to take no measures against his mother; it is the husband's tenderness also for her who once lay in his bosom. The murdered brother, the dethroned king, the dishonoured husband, the tormented sinner, is yet a gentle ghost. Has suffering already begun to make him, like Prometheus, wise?

But to measure the gentleness, the forgiveness, the tenderness of the ghost, we must well understand his wrongs. The murder is plain; but there is that which went before and is worse, yet is not so plain to every eye that reads the story. There is that without which the murder had never been, and which, therefore, is a cause of all the wrong. For listen to what the ghost reveals when at length he has withdrawn his son that he may speak with him alone, and Hamlet has forestalled the disclosure of the murderer:

> Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
> With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
> (O wicked wit and gifts that have the power
> So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
> The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
> Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
> From me, whose love was of that dignity
> That it went hand in hand even with the vow
> I made to her in marriage, and to decline
> Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
> To those of mine!
> But virtue—as it never will be moved
> Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
> So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
> Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
> And prey on garbage."

Reading this passage, can anyone doubt that the ghost charges his late wife with adultery, as the root of all his woes? It is true that, obedient to the ghost's injunctions, as well as his own filial instincts, Hamlet accuses his mother of no more than was patent to all the world; but unless we suppose the ghost misinformed or mistaken, we must accept this charge. And had Gertrude not yielded to the witchcraft of Claudius' wit, Claudius would never have murdered Hamlet. Through her his life was dishonoured, and his death violent and premature: unhuzled, disappointed, unaneled, he woke to the air—not of his orchard-blossoms, but of a prison-house, the lightest word of whose terrors would freeze the blood of the listener. What few men can say he could—that his love to his wife had kept even step with the vow he made to her in marriage; and his son says of him—

> so loving to my mother
> That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly;

and this was her return! Yet is it thus he charges his son concerning her:

> But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
> To prick and sting her.

And may we not suppose it to be for her sake in part that the ghost insists, with fourfold repetition, upon a sworn-sworn oath to silence from Horatio and Marcellus?

Only once again does he show himself—not now in armour upon the walls, but in his gown and in his wife's closet.

Ever since his first appearance, that is, all the time filling the interval between the first and second acts, we may presume him to have haunted the palace unseen, waiting what his son would do. But the task has been more difficult than either had supposed. The ambassadors have gone to Norway and returned; but Hamlet has done nothing. Probably he has had no opportunity; certainly he has had no clear vision of duty. But now all through the second and third acts, together occupying, it must be remembered, only one day, something seems imminent. The play has been acted, and Hamlet has gained some assurance, yet the one chance presented of killing the king—at his prayers—he has refused. He is now in his mother's closet, whose eyes he has turned into her very soul. There, and then, the ghost once more appears—come, he says, to whet his son's almost blunted purpose. But, as I have said, he does not know all the disadvantages of one who, having forsaken the world, has yet business therein to which he would persuade; he does not know how hard it is for a man to give credence to a ghost; how thoroughly he is justified in delay, and the demand for more perfect proof. He does not know what good reasons his son has had for uncertainty, or how much natural and righteous doubt has had to do with what he takes for the blunting of his purpose. Neither does he know how much more tender his son's conscience is than his own, or how necessary it is to him to be sure before he acts. As little perhaps does he understand how hateful to Hamlet is the task laid upon him—the killing of one wretched villain in the midst of a corrupt and contemptible court, one of a world of whose women his mother may be the type!

Whatever the main object of the ghost's appearance, he has spoken but a few words concerning the matter between him and Hamlet, when he turns abruptly from it to plead with his son for his wife. The ghost sees and mistakes the terror of her looks; imagines that, either from some feeling of his presence, or from the power of Hamlet's words, her conscience is thoroughly roused, and that her vision, her conception of the facts, is now more than she can bear. She and her fighting soul are at odds. She is a kingdom divided against itself. He fears the consequences. He would not have her go mad. He would not have her die yet. Even while ready to start at the summons of that hell to which she has sold him, he forgets his vengeance on her seducer in his desire to comfort her. He dares not, if he could, manifest himself to her: what word of consolation could she hear from *his* lips? Is not the thought of him her one despair? He turns to his son for help: he cannot console his wife; his son must take his place. Alas! even now he thinks better of her than she deserves; for it is only the fancy of her son's madness that is terrifying her: he gazes on the apparition of which she sees nothing, and from his looks she anticipates an ungovernable outbreak.

> But look; amazement on thy mother sits!
> Oh! step between her and her fighting soul;
> Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
> Speak to her, Hamlet.

The call to his son to soothe his wicked mother is the ghost's last utterance. For a few moments, sadly regardful of the two, he stands—while his son

seeks in vain to reveal to his mother the presence of his father—a few moments of piteous action, all but ruining the remnant of his son's sorely-harassed self-possession—his whole concern his wife's distress, and neither his own doom nor his son's duty;—then, as if lost in despair at the impassable gulf betwixt them, revealed by her utter incapacity for even the imagination of his proximity, he turns away, and steals out at the portal. Or perhaps he has heard the black cock crow, and is wanted beneath: his turn has come.

Will the fires ever cleanse *her?* Will his love ever lift him above the pain of its loss? Will eternity ever be bliss, ever be endurable to poor King Hamlet?

Alas! even the memory of the poor ghost is insulted. Night after night on the stage his effigy appears—cadaverous, sepulchral—no longer as Shakspere must have represented him, aërial, shadowy, gracious, the thin corporeal husk of an eternal—shall I say ineffaceable?—sorrow! It is no hollow monotone that can rightly upbear such words as his, but a sound mingled of distance and wind in the pine-tops, of agony and love, of horror and hope and loss and judgment—a voice of endless and sweetest inflection, yet with a shuddering echo in it as from the caves of memory, on whose walls are written the eternal blazon that must not be to ears of flesh and blood. The spirit that can assume form at will must surely be able to bend that form to completest and most delicate expression, and the part of the ghost in the play offers work worthy of the highest artist. The would-be actor takes from it vitality and motion, endowing it instead with the rigidity of death, as if the soul had resumed its cast-off garment, the stiffened and mouldy corpse—whose frozen deadness it could ill model to the utterance of its lively will.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LONDON BEFORE THE HOUSES.

THE growth of modern London has been so rapid, and the effects of that growth upon the physical features of the ground have been so great, that it is already impossible to say what the country looked like before London existed. The area comprehended within the "metropolitan district," as it is called, is now very large, and the original germ or kernel, which once was all London, has shrunk to the size and population of only a corner in the vast aggregation of houses, which bear that name at the present day. Though London is not the metropolis of England, and can only be called its capital by virtue of its having swallowed Westminster, yet we all look up to it as the greatest city not only in England, but in Europe; the greatest, that is, the most populous city, probably, in the world; the greatest city of which we have trustworthy historical information; and certainly the most important politically, as well as commercially, now in existence. London covers by far the greatest part of the county of Middlesex. The enormous hundred of Ossulston which appears so frequently in Domesday, and which embraced all the suburbs of the City, from Stepney on the east, to Highgate on the north, and Tyburn on the west, has absolutely disappeared under the advancing tide of brick and mortar, and is no longer reckoned among the divisions of the county. The mass of buildings, which may fairly be called by the name of London, indeed, is no longer bounded by Middlesex, but extends far into Essex —far even into Hertfordshire. The northern part of Surrey, and especially the whole hundred of Brixton, have been absorbed, and Greenwich in Kent is as much a part of London as Kensington. And as the houses advance they obliterate all trace of what went before. The hollows are levelled up, the hills levelled down. The brooks no longer run, the trees and the grass no longer grow. Seedtime and harvest have ceased, for the land the great city covers. The scanty vegetation which may still be found within its boundaries is artificial, for the light and air of heaven are intercepted. Even the sky is invisible during most of the year, and the sunset has an unnatural glow. All seasons are alike to the thorough-paced Londoner. The summer heat only drives him to the shady side of the street. The winter wind does but make him call a cab. The railways have extended the boundaries of London more and more, and covered a larger district with villas and avenues, which are only mockeries and distant imitations of village lanes and country woods.

London, then, is the designation of an ever-widening tract of country which the buildings of the great city cover, but for our present purpose it may be convenient to restrict its application to a district which lies between Hampstead on the north and Sydenham on the south, although we are constantly reminded that the tide of houses has long ago overflowed these limits, and poured down the sunny slopes far away into Kent and Surrey. We shall ignore all that lies beyond Norwood, reckon Croydon as still a country town, and speak as if Penge and Anerley and Beckenham were not yet suburbs. The district of which we speak lies between two lines of heights to the north and the south, which we may roughly call the Hampstead Hills and the Sydenham Hills. Of these two ranges the northern is higher than the southern, and we may note that while Hampstead and Highgate stand comparatively alone, though other ranges are behind them, Sydenham and Denmark Hill are flanked by several minor heights, such as Nunhead and Forest Hill. The northern range, too, differs in another particular from the southern. It does not fall directly to the level of the water. Between it and the river's edge there is a second and inner line of heights, and it was on one of the

members of this inner line that London originally stood. But its position was in one respect utterly different from what it would seem to have occupied to an observer of to-day. When London was confined to the hill now crowned by St. Paul's, the water of a broad lagoon which has now disappeared stretched toward the south and washed up almost to the feet of the range which bounds the river valley in that direction; and though Camberwell and Peckham may, even then, have been on dry ground, they stood close to the margin of a vast shallow lake, dotted with islands, and reflecting in the northern distance the green hills which we know as Holborn, and Tyburn, Notting Hill and Campden Hill. For the river which now separates the north from the south of London, did not always make its present bend at Chelsea, but flowed straight across from Lambeth to Limehouse. Now, it is first deflected to the northward as it passes Westminster: at Charing Cross it turns to the east: at Rotherhithe it slants in a southerly direction; and the result of this curve in its course is that the Thames incloses a peninsula of tolerably dry land, the land on which now Newington and Kennington stand. If not always submerged, it was submerged at high tides, except where, here and there, an islet rose from the surface. Places were left dry at every change. The waters of the river brought with them vast quantities of soil, mud, sand, gravel—and, one by one, little setlements could be made,and embankments thrown up. Such is the history of many of the South London districts, as their names in many cases still indicate. "Ey," for instance, means an island or spot surrounded with water. Bermond has given his name to one. Another which directly faced the future city, was "Over-ey." Lambeth or Lambhithe may tell of a harbour from which sheep for the slaughter could be ferried over to Westminster. Rotherhithe may have been the first refuge of the rower (*rethra*) as he wearily pulled up the stream. One by one each little settlement rose, dotting the lagoon with islet after islet. Newington has risen from the water almost within historical memory.

But the lagoon on whose banks London was to grow, did not lie all to the south. The whole great estuary of the Lea, beyond Old Ford, and even Waltham, was so wide as to seem an arm of the German Ocean, and was affected by every tide. The Isle of Dogs is entirely formed by artificial embankments, and represents, in fact, the delta of the Lea in its early greatness. On the west, too, the lagoon of the Thames spread from Kew and Fulham to the foot of Notting Hill. Westminster may have been an island in the inland sea. Thorn-ey, where in the seventh century we find the Abbey already seated, was then and long afterwards surrounded by water. In the ornamental water of St. James's Park we can trace the only remaining branch of an inlet from whose surface the island of St. Peter and St. Edmund gradually rose into the daylight of modern history. Its thickets may have given it the older name. Centuries before the western minster had afforded its sanctuary to human fugitives, the wild deer had swum over to hide from the savage hunter; and a skeleton found under the foundation of the Victoria Tower tells of an age when the antlered stag roamed through the great forest, and when the men who slew him, slew him with weapons of stone. Between the hill and the river the marshy level of Pimlico still held a place in our own day; though it is many centuries since the higher ground of Kensington was left dry.

Above that part of the Thames lagoon which is represented by the flats of Pimlico rose and rises the westernmost of a range of four hills. Each is divided from the next by a valley, and the whole range runs eastward in a line not quite parallel to the edge of the river, but so tending to the south, that at a point a few hundred yards below London Bridge, the fourth hill stands close to the waterside. The first or westernmost of these hills has now two or three names. We call the northern and eastern portion of it Notting Hill. The road which leads over it we call Bayswater Hill. The part which lies to the left of this road

we call Campden Hill. But these are all designations for parts of the same eminence, and which is divided from the second of the range by a stream—the Westbourne. Going eastward from this first height to the next which skirted the lagoon, we find ourselves on a hill famous in history as Tyburn. But by rights it should bear some other name. Its slopes to the east and west of the Edgeware Road are in different parishes, but the only name which has ever been applied to the whole bare heath, with which for so many centuries it was covered, is derived from the village and bridge on the eastern side. Tyburn Hill, then, rose more than ninety feet above the level of the Thames, and was thus slightly higher than its neighbours. Its summit was almost a level plateau, the edge of which to the south approached very near to the Thames and its creeks. If we stand in Hyde Park, —the only open ground we can now find on this height—we can easily, if the day is clear, obtain some idea of the ancient geography of what forms the "West End." It will be seen at once that all the district which lies to the south of the park is on a lower level than that which lies to the north. The nearest high ground we can descry, looking south, is very far away. As the sun gleams on the roof of the Crystal Palace, we recognize Sydenham Hill. We cannot see the river, nor can we even know that the sudden slope of the green sward, almost from beneath our feet, on our right hand and before us, is caused by the wearing effects of the Westbourne, which once wound its way towards Westminster round the western declivity of the hill. The other side is hidden by houses, but could we strip off Brook Street and Grosvenor Street, and the adjacent quarter down to South Street, we should see a similar but slighter declivity on that side too, and a brook, the Tyburn, which wound even more and made even a deeper mark as it passed by. How entirely the ground has lost its ancient character may be understood in a moment, if, when passing down Davies Street, towards Berkeley Square, the curious traveller will turn to the left into Bourdon Street. Fifty yards off he will see the valley through which the Tyburn ran, and can judge how much the ground rises on either side.

Mr. Waller has followed the Tyburn from its source in the Conduit Fields not far from the Swiss Cottage, on the first slopes of Hampstead Hill. Thence it ran through the Regent's Park for a few hundred yards, close by Lord Hertford's — now Mr. Gibbs's — Villa, across the road at Sussex Place, between Gloucester Place and Baker Street, across the Marylebone Road, and turning to the westward, under Madame Tussaud's, by South Street to the foot of High Street, St. Marylebone. Thence to Oxford Street its course is marked by the windings of Marylebone Lane, which once overhung its left bank. It reaches Oxford Street at Gee's Court, and any one who cares to trace its further progress towards the Thames, will have to thread his way through a labyrinth of lanes near Bond Street, and skirting the northern side of Hay Hill to cross the gardens of Lansdowne House in Berkeley Square, and proceed by Bolton Row and Engine Street to the Green Park. Across the park the windings are easily seen, though the brook itself is covered. A line of mist at nightfall shows that it is not quite dried up in its underground course, and its outfall on the bank of the Thames has been variously placed near Whitehall, near Westminster Bridge and at Millbank. It really fell into the river at all these places, for in the last half mile of the way it was divided and subdivided several times.

When again resuming our course along the line of heights we have crossed the place where the stream of the Tyburn ran, we ascend another hill as we walk eastward. It does not rise quite to the height of the Tyburn Hill which we have left behind, nor is it so sandy. Its southerly slope too is more gradual and it is of far greater extent. No depression, no brook or rivulet interrupts our course from where we leave the Tyburn near Stratford place until we come in sight of the last hill

of our list of four. The district which we traverse is now the most densely inhabited in Middlesex. The hillside is covered in fact by Soho and Bloomsbury, by Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, by St. Giles's and Holborn. Its highest point seems now to be somewhere near the spot where the old St. Giles's Pound once stood, at the intersection of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. Could we lay the land bare as it once was we should see that a connecting link existed between this hill and the higher range to the north, and that the Regent's Park stands between two slight slopes on the east and west, but is backed immediately on the north by Primrose Hill and a spur of Hampstead. The southern slope we should follow through Lincoln's Inn Fields and the "Carey Street Site" to the level ledge on which St. Clement Danes and the Strand are now placed, and then another and steeper slope down to the edge of the Thames. Between the foot of the hill and the water, where now the Temple Gardens are laid out, was once no doubt a fertile meadow, extending along the river's side, from the place now occupied by the approaches of Blackfriar's Bridge, to where, centuries ago, a bridge carried the road from the city to Westminster over a rapid little burn. This is just east of the Adelphi, and the name of Ivybridge Lane is still to be seen in the subterranean obscurity of the "dark arches." Looking eastward once again we find the watercourse which parts this from the neighbouring height—that on which the city itself was to stand—in a brook which wound along the northern slope and then through deep valleys by Saffron Hill and Holborn Hill to the tidal river of the Fleet.

Such was the ground on which Westminster, Pimlico, Tyburnia, Marylebone, St. Giles's, the Strand, and so many of the other scattered villages which go to make up our modern London, have been built. We have yet to speak of the hill, the last of the range of four, which has risen from the condition of an "humble cottage in Britain," like that of which Caractacus is said to have told the Romans, to be the nucleus of the greatest city in the world.

Before we reach this last height we have to cross the Fleet. Though it has wholly disappeared now, it was once a very prominent feature of London geography. We may talk of the Tyburn, and the West Burn, but the Fleet was the Fleet River. Its course marked the eastern, as the course of the Tyburn marked the western boundary of the great west-central hill. Both rose in the dense clay of the region just below Hampstead, but while the Tyburn took its first turn down the western slope of the connecting ridge of which I have spoken, the Fleet ran from the eastern. In its later course, as we have seen, the Tyburn was even greater than the Fleet, and from its division into several mouths was formed the important delta of Westminster. But the Tyburn differed greatly from the Fleet in these subdivisions, as well as in the character of its whole course: for the Fleet did not love to wander through open meadows or go miles out of its way to avoid a hill. On the contrary, it seems wherever it came to have endeavoured to make as deep a mark on the earth as possible, and the name of "Holebourne," given to it before it reached Clerkenwell, plainly points to this peculiarity. Its banks are so steep, to the very last, that in places they may be called cliffs. Yet so completely have they been covered and disguised by buildings, that Stow and others have been driven to invent an "Oldbourne," and to make it flow down the high street of the village of Holborn, to account for a name which had ceased even three hundred years ago to bear any special meaning. The Holborn was held to have merged in the Fleet at the foot of Snow Hill. But the Fleet and the Holborn were one and the same river, that part of it which admitted the flood tide being called the Fleet. It is on record that the tide once ran up as far as Euston Square; but when, a few years ago, the bridge at Blackfriars was rebuilt, the outfall of a dark and noisome sewer was all that remained of the once famous river.

The bridging of the Fleet, too, was a

question of importance a few centuries ago. At first the direct road westward from Newgate crossed it at Snow Hill. This passage may have dated from the earliest time of which we have any record. But another bridge was made lower down. And as the upper bridge was the Holborn Bridge, and the street which led from it was and is High Holborn, so the lower bridge was the Fleet Bridge and the way from it was and is Fleet Street. And the Fleet was of importance too for another reason. It formed the western bulwark of the city of London for hundreds of years, and its existence must have been one of the chief inducements which brought about the first settlement on the double-topped hill above. There was no such stream westward for many miles, no creek or harbour deep enough or wide enough for commercial purposes. But the Fleet was navigable to King's Cross, even in the reign of Edward I., and before canals were invented, and while roads were almost impassable except in summer, a highway like the Fleet must have been a very prominent feature in the geography of the district. A city situated at the top of a steep declivity, yet with a natural haven, as we shall see, in its very centre, and protected on both sides by navigable streams like the Fleet and the Lea was admirably fitted to become a great commercial port.

Mr. Waller has been at great pains to trace this famous river also from its source at Hampstead to its mouth at Blackfriars. He chronicled all its windings with pious care before it was buried for ever under the earth, under the pavement, under the archways, under the long, vaulted, sepulchral brickwork of the great drainage system. This has been its fate from its source to its outfall. Nowhere can we trace its wanderings except by the form of the land through which it once flowed. For two miles from the Vale of Health, past the Gospel Oak, skirting the slope of Kentish Town, leaving Primrose Hill and Camden Town on the right, it pursues its erratic way till it reaches St. Pancras. There, where the lonely church was noticed even in the sixteenth century for its forsaken air, it begins to show its character and deserve its name. At Battle Bridge, which has itself given place to King's Cross, the brook begins to enter the long valley from which it only emerges when the end of the journey is reached. High hills are on either side, one of them was crowned by the walls of Coldbath Fields, another by the equally cheerful institutions of Clerkenwell; and it would be difficult now to find the remains of the encampment which was said to mark the resting-place of Suetonius before he defeated Boadicea at the Battle Bridge below. The mounds of an old encampment once crowned the hill, but it would be rash without further knowledge to claim it as Roman. As well might we imitate an antiquary of the last century, who thought he had found still more tangible proofs of the Roman occupation. As elsewhere on the banks of the Thames, mammoth bones have been disturbed in the valley of the Fleet, and of one such skeleton, Bagford writing to Hearne remarks that some will have it the elephant had lain there ever since the Universal Deluge, but that for his part, he is inclined to think it was brought over by the Romans, and killed in the fight by a Briton. Ingenious as this hypothesis is, it will not suffice to explain all the discoveries of elephants along the shores of the Lea and Thames. There have been other discoveries, and at no great depth, of remains which point to a vast forest on this northern shore of the estuary; and the decline of the Fleet, as well as the decline of the smaller streams noticed above, may have commenced when the trees no longer protected the soil from the sun's rays.

When the Fleet emerged from behind the hill which we now variously designate as Holborn Hill, Saffron Hill, Back Hill, Hatton Garden, and Portpool Street, it ran nearly straight to the river's edge at Blackfriars, but preserved its chief characteristic to the last. The banks on either side were high, so high, indeed, on the east as to refuse submission to the obliterating process which has gone on elsewhere, and even the railway across Ludgate Hill has left at one or two

points steep ascents like that long-known as Breakneck Steps; though Ship Court and Seacoal Lane have disappeared with other evidences of the time when the Fleet was a harbour.

We now arrive at the foot of the last of the four hills on which modern London stands. To describe its form before a town was on it is impossible. The original soil is in places more than forty feet below the present surface, and if no other evidence of the antiquity of London was to be had, the great depth which must be pierced before the ancient level is reached, would be sufficient.

But other evidence may be found in abundance. Though London was not in any sense the capital of England until a comparatively late period, much later than some of us imagine, yet at its first appearance on the page of history it was a considerable place. Its importance arose from the only one of its characteristics which we are concerned with here, namely, its situation. London was from the first essentially what it is still, a commercial city. It is dangerous to meddle with Celtic names, but the derivation of "Londinium" from "Llyn-din," the lake fort, seems to agree best with the situation and the history. The Roman could not frame his mouth to pronounce the British "Llyn," a word which must have sounded to his ears as "Clun," or "Lun," and the fact, if it is a fact, that Llyn is turned into Lon confirms this derivation. Another derivation, indeed many others, might be offered, but our present object is rather to show what London was than what it was called.

Let us, then, endeavour to picture to ourselves, close to the edge of the vast lagoon, which we have seen stretching away to the South and West, a double-topped hill rising some fifty feet from the level of the high tide, and traversed almost in the centre by a deep ravine through which a rapid stream brawled over its stones. The slope on the west is steep, and the land above it a plateau. To the north the slope is slighter, and a marsh lies in the valley, while the densely-wooded hills of Hampstead and Highgate rise in the background. To the east a gradual fall leads to the wide estuary of the Lea and its vast undrained shallows.

This is the height on which London rose into being. The ravine in the centre is Walbrook. The northern marsh is Moorfields. The western cliff is Ludgate Hill. The eastern slope descends to Stepney, and beyond are the estuary of the Lea, Limehouse, and the Isle of Dogs.

Here, long before the coming of the Roman, stood, it may be, the fortified cattle-pen of some Celtic chieftain. Such a leader would trust for security to the unrivalled position of his hill. He would see himself almost surrounded by an inland sea whose rolling waves ebbed and flowed far up among the Essex woods and spread from Kew and Fulham on the west, to Waltham on the north, and to Barking on the east. Here, each night he could assemble his slaves and his herds; and hence, each morning he could send them to the pastures of the level Strand, or the green slopes of Holborn. From his "dun" he could watch them that they should not stray too far, or could sally forth to their rescue when the wild chief of another tribe was seen descending from the northern heights. Here, perhaps, in case of extremity, he could summon his clansmen to his help, and defend his borders at the Old Ford, or attack a rival at Primrose Hill. In his creek at Dowgate, too, when summer days were calm, and boats could venture across the lagoon, he might receive the visits of distant cousins from Greenwich, or the still remoter Stockwell. And here, now and then in the long course of years, the foreign merchant, tempted by the natural harbours of the Fleet and Walbrook, may have sailed up the double estuary, and circumnavigated the shallow bays, exchanging trinkets and weapons for gold and pearls—perhaps for pale-skinned Celtic captives and red-haired girls. The ancient commerce of London must have been carried on in such goods as these, and a necklace or a hatchet formed in all probability its earliest import.

W. J. L.

THE BRIGANDS OF BULGARIAN SONG.

In the opinion of Sklavonic enthusiasts, the Bulgarians are the most remarkable people on the face of the earth, occupying that place in the history of civilization which is commonly assigned to the Greeks. Orpheus was a Bulgarian, so likewise was Alexander the Great. Certain ballads have come to light, the heroes in some of which are indubitably identical with those of classical antiquity, Orpheus flourishing as Orfen, the Macedonian conqueror as Iskander; and from these ballads a tolerably complete system of mythology might be evolved. The only difficulty is that the authenticity of the ballads themselves is doubtful, and that it is hard to tell where ancient tradition begins and invention comparatively modern leaves off. The possibility remains that Aristotle was not a Bulgarian after all, and that the original language in which he wrote his *Organon* was not one of the Sklavonic dialects.

Under these circumstances we pass over those Bulgarian songs, which ostensibly abound in mythologic lore, and, as they illustrate the manners and notions of a people towards whom many are now directing their mental eyes, confine our attention to certain popular songs, which, through the medium of the distinguished Sklavonic scholar, Mr. Auguste Dozon, have recently come within the sphere of western consciousness; the songs, namely, which in the choicest vernacular record the exploits of the Bulgarian brigand. The events recorded in these certainly do not belong to a remote antiquity, and we can hardly suppose that they do not represent to some degree the moral condition of the nation from the midst of which they sprang.

The Bulgarian brigand, according to the lays of his own people, is a ruffian so thoroughly atrocious and ignoble, that it would be hard to find his parallel. We begin by wondering how a poet could be found to record his atrocities with the utmost complacency, as if he were telling the most innocent tale in the world; and hearing that the lays are popular, we marvel at the people to whom they could afford delight. If the Bulgarian brigand made his appearance in a London transpontine theatre, he would certainly be driven from the stage by the unanimous voice of the gallery, rendered more imperious by missiles of orangepeel.

The explanation of his popularity at home is to the effect that, with all his faults, he is not very different in principle from the peasants who listen to records of his exploits. Many of these, it is said, were brigands in their youth, though they have now receded into quiet life, and they regard the depredations committed on the road as good-humoured old gentlemen regard the wild oats sown by heedless youth. This explanation, it need scarcely be observed, though it somewhat extenuates the individual atrocity of the brigand, does so by lowering our estimate of the nation.

The account of a *Residence in Bulgaria*, published in 1869, by Captain St. Clair and Mr. C. A. Brophy, is so avowedly in favour of the Turkish Government, and of the expediency of leaving it to work its own way, that the dismal accounts which they gave of the village where they resided, one for nearly three years, the other for eleven months, might naturally lead to the suspicion that they looked on surrounding objects through somewhat too dark a medium. But certainly in all that they say of the brigand, to whom they devote many pages, they are more than borne out by the native poems now before us. He who could paint a Bulgarian robber more black than he is painted by a Bulgarian bard must discover a pigment hitherto unknown.

Something akin to the chivalric spirit occasionally to be found among the marauders of Western Europe may be discovered—as the two English residents have pointed out—in the *Balkan Chelibi*, a "gentleman of the past;" but he is a Turk, generally descended from aristocrats, who were as practically independent as our feudal barons of the olden time. He abhors murder, and is not incapable of generous actions; but it is not of him, nor of any one like him, that the popular ballads treat. Among the *Hayduts* or brigands proper, there could not possibly be a Jack Sheppard, inclined to boast, that in spite of his manifold breaches of the eighth commandment he never took a life. These rejoice in murder even more than in plunder, and in their latter days their pleasures of memory increase proportionally with the number of families whom they have plunged into utter misery. A Lancashire "rough" vaunting how often he had stamped out the features of a fellow-man with a hob-nail shoe, might found a school of poetry akin to that of the robber-ballad of Bulgaria. A song, expressing the farewell of the brigand Libén to the Ancient Mountain, that is to say, the Hæmus, is a characteristic specimen of its class.[1] The robber is about to become respectable, marry the daughter of the Pope (priest) Nicolas, and retire into private life. The appellation "pallikar," which is attached to him, is of Greek origin, and frequently recurs in mediæval Greek poetry. It signifies a fighting comrade, in the broadest sense of the term; and probably a member of the prize-ring, if the institution had been familiar, would have been admitted into the category. A lyrist celebrating Robin Hood would possibly have found an equivalent in "Merryman;" Robert Blueskin would very possibly have suggested "Dolly Pal." Here is the song:

On the mountain's top stood the pallikar,
Leading to the forest, shouting his farewell.
To the woods and streams thus outspake
Libén:—
"Hear me, leafy forest,
Hear me, running streams!
Forest, thou rememb'rst well,
Oft I've stray'd beneath thy boughs,
Followed by my brave troop of pallikars,
Waving high my crimson flag.
Many mothers I into grief have plung'd,
Many homes were made desolate by me;
Wives I've caused to weep, orphans I have
made—
That, amid their tears, they might curse me
all.
Forest, friend, farewell.
To my mother's home I go,
She'll betroth and marry me
To the daughter of the Pope—
Pope Nicolas."
Never does the forest speak,
But to brave Libén thus did it reply:—
"Voivode Libén, Voivode,
Thou hast stray'd beneath my boughs,
Followed by thy brave troop of pallikars,
Waving high thy crimson flag
On the summits of the mountain old,
When the shade was fresh and cool,
When the grass was soft and green.
Many mothers thou into grief hast plung'd,
Many homes were made desolate by thee;
Wives through thee have wept, orphans thou
hast made—
And, amid their tears, even me they curse.
Yes, me; because of thee.
Until now, Voivode Libén,
Mother unto thee has this mountain been;
The greenwood was thy only love,
Deck'd out with all its foliage,
Rustling lightly in the breeze.
For thee the grass a bed prepar'd;
The leaves thy only cov'ring were
The limpid streams refresh'd thee;
For thee the birds pour'd forth their song—
Yes, Libén, for thee.
Rejoice, rejoice, brave pallikar!
When thou art glad, the wood is gay;
The streams, the mountains, all are gay.
To the forest now dost thou bid farewell:
Now thou seek'st thy mother's home,
She'll betroth and marry thee
To the daughter of the Pope—
Pope Nicolas."

In spite of the ruffanism that lies unconcealed at the basis of this wild song, there is about it a certain amount of pathos. If the brigand is pleased with the reflection that he has increased the number of widows and orphans, he, at any rate, loves his forest, and his

[1] Some of the ballads given here have been translated into a sort of rhythm, after a fashion which produces an effect not altogether dissimilar to that of the original. The Bulgarian poet, it should be stated, relies much on accent and knows nothing of rhyme.—O.J.

forest loves him in return. Under very difficult circumstances, love is, at all events, found somewhere.

The fact that—as may be supposed—no Claude Duval is to be found among Bulgarian brigands, may be illustrated by the following effusion :—

Lalcho thus spake out to his pallikars:
"Pallikars, my men of mettle,
I have learn'd that Kerima,
Kerima, the fair-hair'd Turkish lady,
Soon will come this way
With four hundred chosen men,
Nearly all black Asiatics,
With a sprinkling of Arnauts.
Who will dare attack Kerima?
She a golden necklace wears—
Who will take away that necklace,
Plant a kiss upon her throat?"
Not a man came forth to answer
Except the pallikar, young Dimitri.
Then to him spake the other pallikars:
"Young Dimitri, lay no wager
Touching this fair Turk, Kerima,
If thou dost, thou'rt mad, Dimitri.
Thou wilt never match Kerima,
She will make an end of thee."
Young Dimitri made no answer
But put on his choicest garments,
And to meet Kerima sallied forth;
Greeted her while in the distance,
And when near her kiss'd the border of her dress.
Thus he said unto Kerima:
"Fairest of the fair, Kerima,
I shall die through love for thee,
And into thine ear I would breathe a word—
Pray let thy train go on before."
She was foolish, fair Kerima,
And she let her train go on before,
Let Dimitri come into her carriage.
Then said young Dimitri to Kerima:
"Dearest love, my own Kerima,
Raise that pretty head a little;
For I fain would kiss thy throat
Just above the golden necklace."
She was foolish, fair Kerima.
Scarcely had she raised her head,
When he struck it from the shoulders,
Then wrenched off the golden necklace,
Stripp'd her of her precious garments,
Booty-laden, left the carriage
And return'd with all his speed to Lalcho,
At whose feet he flung the head.
The pallikars look'd on and were astonish'd
That young Dimitri had deceived
The fair-hair'd Turk, Kerima.

In another ballad, which perhaps tells the same story with a variation, a Turkish lady, likewise named Kerima, is slaughtered under similar circumstances by Boïana, a female brigand of Roumania. The portion of the poem which records the ordeal through which Boïana, on account of her sex, had to pass in order to become a chief, may be fairly quoted:—

From the foot of the White Barrow
Boïana, the Wallachian, cried aloud:
"Mother, mother, sell or pawn
All the silk and linen dresses
That were purchased for my wedding.
Your Wallachian girl, mother, leaves thee now,
To become the chief of seventy pallikars.
Seventy and seven—
I shall be their chief."
All the pallikars consented,
All save one, a surly goatherd—
Boïana then lifted up her voice:
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades!
Heap together heavy loads of wood,
Light a blazing fire
On it toast a large pogatcha,
In which you first will put a coin of yellow gold,
Share it among all, each must have a part.
He whose share contains the piece of gold
The captain shall become
Of seven and seventy pallikars."
They heaped together loads of wood,
Lit a blazing fire,
Toasted on it a pogatcha,
In which was hid a piece of yellow gold.
The pieces then were handed round
To all the seven and seventy comrades.
To Boïana's lot fell the piece of gold:
Their captain therefore she must be—
But still the goatherd gave not his consent.
So Boïana lifted up her voice:
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades!
Hang a ring upon the beech-tree;
We will aim at it all with our bows.
He who sends his arrow fairly through it
Shall be captain of all."
All aimed at the ring hanging on the tree,
None pierced the ring besides Boïana.
But still the goatherd gave not his consent.
So Boïana lifted up her voice:
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades!
In the ground you will fix nine sabres,
That all may leap over them in turn;
He who with one leap can clear them
Shall be captain of all."
The pallikars obey'd her orders,
And fix'd nine sabres in a row,
That over them the pallikars might leap.
None of them to leap was able.
Boïana the Wallachian clear'd them all.
And the space of nine sabres more.
She was followed by the goatherd.
Sabres eight he deftly clear'd,
But he stumbled at the ninth.
Boïana was declared the chief,
And conducted all her pallikars
To the summits of the mountain old.

After nine years, Boïana gives a

final polish to her glory by perpetrating an atrocity almost identical with that of the ungallant Dimitri.

There are some details in the ballad cited above which are worth notice. The number of Boïana's pallikars, seventy-seven, is as conventional as the number three in ordinary fairy tales, and a good fighter generally receives wounds to that amount. The combination, "coin of yellow gold," is not to be regarded as pleonastic. It is a literal translation of the original "jelta jeltitsa," and corresponds to the English slang, "yellow-boy," and the French slang "jaunet." The word "pogatcha" is simply a corruption of the Italian "fogaccio," and denotes a cake of unleavened wheaten flour—say, a large captain's biscuit. It is almost superfluous to remark that the first of the three tests proposed by Boïana is identical with the expedient used by the French to determine the king of a Twelfth-night festival.

We must not rush to the conclusion that the ideal brigand of the Bulgarians is entirely without a conscience. The contrary is shown by a ballad treating of Ivantcho and Draganka, a brother and sister, who together quitted private life that they might enjoy a free existence on the Old Mountain. Ivantcho had complained that since they had taken to the roads not a single Hazna had passed their way; the Hazna being the aggregate amount of treasure in hard cash collected by the pachas, and sent with a convoy to Constantinople. This was, of course, a splendid prize, compared to which the old mail-coach, ardently coveted by Dick Turpin and his like, was as nothing. At last it is ascertained that a Hazna is on the road, and Ivantcho thus addresses his sister, having complimented her on her docility previously shown :—

"Take this bunch of keys, Draganka,
Bring the white tents from the cellar,
In the meadows of the Beylik
Thou wilt duly set them up,
Also thou'lt inclose a garden,
Sown with flowers of every kind.
When the convoy is in sight
To the garden thou wilt go,
Gather flowers of every kind,
And these to nosegays thou wilt deftly make.
To everyone who passes give a nosegay,
To the standard-bearer two.
Thus the party will be well amused
And thou'lt make them wait for my arrival,
When my head has ceased to ache
And with fire I no longer burn."

Draganka does not object, but she does not like the task imposed upon her, and she hints that her brother might be satisfied with the plunder which he has already acquired, and which handsomely fill ten caverns, and desist from further depredations. She is informed, however, by Ivantcho that the proceeds of the new adventure are to be applied to pious uses. He would build a monastery dedicated to St. John, a church dedicated to Saint Dragoma, and a stone bridge.

This appeal to her religious feelings was too much for Draganka, and she went forth to obey her brother's orders. But when she met the convoy her former compunction returned, and she yielded to the entreaties of the treasurer, who implored her to let the convoy pass. Pass it did, to the infinite disgust of her brother, who, coming to the spot where he had hoped to acquire a treasure and finding nothing, was wrathful indeed. Nay, so deeply was Draganka moved by his wrath that she retraced her steps, overtook the convoy, slew upwards of three hundred persons, and returned with the booty to her brother, to whom she said :—

"Brother, brother, poor Ivantcho,
Thou art sick, thou soon wilt die,
Yet thou wilt not cease from plunder."

He died before her speech was concluded, leaving behind him — it is expressly stated—all his riches. This reflection seems to indicate some kind of moral, which is, perhaps, to this effect—that it is perfectly justifiable to live but not to die a brigand. Here we have an instance of very grim contrition :—

The leafy forest glows with life,
The mother's heart is filled with grief.
To Stoïan, her son, she says:
"Stoïan, my Stoïan,
Through the summer thou hast taken nought,
Trav'llers pass'd this way the other night,

And for thee the pallikars inquired:
'Tell us, mother, Stoïan, where is he
Young Stoïan, the gallant pallikar?
With him we could seek for booty
At Rila in the Mountain Old.'"
To his mother said Stoïan:
"Mother, have you not sufficient,
Nine carriages all filled with riches,
A tenth, too, filled with coins of yellow gold?
Surely thou art weary, mother,
Of hiding slaughter'd trav'llers' corpses,
And washing blood-stain'd shirts."
"Only listen, son Stoïan,
Let this summer bring some booty,
Then, long as thou livest, rest in peace."
To his mother spake Stoïan:
"Mother, mother, glorious words thou speak'st,
Let me see the tongue
That can give such wonderful advice."
He deceiv'd his mother,
And when she put forth her tongue,
Straight he cut it from her mouth.
Then he went into the gloomy stable,
Took out three mules, laden with golden coin,
Led them alone unto the holy mountain,
Into the monast'ry of Chilendar,
And there became a monk.

Another mother, who gave sounder advice to her son Tatountcho, fared much better, though her virtuous counsel was not followed. This excellent lady told her son that his profession as a brigand did not enable him to support his parent, and suggested that he should sell his sabre, purchase a couple of sturdy buffaloes, till his paternal soil, and sow wheat. This advice was strictly followed. Tatountcho for a short time led a life of industry and virtue, but he soon found that in Bulgaria the proverb that "Honesty is the best policy" did not hold good. He tried to combine agricultural pursuits with highway robbery, but the Sultan, overlooking the former, took notice of the latter only, and despatched 300 men to decapitate Tatountcho wherever he might be found. The persecuted man met his pursuers boldly, and then made a speech to the goad wherewith he had driven his buffaloes—

"Goad, blessed goad,
Three days it cost to cut you down,
And three days more to bring you home;
So in return
From these black soldiers set me free."

This looks pretty, but Tatountcho was as arrant a ruffian as any of his countrymen. Of three hundred soldiers he cut down all but three, and in spite of the entreaties of the trio, and their asseveration that they were the only sons of their respective mothers, he added the three to the others. Wicked man as he was, according to Western notions, he had carried his point, for he plucked the girdle containing a purse from all his victims, and flinging the aggregate booty into the old lady's lap (or at her head) boldly asked if a brigand could not keep a mother.

The immense number of persons whom a brigand, male or female, is enabled to kill single-handed takes away one's breath. People are still alive who recollect a time when one average Englishman was held to be more than enough for six picked French, but the Bulgarian poet betakes himself to hundreds when we were content with units.

The brigand when at home is not a whit more amiable than when abroad on some professional engagement, and it may be doubted whether Mr. William Sykes, ruffian as he was, would willingly have associated with one Koyo, who is celebrated in a ballad of more than ordinary length. This Koyo having been married for several years, and become a prosperous man as a peasant, was so much disappointed at not finding himself the father of a family that he resolved to begin life anew as a brigand, put himself at the head of a troop, and either gain a rich booty or be knocked on the head. He therefore took an affectionate leave of his wife, Stana, enjoining her to await his return for some years, at the expiration of which she would be at liberty to marry. At the same time he expressed a wish to have a successor worthy of himself, by which he certainly did not set up an unreasonably high standard. After his departure Stana remained a lone woman for seven years and a month to boot, and even then she would not have taken another husband had not her brother, Ougren, insisted on marrying her to his friend Stoïan, so fearful was she that Koyo might return in a dangerous mood in spite of her compliance with his con-

ditions. Nor did her forebodings prove untrue. A few days after the wedding the formidable Koyo reappeared at the head of seventy-seven men, slew Stoïan and his brother, and feasted his troop for three whole days, having first covered Stana with pitch and lit her as a torch to illuminate the banquet. Possibly his countrymen regarded it as a *circonstance atténuante* that his wife's second husband was a "Djelep," that is to say, a person employed to count sheep with a view to the adjustment of taxation. Such an official would be about as popular in Bulgaria as an exciseman among the proprietors and patrons of illicit stills in Ireland. "Stoïan," it may be observed, is a name so extremely common that its recurrence in many ballads by no means implies a reference to the same individual. Here, for instance, is a Stoïan whose end shows that a Bulgarian villain is capable of at least one virtue, once highly esteemed by his fellow-craftsmen in the West, that of "dying game."

Hard was the lot of Stoïan,
On two high roads they watch'd for him,
And on the third they held him fast,
Then with thick cords they bound his milk-
white hands,
And took him to the dwelling of the Pope.
Two daughters had the Pope,
A daughter-in-law, named Gula, too,
This Gula, churning, stood
Behind the little garden-gate,
The daughters swept the yard;
And thus to Stoïan they said:
"To-morrow they will hang thee, Stoïan.
At the palace of the Sultan,
That his children and Sultana,
May take pleasure in the sight."
Then said Stoïan to Gula:
"Gula, since they mean to hang me,
Have they sent to the bazaar,
There to purchase needful ropes?"
Then to Stoïan said Gula:
"They have sent to the bazaar.
Have already bought the ropes."
Then said Stoïan to Gula:
"Are these comely girls the sisters
Of thy husband?" She replied:
"Little, surely, can it matter
Whether they are friends or sisters."
Then said Stoïan to Gula:
"Kindly ask the youngest, pray,
That since they have resolv'd to hang me,
If she'll deign to wash my shirt—
Take the knot from out my hair.
To my thinking, Gula dear,
When a pallikar is hung,
He should wear a snow-white shirt,
And his hair should freely float."

And in the person of the gallant Stoïan we may take leave of the Brigand of Bulgarian Song.

JOHN OXENFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE[1] BETWEEN SCHILLER AND THE DUKE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Edited for the First Time from the Ducal Family Archives.

If, in the noisy deafening hurry of the times in which we live, we are able now and then to win for ourselves a few quiet hours to turn over the pages of the journals of our fathers and grandfathers of about a century back, we find ourselves in a world which seems more like poetry than reality. Not only do the men and women appear to be of a different race, but a different spirit animates their life, their feelings, their thoughts, their deeds. Just as the Greeks talked of a golden age, to distinguish it from the iron present, so we feel that the men of a hundred years since were made of very different stuff from us. Souls like Goethe and Schiller could hardly breathe in our atmosphere — things which were possible in that time are scarcely conceivable to us. The world has become hard and iron—then it was soft and golden. Men had wings, and faith in the ideal, and, borne aloft on these pinions, they soared above the rugged path of life, their eyes fixed on the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal. We plod on foot through thick and thin, along the straight dusty highway of our business and calling, and our eyes can scarcely perceive the old bridge over which at length, whether we will or no, we pass into the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal.

If any one wishes vividly to realise what a beautiful world lies buried there, how little, yet how great, is the golden age of a hundred years back, let him go, after a crowded party in one of our largest cities, where we have everything which money can buy, everything but true men—let him go for once to the old fairy town of Weimar. Remembering the magic pictures of its youth, such as he had drawn from Goethe's and Schiller's own description — let him look for the palaces and villas, the bright windows, the flights of steps, with their niches and pillars, for the art-treasures, weapons, natural curiosities and books,—let him descend into the vault, the richest on earth, where the Duke Karl August rests, with Goethe and Schiller on either side—and he will be filled with astonishment and dismay when he perceives the smallness and poverty of the stage on which those heroes once acted their part. In this small room Schiller lived, in that bed Goethe slept. Now, no servant would be satisfied with such accommodation. And yet here, where everything now seems so small, so quiet, so dull, at one time the waves of thought foamed and sparkled till their dancing motion, in ever-widening circles, beat on the remotest shores of the earth. Here glowed that beautiful and divine spark, delight in life; here high spirits raged; here love revelled; here genius careered, till everyday spirits closed their eyes in alarm, and stood aside; and yet here everything before the sun reached its meridian height, became clear and calm—a "wide, still sea, a happy, glorious sail."

Yes, life was there and then as rich, and sunny, and heavenly as men ever can make it, through themselves,

[1] Schiller's Briefwechsel mit dem Herzog Friedrich Christian von Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Eingeleiten und herausgegeben von F. Max-Müller. Berlin, 1875.

Duke Friedrich Christian was the grandfather of the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and it was chiefly due to the exertions of H.R.H. that Schiller's letters, long supposed to be lost, were discovered in the family archives.

through genius, and art, and love. Shadows and darkness were not wanting even then, for great men cannot always be great, and when they fall, "great is the fall thereof."

Goethe had his cold, repellent hours. He could play the privy counsellor even towards Schiller. But who could triumph more nobly over his own weaknesses than Goethe, when he recognised in the long-avoided Schiller the long-sought-for equal and friend?

Schiller, too, suffered from attacks of narrow-mindedness. Sometimes he longs for Goethe; then, again, he is miserable when near him. At times he rejoiced in the halo of the court; then, again, he mourned over the self-deception which made him see ordinary things in a false radiance. Schiller's mind suffered from Schiller's body; and how truly and touchingly he expresses the consciousness of his own weakness, the sufferings and struggles of his genius, when he says, "How difficult it is for a suffering man to be a good man!"

It is true that Wieland in youth, as in old age, was full of weaknesses; but where do we find now such a delightful old man as he was, bearing everything, ready to forgive even unmerited blame, prizing and praising the old and the past, but at the same time hoping all that was beautiful for the future? How characteristic of him, the favourite of the grandmother, when in his seventy-second year he exclaimed, on the arrival of the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna, the bride of her grandson, the hereditary Prince of Weimar, "I thank heaven that I have been allowed to live long enough to enjoy the blessed vision of such an angel in human form. With her a new epoch will surely begin for Weimar; she will, through her powerful influence, carry on, and bring to higher perfection, the work which Amalia began more than forty years ago."

Herder was proud, often discontented, perhaps not altogether free from that worst of all human passions, envy; but the old giant mind always breaks through; and where have we now a general-superintendent so ready to recognise the divine afflatus in all poetry, the heavenly spirit of all religion, the Godlike in everything human?

No doubt there are still many "beautiful souls" as well as mischievous ladies-in-waiting; but where shall we find a gnome like Madlle. Göchhausen? or where a soul formed of such fine-grained marble as Frau von Stein?

German thrones are not wanting in brave and gifted princesses; but where is there an Amalia or Louisa? We have princes who would be more than princes; but where is the robust strength, the life, the truth, the honesty of a Karl August?

Men dared much in those days. Why? Because they trusted themselves, and, still more, others. They created the greatest from the smallest. The soul still possessed the magic power which raises everything earthly to heavenly, which feels life to be the most beautiful gift of God, that cannot be enough loved and prized, or, as long as it lasts, be enough enjoyed in all its fulness.

In order to estimate this heroic past of the German people at its full value, it is not necessary to depreciate the present more than it really deserves. It is only necessary for the historian to establish the fact that those heroes were of other mould and grain than we are.

Our life has become more quiet, but at the same time more earnest: harder, but also more enduring; we have less kindly light, but also fewer false meteors; less laughter and enjoyment, but perhaps also fewer tears and sighs. Not only the old people, but even the young, and possibly these latter, even more than the former, are grown old with the century. Still, let us hope, in spite of all this, as old Wieland did, for a new youth for German genius, more beautiful even than that which dazzles us in the works of our classic writers. And if we ourselves long for youthful courage and vigour, let us draw refreshment, even in these barren days, from the living fountain of history, which revives us as does the memory

of the beautiful dreams of youth, and transports all who desire it into a world where weary souls may find rest and cheerfulness and strength.

It is not a hundred years ago since the Danish poet Baggesen got up a festival, the description of which, whenever we come across it in the numerous accounts of Schiller's life, always appears as a mere myth. The enthusiastic Dane had, in the year 1790, on his way home from Switzerland, made a pilgrimage to Jena, in order to make personal acquaintance with Professor Schiller. Schiller himself was unwell, and somewhat cold towards his overpoweringly enthusiastic Danish visitor. Baggesen, however, formed a close friendship with Reinhold, and from him learnt the narrow circumstances of Schiller and his young wife. On his return to Copenhagen, Baggesen preached of Schiller, and nothing but Schiller. How he did it we may picture to ourselves when we read how he jumbled up together "our philosophical Messiahs, Christ and Kant, and Schiller and Reinhold." Still, however, he preached on, and found listeners, whom he soon converted to his own faith, and among them the Danish minister of state, Count Schimmelmann, and his wife; but above all others, Duke Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Baggesen was not content to read Schiller's works aloud; he bethought him of a Schiller festival, which should be celebrated in June at Hellebek, a beautifully-situated sea-place, a few miles north of Copenhagen, "by the thundering ocean." There the *Ode to Joy* should be sung, and scenes from Schiller's works read and acted; everyone should revel in nature and poetry, as they knew how in those days, not only in Germany, but in Denmark.

But suddenly, just as they were starting, the news reached Copenhagen that Schiller was dead, a report which was widely circulated throughout Germany at the same time. Baggesen, overpowered with grief, threw himself into the arms of his wife. But the friends would not console themselves at home, they must reach the "thundering ocean." All the preparations for the festival were made, and, though the skies seemed lowering, and a storm raged, they all started for Hellebek to transform the festival into a funeral feast.

The sky cleared whilst they were on the road, the sea sparkled in the sunshine, the lofty Kullen rose majestically on the Swedish coast, and the friends sat down to feast with sad and solemn feelings. They gradually recovered from their calamity — ministers and poets, with their wives and friends, warmed over the sparkling wine, and when the right moment arrived, Baggesen rose and recited the lost poet's *Ode to Joy*— "Joy, thou beauteous divine spark"— to the assembled friends; musical choirs, hidden in the bushes, joined in; and, in conclusion, Baggesen added the following two verses:—

SOLO.

"Take, dead friend, this friendly greeting!
All ye friends rejoice and sing;
Here in our Elysian meeting,
May his spirit round us cling.

CHORUS.

"Lift your hearts and hands in union,
Drink this full and sparkling wine,
Till we meet in new communion,
Thou art ours, and we are thine."

Even this was was not enough. Shepherds and shepherdesses appeared in ballet dress, and executed a round dance; and all this under the blue sky. They read, they sang, they rejoiced, they wept, and knew not how to separate. The funeral feast lasted three whole days!

Does not this sound like Greek mythology? And yet it is only eighty years ago since ministers of state and their friends could celebrate such a *fête* in the open air. This festival was much ridiculed, and yet we owe to it the most perfect, the richest fruits of Schiller's genius. Schiller was indeed dangerously ill at that time, and even when he recovered his mind was weary to death. He was nearly dying of starva-

tion in the desert of life. It is true that he returned to Jena, strengthened by *the* Karlsbad, as he calls it; but his sky was overcast with heavy clouds of care, and it seemed as if *Don Carlos* would be the last effort of his genius. Just at this moment arrived a letter from Baggesen to Reinhold, describing the funeral feast of the yet living poet. The letter was shown to Schiller, and convinced him that he, the unfortunate, the self-desponding, was honoured and loved far and near. "I doubt," writes Reinhold, "whether any medicine could have done him so much good."

But yet more beautiful and fresh "blossoms as of nectar" were to bloom for Schiller on the distant Danish shore. Baggesen told the minister all that he had heard of Schiller's miserable circumstances, the minister mentioned it to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and on the 27th of November, 1791, a joint letter was sent to Schiller, which whenever we read it fills us with admiration, not only for the generous liberality, but still more the exalted, noble minds, the refined tact, and the warm love of man shown by these two men.

There are plenty of men now who in private make the same use of their wealth. A large sum was once intrusted to me, in strict confidence, for a like purpose, and I can truly say with a like good result. But where is the duke, where is the minister, who now-a-days would write such a letter? And it must not be supposed that this letter was drawn up by some clever private secretary. I give it here for the first time, from the draft in the Duke's handwriting, without altering the orthography or style of the original. I will only state that some passages are here given for the first time in their correct form. Thus, for instance, in the first sentence the Duke wrote—"the lofty flight of your genius, which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works." Like a sensible man, he does not avoid using the same word twice or even three times when the same thought has to be expressed as often. Only a schoolboy would imagine something would be gained by substituting another word for the second "works." Yet in printing the letter, either "endeavours," which has no meaning, was used instead of "works," or the word was left out altogether. A paragraph further on has met with still worse treatment. The Duke speaks of a respectful hesitation inspired by Schiller's delicate sensibility. He then goes on: "This" (*i.e.* Schiller's delicate sensibility) "would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason." This is clearly thought out, and sharply expressed. Instead of this we read in former editions: "This would frighten us did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even in virtue to noble and cultivated souls," &c. This is as poor and confused in idea as in expression.

But here is the whole letter:—

Letter from the DUKE *and* COUNT SCHIMMELMANN *to* SCHILLER.

(*From a transcript of the rough draft in the Duke's handwriting.*)

"Two friends bound together simply as brothers and citizens of the same world, address this writing to you, noble man. They are both of them unknown to you, but they both of them honour and love you. They both admire the lofty flight of your genius, which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works. They found in these works, the disposition of mind, the feeling, the enthusiasm which was the foundation of their own friendship, and they soon accustomed themselves to the idea of looking upon the author as a member of their friendly league. Great therefore was their sorrow at the news of his death, and their tears were not the least abundant among the great number of good men who know and love him. This vivid interest with which you have

inspired us, noble and honoured man, will save us from appearing to you as indiscreetly obtrusive. May it also prevent any mistake as to the intention of this letter. We draw it up with respectful hesitation, inspired by your delicate sensibility. This would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason.

"Your health, injured by all-too-hurried efforts and work, requires, so we are told, perfect rest for a while, if it is to be restored and the danger averted, which now threatens your life —but your situation, your circumstances, prevent you from giving yourself this rest. Will you allow us the pleasure of aiding you in the enjoyment of this? We offer you, for this purpose, for three years, an annual present of 1,000 thaler.[1]

"Accept this offer, noble man! Do not let the sight of our titles move you to refuse. We know what value to set on them. We only pride ourselves on being men, citizens of the great republic, whose boundaries embrace more than the life of single generations, more than the boundaries of one globe. You are only dealing here with men, your brothers, not with haughty grandees, who in making such use of their wealth indulge in a higher kind of pride.

"Where you will enjoy this rest must depend on yourself. Here, with us, you would not fail in finding what you need for the requirements of your mind, in a capital which is the seat of government and also a great commercial city, and which possesses very valuable libraries. Esteem and friendship would strive on many sides to make the stay in Denmark agreeable to you, for we are not the only ones who know and love you. And if when your health is restored you should wish to enter the service of our country, it would not be difficult for us to gratify such a wish.

"But we are not so selfish and narrow-minded as to make a condition of such a change of abode. We leave this entirely to your free choice. We wish to preserve to mankind one of its teachers, and to this wish every other consideration must be subordinate."

Schiller accepted the offer, and any one who carefully notices Schiller's spirits before and after the receipt of this letter must see clearly that we owe his recovery, his renewed vigour, the fresh development of his creative activity, entirely to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann. We do not by this mean to reflect in the least on the conduct of the Duke of Weimar or of Schiller's friends, and especially of Körner. They did what they could, Körner even more than he could. But in everything they did for him, Schiller felt the burden of obligation. Here the rescue came as from Heaven; nay, better than from Heaven, it came from men who loved and honoured him, who were personally strangers to him, but from men who were just what he, the poet, had imagined in his Marquis Posa. The gift made him rich, not poor. The burden of gratitude did not oppress him, it only roused and incited him to prove himself by fresh work the more worthy of the love of his unknown friends. "I have to show my gratitude," he wrote, "not to you but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift and I my thanks." What Schiller himself felt at this turning point of his life we hitherto knew principally from his letter to Baggesen, and this, for the sake of completeness, must be reprinted here. It is dated December 16, 1791.

II.

Letter from SCHILLER *to* BAGGESEN.

"JENA, *Dec.* 16, 1791.

"How shall I succeed, my dear and highly-valued friend, in describing the feelings which have arisen in me since I received that letter. Astonished and overwhelmed as I am by its contents, do not expect anything collected from me. My heart alone is still able to

[1] 150*l.*

speak, and even it will be but badly aided by a head as weak as mine now is. I cannot better reward a heart like yours for the loving interest it takes in the state of my mind, than by raising the proud satisfaction which the noble and unique action of your admirable friends must have afforded you, to the purest joy, by the agreeable conviction that their benevolent intention is perfectly fulfilled.

"Yes, my dear friend, I accept the offer of the Prince of H. and Count S. with a thankful heart, not because the graceful manner in which it was made overpowers all other considerations, but because a duty which is above all other considerations impels me to do so. To do and to be that which, according to the measure of power given me, I can do and be, is to me the highest and most indispensable of all duties. But hitherto my outward circumstances have made this altogether impossible, and only a distant and still uncertain future inspires me with better hopes. The generous assistance of your exalted friends suddenly places me in a position to develop all that lies in me, to make myself all that I can become—therefore no choice remains to me. That the excellent Prince, while deciding of his own accord to amend that for me which fate left to be desired, yet by the noble manner in which he does it spares me all sensitiveness, which might have made the decision difficult to me, that he allows me to obtain this important amelioration of my circumstances without any struggle with myself, increases my gratitude immensely, and makes me at the same time rejoice at the kind heart of its author.

"A morally admirable act like the one which suggested that letter does not derive its worth only from its results; even if it failed entirely in its aim, it would itself remain what it was. But if the act of a large-minded heart is at the same time the needed link in a chain of events, if it alone was wanting in order to make some good possible, if it, the fair offspring of freedom, settles a tangled fate as though it had long been destined by Providence for this very purpose, then it belongs to the fairest phenomena that can touch a feeling heart. I must and will tell you how much that was the case here.

"From the birth of my mind, up to the moment when I write this, I have struggled with fate, and ever since I knew how to value freedom of thought I have been doomed to live without it. A rash step ten years ago deprived me for ever of the means of living except by literary labour. I had adopted this calling before I understood all it entailed, or perceived all its difficulties. The necessity of pursuing this path was laid upon me before I was fit for it in knowledge or ripeness of mind. That I felt this, that my ideal of literary duties was not restricted within the same narrow bounds in which I was myself confined, I acknowledge as a favour from Heaven, which thus kept open to me the possibility of higher progress, and yet in my circumstances it only increased my misery. I saw that all that I gave to the world was unripe and far beneath the ideal that lived in me; notwithstanding all presentiment of possible perfection, I had to hurry before the eyes of the public with immature fruit; in need of teaching myself, I had against my will to put myself forward as a teacher of mankind. Under these miserable circumstances, each only moderately successful product made me feel more painfully how many germs fate had smothered in me. The masterworks of other writers made me miserable, because I renounced the hope of ever sharing their happy leisure, through which alone works of genius can come to perfection. What would I not have given for two or three quiet years, free from all literary work, which I might have devoted to study only, to to the cultivation of my mind, to the maturing of my ideas. It is impossible in our German literary world, as I now know, to satisfy the strict requirements of art, and at the same time to provide the necessary support for one's literary industry. For two years I have exerted myself to combine both, but doing so

even in an imperfect degree has cost me my health. Interest in my work, and some sweet flowers of life, which fate strewed on my path, concealed this loss from me, till early in this year, I was—you know how? aroused from my dream. At a time when life was beginning to show me its full importance, when I found myself just able to join reason and fancy within my mind in a tender and lasting union, when I was girding myself for a new undertaking in the province of art—death threatened me. This danger passed, but I woke to new life, only to renew the conflict with fate, with weakened powers and diminished hopes. Thus the letter which came from Denmark found me. Forgive, my dear friend, these details about myself. They are only to enable you to judge of the effect which the generous offer of the Prince and Count S. produced on me. I see myself, through it, suddenly enabled to realize the plans for myself which my fancy had pictured in its happiest moments. I possess at length the long and ardently desired freedom of spirit, the perfectly free choice of my literary activity. I gain leisure, through which I may regain my lost health; and even should this not be, my illness will not in future be increased by the anxieties of my mind. I look cheerfully on the future; and although it should prove that my expectations as to myself were only pleasant deceptions, by which my oppressed pride revenged itself on fate, at all events my perseverance shall not be wanting to justify the hopes which two admirable citizens of our century have founded on me. As my lot does not permit me to act beneficially in their way, I will try to do so in the only manner that is allowed me—and may the germ which they planted develop itself in me to a fair harvest for the good of mankind!

"I come to the second half of your wish—dear and valued friend; why cannot I fulfil this as quickly as the first? No one can suffer more than I do, from the impossibility of undertaking the journey to you as soon as you wish. You can judge from the longing of my heart for truly good and noble society which meets with little here to satisfy it, with what impatience I should hasten to the circle of such men as await me in Copenhagen—if it depended only on my own decision. But besides that my still unsettled health would not allow me in the least to fix a time when I could undertake so important a change in my life, and that I must probably next summer again visit the Karlsbad, I am in such a position as regards the Duke of Weimar, whose fault it certainly is not, that I do not enjoy more leisure, as obliges me for at least a year to appear as an active member of the Academy, however certain I may be that I can never be a useful one. Then he would certainly not oppose my wish to leave the University for a time. Were I but once with you, the genius which presides over all good things would surely settle the rest.

"Till then, dear friend, let us be as united as fate allows at a distance. To correspond with you, and rekindle my half dead spirit from your fresh and fiery genius, will be a constant necessity to my heart. Never during my lifetime shall I forget the friendly, the important service which, without this object, you rendered me on my return to life. Hardly had I begun to get better when I heard of the expedition to Hellebek; and soon after Reinhold showed me your letter. It was like fresh flowers, full of nectar, presented by a heavenly genius to the scarcely revivified soul. Oh, I can never tell you what you were to me! And that expedition itself! It was intended for the Departed, and the Living will never venture to dwell on it. Forgive this long letter, my admirable friend, which unfortunately treats of little but myself. But it may serve as an opening of our correspondence; that you may once for all become acquainted with me, and then the *I* can henceforth be kept out of sight. Forgive me, too, for having without any preliminaries claimed all the rights of a friendship which I ought to try to deserve by a

series of proofs. In such a world as that from whence that letter came, other laws are honoured than the decrees of petty prudence which rule in real life. All hearty greeting to your dear Sophie from my Lottie and from me, and tell her to be ready to listen graciously to a correspondent who means soon to intrude herself upon her. Like two bright visions, you both floated past us swiftly, but never to be forgotten. The forms have long vanished, but our eyes follow them still.

"Ever yours,
"SCHILLER."

Whenever I came to read this letter, I always felt what a loss it was that the correspondence between the Duke and Schiller was nowhere to be found. It is known that such a correspondence was carried on for a considerable time, and that Schiller's Æsthetic Letters were first of all composed in letters to the Duke. It was said that the whole correspondence had been lost in the fire at the Palace at Copenhagen. But the correspondence was carried on even after the fire. What, therefore, had become of these later letters? I sought in vain for information, until at last, when publishing an "Essay on Schiller" (*Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. iii., p. 76), I applied to the Duke's grandson, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and begged H.R.H. to permit a search to be made for these letters in the archives of the ducal family. Prince Christian, as well as his elder brother, the present Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, took the warmest interest in the matter, and I can now present Schiller's admirers with at least a few of the supposed lost letters. Many are still wanting; and it is hoped that here and there letters may yet be discovered. But what has already been found must no longer be kept from the public, and, by permission of the Duke, is therefore here published.

The following is the first letter addressed by Schiller to the Duke and Count Schimmelmann, three days after he had written to Baggesen:—

III.

Letter from SCHILLER *to the* DUKE *and* COUNT SCHIMMELMANN.

"Allow me to address you together, as my revered friends, and thus to join two noble names in one, in that name under which you have joined yourselves in addressing me. The occasion which prompts me to take this liberty is itself so astonishing an exception to all custom, that I must tremble lest I tarnish the pure and ideal relation in which you approach me by too much regard to accidental distinctions.

"At a time when the remains of a serious illness over-clouded my soul, and frightened me with a dark and sad future, you, like two protecting genii, stretched out a hand to me from the clouds. The generous offer which you make me fulfils, yes, exceeds my boldest desires. The manner in which you make it frees me from the dread of showing myself unworthy of your kindness, whilst accepting this proof of it. I should blush, if in such an offer I could think of anything but the pure love of humanity, which prompts it, and of the moral good it is to effect. I hope that I can accept as simply and nobly as you give. Your intention is to help on what is good. Could I have any feeling of shame about anything, it would be that you have mistaken the instrument you employ to effect that good. But the motive which permits me to accept, justifies me to myself, and allows me, though fettered by the highest obligations, to appear before you with perfect freedom of sentiment. I have to pay my debts not to you, but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift, and I my thanks. I know, most honoured friends, that the conviction only that I understand you can perfectly satisfy you; for this reason, and for this alone, I allow myself to say this.

"But the great share which your too partial favour towards me has in your generous determination, the prerogative which you give me, in preference to so many others, of considering myself as

the instrument of your noble intentions, the goodness with which you descend to the petty wants of a citizen of the world who is a stranger to you, lay me under personal obligations to you, and add to my reverence and admiration the feelings of warmest affection. How proud I feel, that you should think of me in a bond which is consecrated by the noblest of all aims, and which springs from enthusiasm for the good, the great, and the beautiful!

"But how far is the enthusiasm, which shows itself in deeds, higher than that which must limit itself to rousing others to deeds. To arm truth and virtue with the victorious power which enables them to subdue the heart, is all that the philosopher and the dramatic artist can effect—how far different is it to realize the ideal of both in a noble life! I must here answer you with the words of Fiesco, with which he dismisses the pride of an artist: 'You have *done*, what I could only *paint*.'"

"But even if I could forget that I am myself the object of your kindness, that I owe to you the happy prospect of the accomplishment of my projects, I should still be indebted to you in no common degree. An apparition such as yours to me, rekindled my faith in good and noble men, destroyed by the numerous examples of the opposite in real life. It is an inexpressible delight to the painter of humanity to meet in real life with the lineaments of that ideal which must exist in his own mind, and forms the groundwork of his descriptions.

But I feel how much I lose in accepting the great obligations you lay me under. I thus lose the happy power of giving utterance to my admiration, and of praising so disinterested and beautiful a deed with feelings equally disinterested. Your generous help will make it possible to present to you in person, him whom you have laid under such deep obligations. I see myself placed by it in a position to regain gradually my health, and to bear the difficulties of a journey, and the difference of life and of climate. At present I am still liable to relapses into an illness which prevents the enjoyment of the purest joys of life, and which will leave me as slowly as it came. Among the many sacrifices which it entails upon me, it is not the least that it postpones the happy time when living sight and intercourse will bind me, with a thousand bonds that can never be broken, to two hearts, which now, like heaven, bless me from a distance, and which, like heaven, are further than my thanks can reach. To live in this beautiful future, and in thoughts and dreams to anticipate that moment, will till then be the dearest employment of your deeply indebted and ever grateful,

"FRIDR. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *Dec.* 19, 1791."

The answer of the Duke, then still the hereditary prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, is in the private possession of a collector of autographs, and unfortunately inaccessible to me. It is dated January 7, 1792.

In the August of 1793, Schiller received another letter from the Duke, but this letter, as well as Schiller's answer, are lost. Six other letters, written by Schiller in the course of the winter from Ludwigsburg to Copenhagen, have also disappeared, but there is hope that they may be found. The next letter we have is one from Schiller, of June 10, 1794, as an answer to a letter from the Duke of April 4 of the same year, which is in the possession of a collector, and will soon be published. But an earlier letter of the Duke's does not appear to have reached Schiller, and he excuses himself on this point to the Duke.

IV.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS,—The gracious letter of your Highness to me, of the 4th April of this year, which was inclosed to Counsellor Reinhold, was, on account of the earlier departure of the latter from this neighbourhood, despatched to Kiel, and from thence again hither, where it reached my hands only a few days ago. This is the

reason, gracious Prince, that I am able to answer its contents only to-day.

"Your Highness mentions in it a letter to me, which I have never answered. This perplexes me, as I know of no later letter from Your Highness to me than the one forwarded after me in August of last year to Swabia. But that this letter was not left unanswered I see from a copy which I kept of my letter, and a series of six other letters which I sent in the course of last winter from Ludwigsburg to Your Highness, containing the continuation of my remarks on the Beautiful and the Sublime. Therefore either my letters, or that of Your Highness to me, must have been lost. The former loss is not very important, the less so as I can replace all my letters from copies; but every line from Your Highness to me, which I fail to receive, is a loss which nothing can repay me.

"The news of the unfortunate fire in Copenhagen, which reduced the royal palace to ashes, upset me very much, and all the more so, that I felt sure this calamity must touch Your Highness nearly. The wise and generous use which you always make of your wealth turns every calamity which you suffer into a misfortune for thousands. But every friend of Denmark, and especially every citizen of the world, must be satisfied with the decrees of Providence, in seeing the good moral effects produced by this physical evil; for the love of a good people for its rulers, shown on this occasion in so splendid a way, is a far greater possession than anything which could fall a prey to the flames. This fine trait in the Danish burghers, and the remarks of Your Highness on it, interested me so much that I should like to ask your permission to make public use of the same, for it contains a good hint for all governments, and is a beautiful testimony to that of Denmark.

"Your Highness' wish to possess the letters from me that are lost is most flattering to me, and I will lose no time in fulfilling it. How willingly would I, did circumstances permit, give up my whole literary activity, in order to devote myself to the agreeable occupation of communicating my thoughts to you without reserve. Everything that I discover or create should take shape in a letter to Your Highness, and in your soul, so sensitive to truth and beauty, I should joyfully store up each creation of my spirit and each thought of my heart—a happiness for which I have often envied Baggesen.

"With sentiments of the purest respect and devotion, I remain

"Your Highness' most obedient,

"FR. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *June* 10, 1794."

The next letter from Schiller, of January 20, 1795, contains the poet's congratulations on the appointment of the Duke as Minister of Instruction in Denmark.

Schiller at the same time asks permission to dedicate to his benefactor in a new and more perfect form the letters he had written to the Duke, and which had been destroyed in the fire.

V.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—I have with the liveliest sympathy, which I feel for everything affecting the good of mankind, heard of the happy change which has opened to Your Highness a sphere of activity so suitable to your great merit and so fitted to your beneficent inclinations. The welfare of many is now in your hands, and your large and noble heart, which from its own free impulse was always acting for the good of mankind, has now received from Providence a public charge, and a worthy sphere for such activity. How highly should I extol the fate of my German fellow-citizens, if it were always committed to the guidance of such a Prince; and with what surety might one answer for the fulfilment of all that happiness of the people, which hitherto, alas! is only an idea of the philosopher and a dream of the poet.

"The consideration I am bound to

show to the delicacy of your feelings does not permit me to enlarge the picture which my prophetic imagination promises itself from the rule of a prince as full of feeling as of philosophic thought. But my heart has spoken in the characters of Don Carlos and Posa, and what I then only dreamt as a poet I here, as the contemporary of Frederick Christian, utter with the firmest conviction that all the good that circumstances can make possible will be realised by you and in your sphere of work.

"It has long been my wish to give public expression to the feelings of veneration and thankfulness with which Your Highness has in so high a degree inspired me; but I would only do so in a work that should not be unworthy of your honoured name. All my powers have long been directed to this work, and unless I utterly fail in carrying out to some degree the ideal which I have set before me, I shall beg Your Highness for the gracious permission to crown such a work with your name.

"When I began last year to prepare a copy of my letters lost in Copenhagen, I perceived so many imperfections in them, that I could not allow myself to place them again in Your Highness' hand in their first form. I therefore began a revision, which led me further than I expected, and the wish to produce something worthy of your approbation induced me not merely to give a totally new form to those letters, but also to enlarge the plan of them considerably.

"Of this new edition a few letters are printed in the volume which I respectfully inclose to Your Highness, that I may learn the opinion of a judge before putting the last touch to the whole. May you, gracious Prince, perceive in this slight specimen my earnest endeavour to impart to a work, which I venture to address to you, all the perfection possible.

"With deepest devotion and veneration, I remain,

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"F. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *Jan.* 20, 1795."

The Æsthetic Letters, which appeared in the *Horæ*, were sent regularly to the Duke, and the next letters from Schiller are little more than an accompaniment to them.

VI.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—I ventured a few weeks ago to send in all submission to Your Highness the first part of my monthly work, containing the beginning of my Æsthetic Letters. Allow me now, most gracious Prince, to lay at your feet the continuation of this work, to which I can wish no better success than that it may be worthy of your Highness' approval.

"I know that higher affairs than these literary occupations now claim your attention; but when your mind, after more important business, looks around for refreshment, the Muses may venture to approach you, and you will find in the enjoyment of truth and beauty a pleasure that is reserved only for the most noble souls.

May I have offered the mind and heart of Your Highness something not quite unworthy of you.

"With boundless devotion and respect, I remain,

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"F. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *March* 4, 1795."

There is said to be a letter from the Duke to Schiller of March 10, 1795, in the private collection before mentioned; but the following is the answer to Schiller's letter accompanying the continuation of the *Horæ*:—

VII.

Letter of the DUKE *to* SCHILLER.

"COPENHAGEN, *March* 19, 1795.

(*From the draft in the Duke's handwriting.*)

"I have received the two first parts of the *Horæ*, and the letters accompanying these two parts. I owe you indeed an apology that I have not till now, dear Hofrath, told you that I had

received them; but constant occupations and frequent indisposition have made me through the whole winter an idle correspondent. My thanks, though late, are not the less warm and sincere. They are due to you for the opinion which you entertain of me. May I only in some degree deserve it.

"I was delighted to find your Æsthetic Letters again in the *Horæ*. But through my ignorance of the terminology, and indeed of the meaning of the critical philosophy, they contain much that is dark to me, which can only disappear by repeated readings; therefore, I would rather at present remain silent as to these letters. In the summer, in the country, with more leisure and fewer interruptions, I shall again take up this study. It is no small pleasure to me to find in your thoughts on what constitutes the wants of mankind so much agreement with my own convictions. Improvement in the circumstances of mankind must originate from man. If this is not the case, every political erection, however beautiful it may be, must soon fall to pieces, and serve, it may be, as a still more convenient refuge for unbridled and wild passions. It depends less on the form than on the spirit through which this form receives life. If this spirit is the spirit of humanity, then improvement will follow, be the outer form what it will. It has fallen to your lot, noble man, to awaken, to sustain, to spread abroad this spirit of humanity, and I hope and expect that your latest literary undertaking, as well as some of your former works, will serve for its advancement. My interest and my wishes will always attend you."

To this Schiller answered by a letter of April 5, 1795, which contains some striking remarks on the difficulties of the German language.

VIII.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER, — In the letter of the 19th March, with which Your Highness honoured me, I find the encouraging assurance that the first parts of my new journal were not displeasing to you; that indeed your own convictions accord with the principal contents of my Æsthetic Letters. I now pursue the work with more courage, and only ask your most gracious permission to send you each new number of this periodical. Your Highness's remarks with regard to the difficulty of style are well founded, and it requires, of course, the greatest care on the part of the author to unite the necessary profoundness and depth of thought with an intelligible style. But our language is not yet quite capable of this revolution, and all that good writers can do is to work towards this goal of a more perfect form. The language of the more refined society, and of conversation, is still too much afraid of the sharp, often subtle precision, which is so necessary to the philosopher, and the language of the scholar is not capable of the lightness and life which the man of the world is right in desiring. It is a misfortune to Germans that their language has not been allowed to become the organ of refined society, and it will long continue to feel the evil effects of this exclusion.

"Should I, however, but succeed a little in helping to spread philosophical ideas in the circle of the fashionable world, I should consider every effort which my undertaking costs me as richly repaid.

"With deep devotion, I remain,

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"F. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *April* 5, 1795."

On the 9th June of the same year Schiller writes again, sending the Duke the fifth part of the *Horæ*, and announcing the sixth, with eleven new Æsthetic Letters.

IX.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,—How greatly do I hope that the *Horæ*, of

which I lay the fifth part at Your Serene Highness' feet, may not be found unworthy of your further attention. My zeal in collecting good writings wherever they can be found does not diminish, but, rich as Germany is in journals and writers, it is poor in good authors, and in the fresh, healthy productions of genius, and of philosophical minds. I own I never realised this want so much as since the publication of my journal, in which so large and influential a society takes part, and where it is, nevertheless, so difficult always to find something satisfactory to lay before the public. It is indeed to the honour of the nation that it is more difficult to please; but it is to be desired that the cleverness of the authors might answer to these high requirements.

"I have employed myself all this time, as far as my health allowed, in continuing my Æsthetic Letters, and the sixth part, now at the press, will contain eleven new Letters. Could I but hope that this entertainment might enliven a few hours to Your Highness during your present vist to the country, I should find in this a sweet reward.

"With feelings of the deepest devotion and gratitude, I remain,

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"F. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *June* 9, 1795."

The sixth part of the *Horæ* is also accompanied by a letter from Schiller, in which he excuses himself to the Duke for the free tone, opposed to conventional decency, of Goethe's "Elegies," printed in it.

X.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER.—It is not without embarrassment that I venture to lay the sixth part of the *Horæ* before Your Serene and Ducal Highness.

"The "Elegies" which it contains are perhaps written in too free a tone, and perhaps the subject which they treat should have excluded them from the *Horæ*. But I was carried away by the great poetical beauty of their style, and then I confess that I believe they offend only conventional and not true and natural decency. I shall, in a future number of the journal, take the liberty of stating in detail my creed as to what is allowable or not allowable to the poet with regard to propriety. May the continuation of my letters on æsthetic education, of which this part contains a large instalment, be read by Your Serene Highness not without interest. In it I approach ever nearer to my goal, and hope that I have unfolded many things which were left doubtful in my former letters.

"In the deepest devotion and reverence, I remain,

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"F. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *July* 5, 1795."

For the ninth part of the *Horæ* we have again an accompanying letter in Schiller's hand. His hopes as to the successful effects of his periodical are again in the ascendant, and the high aim which he placed before himself and his coadjutors, the union of deep thought, with clearness and elegance of diction, appears to him as not unattainable. His self-reliance is firmer. He will win the approbation of the best people, let the common herd say what it will.

XI.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—Though the numbers of the *Horæ* which have hitherto appeared have often, from their speculative contents, been very tiresome and unproductive, this ninth part, which I humbly venture to send to Your Ducal Highness, is perhaps more entertaining. Various philosophical ideas are veiled in it under a free poetical covering, and may perhaps in this form commend themselves to lovers of the beautiful.

"After a long separation from the poetic muse, I have again ventured to

make some attempts in this realm, and may I have succeeded in reconciling the taste of Your Highness, and of the whole cultivated world, to my former metaphysical lucubrations. By every means, in every form, I strive always and ever after the same end—Truth. Should I not succeed in finding her in everything, or in procuring admission for her when found, I can at least hope from a heart like yours for recognition of my good intentions and honest zeal.

"With feelings of deepest devotion, I remain,

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"FRIDRICH SCHILLER.

"JENA, *Oct.* 5, 1795."

The last number of the first annual issue of the *Horæ* was sent to the Duke on the 9th January, 1796, and in the annexed letter Schiller expresses his dissatisfaction with the execution of this undertaking, which he had begun with such enthusiasm. The thought consoles him that he had attempted something good and great; but he does not appear to have made it quite clear to himself that those who seek for the good and the great must not reckon on the applause of the small and the bad.

XII.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—The monthly number which I here humbly send to Your Ducal Highness completes the first year of my periodical, and in looking over the finished course, I feel vividly how far what has really been attained falls short of the rightful expectations of good judges.

"I am afraid, Most Gracious Prince, that you have found many of our philosophical inquiries far too abstract and scientific, and many of our lighter conversations not interesting enough; but it is not to be attributed to my want of zeal and good will that your expectations of both were not more gratified. The demands of the learned, and the wishes of readers of refined taste, are too often opposed to each other; the former require depth and solidity, which easily beget obscurity and dryness; the latter demand a light and elegant style, which may easily lead to superficiality. The great difficulty of steering safely between the two rocks must in some measure be the cause for the defects in our work.

"I confess to you, my gracious Prince, that in this periodical I set before myself this aim—with all my might to fight against shallowness of thought and that insipid, lax taste in poetry and art, which have gained ground in our days, and to drive away the reigning spirit of frivolity by more manly principles. My undertaking may fail, but I can never regret having attempted it.

"Could I but flatter myself, most noble Prince, that the continuation of this journal is not indifferent to you, I should begin the new publication with all the more courage and confidence.

"With deepest devotion, I remain

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"FR. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *Jan.* 9, 1796."

As yet only one other letter from Schiller has been found. It is dated February 5, 1796, and shows that the Prince in this year still sent Schiller the annuity, at first promised for three years only.

XIII.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

"MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—The repeated proof of your Highness' gracious sentiments towards me which I received a few days ago, through Privy Councillor Kirstein, from Copenhagen, renews in me the feeling of deep and great obligation, and recalls vividly to my mind all that I owe to your generosity. As there can be no greater reward to a heart like yours than the conviction of having effected real good, and of having truly attained a noble end, I may venture, without danger of indiscretion, to assure your Serene Highness that yo-

benevolent intentions towards me have not missed their aim. The independence and leisure which I owe till now to your generosity have made it possible for me, notwithstanding my extremely shattered health, to devote my powers steadfastly to one important design, and to effect as much for my own cultivation as the limits of my strength allowed. Without your generous support, I must either have given up this design or sunk under it.

"The progress that I have made in the last four years towards the goal which I have before my soul, is more rapid and important than all I had hitherto been able to make, and whom must I thank for this happiness but you, most excellent Prince, and your noble friends. I write this with a grateful heart, and the deep feeling of all I owe you will ever live in my soul.

"With boundless devotion and reverence, I remain

"Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

"FR. SCHILLER.

"JENA, *Feb.* 5, 1796."

Notwithstanding repeated searches in different places, till now no further letters have been found in the archives of the Ducal family. I have to thank Professor Goedecke for the information that Schiller, according to his printed diary, sent the following letters to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg:—1795, August 3, November 6, December 11; 1796, March 11, April 22, May 27, July 4, October 21, November 25; 1797, January 16. The three letters of the Duke mentioned before, of January 7, 1792; April 4, 1794; and March 10, 1795, are in a private collection, as well as several other letters from Baggesen and Count Schimmelmann to Schiller, and it is to be hoped they may soon be given to Schiller's admirers.

Schiller died on the 9th May, 1805; and the Duke nine years later, June 14, 1814. His name stands high in the history of Denmark, and will always occupy an honourable position in the glorious annals of his own house. He it was who, when chosen as the successor of Charles XIII., declined the regal crown of Sweden. Little did the noble prince imagine, when, following the dictates of his heart, he gave an annuity to the impoverished Professor Schiller in Jena, that he was thus engraving his own name on the tablets of the world's history; or, what is of far more importance, that his simple generous act would, like a refreshing breeze, quicken the latest posterity to like deeds, that it would continue to produce fair fruit, and, like a grain of corn, spring up to a rich harvest.

So powerful is the influence of an individual, if he will use it, if he will follow the first impulse of his heart, if he has faith in himself and his fellow men. In my Essay on Schiller, written in 1859 (*Chips*, vol. iii., p. 76), it was my principal object to prove clearly how Schiller's development as a man and poet was principally determined by the influence of the great minds with whom it was his good fortune to come in contact. Attempts have been made to deny this, and what can one not deny? But Schiller himself felt it, and clearly acknowledged it once, in a letter of November 23, 1800, to Countess Schimmelmann, the wife of the Danish minister. "Whatever of good may be in me," he writes, "was planted in me by a few excellent men: my happy fate brought me in contact with them at the most decisive periods of my life; my friends, therefore, are the history of my life."

The unexpected and generous intervention of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg marks certainly one of the decisive moments in the development of Schiller's genius, and it is impossible to deny that without this intervention the career of the poet would have been totally different. It is true that a poet is born, but he is also made; he is made by his countrymen who understand and love him. Where love and sympathy are wanting in a people, there poetry flourishes as little as the rose will yield its fragrance without sunshine. In this sense

each great poetical work is a national poem. It is quite true that a nation makes no national songs, but it makes the poet, who sings to it out of the abundance of his heart and soul. A national song arises only from a combination of creative thought and receptive understanding; so does a national literature. The poet is himself the child of his age, and must understand his age and his people; he must have sympathy with the Past and the Present, and a prophetic insight into the Future. He must advance firmly, without looking behind him, but his people must be able and willing to follow, or he will vanish like a shadow, as many a true poet has already vanished.

It was one of the noblest characteristics of the golden age of Weimar that men still professed the art of discovering the beautiful, of overcoming the unlovely. They knew how to enjoy. They loved and praised the beautiful, and because they knew how difficult art is, they did not shake their head at every false note, as men do now, just to prove how true their ear is. How rare the gift of admiring, how difficult the art of praise is, those men do not appear to imagine by whose fault the name of critic has become almost synonymous with that of censurer. When Baggesen and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann admired the high flight of Schiller's genius, and wished to give energetic expression to their admiration, there were doubtless witty ladies-in-waiting and literary secretaries of legation in Copenhagen who said, "But think, Your Highness, what you are doing. Schiller is certainly very popular in certain classes of society in Germany. But it is in reality only wild students and eccentric maids of honour who rave about him; competent judges consider his works a failure. He is no classical writer, like Gellert or Klopstock; and then, Your Highness, his political and religious opinions! He is said to be a democrat, an atheist. Would it not be better to wait, and get more accurate information about the author of the *Robbers?*" This is the mildew, which blasts all fresh emotions; whilst honest admiration and sympathy, like spring showers and sunshine, bring out the hidden buds of genius at all points into blossom and fruit. There is no doubt that the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg might have deceived himself. Schiller's spirit might have succumbed to his bodily sufferings, without having produced a *Wallenstein*, a *William Tell*. But what then? Better be deceived a hundred times in admiration and love, than lose the power of admiring and loving. It is this power in which we are wanting. We are not wanting in objects of admiration, but in the talent of admiring. We have great poets, great artists, great savants, great statesmen, great princes, but we no longer have a great and generous people.

Schiller and Goethe appear to us now as surrounded by a classic halo. We think it is perfectly natural that such literary heroes should have attracted attention and admiration. But let us only read the journals of that time, and we can easily see that even Schiller and Goethe had to be discovered. Frederick the Great spoke of *Goetz von Berlichingen* as "*ces platitudes dégoûtantes.*" Goethe put Schiller's *Robbers* and *Fiesco* in the same class with Heinse's *Ardinghello*. And even later, when Goethe and Schiller had formed their literary duumvirate, and tried to exercise a critical dictatorship through the *Horæ*, the educated mob attacked them mercilessly in the German newspapers. It is known that Cotta, the publisher of the *Horæ*, ordered favourable notices of the new periodical in the then influential Jena literary newspaper. It appears to us impossible that a man like Schiller could condescend to such a pitiful action. But so it was, and naturally an undertaking supported by such means came to a miserable end, in spite of Schiller, in spite of Goethe. Schiller complains of the pert, incisive, cutting, and prejudicial style of the criticism directed against him, chiefly by the party of Schlegel. He raves like modern poets about general emptiness,

party feeling for the extreme of mediocrity, eye-service, cringing, emptiness, lameness, &c., and naturally receives the same coin in return. I mention all this only to show that when what is truly great has once been discovered, everyone can admire it; but that two powers are necessary to everything really great, one creative, the other receptive. The world is still rich; the precious stones are there, but of what good are they, when the fowls only look for grains of corn? Is the sea beautiful to the herring-fisher? Is the desert grand to the camel-driver? Are the mountains imposing to the foot messenger? What we are wanting in is sympathy, compassion, power of rejoicing and suffering with others. We shall perhaps never learn to be enthusiastic again like the noble Duke of Holstein, like Count Schimmelmann, Baggesen, and his friends. But what the present generation can and ought to learn, the young as well as the old, is spirit and perseverance to discover the beautiful, pleasure and joy in making it known, and resigning ourselves with grateful hearts to its enjoyment; in a word—love, in the old, true, eternal meaning of the word. Only sweep away the dust of self-conceit, the cobwebs of selfishness, the mud of envy, and the old German type of humanity will soon reappear, as it was when it could still "embrace millions." The old love of mankind, the true fountain of all humanity, is still there; it can never be quite choked up in the German people. He who can descend into this fountain of youth, who can again recover himself, who can again be that which he was by nature, loves the beautiful wherever he finds it; he says with Schiller, "For all that, life is beautiful;" he understands enjoyment and enthusiasm, if not by the "thundering ocean," yet in the few quiet hours which he can win for himself in the noisy, deafening hurry of the times in which we live.

F. Max Müller.

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II.—Madcap Violet. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," etc. Chapters XXXI.—XXXIV.

III.—Sick-Nurses. By Maria Trench.

IV.—The Khojas: the Disciples of the Old Man of the Mountain. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Bartle Frere. Part II.

V.—Spring in August. By Beatrix L. Tollemache.

VI.—"The Germ." By C. F. Keary.

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4.—RAMBLES BY CORNISH SEAS. By the Hon. RODEN NOEL.
5.—THE KHOJAS: THE DISCIPLES OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN. By the Right Hon. Sir BARTLE FRERE.
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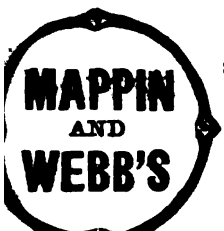
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.



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feel for another, it richly merited the popularity which it gained and has kept. Mrs. Gaskell, however, laboured under one serious disadvantage, which no longer exists in anything like the same degree in which it did twenty years ago. Writing but a few months after Charlotte Brontë had been laid in her grave, and whilst the father to whom she was indebted for so much that was characteristic in her life and genius was still living, Mrs. Gaskell had necessarily to deal with many circumstances which affected living persons too closely to be handled in detail. Even as it was she involved herself in serious embarrassment by some of her allusions to incidents connected more or less nearly with the life of Charlotte Brontë; corrections and retractations were forced upon her, the later editions of the book differed considerably from the first, and at last she was compelled to announce that any further correspondent portrait of her heroine, it was not one which was absolutely satisfactory to those who were the oldest and closest friends of Charlotte Brontë. If the truth must be told, the life of the author of *Jane Eyre* was by no means so joyless as the world now believes it to have been. That during the later years in which this wonderful woman produced the works by which she has made her name famous, her career was clouded by sorrow and oppressed by anguish both mental and physical, is perfectly true. That she was made what she was in the furnace of affliction cannot be doubted; but it is not true that she was throughout her whole life the victim of that extreme depression of spirits which afflicted her at rare intervals, and which Mrs. Gaskell has presented to us with so much vividness and emphasis. On the contrary, her letters show that at any rate up to the time of her leaving for Brussels, she was a happy and high-spirited girl,

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.

I.

It is just twenty years since one of the most fascinating and artistic biographies in the English language was given to the world. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* no sooner appeared than it took firm possession of the public mind; and it has ever since retained its hold upon all who take an interest in the career of one who has been called, in language which is far less extravagant in reality than in appearance, "the foremost woman of her age." Written with admirable skill, in a style at once powerful and picturesque, and with a sympathy such as only one artist could feel for another, it richly merited the popularity which it gained and has kept. Mrs. Gaskell, however, laboured under one serious disadvantage, which no longer exists in anything like the same degree in which it did twenty years ago. Writing but a few months after Charlotte Brontë had been laid in her grave, and whilst the father to whom she was indebted for so much that was characteristic in her life and genius was still living, Mrs. Gaskell had necessarily to deal with many circumstances which affected living persons too closely to be handled in detail. Even as it was she involved herself in serious embarrassment by some of her allusions to incidents connected more or less nearly with the life of Charlotte Brontë; corrections and retractations were forced upon her, the later editions of the book differed considerably from the first, and at last she was compelled to announce that any further correspondence concerning it must be conducted through her solicitors. Thus she was crippled in her attempt to paint a full-length picture of a remarkable life, and her story was what Mr. Thackeray called it, "necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable."

Mrs. Gaskell also seems to have set out with the determination that her work should be pitched in a particular key. She had formed her own conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, and with the passion of the true artist and the ability of the practised writer she made everything bend to that conception. The result was that whilst she produced a singularly striking and effective portrait of her heroine, it was not one which was absolutely satisfactory to those who were the oldest and closest friends of Charlotte Brontë. If the truth must be told, the life of the author of *Jane Eyre* was by no means so joyless as the world now believes it to have been. That during the later years in which this wonderful woman produced the works by which she has made her name famous, her career was clouded by sorrow and oppressed by anguish both mental and physical, is perfectly true. That she was made what she was in the furnace of affliction cannot be doubted; but it is not true that she was throughout her whole life the victim of that extreme depression of spirits which afflicted her at rare intervals, and which Mrs. Gaskell has presented to us with so much vividness and emphasis. On the contrary, her letters show that at any rate up to the time of her leaving for Brussels, she was a happy and high-spirited girl.

and that even to the very last she had the faculty of overcoming her sorrows by means of that steadfast courage which was her most precious possession, and to which she was so much indebted for her successive victories over trials and disappointments of no ordinary character. Those who imagine that Charlotte Brontë's spirit was in any degree a morbid or melancholic one do her a singular injustice. Intensely reserved in her converse with all save the members of her own household, and the solitary friend to whom she clung with such passionate affection throughout her life, she revealed to these

> "The other side, the novel
> Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,"

which were and have remained hidden from the world, but which must be seen by those who would know what Charlotte Brontë really was as a woman. Alas! those who knew her and her sisters well during their brief lives are few in number now. The Brontës who plucked the flower of fame out of the thorny waste in which their lots were cast survive in their books and in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. But the Brontës, the women who lived and suffered thirty years ago, and whose characters were instinct with so rare and lofty a nobility, so keen a sensitiveness, so pure a humility, are known no longer.

Yet one mode of making acquaintance with them is still open to some among us. From her school-days down to the hour in which she was stretched prostrate in her last sickness, Charlotte Brontë kept up the closest and most confidential intercourse with her one life-long friend. To that friend she addressed letters which may be counted by hundreds, scarcely one of which fails to contain some characteristic touch worthy of the author of *Villette*. No one can read this remarkable correspondence without learning the secret of the writer's character; none, as I believe, can read it without feeling that the woman who "stole like a shadow" into the field of English literature in 1847, and in less than eight years after stole as noiselessly away, was truer and nobler even than her works, truer and nobler even than that masterly picture of her life for which we are indebted to Mrs. Gaskell.

These letters lie before me as I write. Here are the faded sheets of 1832, written in the school-girl's hand, filled with the school-girl's extravagant terms of endearment, yet enriched here and there by sentences which are worthy to live, some of which have already, indeed, taken their place in the literature of England; and here is the faint pencil note written to "my own dear Nell" out of the writer's "dreary sick-bed" which was so soon to be the bed of death! Between the first letter and that last sad note what outpourings of the mind of Charlotte Brontë are embodied in this precious pile of cherished manuscript! Over five-and-twenty years of a blameless life this artless record stretches. So far as Charlotte Brontë's history as a woman, and the history of her family are concerned, it is complete for the whole of that period, the only breaks in the story being those which occurred when she and her friend were together. Of her early literary ventures we find little here, for even to her friend she did not dare in the first instance to betray the fearful joys which filled her soul when she at last discovered her true vocation, and spoke to a listening world; but of her later life as an author, of her labours from the day when she owned *Jane Eyre* as the child of her brain, there are constant and abundant traces. Here, too, we read all her secret sorrows, her hopes, her fears, her communings with her own heart. Many things there are in this record too sacred to be given to the world. Even now it is with a tender and a reverent hand that one must touch these "noble letters of the dead;" but those who are allowed to see them, to read them and ponder over them, must feel as I do, that the soul of Charlotte Brontë stands revealed in these unpublished pages, and that only here can we see what manner of woman this really was who in the solitude and obscurity of the Yorkshire hill-parsonage built up for herself an imperishable name, enriched the literature of England with treasures of priceless value, and withal led for nearly forty years a life that was rendered sacred

and sublime by the self-repression and patient endurance which were its most marked characteristics.

Mrs. Gaskell has done her work so well that the world would scarcely care to listen to a mere repetition of the Brontë story, even though the story-teller were as gifted as the author of *Ruth* herself. But those who have been permitted to gain a new insight into Charlotte Brontë's character, those who are allowed to command materials of which the biographer of 1857 could make no use, may venture to lay a tribute-wreath of their own upon the altar of this great woman's memory—a tribute-wreath woven of flowers culled from her own letters. And it cannot be that the time is yet come when the name or the fame or the touching story of the unique and splendid genius to whom we owe *Jane Eyre* will fall upon the ears of English readers like "a tale of little meaning" or of doubtful interest.

II.

In the late autumn of 1847 the reading public of London suddenly found itself called to admire and wonder at a novel which, without preliminary puff of any kind, had been placed in its hands. "*Jane Eyre*, by Currer Bell," became the theme of every tongue, and society exhausted itself in conjectures as to the identity of the author, and the real meaning of the book. It was no ordinary book, and it produced no ordinary sensation. Disfigured here and there by certain crudities of thought and by a clumsiness of expression which betrayed the hand of a novice, it was nevertheless lit up from the first page to the last by the fire of a genius the depth and power of which none but the dullest could deny. The hand of its author seized upon the public mind whether it would or no, and society was led captive, in the main against its will, by one who had little of the prevailing spirit of the age, and who either knew nothing of conventionalism, or despised it with heart and soul. Fierce was the revolt against the influence of this new-comer in the wide arena of letters, who had stolen in, as it were in the night, and taken the citadel by surprise. But for the moment all opposition was beaten down by sheer force of genius, and *Jane Eyre* made her way, compelling recognition, wherever men and women were capable of seeing and admitting a rare and extraordinary intellectual supremacy. "How well I remember," says Mr. Thackeray, "the delight and wonder and pleasure with which I read *Jane Eyre*; sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me, and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through." It was the same everywhere. Even those who saw nothing to commend in the story, those who revolted against its free employment of great passions and great griefs, and those who were elaborately critical upon its author's ignorance of the ways of polite society, had to confess themselves bound by the spell of the magician. *Jane Eyre* gathered admirers fast; and for every admirer she had a score of readers.

Those who remember that winter of nine-and-twenty years ago know how something like a *Jane Eyre* fever raged among us. The story which had suddenly discovered a glory in uncomeliness, a grandeur in overmastering passion, moulded the fashion of the hour, and "Rochester airs" and "Jane Eyre graces" became the rage. The book, and its fame and influence, travelled beyond the seas with a speed which in those days was marvellous. In sedate New England homes the history of the English governess was read with an avidity which was not surpassed in London itself, and within a few months of the publication of the novel it was famous throughout two continents. No such triumph has been achieved in our time by any other English author; nor can it be said, upon the whole, that many triumphs have been better merited. It happened that this anonymous story, bearing the unmistakable marks of an unpractised hand, was put before the world at the very moment when another great masterpiece of fiction was just beginning to gain the ear of the English public. But at the moment of publication *Jane Eyre* swept past *Vanity Fair* with a marvellous and

impetuous speed which left Thackeray's work in the distant background; and its unknown author in a few weeks gained a wider reputation than that which one of the master-minds of the century had been engaged for long years in building up.

The reaction from this exaggerated fame, of course, set in, and it was sharp and severe. The blots in the book were easily hit; its author's unfamiliarity with the stage business of the play was evident enough—even to dunces; so it was a simple matter to write smart articles at the expense of a novelist who laid himself open to the whole battery of conventional criticism. In *Jane Eyre* there was much painting of souls in their naked reality; the writer had gauged depths which the plummet of the common story-teller could never have sounded, and conflicting passions were marshalled on the stage with a masterful daring which Shakespeare might have envied; but the costumes, the conventional bye-play, the scenery, even the wording of the dialogue, were poor enough in all conscience. The merest play-wright or reviewer could have done better in these matters—as the unknown author was soon made to understand. Additional piquancy was given to the attack by the appearance, at the very time when the *Jane Eyre* fever was at its height, of two other novels, written by persons whose sexless names proclaimed them the brothers or the sisters of Currer Bell. Human nature is not so much changed from what it was in 1847 that one need apologize for the readiness with which the reading world in general, and the critical world in particular, adopted the theory that *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* were earlier works from the pen which had given them *Jane Eyre*. In *Wuthering Heights* some of the faults of the other book were carried to an extreme, and some of its conspicuous merits were distorted and exaggerated until they became positive blemishes; whilst *Agnes Grey* was a feeble and commonplace tale which it was easy to condemn. So the author of *Jane Eyre* was compelled to bear not only her own burden, but that of the two stories which had followed the successful novel; and the reviewers—ignorant of the fact that they were killing three birds at a single shot—rejoiced in the larger scope which was thus afforded to their critical energy.

Here and there, indeed, a manful fight on behalf of Currer Bell was made by writers who knew nothing but the name and the book. "It is soul speaking to soul," cried *Fraser's Magazine* in December, 1847; "it is not a book for prudes," added *Blackwood*, a few months later; "it is not a book for effeminate and tasteless men; it is for the enjoyment of a feeling heart and critical understanding." But in the main the verdict of the critics was adverse. It was discovered that the story was improper and immoral; it was said to be filled with descriptions of "courtship after the manner of kangaroos," and to be impregnated with a "heathenish doctrine of religion"; whilst there went up a perfect chorus of reprobation directed against its "coarseness of language," "laxity of tone," "horrid taste," and "sheer rudeness and vulgarity." From the book to the author was of course an easy transition. London had been bewildered, and its literary quidnuncs utterly puzzled, when such a story first came forth inscribed with an unknown name. Many had been the rumours eagerly passed from mouth to mouth as to the real identity of Currer Bell. Upon one point there had, indeed, been something like unanimity among the critics, and the story of *Jane Eyre* had been accepted as something more than a romance, as a genuine autobiography in which real and sorrowful experiences were related. Even the most hostile critic of the book had acknowledged that "it contained the story of struggles with such intense suffering and sorrow as it was sufficient misery to know that any one had conceived, far less passed through." Where then was this wonderful governess to be found? In what obscure hiding-place could the forlorn soul, whose cry of agony had stirred the hearts of readers everywhere, be discovered? We may smile now, with more of sadness than of bitterness, at the base calumnies of the hour, put forth in mere wantonness and levity by a people ever seeking to know some new thing and to taste some new

sensation. The favourite theory of the day—a theory duly elaborated and discussed in the most orthodox and respectable of the reviews—was that Jane Eyre and Becky Sharp were merely different portraits of the same character; and that their original was to be found in the person of a discarded mistress of Mr. Thackeray, who had furnished the great author with a model for the heroine of *Vanity Fair*, and had revenged herself upon him by painting him as the Rochester of *Jane Eyre!* It was after dwelling upon this marvellous theory of the authorship of the story that the *Quarterly Review*, with Pecksniffian charity, calmly summed up its conclusions in these memorable words:—"If we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has for some sufficient reason long forfeited the society of her own sex."

The world knows the truth now. It knows that these bitter and shameful words were applied to one of the truest and purest of women; to a woman who from her birth had led a life of self-sacrifice and patient endurance; to a woman whose affections dwelt only in the sacred shelter of her home, or with companions as pure and worthy as herself; to one of those few women who can pour out all their hearts in converse with their friends, happy in the assurance that years hence the stranger into whose hands their frank confessions may pass will find nothing there that is not loyal, true, and blameless. There was wonder among the critics, wonder too in the gay world of London, when the secret was revealed, and men were told that the author of *Jane Eyre* was no passionate light-o'-love who had merely transcribed the sad experiences of her own life; but "an austere little Joan of Arc," pure, gentle, and high-minded, of whom Thackeray himself could say that "a great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always." The quidnuncs had searched far and wide for the author of *Jane Eyre;* but we may well doubt whether, when the truth came out at last, they were not more than ever mystified by the discovery that Currer Bell was Charlotte Brontë, the young daughter of a country parson in a remote moorland parish of Yorkshire.

That such a woman should have written such a book was more than a nine days' wonder; and for the key to that which is one of the great marvels and mysteries of English literature we must go to Charlotte Brontë's life itself.

III.

There is a striking passage in Mr. Greg's *Enigmas of Life*, in which the influence of external circumstances upon the inner lives of men and women is dwelt upon somewhat minutely, and, by way of example, the connection between religious "conviction" and an imperfect digestion is carefully traced out. That we are the creatures of circumstance can hardly be doubted, nor that our destinies are moulded, just as the coral reefs are built, by the action of innumerable influences, each in itself apparently trivial and insignificant. But the habit which leads men to find a full explanation of the lives of those who have attained exceptional distinction in the circumstances amid which their lot has been cast cannot be said to be a very wholesome or happy one. Few have suffered more cruelly from this trick than the Brontë family. Graphic pictures have been presented to the world of their home among the hills, and of their surroundings in their early years; whilst the public have been asked to believe that some great shadow of gloom rested over their lives from their birth, and that to this fact, and to the influence of the moors, must be attributed, not only the peculiar bent of their genius, but the whole colour and shape of their lives. Those who are thus determined to account for everything that lies out of the range of common experience would do well, before they attempt to analyse the great mystery of genius, to reveal to us the true cause of the superlative excellence of this or that rare *cru*, the secret which gives Johannisberg or Château d'Yquem its glory in the eyes of connoisseurs. Circumstances apparently have little to do with the production of the fragrance and bouquet of these famous wines; for

know that grapes growing close at hand on similar vines and seemingly under precisely similar conditions, warmed by the same sun, refreshed by the same showers, fanned by the same breezes, produce a wine which is comparatively worthless. When the world has expounded this riddle, it will be time enough to deal with that deeper problem of genius on which we are now too apt to lay presumptuous and even violent hands.

The Brontës have suffered grievously from this fashion, inasmuch as their picturesque and striking surroundings have been allowed to obscure our view of the women themselves. We have made a picture of their lives, and have filled in the mere accessories with such pre-Raphaelite minuteness that the distinct individuality of the heroines has been blurred and confused amid the general blaze of vivid colour, the crowd of "telling" points. No individual is to be blamed for this fact. The world, as we have seen, was first introduced to "Currer Bell" and her sisters under romantic circumstances; the lives of those simple, sternly-honest women were enveloped from the moment when the public made their acquaintance in a certain colour of romantic mystery; and when all had passed away, and the time came for the "many-headed beast" to demand the full satisfaction of its curiosity, it would have nothing but the completion of that romance which from the first it had figured in outline for itself.

Who then does not know the salient points of that strange and touching story which tells us how the author of *Jane Eyre* lived and died? Who is not acquainted with that grim parsonage among the hills, where the sisters dwelt amid such uncongenial and even weird influences; living like recluses in the house of a Protestant pastor; associated with sorrow and suffering, and terrible pictures of degrading vice, during their blameless maidenhood; constructing an ideal world of their own, and dwelling in it heedless of the real world which was in motion all around them? Who has not been amused and interested by those graphic pictures of Yorkshire life in the last century, in which the local flavour is so intense and piquant, and which are hardly the less interesting because they relate to an order of things which had passed away entirely before ever the Brontës appeared upon the stage? And who has not been moved by the dark tragedy of Branwell Brontë's life, hinted at rather than explicitly stated, in Mrs. Gaskell's story, but yet standing out in such prominence that those who know no better may be forgiven if they regard it as having been the powerful and all-pervading influence which made the career of the sisters what it was? The true charm of the history of the Brontës, however, does not lie in these things. It is not to be found in the surroundings of their lives, remarkable and romantic as they were, but in the women themselves, and in those characteristics of their hearts and their intellects which were independent of the accidents of condition. Charlotte herself would have been the first to repudiate the notion that there was anything strikingly exceptional in their outward circumstances. With a horror of being considered eccentric that amounted to a passion, she united an almost morbid dread of the notice of strangers. If she could ever have imagined that readers throughout the world would come to associate her name, and still more the names of her idolized sisters, with the ruder features of the Yorkshire character, or with such a domestic tragedy as that amid which her unhappy brother's life terminated, her spirit would have arisen in indignant revolt against that which she would have regarded almost in the light of a personal outrage.

And yet if their surroundings at Haworth had comparatively little to do with the development of the genius of the three sisters, it cannot be doubted that two influences which Mrs. Gaskell has rightly made prominent in her book did affect their characters, one in a minor, and the other in a very marked degree. The influence of the moors is to be traced both in their lives and their works; whilst far more distinctly is to be traced the influence of their father. As to the first there is little to be said in addition to that which all know already. There is

a railway station now at Haworth, and all the world therefore can get to the place without difficulty or inconvenience. Yet even to-day, when the engine goes shrieking past it many times between sunrise and sunset, Haworth is not as other places are. A little manufacturing village sheltered in a nook among the hills and moors which stretch from the heart of Yorkshire into the heart of Lancashire, it bears the vivid impress of its situation. The moors which lie around it for miles on every side are superb during the summer and autumn months. Then Haworth is in its glory: a grey stone hamlet set in the midst of a vast sea of odorous purple, and swept by breezes which bear into its winding street the hum of the bees and the fragrance of the heather. But it is in the drear, leaden days of winter, when the moors are covered with snow, that we see what Haworth really is. Then we know that this is a place apart from the outer world; even the railway seems to have failed to bring it into the midst of that great West Riding which lies close at hand with its busy mills and multitudes; and the dullest therefore can understand that in the days when the railway was not, and Haworth lay quite by itself, neglected and unseen in its upland valley, its people must have been blessed by some at least of those insular peculiarities which distinguished the villagers of Zermatt and Pontresina before the flood of summer tourists had swept into those comparatively remote crannies of the Alps. Nurtured among these lonely moors, and accustomed, as all dwellers on thinly-peopled hillsides are, to study the skies and the weather, as the inhabitants of towns and plains study the faces of men and women, the Brontës unquestionably drew their love of nature, their affection for tempestuous winds and warring clouds, from their residence at Haworth.

But this influence was trivial compared with the hereditary influences of their father's character. Few more remarkable personalities than that of the Rev. Patrick Brontë have obtruded themselves upon the smooth uniformity of modern society. The readers of Mrs. Gaskell's biography know that the incumbent of Haworth was an eccentric man, but the full measure of his eccentricity and waywardness has never yet been revealed to the world. He was an Irishman by birth, but when still a young man he had gone to Yorkshire as a curate, and in Yorkshire he remained to the end of his days. He appears to have been a strange compound of good and evil. That he was not without some good is acknowledged by all who knew him. He had kindly feelings towards most people, and he delighted in the stern rectitude which distinguished many of his Yorkshire flock. When his daughter became famous, no one was better pleased at the circumstance than he was. He cut out of every newspaper every scrap which referred to her; he was proud of her achievements, proud of her intellect, and jealous for her reputation. But throughout his whole life there was but one person with whom he had any real sympathy, and that person was himself. Passionate, self-willed, vain, habitually cold and distant in his demeanour to those of his own household, he exhibited in a marked degree many of the characteristics which Charlotte Brontë afterwards sketched in the portrait of the Mr. Helston of *Shirley* The stranger who encountered him found a scrupulously polite gentleman of the old school, who was garrulous about his past life, and who needed nothing more than the stimulus of a glass of wine to become talkative on the subject of his conquests over the hearts of the ladies of his congregation. As you listened to the quaintly-attired old man who chatted on with inexhaustible volubility, you possibly conceived the idea that he was a mere fribble, gay, conceited, harmless; but at odd times a searching glance from the keen, deep-sunk eyes warned you that you also were being weighed in the balance by your companion, and that this assumption of light-hearted vanity was far from revealing the real man to you. Only those who dwelt under the same roof knew him as he really was. Among the many stories told of him by his children there is one relating to the meek and gentle woman was his wife, and whose lot it w

submit to persistent coldness and neglect. Somebody had given Mrs. Brontë a very pretty dress, and her husband, who was as proud as he was self-willed, had taken offence at the gift. A word to his wife, who lived in habitual dread of her lordly master, would have secured all he wanted; but in his passionate determination that she should not wear the obnoxious garment, he deliberately cut it to pieces and presented her with the tattered fragments. Even during his wife's lifetime he formed the habit of taking his meals alone; he constantly carried loaded pistols in his pockets, and when excited he would fire these at the doors of the outhouses so that the villagers were quite accustomed to the sound of pistol-shots at any hour of the day in their pastor's house. It would be a mistake to suppose that violence was one of the weapons to which Mr. Brontë habitually resorted. However stern and peremptory might be his dealings with his wife (who soon left him to spend the remainder of his life in a dreary widowerhood), his general policy was to secure his end by craft rather than by force. A profound belief in his own superior wisdom was conspicuous among his characteristics, and he felt convinced that no one was too clever to be outwitted by his diplomacy. He had also an amazing persistency, which led him to pursue any course on which he once embarked with dogged determination. It happened in later years, when his strength was failing, and when at last he began to see his daughter in her true light, that he quarrelled with her regarding the character of one of their friends. The daughter, always dutiful and respectful, found that any effort to stem the torrent of his bitter and unjust wrath when he spoke of the friend who had offended him, was attended by consequences which were positively dangerous. The veins of his forehead swelled, his eyes glared, his voice shook, and she was fain to submit lest her father's passion should prove fatal to him. But when, wounded beyond endurance by his violence and injustice, she withdrew for a few days from her home, and told her father that she would receive no letters from him in which this friend's name was mentioned, the old man's cunning took the place of passion. He wrote long and affectionate letters to her on general subjects; but accompanying each letter was a little slip of paper, which professed to be a note from Charlotte's dog "Flossy" to his "much-respected and beloved mistress," in which the dog, declaring that he saw "a good deal of human nature that was hid from those who had the gift of language," was made to repeat the attacks upon the obnoxious person which Mr. Brontë dared no longer make in his own character.

It was to the care of such a father as this, in the midst of the rude and uncongenial society of the lonely manufacturing village, that six motherless children, five daughters and one son, were left in the year 1821. The parson's children were not allowed to associate with their little neighbours in the hamlet; their aunt, who came to the parsonage after their mother's death, had scarcely more sympathy with them than their father himself; their only friend was the rough but kindly servant Tabby, who pitied the bairns without understanding them, and whose acts of graciousness were too often of such a character as to give them more pain than pleasure. So they grew up strange, lonely, old-fashioned children, with absolutely no knowledge of the world outside; so quiet and demure in their habits that years afterwards, when they invited some of their Sunday scholars up to the parsonage, and wished to amuse them, they found that they had to ask the scholars to teach them how to play—they had never learned. Carefully secluded from the rest of the world, the little Brontë children found out fashions of their own in the way of amusement, and marvellous fashions they were. Whilst they were still in the nursery, when the oldest of the family, Maria, was barely nine years old, and Charlotte, the third, was just six, they had begun to take a quaint interest in literature and politics. Heaven knows who it was who first told these wonderful pigmies of the great deeds of a Wellington or the crimes of a Bonaparte; but at an age when other children are generally busy with their bricks or their dolls, and when all life's interests are

confined for them within the walls of a nursery, these marvellous Brontës were discussing the life of the great Duke, and maintaining the Tory cause as ardently as the oldest and sturdiest of the village politicians in the neighbouring inn.

There is a touching story of Charlotte at six years old, which gives us some notion of the ideal life led by the forlorn little girl at this time, when, her two elder sisters having been sent to school, she found herself living at home, the eldest of the motherless brood. She had read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and had been fascinated, young as she was, by that wondrous allegory. Everything in it was to her true and real; her little heart had gone forth with Christian on his pilgrimage to the Golden City, her bright young mind had been fired by the Bedford tinker's description of the glories of the Celestial Place; and she made up her mind that she too would escape from the City of Destruction and gain the haven towards which the weary spirits of every age have turned with eager longing. But where was this glittering city with its streets of gold, its gates of pearl, its walls of precious stones, its streams of life and throne of light? Poor little girl! The only place which seemed to her to answer Bunyan's description of the celestial town was one which she had heard the servants discussing with enthusiasm in the kitchen, and its name was Bradford! So to Bradford little Charlotte Brontë, escaping from that Haworth Parsonage which she believed to be a doomed spot, set off one day in 1822. Ingenious persons may speculate if they please upon the sore disappointment which awaited her when, like older people, reaching the place which she had imagined to be Heaven, she found that it was only Bradford. But she never even reached her imaginary Golden City. When her tender feet had carried her a mile along the road, she came to a spot where overhanging trees made the highway dark and gloomy; she imagined that she had come to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and fearing to go forward, was presently discovered by her nurse cowering by the roadside.

Of the school-days of the Brontës nothing need be said here. Every reader of *Jane Eyre* knows what Charlotte Brontë herself thought of that charitable institution to which she has given so unenviable a notoriety. There she lost her oldest sister, whose fate is described in the tragic tale of Helen Burns; and it was whilst she was at this place that her second sister, Elizabeth, also died. Only one thing need be added to this dismal record of the stay at Cowan Bridge. During the whole time of their sojourn there the young Brontës scarcely ever knew what it was to be free from the pangs of hunger.

Charlotte was now the head of the little family; the remaining members of which were her brother Branwell and her sisters Emily and Anne. Mrs. Gaskell has given the world a vivid picture of the life which these four survivors from the hardships of Cowan Bridge led between the years 1825 and 1831. They spent those years at Haworth, almost without care or sympathy. Their father saw little in their lot to interest him, nothing to drag him out of his selfish absorption in his own pursuits; their aunt, a permanent invalid, conceived that her duty was accomplished when she had taught them a few lessons and insisted on their doing a certain amount of needlework every day. For the rest they were left to themselves, and thus early they showed the bent of their genius by spending their time in writing novels.

Mrs. Gaskell has given us some idea of the character of these juvenile performances in a series of extracts which sufficiently indicate their rare merit. She has, however, paid exclusive attention to Charlotte's productions. All readers of the Brontë story will remember the account of *The Play of the Islanders*, and other remarkable specimens, showing with what real vigour and originality Charlotte could handle her pen whilst she was still in the first year of her teens; but those few persons who have seen the whole of the juvenile library of the family, bear testimony to the fact that Branwell and Emily were at least as industrious and successful as Charlotte herself. Indeed, even at this early age, the *bizarre* character Emily's genius was beginning to m itself, and her leaning towards and supernatural effects was e

whilst she composed her first fairy tales within the walls of her nursery. It may be well to bear in mind the frequency with which the critics have charged Charlotte Brontë with exaggerating the precocity of children. What we know of the early days of the Brontës proves that what would have been exaggeration in any other person was in the case of Charlotte nothing but a truthful reproduction of her own experiences.

IV.

The years have slipped away and the Brontës are no longer children. They have passed out of that strange condition of premature activity in which their brains were so busy, their lives so much at variance with the lives of others of their age; they have even "finished" their education, according to the foolish phrase of the world, and having made some acquaintances and a couple of friends at good Miss Wooler's school at Roehead, Charlotte is again at home, young, hopeful, and in her own way merry, waiting with her brother and her sister till that mystery of life which seems filled with hidden charms to those who still have it all before them, shall be revealed.

One bright June morning, in 1833, a handsome carriage and pair is standing opposite the Devonshire Arms at Bolton Bridge, the spot loved by all anglers and artists who know anything of the scenery of the Wharfe. In the carriage with some companions is a young girl, whose face, figure, and manner may be conjured up by all who have read *Shirley;* for this pleasant, comely Yorkshire maiden, as we see her on this particular morning, is identical with the Caroline Helston who figures in the pages of that novel. Miss N—— is waiting for her quondam school-fellow and present bosom friend, Charlotte Brontë, who is coming with her brother and sisters to join in an excursion to the enchanted site of Bolton Abbey hard by. Presently, on the steep road which stretches across the moors to Keighley, the sound of wheels is heard, mingled with the merry speech and merrier laughter of fresh young voices. Shall we go forward unseen and study the approaching travellers whilst they are still upon the road? Their conveyance is no handsome carriage, but a rickety dog-cart, unmistakably betraying its neighbourship to the carts and ploughs of some rural farm-yard. The horse, freshly taken from the fields, is driven by a youth who, in spite of his countrified dress, is no mere bumpkin. His shock of red hair hangs down in somewhat ragged locks behind his ears, for Branwell Brontë esteems himself a genius and a poet, and, following the fashion of the times, has that abhorrence for the barber's shears which genius is supposed to affect. But the lad's face is a handsome and a striking one; full of Celtic fire and humour, untouched by the slightest shade of care, giving one the impression of somebody altogether hopeful, promising, even brilliant. How gaily he jokes with his three sisters; with what inexhaustible volubility he pours out quotations from his favourite poets, applying them to the lovely scene around him; and with what a mischievous delight, in his superior nerve and mettle, he attempts feats of charioteering which fill the timid heart of the youngest of the party with sudden terrors! Beside him, in a dress of marvellous plainness and ugliness, stamped with the brand "home-made" in characters which none can mistake, is the eldest of the sisters. Charlotte is talking too; there are bright smiles upon her face; she is enjoying everything around her, the splendid morning, the charms of leafy trees and budding roses, and the ever-musical stream; most of all, perhaps, the charm of her brother's society, and the expectation of that coming meeting with her friend, which is so near at hand. Behind sit a pretty little girl, with fine complexion and delicate regular features, whom the stranger would at once pick out as the beauty of the company, and a tall, rather angular figure, clad in a dress exactly resembling Charlotte's. Emily Brontë does not talk so much as the rest of the party, but her wonderful eyes, brilliant and unfathomable as the pool at the foot of a waterfall, but radiant also with a wealth of tenderness and warmth, show how her soul is expanding under the influences of the scene; how quick she is to note the least prominent of the

beauties around her, how intense is her enjoyment of the songs of the birds, the brilliancy of the sunshine, the rich scent of the flower-bespangled hedge-rows. If she does not, like Charlotte and Anne, meet her brother's ceaseless flood of sparkling words with opposing currents of speech, she utters at times a strange, deep guttural sound which those who know her best interpret as the language of a joy too deep for articulate expression. Gaze at them as they pass you in the quiet road, and acknowledge that in spite of their rough and even uncouth exteriors, a happier four could hardly be met with in this favourite haunt of pleasure-seekers during a long summer's day.

Suddenly the dog-cart rattles noisily into the open space in front of the Devonshire Arms, and the Brontës see the carriage and its occupants. In an instant there is silence; Branwell contrasts his humble equipage with that which already stands at the inn door, and a flush of mortified pride colours his face; the sisters scarcely note this contrast, but to their dismay they see that their friend is not alone, and each draws a long deep breath, and prepares for that fiercest of all the ordeals they know, a meeting with entire strangers. The laughter is stilled; even Branwell's volubility is at an end; the glad light dies out of their eyes, and when they alight and submit to the process of being introduced to Miss N——'s companions, their faces are as dull and commonplace as their dresses. It is no imaginary scene we have been watching. Miss N—— still recalls that painful moment when the merry talk and laughter of her friends were quenched at sight of the company awaiting them, and when throughout a day to which all had looked forward with anticipations of delight, the three Brontës clung to each other or to their friend, scarcely venturing to speak above a whisper, and betraying in every look and word the positive agony which filled their hearts when a stranger approached them. It was this excessive shyness in the company of those who were unfamiliar to them which was the most marked characteristic of the sisters. The weakness was as much physical as moral; and those who suppose that it was accompanied by any morbid depression of spirits, or any lack of vigour and liveliness when the incubus of a stranger's presence was removed, entirely mistake their true character. Unhappily, first impressions are always strongest, and running through the whole of Mrs. Gaskell's story, may be seen the impression produced at her first meeting with Charlotte Brontë by her nervous shrinking and awkwardness in the midst of unknown faces.

It was not thus with those who, brought into the closest of all fellowship with her, the fellowship of school society, knew the secrets of her heart far better than did any who became acquainted with her in after life. To such the real Charlotte Brontë, who knew no timidity in their presence, was a bold, clever, outspoken and impulsive girl; ready to laugh with the merriest, and not even indisposed to join in practical jokes with the rest of her schoolfellows. The picture we get in the *Life* is that of a victim to secret terrors and superstitious fancies. The real Charlotte Brontë, when stories were current as to the presence of a ghost in the upper chambers of the old school-house at Roehead, did not hesitate to go up to these rooms alone and in the darkness of a winter's night, leaving her companions shivering in terror round the fire downstairs. When she had left school, and began that correspondence with Miss N—— which is the great source of our knowledge, not merely of the course of her life, but of the secrets of her heart, it must not be supposed that she wrote always in that serious spirit which pervades most of the letters quoted by Mrs. Gaskell. On the contrary, those who have access to the letters will find that even some of the passages given in the *Life* are allied to sentences showing that the frame of mind in which they were written was very different from that which it appears to have been. The following letter, written from Haworth in the beginning of 1835, is an example:—

"Well, here I am as completely separated from you as if a hundred, instead of seventeen, miles intervened between us. I can neither hear you nor see you nor feel you. You are

become a mere thought, an unsubstantial impression on the memory, which, however, is happily incapable of erasure. My journey home was rather melancholy, and would have been very much so but for the presence and conversation of my worthy companion. I found him a very intelligent man. He told me the adventures of his sailor's life, his shipwreck and the hurricane he had witnessed in the West Indies, with a much better flow of language than many of far greater pretensions are masters of. I thought he appeared a little dismayed by the wildness of the country round Haworth, and I imagine he has carried back a pretty report of it.

"What do you think of the course politics are taking? I make this inquiry because I now think you have a wholesome interest in the matter; formerly you did not care greatly about it. Baines, you see, is triumphant. Wretch! I am a hearty hater, and if there is any one I thoroughly abhor it is that man. But the Opposition is divided. Red-hots and lukewarms; and the Duke (par excellence *the* Duke) and Sir Robert Peel show no signs of insecurity, although they have been twice beat. So 'courage, mon amie!' Heaven defend the right! as the old cavaliers used to say before they joined battle. Now, Ellen, laugh heartily at all that rodomontade. But you have brought it on yourself. Don't you remember telling me to write such letters to you as I wrote to Mary? There's a specimen! Hereafter should follow a long disquisition on books; but I'll spare you that."

These who turn to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* will find one of the sentences in this letter quoted, but without the burst of laughter over "all that rodomontade" at the end which shows that Charlotte's interest in politics was not unmingled with the happy levity of youth. Still more striking as an illustration of her true character, with its infinite variety of moods, its sudden transitions from grave to gay, is the letter I now quote:—

"Last Saturday afternoon, being in one of my sentimental humours, I sat down and wrote to you such a note as I ought to have written to none but M——, who is nearly as mad as myself; to-day, when I glanced it over, it occurred to me that Ellen's calm eye would look at this with scorn, so I determined to concoct some production more fit for the inspection of common sense. I will not tell you all I think and feel about you, Ellen. I will preserve unbroken that reserve which alone enables me to maintain a decent character for judgment; but for that I should long ago have been set down by all who know me as a Frenchified fool. You have been very kind to me of late, and gentle; and you have spared me those little sallies of ridicule which, owing to my miserable and wretched touchiness of character used formerly to make me wince as if I had been touched with a hot iron; things that nobody else cares for enter into my mind and rankle there like venom. I know these feelings are absurd, and therefore I try to hide them; but they only sting the deeper for concealment, and I'm an idiot! Ellen, I wish I could live with you always, I begin to cling to you more fondly than ever I did. If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till death, without being dependent on any third person for happiness."

Mrs. Gaskell has made a very partial and imperfect use of this letter by quoting merely from the words "You have been very kind to me of late," down to "they only sting the deeper for concealment." Thus it will be seen that an importance is given to an evanescent mood which it was far from meriting, and that lighter side to Charlotte's character which was prominent enough to her nearest and dearest friends is entirely concealed from the outer world. Again, I say, we must not blame Mrs. Gaskell. Such sentences as those which she omitted from the letter I have just given are not only entirely inconsistent with that ideal portrait of *Currer Bell* which the world had formed for itself out of the bare materials in existence during the author's lifetime; but are also utterly at variance with Mrs. Gaskell's personal conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, founded upon her brief acquaintance with her during her years of loneliness and fame.

The quick transitions which marked her moods in converse with her friends may be traced all through her letters to Miss N——. The quotations I have already made show how suddenly on the same page she passes from gaiety to sadness; and so her letters, dealing as they do with an endless variety of topics, reflect only the mood of the writer at the moment that she penned them, and it is only by reading and studying the whole, not by selecting those which reflect a particular phase of her character, that we can complete the portrait we would fain produce.

Here are some extracts from letters which are not to be found in the *Life*, and which illustrate what I have said. They were all written between the beginning of 1832 and the end of 1835:—

"Tell M—— I hope she will derive benefit

from the perusal of Cobbett's lucubrations; but I beg she will on no account burden her memory with passages to be repeated for my edification, lest I should not fully appreciate either her kindness or their merit; since that worthy personage and his principles, whether private or political, are no great favourites of mine."

"I am really very much obliged to you," she writes in September, 1832, "for your well-filled and *very* interesting letter. It forms a striking contrast to my brief meagre epistles; but I know you will excuse the utter dearth of news visible in them when you consider the situation in which I am placed, quite out of the reach of all intelligence except what I obtain through the medium of the newspapers, and I believe you would not find much to interest you in a political discussion, or a summary of the accidents of the week. . . . I am sorry, very sorry, that Miss —— has turned out to be so different from what you thought her; but, my dearest Ellen, you must never expect perfection in this world; and I know your naturally confiding and affectionate disposition has led you to imagine that Miss —— was almost faultless. . . I think, dearest Ellen, our friendship is destined to form an exception to the general rule regarding school friendships. At least I know that absence has not in the least abated the sisterly affection which I feel towards you."

"Your last letter revealed a state of mind which promised much. As I read it, I could not help wishing that my own feelings more nearly resembled yours; but unhappily all the good thoughts that enter *my* mind evaporate almost before I have had time to ascertain their existence. Every right resolution which I form is so transient, so fragile, and so easily broken, that I sometimes fear I shall never be what I ought."

"I write a hasty line to assure you we shall be happy to see you on the day you mention. As you are now acquainted with the neighbourhood and its total want of society, and with our plain, monotonous mode of life, I do not fear so much as I used to do, that you will be disappointed with the dulness and sameness of your visit. One thing however will make the daily routine more unvaried than ever. Branwell, who used to enliven us, is to leave us in a few days, and enter the situation of a private tutor in the neighbourhood of U——. How he will like to settle remains yet to be seen. At present he is full of hope and resolution. I, who know his variable nature and his strong turn for active life, dare not be too sanguine. We are as busy as possible in preparing for his departure, and shirt-making and collar-stitching fully occupy our time."

"*April*, 1835.

"The election! the election! that cry has rung even among our lonely hills like the blast of a trumpet. How has it been round the populous neighbourhood of B——? Under what banner have your brothers ranged themselves? The Blue or the Yellow? Use your influence with them; entreat them, if it be necessary on your knees, to stand by their country and religion in this day of danger! . . . . Stuart Wortley, the son of the most patriotic patrician Yorkshire owns, must be elected the representative of his native province. Lord Morpeth was at Haworth last week, and I saw him. My opinion of his lordship is recorded in a letter I wrote yesterday to Mary. It is not worth writing over again, so I will not trouble you with it here."

Even these brief extracts will show that Charlotte Brontë's life at this time was not a morbid one. These years between 1832 and 1835 must be counted among the happiest of her life—of all the lives of the little household at Haworth, in fact. The young people were accustomed to their father's coldness and eccentricity, and to their aunt's dainty distaste for all Northern customs and Northern people, themselves included. Shy they were and peculiar, alike in their modes of life and their modes of thought; but there was a wholesome, healthy happiness about all of them that gave promise of peaceful lives hereafter. Some literary efforts of a humble kind brightened their hopes at this time. Charlotte had written some juvenile poems (not now worth reprinting), and she sought the opinion of Southey upon them. The poet laureate gave her a kindly and considerate answer, which did not encourage her to persevere in these efforts; nor was an attempt by Branwell to secure the patronage of Wordsworth for some productions of his own more successful. Had anybody ventured into the wilds of Haworth parish at this new year of 1835, and made acquaintance with the parson's family, it is easy to say upon whom the attention of the stranger would have been riveted. Branwell Brontë, of whom casual mention is made in one of the foregoing letters, was the hope and pride of the little household. All who knew him at this time bear testimony to his remarkable talents, his striking graces. Small in stature like Charlotte herself, he was endowed with a rare personal beauty. But it was in his intellectual gifts that his chief charm was found. Even his father's dull parishioners recognized the fire of genius

in the lad; and any one who cares to go to Haworth now and inquire into the story of the Brontës, will find that the most vivid reminiscences, the fondest memories of the older people in the village, centre in this hapless youth. Ambitious and clever, he seemed destined to play a considerable part in the world. His conversational powers were remarkable; he gave promise of more than ordinary ability as an artist, and he had even as a boy written verses of no common power. Among other accomplishments, more curious than useful, of which he could boast, was the ability to write two letters simultaneously. It is but a small trait in the history of this remarkable family, yet it deserves to be noticed, that its least successful member excelled Napoleon himself in one respect. The great conqueror could dictate half-a-dozen letters concurrently to his secretaries. Branwell Brontë could do more than this. With a pen in each hand, he could write two different letters at the same moment.

Charlotte was Branwell's senior by one year. In 1835, when in her nineteenth year, she was by no means the unattractive person she has been represented as being. There is a little caricature sketched by herself lying before me as I write. In it all the more awkward of her physical points are ingeniously exaggerated. The prominent forehead bulges out in an aggressive manner, suggestive of hydrocephalus, the nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and the mouth are made unnecessarily large; whilst the little figure is clumsy and ungainly. But though she could never pretend to beauty, she had redeeming features, her eyes, hair, and massive forehead all being attractive points. Emily, who was two years her junior, had, like Charlotte, a bad complexion; but she was tall and well-formed, whilst her eyes were of remarkable beauty. All through her life her temperament was more than merely peculiar. She inherited not a little of her father's eccentricity, untempered by her father's *savoir faire*. Her aversion to strangers has been already mentioned. When the curates, who formed the only society of Haworth, found their way to the parsonage, she avoided them as though they had brought the pestilence in their train; on the rare occasions when she went out into the world she would sit absolutely silent in the company of those who were unfamiliar to her. So intense was this reserve that even in her own family, where alone she was at ease, something like dread was mingled with the affection felt towards her. On one occasion, whilst Charlotte's friend was visiting the parsonage, Charlotte herself was unable through illness to take any walks with her. To the amazement of the household Emily volunteered to accompany Miss N—— on a ramble over the moors. They set off together, and the girl threw aside her reserve and talked with a freedom and vigour which gave evidence of the real strength of her character. Her companion was charmed with her intelligence and geniality. But on returning to the parsonage Charlotte was found awaiting them, and as soon as she had a chance of doing so she anxiously put to Miss N—— the question, "How did Emily behave herself?" It was the first time she had ever been known to invite the company of anyone outside the narrow limits of the family circle. Her chief delight was to roam on the moors, followed by her dogs, to whom she would whistle in masculine fashion. Her heart indeed was given to these dumb creatures of the earth. She never forgave those who ill-treated them, nor trusted those whom they disliked. One is reminded of Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* by some traits of Emily Brontë:

> "If the flowers had been her own infants she
> Could never have nursed them more tenderly;"

and, like the lady of the poem, her tenderness and charity could reach even

> "—— the poor banished insects, whose intent,
> Although they did ill, was innocent."

One instance of her remarkable personal courage is related in *Shirley*, where she herself is sketched under the character of the heroine. It is her adventure with the mad dog which bit her at the door of the parsonage kitchen whilst she was offering it water. The brave girl took an iron from the fire where it chanced to be heating, and immediately cauterized the wound

on her arm, making a broad, deep scar, which was there until the day of her death. Not until many weeks after did she tell her sisters what had happened. Passionately fond of her home among the hills, and of the rough Yorkshire people among whom she had been reared, she sickened and pined away when absent from Haworth. A strange untamed and untamable character was hers; and none but her two sisters ever seem to have appreciated her remarkable merits, or to have recognized the fine though immature genius which shows itself in every line of the weird story of *Wuthering Heights*.

Anne, the youngest of the family, had beauty in addition to her other gifts. Intellectually she was greatly inferior to her sisters; but her mildness and sweetness of temperament won the affections of many who were repelled by the harsher exteriors of Charlotte and Emily.

This was the family which lived happily and quietly among the hills during those years when life with its vicissitudes still lay in the distance. Gay their existence could not be called; but their letters show that it was unquestionably peaceful, happy, and wholesome.

V.

Moved by the hope of lightening the family expenses and enabling Branwell to get a thorough artistic training at the Royal Academy, Charlotte resolved to go out as a governess. Her first "place" was at her old school at Roehead, where she was with her friend Miss Wooler, and where she was also very near the home of her confidante, Miss N——. Emily went with her for a time; but she soon sickened and pined for the moors, and after a trial of but a few months she returned to Haworth. A great deal of sympathy has been bestowed upon the Brontës in connection with their days as governesses; nor am I prepared to say that this sympathy is wholly misplaced. Their reserve, their affection for each other, their ignorance of the world, combined to make "the cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses"—to use Charlotte's own phrase—particularly distasteful to them. But it is a mistake to suppose that they were treated with harshness during their governess life, or that Charlotte, at least, felt her trials at all unbearable. It was decidedly unpleasant to sacrifice the independence and the family companionship of Haworth for drudgery and loneliness in the household of a stranger; but it was a duty, and as such it was accepted without repining by two, at least, of the sisters. Emily's peculiar temperament made her quite unfitted for life among strangers; she made many attempts to overcome her reserve, but all were unavailing; and after a brief experience in one or two families in different parts of Yorkshire, she returned to Haworth to reside there permanently as her father's housekeeper. There is no need to dwell upon this episode in the lives of the Brontës. They were living among unfamiliar faces, and had little temptation to display themselves in their true characters, but extracts from a few of Charlotte's letters to her friends will show something of the course of her thought at this time. With the exception of a detached sentence or two these letters will be quite new to the readers of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*:—

"I have been waiting for an opportunity of sending a letter to you as you wished; but as no such opportunity offers itself, I have at length determined to write to you by post, fearing that if I delayed any longer you would attribute my tardiness to indifference. I can scarcely realize the distance that lies between us, or the length of time which may elapse before we meet again. Now, Ellen, I have no news to tell you, no changes to communicate. My life since I saw you last has passed away as monotonously and unvaryingly as ever—nothing but teach—teach—teach, from morning till night. The greatest variety I ever have is afforded by a letter from you, a call from the T——'s, or by meeting with a pleasant new book. The *Life of Oberlin* and Legh Richmond's *Domestic Portraiture*, are the last of this description I have perused. The latter work strongly attracted and strangely fascinated my attention. Beg, borrow, or steal it without delay; and read the *Memoir of Richmond*. That short record of a brief and uneventful life I shall never forget. It is beautiful, not on account of the language in which it is written, not on account of the incidents it details, but because of the simple narration it gives of the life and death of a young, talented, sincere Christian. Get the book, Ellen (I wish I had it to give you), read it, and tell me what you think of it. Yesterday I heard that you had been ill since yo were in London. I hope you are better no Are you any happier than you were? Tr

reconcile your mind to circumstances, and exert the quiet fortitude of which I know you are not destitute. Your absence leaves a sort of vacancy in my feelings which nothing has as yet offered of sufficient interest to supply. I do not forget ten o'clock. I remember it every night, and if a sincere petition for your welfare will do you any good you will be benefited. I know the Bible says: 'The prayer of the *righteous* availeth much,' and I am *not righteous*. Nevertheless I believe God despises no application that is uttered in sincerity. My own dear E—— good-bye. I can write no more, for I am called to a less pleasant avocation."

"DEWSBURY MOOR, *Oct.* 2, 1836.

"I should have written to you a week ago, but my time has of late been so wholly taken up that till now I have really not had an opportunity of answering your last letter. I assure you I feel the kindness of so early a reply to my tardy correspondence. It gave me a sting of self-reproach. . . . . My sister Emily is gone into a situation as teacher in a large school of near forty pupils near Halifax. I have had one letter from her since her departure. It gives an appalling account of her duties. Hard labour from six in the morning till near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she will never stand it. It gives me sincere pleasure, my dear Ellen, to learn that you have at last found a few associates of congenial minds. I cannot conceive a life more dreary than that passed amidst sights, sounds, and companions all alien to the nature within us. From the tenor of your letters it seems that your mind remains fixed as it ever was, in no wise dazzled by novelty or warped by evil example. I am thankful for it. I could not help smiling at the paragraphs which related to——. There was in them a touch of the genuine unworldly simplicity which forms part of your character. Ellen, depend upon it, all people have their dark side. Though some possess the power of throwing a fair veil over the defects, close acquaintance slowly removes the screen, and one by one the blots appear; till at last we see the pattern of perfection all slurred over with stains which even affection cannot efface."

The affectionate commendations of her friend are constantly accompanied by references of a very different character to herself.

"If I like people," she says in one of her letters, "it is my nature to tell them so, and I am not afraid of offering incense to your vanity. It is from religion that you derive your chief charm, and may its influence always preserve you as pure, as unassuming, and as benevolent in thought and deed as you are now. What am I compared to you? I feel my own utter worthlessness when I make the comparison. I'm a very coarse, common-place wretch! I have some qualities that make me very miserable, some feelings that you can have no participation in—that few, very few people in the world can at all understand. I don't pride myself on these peculiarities. I strive to conceal and suppress them as much as I can, but they burst out sometimes, and then those who see the explosion despise me, and I hate myself for days afterwards."

"All my notes to you, Ellen, are written in a hurry. I am now snatching an opportunity. Mr. J—— is here; by his means it will be transmitted to Miss E——, by her means to X——, by his means to you. I do not blame you for not coming to see me. I am sure you have been prevented by sufficient reasons; but I do long to see you, and I hope I shall be gratified momentarily, at least, ere long. Next Friday, if all be well, I shall go to G——. On Sunday I hope I shall at least catch a glimpse of you. Week after week I have lived on the expectation of your coming. Week after week I have been disappointed. I have not regretted what I said in my last note to you. The confession was wrung from me by sympathy and kindness, such as I can never be sufficiently thankful for. I feel in a strange state of mind; still gloomy, but not despairing. I keep trying to do right, checking wrong feelings, repressing wrong thoughts—but still—every instant I find myself going astray. I have a constant tendency to scorn people who are far better than I am. A horror at the idea of becoming one of a certain set—a dread lest if I made the slightest profession I should sink at once into Phariseeism, merge wholly in the ranks of the self-righteous. In writing at this moment I feel an irksome disgust at the idea of using a single phrase that sounds like religious cant. I abhor myself; I despise myself. If the doctrine of Calvin be true, I am already an outcast. You cannot imagine how hard, rebellious, and intractable all my feelings are. When I begin to study on the subject I almost grow blasphemous, atheistical in my sentiments. Don't desert me—don't be horrified at me. You know what I am. I wish I could see you, my darling. I have lavished the warmest affections of a very hot, tenacious heart upon you. If you grow cold it is over."

Here it will be seen that the religious struggle was renewed. The woman who was afterwards to be accused of "heathenism" was going through tortures such as Cowper knew in his darkest hours, and, like him, was acquiring faith, humility, and resignation in the midst of the conflict. But such letters as this are only episodical; in general she writes cheerfully, sometimes even merrily.

What would the *Quarterly Reviewer* and the other charitable people, who openly declared their conviction that the author of *Jane Eyre* was an improper person, who

had written an improper book, have said had they been told that she had written the following letter on the subject of her first offer of marriage—written it, too, at the time when she was a governess, and in spite of the fact that the offer opened up to her a way of escape from all anxiety as to her future life?

"You ask me whether I have received a letter from T——. I have about a week since. The contents I confess did a little surprise me; but I kept them to myself, and unless you had questioned me on the subject I would never have adverted to it. T—— says he is comfortably settled at ——, and that his health is much improved. He then intimates that in due time he will want a wife, and frankly asks me to be that wife. Altogether the letter is written without cant or flattery, and in a common-sense style which does credit to his judgment. Now there were in this proposal some things that might have proved a strong temptation. I thought if I were to marry so —— could live with me, and how happy I should be. But again I asked myself two questions:—Do I love T—— as much as a woman ought to love her husband? Am I the person best qualified to make him happy? Alas! my conscience answered 'no' to both these questions. I felt that though I esteemed T——, though I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable, well-disposed man, yet I had not and never could have that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him—and if ever I marry it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband. Ten to one I shall never have the chance again; but *n'importe*. Moreover I was aware he knew so little of me he could hardly be conscious to whom he was writing. Why it would startle him to see me in my natural home character. He would think I was a wild, romantic enthusiast indeed. I could not sit all day long making a grave face before my husband. I would laugh and satirize, and say whatever came into my head first; and if he were a clever man and loved me, the whole world weighed in the balance against his smallest wish would be light as air. Could I, knowing my mind to be such as that, conscientiously say that I would take a grave, quiet young man like T——? No; it would have been deceiving him, and deception of that sort is beneath me. So I wrote a long letter back in which I expressed my refusal as gently as I could, and also candidly avowed my reasons for that refusal. I described to him, too, the sort of character I thought would suit him for a wife."

The girl who could thus calmly decline a more than merely "eligible" offer, and thus honestly state her reasons for doing so to the friend she trusted, was strangely different from the author of *Jane Eyre* pictured by the critics and the public. Perhaps the full cost of the refusal related in the foregoing letter is only made clear when it is brought into contrast with such a confession as the following, made very soon afterwards:—

"I am miserable when I allow myself to dwell on the necessity of spending my life as a governess. The chief requisite for that station seems to me to be the power of taking things easily when they come, and of making oneself comfortable and at home wherever one may chance to be—qualities in which all our family are singularly deficient. I know I cannot live with a person like Mrs. ——; but I hope all women are not like her, and my motto is 'Try again.'"

From one of her situations as governess in a private family (she had long since left the kind shelter of Miss Wooler's house) she writes in 1841 a series of letters showing how little she relished the "cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses."

"It is twelve o'clock at night; but I must just write you a word before I go to bed. If you think I'm going to refuse your invitation, or if you sent it me with that idea, you're mistaken. As soon as I had read your shabby little note, I gathered up my spirits directly, walked on the impulse of the moment into Mrs. ——'s presence, popped the question, and for two minutes received no answer. 'Will she refuse me when I work so hard for her?' thought I. 'Ye—e—es,' drawled madam in a reluctant, cold tone. 'Thank you, madam!' said I with extreme cordiality, and was marching from the room when she recalled me with 'You'd better go on Saturday afternoon then, when the children have holiday, and if you return in time for them to have all their lessons on Monday morning, I don't see that much will be lost.' You *are* a genuine Turk, thought I; but again I assented, and so the bargain was struck. Saturday after next, then, is the day appointed. I'll come, God knows, with a thankful and joyful heart, glad of a day's reprieve from labour. If you don't send the gig I'll walk. I am coming to taste the pleasure of liberty; a bit of pleasant congenial talk, and a sight of two or three faces I like. God bless you! I want to see you again. Huzza for Saturday afternoon after next! Good night, my lass!"

T. Wemyss Reid.

To be continued.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!"

PERHAPS she did not quite know how it had all come about; how, in the midst of the trivialities of ordinary life, and the distractions of a holiday-trip, this tragic doom had overtaken her with swift, inevitable strides; but, captive as she was, and not a little bewildered by that sore aching of the heart, she nerved herself at this moment to act and think with promptitude and decision. And indeed, although there was much of impulsive romanticism in the girl, there was a good deal of plain, common sense, too; and she had a keen sense of honour. When, in that breathless, wild way, she determined to free those who were dearest to her — and especially him whom she regarded with all the generous, self-sacrificing ardour of a girl's first love — from the pain and unrest of which she knew she was the cause, the idea of suicide did not even occur to her. Her quick pride would have instantly rejected what she held to be mean and cowardly. But how otherwise was she to accomplish that which she had now set her heart upon?

One evening, in former and happier days, James Drummond had amused his small domestic circle with a description of a strange land. It was a land distant and unnamed, far across the seas, to which had fled all those people who have mysteriously disappeared from among us—absconding merchants who have left their coats and hats on the bank of a river; young men entangled in a love-affair who have gone up a Welsh mountain and apparently never come down again; people supposed to have perished by shipwreck; married soldiers who have taken the opportunity of a great battle to escape from conjugal squabbles; and so forth, and so forth. In his idle, fanciful, desultory way, Mr. Drummond went on to describe this mysterious land, this earthly paradise where the debtor walked about free from his debts; where the young man no longer feared an action for breach of promise; where the "missing" soldier found peace at last. It was but a passing plaything; probably next day he could not have told that he had ever mentioned such a subject. But there was one present on that evening who put a higher value on Mr. Drummond's fancies and speculations than he did himself. Idle words sank deep into her heart; for they were the utterances of the man she loved.

And now it occurred to Violet North that she could do no better than go away to this unknown land across the seas; and when her friends had got over the temporary pain of believing her to have been drowned, they would soon forget; and he whom she most considered would regain that old bright cheerfulness of disposition that she remembered in the bygone time. What could be more simple? And yet she did not sleep much that night.

Early in the morning she arose, and dressed herself noiselessly. For a brief instant she had gone to the window, and she shuddered as she looked out on the gloom of the sleeping world. For the sea lay like a lake of ink all round the dark green shores; and the mountains of Mull were of a sombre purple akin to black; and the distant sky was dark with low and threatening swathes of cloud. Overhead, it is true, the heavy greys of the dawn were mottled here and there with tinges of crimson; but it was an angry and ominous conjunction; and she shivered as she turned away.

She stole quietly into the small chamber where Amy Warrener lay

asleep, and she but half awoke her girl-companion and friend.

"Are you going for a bathe, Violet?" said she, noticing the bag that the other had in her hand.

"I came in to say you had better not come with me this morning, Amy," said she, in a calm voice. "It is gloomy and cold; and I think it will rain."

"Then why do you go?"

"I must go," was the answer. "I have been out of sorts lately; I want something to waken me up. Now go to sleep, Amy."

For a second she stood irresolute. She would have given worlds to have touched her friend's hand, to have kissed her, and said good-bye, as a token of her farewell to all the household; but she did not dare to do that. She closed the door gently behind her; and went down stairs. In another minute she was outside.

And now far more awful than the gloom that lay over land and sea—over the dark mountains, and the woods, and the sullen waters that lapped along the desolate shore—was the silence of this dead world. Not a bird seemed to be stirring yet. The silence was absolute but for the whispering of the cold grey leaves of some willow-bushes that the wind of the morning stirred.

With her heart beating quick, she walked down the slope and along the valley towards the sea. She had no sense of injury to sustain her in what she was doing. If she had suffered any wrong at the hands of those whom she was leaving for ever, her pride would have come to her rescue. Wrong? She turned at the foot of the valley, and looked back to the small white cottage on the hill that held all that she cared for upon earth; but her eyes could not see much, for she was crying bitterly. And all that was in her heart then was a prayer that the peace of heaven might descend and rest upon that household; and that her well-beloved might never know with what an agony of grief she was now bidding him and his a last good-bye.

Then she turned again, and made her way towards the sea. And, as she was but dimly aware—for her mind was full of desolation—across the gloomy picture of the dawn the stealthy fingers of the rain began to creep, coldly and silently removing mountain after mountain, and leaving in their place a cloud of dismal grey. A chilling wind came blowing in from the sea; a cold, stinging drop or two of rain touched her face; the islands out there began to grow misty and remote; and then a slow, fine drizzle began to make the ferns by the roadside droop and the grass and weeds wetter than ever. She walked on blindly; perhaps it was the cold that made her seem to shiver from time to time.

At length she got down to a part of the coast where a bold and rocky promontory, partly covered by trees, went out into the sea, sheltering from the violence of the waves a small bay of fine sand. At the corner, where the sand met the black rocks, stood a small bathing-machine. There was not a human being to be descried anywhere at this early hour of the morning.

She went along the seaward edge of the rocks, and sate down, completely hidden from view by the trees. She took off her hat; and put on instead a bonnet to which was attached a thick veil. Then she sate motionless, thinking.

Of what did she think then—if that could be called thinking that was but a wild, bewildered groping in the blackness of despair? Of the days long ago, when the wild school-girl was full of an audacious life and gaiety; or of the quiet and pleasant evenings that she used to spend in that simple, beautiful, unworldly household, where all good and noble things were reverenced, and the mean and base had no existence; or of the dawning of that wonderful hope that for a brief time had added a strange glow and colour to her life? If she saw these beautiful pictures, it was as through a darkened glass. Her mind was overshadowed. She was almost as one that was dead.

Some mechanical instinct made her

think of the time. She looked at her watch. The great steamer, coming down from the Hebrides, and bound for Glasgow by way of the Mull, was due in an hour; and she had nearly three miles to walk to the pier. She rose.

Her funeral service was simple. She merely placed the small bag she carried on the rocks, close to the edge—so that they might imagine she dropped it there when she slipped and fell over—and then she threw her hat into the sea. She watched it float; the dark current was running strong; would they seek for her body far over there by the gloomy shores of Lismore and Morven?

She pulled the thick veil down over her face; and then she set out to walk to the quay—in the slow drizzle of the rain. She had now assumed a more courageous gait; she was resolved to bear herself bravely, now that she had to face the world for herself; in a pathetic, bewildered way she even tried to look at the merry side of the whole business, and wondered what the people in the steamer would say if they knew they had a dead woman on board. To aid this enforcement of courage, she tried to hum a cheerful air; but she quite broke down in that; for right in the middle of it she happened to catch a glimpse of that white cottage, far up the valley, in the midst of the greys and greens of the hills; and the merry song ended in a choking sensation of the throat. She turned away her head, and would look no more in that direction.

There was a great deal of bustle about the pier, for the big steamer from the north was just coming in, and there were cattle and goods to be landed. In the general confusion she would easily have escaped recognition, even if any of the people about had happened to know her; but in any case she only remained a minute or two on the quay, for as soon as the *Clansman* came in, she went on board, and got below, where she remained during the whole time the steamer was unloading and loading again. She was quite alone in the large cabin; few people coming from the north care to go round the Mull of Cantyre when they have the option of cutting through the Crinan Canal. She sate in a corner of the cabin, in the twilight, closely veiled; and it was not until she felt the vessel begin to throb with the action of the screw that she ventured up on deck. The *Clansman* was just putting off from the pier.

Was there not time to undo what she had done? As the steamer backed, she saw that she could easily spring on to the edge of the quay; and for a second she found herself almost driven to this leap, the despair of her isolation getting the mastery over her. But she held on firmly to an iron railing beside her. In another second the *Clansman* had got clear away from the pier, and was churning her way out to sea.

That dreadful morning seemed to consist of years. Was it not years since—in the half-forgotten long-ago—that she had looked up with a vague terror to the mottled grey and crimson of the sky, and shuddered at the awful silence of the world? How long ago was it she had sate on the rocks, and pictured to herself her friends coming down to seek for her, and finding her bag close to the edge of the precipice, where, as they would imagine, she had dropped it as she stumbled and fell into the depths below? Then the sad, despairing walk along the wet ways, in the silence of the morning. Now she was surrounded by the noise of many people talking in a strange tongue; and it all seemed a wild dream to her. She was not crying now. She was thinking, in a dull and confused way, of all manner of ordinary things—of the indifference of these poor Highland people to the rain; of the cattle on board; of the discomfort of travelling at night by rail from Greenock to London; of the two 5*l.* notes and the two sovereigns she had in her purse. The people about her were very busy with their own affairs, or they might have wondered why this tall girl, wrapped up in her waterproof and veil, stood there as motionless as a statue, gazing blankly at the coast they were leaving behind.

But by and by she became strangely agitated; for as the steamer got further away from the land, she came in view of the valley at the head of which stood Castle Bandbox, and she ought to have been able to get a glimpse of the white cottage on the hill, but she could not, for it was hidden behind the grey mists of the rain. And then it seemed to her that now at last her only friends were lost to her for ever and ever; and still her heart-strings clung to that wild shore and the misty valley until she thought they would break. The bitter agony of parting from all that she cared to know and see seemed worse to her than death itself; she would have welcomed with a glad joy a real death rather than the living death which now lay before her in her way through the world.

"*Far away—in the beautiful meadows—is the house of my home—Many a time I went out from it into the valley—O my beautiful, still valley, I greet you a thousand times—Farewell, farewell!*"

The echoes came to her from out of the half-forgotten past; they spoke of a time when such temporary partings were the sweetest pleasure compared to the bitterness she was now enduring. How yearningly the girl's heart clung to that fast-receding land! The world around her seemed to know she was leaving home, friends, and the one beautiful glad hope that for a time had brightened her life; and that she was leaving them for ever. Far over there, the long lines of hills seemed themselves clouded over with the darkness of grief; and the grey mists were weeping remote and in silence; and the very winds of heaven, blowing coldly about her, had but that one sad refrain—"*Farewell! Farewell!*" Then the coast disappeared altogether behind the mists of the rain; and she turned to the restless grey-green sea that was rushing by—the sea that in a short while her friends would be regarding as her nameless grave; and in her heart she prayed to God that as soon as may be the burden of life might be taken from her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN LONDON.

Damp and windy as was Euston Station on this wet and mild September morning, it was nevertheless a welcome relief from the close carriage in which she had slept but little during the night. She was glad to breathe the fresher air. She looked around with some surprise—for town sights were as yet unfamiliar to her—as she walked along towards the gate.

"Cab, miss?"

She wondered what a dead woman could want with a cab; and passed on.

But she was not blindly and heedlessly walking alone into the world of London. All the long night she had pondered over what she should do; and her high courage stood her in good stead. So far as might be, she had laid down shrewd, practical plans. She knew very well, for example, that with 9*l.* 10*s.* in her pocket, it was impossible for her to set out for that distant transatlantic region, where the mysteriously dead come to life again; she would have to remain in London, and support herself, and save money for the long voyage. Before getting a situation she would have to get lodgings; before looking about for proper lodgings, she would have to go to a hotel; before going to a hotel, she would have to provide herself with some luggage, for the sake of appearances. It was well that she had all these things to think about, just at this time.

A curious fancy took possession of her that she would like to have a look at her former home; and there was little risk in doing so, for she was deeply veiled, and besides it was the family breakfast hour.

"They don't know yet I am dead," she said to herself, "or I might appear at the window and give Anatolia a fright."

She was turning the corner of the railings when she was nearly knocked down by a tall white-bearded man who was pushing by in a great hurry. He

just avoided a collision; muttered "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon," and hastened on without noticing her.

But she had caught one swift glimpse of this man's face, and that was full of anxious pain.

She looked after him with a secret fear. Had he just got a telegram, then? Was he about to start for Scotland by the day-mail? Or had he just got a letter describing the unavailing search along the shore for the body of his daughter; and was he about to telegraph a reply? The bewilderment of trouble in her father's face touched her deeply, and she would fain have rushed after him, and confessed; but she hardened herself and remained firm.

"I am sorry for you, poor papa," she was thinking to herself, as she stood and looked after the retreating figure, "and for them, too; for you will all be pained for a little while. But in the end it will be better. In a year or two, you will all be happier; and by that time you will have forgotten all that was bad about me; and if you think of me at all, it will be a kindly sort of thinking."

So she walked on, assuring herself that she had done right; though her mind was still filled by the picture of that man hurrying by with a wild grief in his face.

In Tottenham Court Road, she purchased a large and heavy portmanteau, which further crippled her finances. but she reasoned with herself that a light portmanteau would provoke suspicion at the hotel; while, when she set sail for the mysterious region, a formidable portmanteau such as she had bought would come in handy. Having thus equipped herself with luggage, she got a four-wheeled cab, and bade the driver drive to a certain small and semi-private hotel in Great Portland Street. She had been there once with her father to visit some Canadian friends, and had been struck by the smiling and roseate face of the landlady.

The buxom dame, with her ruddy cheeks and her black curls, was standing in the hall when she entered. There was no great embarrassment about the tall and shapely young lady, who explained that she wanted a room for two or three days until she could provide herself with lodgings; but for a moment she quailed, for the landlady regarded her with a puzzled expression, as if she half-remembered the face. However, as Violet instantaneously recollected, she could not possibly know her name; and indeed the landlady dismissed the effort at recognition, and bade the hall-porter carry the young lady's luggage up to a particular room. The young lady asked if she might have some tea and dry toast sent up to her; her experiences in Canada perhaps accounting for the business-like air which she wore.

When she was quite alone she sat down and began to think. It was very terrible, this sensation of being in a strange house, among strange people, all by herself. If she felt like this already, how would she be able to reach that distant country in which she was to remain hidden for the rest of her life; or was this only the first plunge that affected her so?

A tap at the door made her heart jump; it was only a maidservant with a small tray. Before she went again, the girl said with a sudden impulse—

"Would you ask the landlady if she would kindly step up for a moment?"

The roseate face was a friendly face; the fat woman had regarded this girl with a friendly look of interest. And now—with a womanly seeking for sympathy—she would tell all of her story that needed to be told; and she would ask for advice, which she knew that comfortable-looking dame would not refuse.

Mrs. Roberts came up stairs, a little out of breath. She begged to be excused for taking a chair when she entered the room; Violet besought her to remain seated, as she wished to say something to her. Mrs. Roberts's round black eyes seemed to grow bigger and blacker with surprise when she heard how this beautiful young lady, with her refined ways, and her distinguished

carriage, and fashionable travelling-dress, was suddenly compelled to earn her own living, and was anxious to obtain any employment by which she could fairly support herself. Mrs. Roberts, indeed, was a little puzzled. She could not get over the impression that this young lady was a very superior person; and that to talk of her becoming a governess or lady's maid, or anything of that sort, was on the face of it ludicrous. But when Miss Violet, presuming on the evident interest which the good woman showed, asked her if she had any notion what wages the girls in the telegraph-offices got; then Mrs. Roberts began to believe that she was in earnest, and that one of those catastrophes which too frequently bring down superior persons to the most absolute poverty, had thrown this distinguished-looking young lady in a measure under her protection. The curious thing was, that she, as a landlady, and having the instincts and experiences of a landlady, never suspected Miss Violet North of being a professional swindler. All the outward circumstances of the case suggested that conclusion, and it may be said that of the various employments mentioned by Miss North there was none for which nature had so thoroughly fitted her as that of professional swindling; for she had a face and manner that instantly inspired confidence. This Mrs. Roberts, for example, looked at the girl's eyes, and heard her voice; and she was satisfied. She would have left her in charge of all the silver in the house.

Perhaps it may be said that if she had possessed the internal nature of a professional swindler, she would have lost this candour, and sweetness, and innocence which externally inspired confidence. But this is a dangerous theory. I remember Mr. Drummond giving us a long lecture one evening after dinner, when the ladies had left, about a photograph some one showed him of a notorious woman who was then being talked of all over England. The puzzle was how this woman had the simple innocence and sweetness of a girl of sixteen written in every lineament of her face, and shining in the amiability of her eyes. He declared it was no puzzle at all. He insisted that there were human beings so utterly lacking the moral sense that in the worst deeps of wickedness they preserved the innocence of ignorance. They were not depraved; they never had anything to deprave. This girl, he declared, as she sat down before the photographer, knowing that her portrait would be exhibited in every stationer's window, had no more sense of shame than a beast of the field. Look at the sparrow, said he, that does not think it mean or contemptible to filch from another sparrow a piece of bread lawfully the property of the latter; are there not women who have as simple a disregard for the other commandments as the sparrow has for the eighth? But this is getting too far afield; and we must return to the buxom landlady and her new *protégée*.

"Well, Miss——"

"Main," said Violet, at a venture.

"Miss Main, if you really do want some employment of that kind, I shall be glad to do what I can to help you; though it is not easy now-a-days, for all the young girls are too proud to become housemaids—they must educate themselves, and give themselves airs, and become assistants, and clerks, and showwomen in shops. My brother-in-law advertised not long ago for a young lady——. By the way, I should not wonder if he knew of something that would suit you. He is a photographer in Regent Street. If you like I will walk down with you to his place, by and by, when I have got affairs in order."

"I am sure it is very kind of you," said the girl—and indeed this sudden stumbling on a good-natured woman made the world seem better and brighter. "Whenever you have a few minutes to spare, I shall be ready. In the meantime, I think I will lie down; for I am rather tired; I have been travelling all night."

Mrs. Roberts left with a certai pleased sense of dignity and c

sequence. She was aiding, counselling, patronising one who was distinctly a superior person; for, if this girl had been of any common kind, would she not have eagerly refused to cause so much trouble? Whereas, the young lady accepted her good offices with evident gratitude, it is true, but still with a measure of calmness which showed she had been in the habit of receiving attention. What a fine thing it is to have dark and tender eyes, a proud, sweet mouth, and the ingenuous blush and smile of twenty. If Violet North had been less bountifully gifted by nature, she might have found it less easy to interest people in her favour on the very first day of her entrance into London.

It was nearly one o'clock before these two left the hotel, and by this time the streets had been completely dried up by the bright September sunshine. After the wet morning, crowds of mothers and daughters had come out to do their shopping; Oxford Street and Regent Street were full of animation. And Mrs. Roberts had attired herself somewhat splendidly; and was pleased to walk with this distinguished-looking young lady; and said to her, with a smile—

"Do you know, Miss Main, people would not imagine from your dress that you were inquiring for a situation where you will probably not get more than fourteen shilling a week?"

"As soon as I get work, I will get a dress to suit it," said the girl, meekly.

She was glad to get out of the glare of Regent Street; there was a terrible risk of her running against some of her father's friends. She followed the stout landlady up the gloomy little staircase. Presently they stood in a spacious chamber filled with coloured portraits of all sizes; and here they found one or two people meekly awaiting their fate, while some one was being operated on in the surgery above.

They had to wait a considerable time; for Mr. Roberts was a busy man. When at last he did appear—a tall, grave person, with an untidy dress and unkempt hair, his hands black with nitrate of silver—he seemed rather to resent the intrusion of his roseate sister-in-law. But he glanced at Violet.

"I have no vacancy," said he, in a quick, raucous voice. "I fancy Dowse has—my next-door neighbour—the furniture-people. I think he wants a young woman—a young lady—to keep the books: you can write a clear hand, of course? Write me a few lines at this table."

Violet was rather flurried by his quick, harsh way of speaking.

"I think I can write very well," said she, "but—but my hand trembles just now—"

"Oh," said he, as the next victim was asked to walk up stairs, "you had better go in and call on Mr. Dowse yourself. Excuse me; this is my busiest time in the day. Good-morning, Sally, good-morning."

The blithe landlady was not discomfited.

"We will go in at once and see Mr. Dowse," said she, with decision.

"I am putting you to a great deal of trouble," said Violet.

"We will talk about that afterwards," she replied.

Everybody has heard of—and a good many husbands know to their cost—the firm of Dowse and Son, the great artists in wall-papering, makers of Gothic furniture, carvers in wood and stone, and workers in metal. They are the high-priests of mediæval forms and colours; they have established a *cultus* in South Kensington; all about Campden Hill their disciples cry aloud against the gilded fripperies of these modern days. Even as you go past the gaudy windows in Regent-street, there is one that attracts you by its mysterious severity; the eye is arrested. For these regenerators of taste have not scrupled to employ the extreme methods of their art even in decorating their own business-premises; you must lay aside recollections of worldly vanity and vulgar comfort even as you enter that narrow and gloomy corridor which is painted a livid Egyptian red. You come to a

narrow door; the under part is of wood, painted a dead sea-green,—the upper part apparently consists of the ends of glass bottles, bars of brass crossing the semi-transparent panes. You enter, and are overawed. There is no trifling, no flippancy, in the stern, unyielding lines, in the massive forms, in the gloomy colours. The oak dado is studded with hand-painted tiles; there is an unpitying stare in the eyes of the falcon, and the leaves of that bit of apple-blossom will last for ever and ever. There is something severer than sadness in the cold grey-green of the wall. Then the broad frieze with its melancholy procession of figures, and its legend in stiff gold letters below: how can those men and women look happy when the firmament above them—that is to say, the roof—is of solid black and green, with splashes of orange leaves instead of stars?

Well, one must be fair to Messrs. Dowse and Son, and their fellow-workers. They have abolished floral carpets; they have banished gilded plaster; they have inspired a love of sound workmanship and honest materials. It is true that their theory of utility being the proper basis of all ornament is not always carried out; for they give us windows that are everything that is beautiful, only they don't let in light; and they give us dining-room sideboards that would shudder if cold meat were put on them instead of blue china; they give us mirrors that only reflect distortions, and place them so that even these can scarcely be seen; they give us quite lovely and remarkable fire-places, the most insignificant feature of which is the fire; and, indeed, when you have your dining-room finally furnished, and you ask some people to dine with you, you find, in looking round the room, that the furniture is everything, and the people nothing at all. But high art is as Schopenhauer in its contempt for the worthless race of man.

Now this Mr. Dowse was a stout, middle-sized, pink-faced, and white-haired man, who had eyes at once shrewd and genial. In business he was both keen and generous; his money came to him easily, and he spent it lightly; he had already made a large fortune for himself, and he was not at all slow to let the artists and artificers whom he employed share in his prosperity. He was an excellent master; he knew good work and would pay well for it; and he took good care to be paid very well for it in turn. When, having had some conversation with this tall young lady (and being quick to see the artistic value of her graceful figure and dark hair in these premises which he tried to make as like a private house as possible), and when, through some passing shyness, he had turned from her to Mrs. Roberts and quietly asked what salary the young lady required, and when Mrs. Roberts, boldly seizing the occasion, said a guinea a week, he assented at once. If she had said two guineas, he would have assented at once. He was almost carelessly liberal in such matters; partly because he made other people pay for his extravagance. So it was understood that Violet North was to have a week's trial in this Gothic furniture place; and she was given an elaborate illustrated catalogue that she might take home with her and become acquainted with its technical terms.

Then as to lodgings, Mrs. Roberts was good enough to provide her with these also. Miss North, or rather Miss Main, explained that it was necessary for her to save as much as ever she could out of that guinea a week, and that a single small room would be quite enough for her; she would be at work all day, and could dispense with a sitting-room at night.

"I wonder when they shut up that place in the evening?" she said.

Mrs. Roberts did not know; but pointed out that that was not the sort of place to expect late customers.

"Oh, but I hope they will keep open very late," said Miss Main.

"Why?"

"Because I shall have less time to by myself after getting home."

"But"—said the landlady, with

surprise—"have you no friends or acquaintances at all—not a single person to go to see of an evening—"

"Yes," said Miss Main, with a smile, "I will come and see you sometimes if you will let me."

"There is no one else?"

"Not any one. My friends are in Scotland. I suppose there is some stationer's shop about here where they lend you out books?"

The room that the girl eventually rented was in a house in Great Titchfield Street; she said it was absolutely necessary for her to live near Regent Street. And if Mrs. Roberts had happened to follow her *protégée* any morning as she went down to Mr. Dowse's warehouse, she would have observed that Miss Main, always deeply veiled, never walked along Oxford Street and down Regent Street, but invariably went down through the narrow little streets lying behind Regent Street and then got into that thoroughfare close by Mr. Dowse's place.

The week passed; and Mr. Dowse expressed himself quite satisfied. He even hoped that Miss Main found her situation comfortable; and hinted that if there was any alteration in hours, or anything of that sort, which she might prefer, she would have every consideration shown her. Indeed, her duties were not very severe; for every article was numbered and figured and priced in the catalogue, so that she had an unfailing book of reference. She had a pretty little desk all to herself considerably back in the premises; and she could see the ladies and gentlemen who came in to consult Mr. Dowse or his son, and she could hear them talk, herself being unnoticed in the half twilight. On the other hand, Mr. Dowse was glad to get an assistant who, besides being able to write clearly and well, never made any mistakes in the spelling of Italian words and put the proper accents over her French. Both father and son became very friendly with the young lady, and insensibly began to draw her into consultations about the colours of hangings, and so forth, until on some points her opinion was invariably asked. Once, indeed, Mr. Dowse senior was fairly surprised by some remark she made, and he said to her—

"I must say, Miss Main, that you seem to know a good deal about a great many things."

The girl cast her eyes down.

"I—I once lived with some friends," she said, timidly, "who knew everything, I think; and I used to hear them talk."

"You must have listened to good purpose," said he, in a kindly way.

Well, it was a sufficiently monotonous life that the girl led; but she reflected, with great gratitude, that it might have been much harder to bear. When she grew tired of reading at night in that solitary little room, she used to turn out the gas, and go and sit at the window. She stared out at the pavements, and the few passers-by and the gas-lamps, and the blazing windows of a distant public-house; but she did not see much of these things. A dream used to come before her eyes; and in place of the gaunt buildings opposite, she saw a wonderful and beautiful picture stretching out before her. It was twilight in the magical northern land; a faint glow of saffron and red dying out over the mountains of Mull; a clearer metallic greenish-yellow light all over the north; and the sea around the islands shining in silver-grey. And away down there in the south, over the black island of Kerrara, the new moon hung in the violet-hued heavens, its silver crescent cut in twain by a flake of purple cloud. She could hear the wash of the waves around the shores.

Then she thought of her friends there, especially of him who had been more than any friend to her. It might have been expected that now she had cut herself off for ever from those old friends and old associations, and become surrounded by new persons and new circumstances, the latter would dull the influence of the former over her. No such thing was possible. That unseen influence governed her; it interpenetrated her very nature. Her love for

this man took the form of an idolatrous reverence for all that he had taught her, for all that she had heard him say. More than ever she would have had to confess to herself, as she had confessed in former days, *Thou art my life, my love, my heart; the very eyes of me.* It was through his eyes that she still saw the world around her, however indifferent it had become to her. It used to move her admiration to see how that tall student of men and manners seemed to be interested in everything, and how he was quite content to go anywhere, certain to be amused if not instructed. She could not pretend to this keen, restless curiosity; for the world had grown very tame to her; but her impressions of things were as certainly moulded by his influence over her as if he had been there to speak to her. One night she got tired of sitting and staring out at the empty streets. She re-lit the gas, and took out a small note-book from her pocket. She would try to recollect all the things that he had said to her—those chance reflections which he dropped from time to time in the careless flow of his talk—and this would be the only memento of him she would be able to take with her when she left England for ever. And so the meek Boswell began to put down these lines:—

Did you ever try to extinguish a piece of wood at night, and find at the end but one red spark, a beautiful red eye that came again and again through the black as you struck at it with the poker—without feeling that you were a murderer, and the destroyer of a beautiful secret life?

The only hope of posthumous fame that an ordinary Englishman has, is to live in the memory of his children and other relations. This is a great moral safeguard; it has the most beneficial influence during life.

Everybody is vain; but some people have the faculty of concealing their vanity. On the other hand, ought that to be considered a vice which is a universal, ingrained, inevitable constituent of human nature? What is the good of protesting that the sky ought to be pink?

The man who considers himself wholly independent of other people—as owing nothing to them that he cannot pay—is a dastardly repudiator of millions of debts of obligation, not one of which has been paid, or could be paid, to the real creditor. All his life long, he has been saying to person after person, "I am much obliged to you;" and if he were anything else than a miserable sneak he would make of these perpetual small obligations a general fund to be drawn upon when occasion offers. The other day a woman said she would be much obliged to me if I bought a box of matches of her. I bought the box of matches. But what is the use of her being obliged to me when I shall never see her again? She ought to pay off the obligation to her husband or to her children.

And so she wrote on; but how cold and formal these things looked wanting the quick variation of tone and the look of the bright, observant eyes! They were but as dead leaves shaken off from the living tree; one could scarcely believe that these poor withered things had ever shone green in the sunlight.

As she turned over page after page, she came to a scrap of printed matter, apparently cut out of a newspaper. It was a paragraph describing a "Sad Occurrence in the Highlands;" and it told how a young lady, daughter of Sir Acton North, the well-known engineer, had been on a visit to some friends in the Highlands, and how, going on a certain morning for her accustomed bathe in the sea, she must have stumbled, fallen down the rocks, and been drowned, her hand-bag having been found at the edge of the rocks, and her hat having been picked up by some fishermen a mile or two further along the coast.

"And not a word in praise of me," she was thinking to herself, as she looked at the well-worn bit of paper.

"Just when you are recently dead, they generally say nice things about you. Here they don't even mention the sweetness of my temper, which even my friends—particularly Lady North—universally acknowledged while I was alive. But perhaps they will publish a memoir of me some day, under the title of *The Meek School-girl; an Example for all Good Young Children.*"

She pushed the book and the bit of paper away; her eyes were tired, and perhaps a trifle sad in spite of all her joking. She leaned her arms on the table, and put down her head on them, and looked as if she slept. That was how she let the spirit escape from its prison-house; London no longer held her at this moment; for she was up at Isle Ornsay, in the clear light of the summer days, with the blue waters around her, and sweet airs blowing over from the hills. That was the beautiful, shining land where life had seemed fair and lovely to her for a brief while; and in this solitude of London, with its hopeless days and lonely evenings, her sick heart yearned back towards that never-to-be-forgotten time, and she saw it again before her as a dream. Was not this the *Sea-Pyot*, with her white sails shining in the sun? Over there, at the point of the land, was the lighthouse; presently they would go scudding by, to raise flocks of screaming sea-birds off the rocks. Are the guns on deck?—there may be curlew in the bay beyond. And see how the green waves rush by, breaking in masses of foam; and how the great sails strain with the wind; and how the prow of the shapely little vessel rises and breasts the swell of the waters. Whither away now?—still further into the far northern solitudes, full of mystery and tenderness, where the air is sweet, and God himself seems near in the awful silence of the mountains and the majesty of the rolling seas? Enough. She rises, here in this poor lodging-house in London, and her eyes are so blinded by her tears that as she looks around her she scarce can tell whether the beautiful, pathetic dream has wholly gone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LAURELS AT WOMBLEY FLAT.

The Dowse family, father, mother, and son, lived near Eton, the members of the firm getting down each evening in time for dinner. If nothing but high art was known in their place in Regent Street, nothing but middle-class comfort, of a somewhat profuse order, reigned throughout The Laurels, Wombley Flat. It was a large, irregular, white-washed house, with verandas, plenty of conservatories, French windows throwing in floods of light into the rooms, lounging easy-chairs of all sorts of shapes, old-fashioned grates, with hobs to them, and cigar ash-trays on the drawing-room mantelpiece.

On Friday evening the Dowses were as usual dining together. Mrs. Dowse had been a slim and spry young burlesque-actress when Mr. Dowse married her and carried her off the stage; she was now a portly and elderly person, with a comfortable, complexionless face, and silvery grey hair, who dearly loved her mid-day lunch and its bottled stout, and who wore a good deal of jewellery in the evening. Her son was also fat and pale of face, parting his auburn hair in the middle, and combing it down on his forehead. He was the member of the firm who lent solemnity and mystery to its transactions. It was he who devised schemes of colouring for the interior of a house; and there was a certain vague earnestness of belief about him which qualified and condoned the shrewd and sometimes jocular look of his father. Dowse *Père* treated the esoteric talk of Dowse *Fils* with great respect; he saw that other people believed in those subtle laws of tone and harmony; he was content to leave the whole arrangement of a house in the hands of his son, while he undertook the not unprofitable business of furnishing it with high-art furniture.

"Mother," said Mr. Edward Dowse, on this particular evening, "I had a

talk with Roberts, the photographer, to-day about that young lady we have had with us now for some time——"

"Miss Main."

"Yes; and she seems to be a greater mystery than ever. His sister-in-law tells him that the girl lives the life of a hermit; goes straight home every evening, and never stirs out; spends her time in reading or writing. On the Sunday forenoon, when everybody else is at church, she goes for a walk in Regent's Park; in the afternoon when everybody else is at home or out walking, she goes to church. That is a lively sort of life, isn't it?"

"And what is the mystery, Teddy?" asked Mrs. Dowse, with just a trace of Irish accent.

"Why, it appears Mrs. Roberts knew nothing at all about her before she brought her into our place. Did you know that, father?"

Mr. Dowse was at all times disposed to take an easy, after-dinner view of things; and more particularly at the present moment was he unlikely to bother his head about the missing portions in the history of Miss Main.

"Well, I didn't," said he. "I imagined she was some sort of acquaintance. But what does it matter? The proof of a puddin', you know. Miss Main answers our purpose admirably."

"I did not mean that at all," said Dowse Junior, with a flush coming into his pale face; for did it not appear that he had been suggesting suspicions? "I was thinking of something quite different. Now just look at the life that girl is leading. It isn't fit for a human creature. And I don't believe she has a friend in London——"

"Well, well?" said Mr. Dowse, dreamily; he was thinking of having his cigar in the drawing-room, with Mrs. Dowse singing her favourite old Irish songs to him.

"Well, mother, what do you say to running up to town to-morrow, and persuading the girl to come down here with you till the Monday? It would be an act of common Christian charity; and I can assure you she is a most ladylike girl——"

"I'll do it, I will, Teddy, if ye like," said she, readily, and she looked at her husband.

Mr. Dowse had frequently a quiet laugh to himself at his wife and son, who were really simple, good-natured people, with not much sense of humour in their composition: but on this occasion he could not altogether keep silent, even in yielding to them.

"Let us have a clear understanding about it, Teddy," said he. "I don't mind her coming here—indeed, she deserves a holiday, for she is the most tremendously conscientious girl about her work I ever saw. That's all very fine, you know; but is that the whole of it? I hope you don't mean to introduce her into the firm—Dowse, Son, and Daughter-in-law?"

"And what's the use of your putting such nonsense into the boy's head?" cried Mrs. Dowse; but she laughed all the time, for she had seen the handsome young lady many a time, and if the boy would like to have a pretty wife, why shouldn't he?

The young man, though he blushed worse than ever, affected to treat this suggestion as too ridiculous.

"Why, I know," said he, "that she is engaged to some Scotchman or other."

"And how did you find that out, Teddy?" asked his mother.

"The simplest thing in the world," said he, though he was not a little proud of his astuteness. "She is always quoting the sayings and opinions of some friends of hers in Scotland; and you can easily see they are the opinions of a man—a woman wouldn't believe so much in another woman. She has no friends in London—he must be a Scotchman——"

"But how do you know she is engaged to him?"

"Well, can you imagine a beautiful girl like that without a sweetheart? Impossible!"

The object of Dowse Junior in asking this favour—which was immediately granted by his indulgent parents—was a mixed one. Doubtless he did feel some pity for the girl; and knew tha'

he was doing a friendly action in breaking in on the monotony of her life. But Edward Dowse had a number of nebulous ambitions floating about in his mind; the study of the mysterious harmonies of colours was only his outward and visible calling. Sometimes he dreamed he would be a great painter; at other times a certain vein of poetical sentiment, which he undoubtedly possessed, enabled him to compose a sonnet or a lyric of some mild merit. These aspirations never amounted to a passion; he was haunted by self-criticism; probably he had too wide and intelligent a knowledge of the methods of other people ever to attack any definite, original work boldly, and without thought of anything but his own purpose. However, the aspirations remained floating about in a mind that had too many half-formed sympathies. The more he looked at this girl, the more he was fascinated by the possibility that she might become the shock that would suddenly precipitate the floating crystals of his fancy. He seemed to gather strength as he regarded her; there was something dauntless and high-spirited in her bearing which might inspire a man to write a fiery poem of patriotism and war. There was a mystery, too, about her; she might reveal to him some tragedy—some glimpse of the pain, and suffering, and fortitude, to be met with among the commonplaceness of life. He did not wish to fall in love with her; but he was fascinated by her; and he wondered whether he might not learn something of the story that was hidden behind that proud reserve of hers.

Mrs. Dowse had a hard fight of it with Violet, who, with great gratitude but also with much firmness, declined to go down to Berkshire. But Mrs. Dowse had not come up to London for nothing. Pressed into a corner, the girl weakly based her defence on the fact that she had no travelling-bag; whereupon a travelling-bag was instantly produced by Mr. Dowse himself, who forthwith sent off his wife and Miss Violet in a cab to the lodgings of the latter, where she made a few necessary preparations for her brief journey. Mrs. Dowse was very kind to her.

Now if these friendly people had any notion before that there was some mystery about the girl, they were not likely to have the impression removed by a closer acquaintance. She seemed strangely familiar with modes of life not likely to come within the ken of a shop-assistant. Yet she talked very little during the railway journey; they could not understand why she should be so sad and silent, when they were taking her off for a holiday.

It was her first glimpse of the country since she had been up among the Highland hills and seas; the first time she had escaped from the prison of the city. And yet these out-of-door sights seemed somehow strange and unnatural; the outer world had changed since last she saw blue skies and green fields. True, this midday sky was blue enough, when they got well outside London; and the sun was shining down on green meadows; but the green was raw, wet, and wintry. Out by Ealing and Hanwell they came into the region of orchards; the leafless branches of the short and stumpy trees were black. But still further out the trees were not wholly leafless; the oaks were still of a russet-brown, the elms of a golden yellow, the pines dark green; and then they got into the country proper, where there were long stretches of ploughed land, and here and there a field green with spring wheat just coming up; and dank meadows with sheep in them that would have been badly off without turnips. Moreover, though it was November, there was a spring-like mildness in the air; and the skies were blue enough; was it only fancy that convinced her the world had changed so much within a couple of months or so?

A wagonette and pair of handsome greys met them at Windsor station; Mrs. Dowse got up on the box-seat and took the reins—Violet sitting next her, the others getting in behind. Away they drove down the town, and over the bridge, and out through the old-

fashioned streets of Eton. Violet's spirits rose. Here the air smelt sweet; and she was fond of driving.

"I see you don't use bearing-reins," said she, lightly to her companion. "I remember one of my father's horses that never would go with the bearing-rein. It was no use. There was merely a jibbing-match when they tried to fasten up his head; and yet you never saw an animal that held his head better—without any bearing-rein at all. It used to look odd, though, to have a bearing-rein on one horse, and not on the other."

She had no thought of what she was saying; but Mrs. Dowse had. So this young lady's father had his carriage and pair of horses.

When they had reached The Laurels, and when Violet had been shown upstairs to her room, Mrs. Dowse did not fail to repeat to her husband and son that bit of conversation. But Dowse senior repudiated his wife's inference.

"Nonsense, Florry. Her father may be a coachman, who has given his daughter a good education. The poorer classes in Scotland are very well educated."

"But she is not Scotch."

"No; no more she is. Oh, well, if her father was a Duke, it doesn't matter. Suppose we call her Lady Violet?"

"I should not be surprised," said Dowse junior, with a mysterious air, "to learn that her name was not Main at all."

"What's that?" said his father, sharply. "Do you mean to say we have got one of the swell mob into the house—who is to open the doors to her confederates in the middle of the night—that we may be all murdered and robbed? This is a pretty pass you have brought us to by your benevolent pity."

Mr. Edward Dowse did not like being made fun of; he opened one of the French windows, and went out on the lawn.

Now, when Violet came down, Mrs. Dowse proposed that they should go round the garden and have a look at the place generally; and here, also, their guest betrayed an amount of knowledge which was scarcely to be expected. She knew all the finest flowers in the conservatories; she knew how these ought to be kept when cut; had they heard of the new Java plant that a particular florist was selling at twenty pounds a piece? They discovered, however, that she was clearly not a country-bred girl. She knew nothing about pigeons, or about the various breeds of fowls, or even about vineries; and she was quite helpless in the kitchen-garden. Nevertheless, she was very much interested; and they spent the afternoon right pleasantly, until the gathering twilight and the chilly air bade them go in and dress for dinner.

The more that Edward Dowse saw of this girl, the more was his curiosity stimulated. He sate opposite her at dinner, and could see the effect of everything that was said on the expression of her face. She had been a trifle embarrassed at first; that had worn off; now she was talking quite brightly and cheerfully—it was some time since she had been roused into vivacity by social intercourse. And all these speeches of hers were in a measure a revelation of herself; he began to fashion imaginary histories of her.

His fanciful study of her, however, was interrupted by a singular little incident. He was talking of certain artists whom he knew; and happened to mention, quite accidentally, the Judæum Club. She instantly looked up, and said, quickly—

"Do you—know that club?"

"I am a member of it," he answered.

The girl was silent for some time after that; but he never forgot the quick look of anxiety—almost of fright—that passed over her face as she asked the question. That she knew some one in that club, he considered obvious; and also that that some one had had something to do with her previous history. Here, indeed, was somethin for him to think about.

If Violet had been seized with sudden fear on learning that this yo

man belonged to the club of which George Miller was a member, she did not let the knowledge disturb her enjoyment of that evening. They had really a very pleasant evening; though it sometimes recalled other evenings that were now best hidden away in the past. There was a blazing fire in the white and gold drawing-room; and a good deal of cigar-smoke too. Mrs. Dowse, in a worn and feeble voice, the defects of which were almost condoned by her cleverness of expression, sang all sorts of old and familiar Irish songs; and sang them very nicely indeed. Then she would have her son sing, also; and Violet had a suspicion that these pretty little chansonettes that he sang, with their tears and roses, and nights profound, were of his own composition. She did not care much for that kind of thing; she had been educated in a robuster air. When Mr. Dowse hinted that perhaps Miss Violet also sang, she went to the piano at once, and there was mischief in her face.

Now the young lady had the poorest opinion of her own singing, and in ordinary circumstances would have flatly declined to make what she considered an exhibition of herself; but a certain rebellious feeling had got the better of her, and she was determined to give a counterblast to all those melancholy utterances of an affected French sentiment. She was fresh from the North; hothouse airs sickened her. There was a malicious humour in her face as she sang, at random, and with some briskness, the good, old, wholesome ballad of Willie's visit to Melville Castle, which, as it may not be known much in the South, one may be pardoned for quoting here.

"O Willie's gane to Melville Castle,
Boots and spurs and a',"

—it begins; and there was a sort of gallant and martial air about the singer that convinced one of the listeners that if she had been born a man she would most assuredly have become a soldier.

"To bid the Leddies a farewell,
Before he gaed awa'.

"The first he met was Lady Bet,
Who led him through the ha';
And wi' a sad and sorry heart
She let the tears doon fa'.

"Near the fire stood Lady Grace,
Said ne'er a word ava;
She thought that she was sure o' him
Before he gaed awa.'

"The next he saw was Lady Kate:
Guid troth, ye needna craw'
Maybe the lad will fancy me
And disappoint ye a'."

By this time Violet could scarcely sing for laughing; and Mr. Edward Dowse had a sore suspicion that she was making fun of those transcendental longings of his, in rose-gardens, with bruised hearts, and the ashes of dead love grey in the moonlight. Mr. Dowse, too, woke up; he was not at home in French metrical composition; but here was something distinctly intelligible. She continued:—

"Then down the stair skipt Lady Jean,
The flower among them a';
Oh, lasses, trust in Providence,
And ye'll get husbands a'.

"As on his steed he gallop'd off,
They a' cam to the door;
He gaily raised his feathered plume;
They set up sic a roar!

"Their sighs, their cries brought Willie back,
He kissed them ane and a';
'Oh, lasses, bide till I come hame,
And then I'll wed ye a'!"

She was not ashamed of the graceless song, as she rose from the piano with a malicious look still in her eyes; and Mrs. Dowse was vastly delighted with it. But as for the person whom it was meant to convert to the notion that after all there was a little humour in human nature, and that a man could not spend his life in beating his forehead in the dust before a mysterious, scornful, and probably rather foolish woman, he was just a trifle offended at first, and would even have ventured on some disparagement of Scotland and Scotch literature generally had he not been promptly warned off that dangerous ground. These dissensions were brought to an end by a servant bringing in the candles and putting them conspicuously in the middle of the table.

That was a custom against which Mr. Dowse protested in vain; his wife would have it that it was better to light your candle in the drawing-room than in the cold hall.

Mr. Edward Dowse went up to his own room, which seemed to be partially fitted up as a study. There was a big fire burning in the grate; a comfortable easy-chair before it; a table with a box of cigars, a bottle of claret, and writing materials on it. He lit a cigar, and sate down before the fire.

He was a much more impressionable and imaginative young man than Mr. George Miller; and there was something in the nature of this girl—even in her courageous manner—that affected him keenly because he was so absolutely destitute of the same qualities himself. She had put some fire and nerve into his somewhat nebulous brain; at this moment, as he poured out a glass of claret, he wished the glass could have been a bowl—a beaker he could have quaffed to Lady Jean as she came down the stair. Soldiers' songs began to stir in his memory; he drank a glass or two of claret; some ringing phrase caught his fancy—surely he, too, could write something that would rouse the heart like the call of a trumpet. He began to pace up and down the room nervously — coining phrases, rhymes, and so forth; and then he hurriedly sate down to the big white sheet of paper. What would she say to this?—

"*Stand up, my lads!—I give to-day,*
The heroes bold of Tanqueray!
Be they in heaven, or down in hell,
Or living still, I cannot tell:
What matters it? Up, and give a drain
To heroes living and heroes slain!
And deepest of all to those, I say,
Who fought like fiends at Tanqueray!"

He was positively trembling with nervous excitement; he threw his cigar into the fire, drank some more claret, and continued the rapid, scrawling, nervous handwriting:—

"*God's truth, it was the dead o' night*
We stole like wild cats up the height;
And Highland Billy he cursed and swore
He never had seen such rocks before.
'Kee Vee!' says a fellow. I dealt him a blow
That sent his soul to the devils below;
And then with a yell, and a laugh and a cheer
Made the wakening Frenchies shiver with fear,
We sprang at the guns!—Boys, that was the way
We began the divarsion at Tanqueray!"

This, now, was the sort of ballad to put before the girl whom he likened to Brünhilde, the warrior-queen—the fierce maiden repellent of love—unapproachable, unconquerable!

"*Asleep? Not they! All the black of the night*
Began to sputter with jets of light—
And higher and higher—
And nigher and nigher
Came the crackle and roar of the musketry fire!
'Curse them, I'm done!'—I heard him fall—
That was the last of poor Pat from Youghal"—

——and that was the last, too, of the glorious legend of Tanqueray, wherever Tanqueray may be! There was no staying-power in the young man. He had got so far when he began to fear he had heard something like it before; and this uneasy consciousness caused him to throw down the pen and take up the paper. He would look it over; and so he lit another cigar.

It did not read so well now. It was shockingly out of keeping with those mystic sonnets of passion which he hoped to publish some day; and what would ladies say to so much bad language? What would Brünhilde herself say?

Brünhilde would have said nothing at all; but it is probable she would have, as usual, fallen back, in her own thoughts, on a remark of her master's—*Force of phrase is only the bit of clay that a butcher's boy flings at a brick wall in passing; force of feeling is the strong, inevitable, gentle wind that carries a ship across the sea.* It was not her judgment, but the judgment of James Drummond, that would have spoken. He was still —she knew he would be to the end—the "very eyes" of her.

As for this hysteric effort of a wea man to assume the language of a coa

and strong man, it became more and more distasteful to the author of it, who tore up the paper, threw his second cigar into the fire, and got to bed; so that the world was deprived for ever of the ballad of the fierce fight at Tanqueray.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN ENCOUNTER.

VIOLET came down next morning to the clean, bright breakfast-room. The French windows showed her the sunlight shining on the green lawn outside and on the yellow leaves left on the chestnuts. There was a brisk fire burning in the grate. All this bright, warm comfort, and the strange quiet of the Sunday morning, even the spotless purity of the table-linen, seemed so different from London.

She feared all this. She wished she had not made the acquaintance of these friendly people. She would rather have been without this glimpse of kindly home-life before she left England for ever. The world had grown very dark for her; and as her chief wish now was to be out of it, she did not care to make new friends or cultivate new associations she might have to leave with some regret. That lonely room in London was more to her liking.

Mrs. Dowse came bustling into the breakfast-room, smiling, radiant, apologising to Violet for being late, and almost apologising for having dressed herself somewhat smartly. She said she had given up the notion of surviving her husband and marrying again; so that she could not afford to forfeit Richard's affections by sinking into slatternly habits. Richard liked to see her smartly dressed in the morning; and there was nobody else to dress for. If she were lost, Richard would advertise that she was not of the slightest use to any one but the owner. And so the good-natured woman chattered on in a friendly way; and Violet really began to like her, despite her somewhat heavy golden chains and brooches.

At breakfast, Violet seemed rather disinclined to go to church; but when Edward Dowse — who looked rather pale and unhealthy in the morning— suggested that they should have the wagonette and drive away to a certain remote and picturesque little parish church which he named, she eagerly assented to that. In due time they started.

"Why do you wear a veil in the country, Miss Main?" said Mrs. Dowse, with a smile.

"I suppose it is habit," the girl said.

It was indeed an ancient and picturesque little church they reached at length; the outside largely overgrown with ivy, the inside quaint, dusky, and smelling of damp. They were country people who sate in the benches — mostly old, wrinkled, and bowed. The parson was a rubicund, benevolent-looking man; presently his voice sounded in a monotonous and melancholy manner through the hushed little building.

She heard little of the service; her heart was sore. It seemed to her that this small out-of-the-way church was a bit of that "old" England that was very dear to her and that she was about to leave for ever. Leaving London was nothing. But where in that far land to which she was going would she find the old-fashioned parish church, and the simple peasants, and the easy-going paternal pastor? It was all part of a picture that had been familiar to her from her childhood— the ivy on the walls, the dull diamonded panes inside, the marble tablets, the oaken pews, and the fresh-washed faces of the girls who stood up in the choir to sing. Sometimes, in London, she went to a very grand church, which had fine architecture without and elaborate decorations within; and she was much impressed by the music and she listened attentively to the sermon. She had never thought twice about leaving that. Here, in this Berkshire church, she paid but little notice to the different parts of the service, and the monotonous voice of the parson rambled on through his discourse unheeded; but she knew that she would remember this little building and its people and services

when she was far away, and would know that she had left behind her a part of herself that no other country in the world could give her. More and more she began to regret that she had ever been tempted away, even for a day from the lifeless life she was leading in London.

There was another reason, too, why she wished to be safely back in her hiding-place. She could never say that by accident she might not stumble on some one who knew herself or her father, so long as she was moving about among strangers and strange places. In London she was secure. She had even a sense of freedom there. She had got accustomed to that plan of life which she had devised as best likely to prevent detection; and it was no longer an embarrassment. In the twilight that prevailed over her desk she was safe. In the back streets leading up to Oxford-street she was safe. Once the plunge across that thoroughfare taken—and she had a thick veil to conceal her face—she was close to her lodgings, and she was again safe.

But here, driving about, travelling by rail, and so on, who could tell? Moreover, she had been greatly disturbed on learning that Edward Dowse was a member of the Judæum. She knew that in such an association of perhaps fifteen hundred persons, it did not at all follow that one picked out at random should happen to know a certain other one; but there was always the risk; and if Edward Dowse did happen to have the acquaintance of George Miller, all that she had done might suddenly be rendered useless. While she remained in London, her conversation with the Dowses, father and son, had been almost exclusively about business-affairs. Edward Dowse would never have thought of telling her that he was a member of the Judæum. On the other hand, he had not even the right to take a friendly interest in her affairs. They were practically strangers, and apart. Now the case was somewhat different; and as the girl knew perfectly well that the Dowses must suspect her of having belonged to a condition in life superior to that which she was now in, she began more and more to dread the consequences of this kindly interference in her welfare.

Then she noticed, with some dismay, that Edward Dowse would persistently talk to her about the Judæum Club. At luncheon, for example, he sate opposite her—she facing the window, he in shadow; and she knew that his eyes were fixed on her as he proceeded to speak of this man and that man, professing to give humorous little sketches of them. They were not as keen, shrewd, and accurate sketches as George Miller could have given of some of his fellows; they were loose, imaginative, and rather weak; but she noticed that he always mentioned each man by name. The fancy leapt into her head that this young man had noticed her embarrassment on the preceding evening, when he announced that he was a member of the Judæum Club; and that now he was trying to find out—by the same key—which of the members she knew. Her supposition was correct.

The mystery about this girl fascinated the young man. Perhaps it was more a literary than a personal interest he had in her—he imagined possibilities of romance in connection with her which might perchance feed his poetic flame; but at all events he was determined to find out, if he could, who and what she really was. The method of discovery he employed was not highly ingenious, but he persevered with it; while the mere suspicion on her part that he was talking about clubs for this purpose produced a great embarrassment in the girl's manner, which rendered it certain that if he did mention the right name by accident, she would assuredly betray herself.

"After all," he was saying, "there is a democratic equality and independence about an ordinary big club that you don't get in the smaller clubs that are founded by distinguished people for particular purposes. In these small clubs the big men tyrannise over you; and they do that when they are dead,

too. You go into the place as a guest; your friend tells you that the club was founded by So-and-so; you look round the room at the nobodies who are there, and wonder at the cheek of the man who sits in the chair at the head of the table. These ghosts of the big men overshadow the place. But in an ordinary large club, like a hotel, Mr. Ferdinand Stettin, the wool-broker, is quite as good as the Hon. Arthur Hunt, who is Lord Exington's youngest son, and Dalrymple the stockbroker pays for his lives at pool just like Captain Duke, who has got the V.C."

Stettin—Hunt—Dalrymple—Duke: it was rather clever to get four names, apparently at haphazard, into the one sentence. But they were useless.

"Do you play pool?" said she, making a desperate effort to get him away from talking of his club-acquaintances.

"A little—not much," said he, modestly: the fact being that he had played it once, and had lost his three lives in about five minutes.

"A friend of mine," she continued—still hurriedly—to get him away from the club, "used to say that that was the only thing worth saving money for——"

"To play pool?"

"Oh, no," she said, quickly, for she was a trifle confused. "He used to say that if life were like a game at pool, and you could at the end of it 'star' and come to life again, by paying money, then it would be worth while saving up money. He could not understand any one hoarding money for any other purpose. That is the phrase, is it not—'to star'?"

"I believe so," said the accomplished pool-player.

He was not thinking of pool at all; but of this unknown and mysterious friend of hers. So he played in the billiard-room at the Judæum? That was a further clue; and here indeed, young Mr. Dowse was getting "warm," as children say at blind-man's-buff, although, as a matter-of-fact, she had not been talking of George Miller at all.

In the end he was baffled—at least, so far as that day was concerned. He did know George Miller—as club-men know each other—but by some strange accident he never happened to mention the name. Moreover he could not go on all day talking about clubs, especially as the girl made valiant efforts to drag the conversation elsewhere. At night, in communion with himself over a cigar, he had to confess that he had failed; and that he knew no more about Miss Main now than when she had started with them the day before, except, perhaps, that it was more manifest than ever that she had not been born and brought up in the condition of life which she now, voluntarily or involuntarily, occupied.

Violet was glad to return to London. Mrs. Dowse had been good enough to say, as the girl left on the Monday morning, that she hoped her next visit would be a longer one; and the young lady had returned her grateful thanks, without making any promise.

She returned to her book-keeping duties, to her veiled and hurried flights across the greater thoroughfares, to the silent and monotonous evenings in that small room, herself alone with her books, and her memoranda, and her dreams. She was growing impatient now; pinch as she might, her savings increased but slowly. Including the money she had at the outset, she was now possessed of something like 13*l.*; but what was that? She could not set out on her voyage to the land in which the dead come to life again, with only 13*l.* in her pocket; she could not even get to New York—which she had come to consider as the first point to be gained.

One evening Mrs. Roberts called on her; there was a roguish look on the roseate face; the good woman was determined to be facetiously angry.

"Miss Main," said she, "I am come to talk seriously to you. I have been speaking with your landlady; she says you eat nothing."

"I am sure I eat as much as anyone: do I look as if I were starving?" said the girl cheerfully.

"You are not looking well at all. You may not know it; but you are not. Now—you will excuse me—but I said I

would look after you whether you liked it or not—and now if you are trying to save a little money, seeing that you are all alone like—what I say is this, don't save it out of your eating and drinking, but ask Mr. Dowse to raise your salary: that is what I say."

The girl never thought of denying that she was trying hard to save money.

"I could not do that, Mrs. Roberts. I am sure I am very well paid."

"Oh, nonsense. The Dowses are very rich; they ought to give you thirty shillings a week now—and they would do it in a moment if you asked them."

"I could not ask them."

"Then I will."

Violet was irresolute. On the one hand, she was exceedingly anxious to get away from England; on the other, she had a humiliating consciousness that if the Dowses gave her this increase of salary, it would be out of a friendly compassion.

"Then there is another thing," continued the impulsive Mrs. Roberts, smoothing the black hair over her shining face. "My brother-in-law spoke to me about it yesterday. He wishes to introduce some new process that he has bought from an American; and he wants to get one or two good subjects—to make good pictures, you know. Now—would you mind sitting to him some forenoon—Mr. Dowse could spare you for an hour or two—and —and you might as well have a five pound note as not, if I may venture to tell you a secret—."

The girl's face flushed; but she was not angry.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Roberts. I could not do that."

"He says you would make a capital subject—perhaps with a bit of fancy costume—."

"I really could not do that," the girl said, quickly. "It is very kind of you, however. Let us talk about something else, Mrs. Roberts. Do you know anybody in New York?"

"In New York?" said the landlady, with a sharp glance. "Do you think of going to New York?"

The question was so direct that Violet answered it unawares.

"Yes—by-and-by."

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Roberts, rather anxiously. "And if you will allow me to say so, I think it is rather dangerous for a young lady to be going about like that—quite alone—."

"Yes; but what if there is no one to go with her?" said the girl, without any bitterness at all.

"You know, Miss Main," said the landlady, earnestly, "you would soon make friends enough, if you cared to; but if you go from one town to another, how can you?"

"Does your brother-in-law know anybody in New York?"

"I will ask him if you like; but I hope you won't think of going."

Instead, however, of asking Mr. Roberts about his American friends, she went down to Mr. Dowse and told him that Miss Main had some notion of going to New York; and that, if he wished to retain her services, he ought at once to raise her salary. Mr. Dowse had not the least objection; although, he said, before Miss Main had formed any such intention she might have made complaint to himself. Mrs. Roberts replied that Miss Main had made no complaint to any one; and from that moment Miss Main received the very handsome salary—all things considered—of thirty shillings a week.

Now indeed her small hoard of savings began to increase more appreciably; and she looked forward with some sad hope to the time when she should be released from the fear which more or less haunted her while she remained in this country. So far, all her plans had been successful.

So far, only. One evening as she was hurrying home, she found herself stopped by a man who would not get out of her way. With some indignation she looked up; and then she could scarcely repress a cry of alarm. Standing before her—a trifle pale, perhaps, but not much agitated—she found George Miller, who merely said "Violet!" and put out his hand.

To be continued.

SICK-NURSES.

ANOTHER palace has, within the last few years, arisen almost under the shadow of the great English St. Peter's, that minster—"the loveliest and most lovable thing in Christendom," as a great architect has called it—which gives a name to the city west of London. Yet if even the founders of Westminster Abbey could have seen in forecasting vision this new palace on the opposite bank of the Thames, their pious hearts would surely have rejoiced, however strange they would probably have thought it that men could build—without building what was outwardly beautiful. For this palace, full of stately halls and chambers, graced at its opening by the presence of the first lady in the land, has been set apart, not as the future scene of high festivals and courtly pageants, but for the reception of those amongst the poor whom all will acknowlege that we ought to succour—the sick and maimed. It is not, however, of the primary benefits of St. Thomas's Hospital that we would now speak, but rather of a work which of late years has grown up in connection with many hospitals, and of which St. Thomas's is one chief centre—the work of providing trained nurses for the sick, in other hospitals, in workhouses, and in private families, rich and poor. It is certainly strange that while so much pains and skill were employed in training medical men, none should have been formerly given to the education of those on whose intelligence and fidelity in carrying out the doctor's directions the lives of their patients too often depended. But the truth is, that to suppose that nurses could require more than the light of nature (and that generally a very low nature) to fit them for their office, is a notion of our own day; and the work of training nurses is one of which all but the very young amongst us can remember the beginning. The celebrated Mrs. Gamp was held up to us as the type of English nurses, and was at once recognized as a faithful portrait.

There was one, however, even then growing up amongst us, whose whole life, and health, and strength, were to be given to the task of forming another type of sick-nurse, and when the Nightingale Fund was subscribed as a nation's expression of gratitude to her who had left all her youthful health in the lazar-houses of Scutari, it was by her wish devoted to educating young women as nurses, and thus a school of training was founded in connection with the old St. Thomas's Hospital, from which many have gone forth all over England as trained and efficient workers—some of them becoming directresses of other schools of training. Still the labourers are but few; and the general interest in a subject vital to the welfare of our sick poor is so feeble and partial that we would fain call attention to a few facts, in the hope that they may gain attention from those able to influence the management of our hospitals and workhouse infirmaries.

Much has been written within the last few years on the subject of nursing, and yet very few comparatively know anything of the state of things in our hospitals. The writer of an able article which appeared a few years ago in a contemporary magazine, said with much truth: "We heard a great deal about it during the Crimean War, and none were more grieved or displeased at the nonsense that was then talked than the devoted women who went to the camps and hospitals in the East, to save life and relieve misery as far as they could. While they were contending with the hardest and most prosaic difficulties, and seeing men die of sheer hunger and dirt, they had little relish for the romancing of the day—for the pictures of their services held up in novels and

poems . . . . We grew tired of hospital romancing years ago; and there is really no sign of our having since troubled ourselves to inquire what the facts are of the provision for the nursing of the sick in the United Kingdom. The Nightingale Fund was subscribed—that was one good deed; it was put into the hands of worthy trustees, and that was another; but if it was inquired how much interest the public, or any part of the public, takes in the working of the institution, the answer would be very mortifying."[1]

When, many years ago, Miss Stanley's book on hospitals appeared, a young woman who had just returned from one of our principal hospitals was asked by the writer whether she thought that such things as Miss Stanley mentioned could exist. Her answer was, "I do not know what is in the book, but I know that nothing can be worse than what I have seen. The nurses were kind enough to me, because my father paid them, but I have seen patients dying, and calling to the nurses, who took no heed of them."

It is difficult to give any notion of the deplorable condition of the nursing in hospitals under the old *régime*, without mentioning particular instances, which for many reasons is undesirable. We believe that the medical officers would be the first to acknowledge the need of reform; and it should be clearly understood that no blame is due to them in this matter; the remedy is not in their hands; what they can they do: often taking upon themselves offices neglected by the nurses. The poor recover, by God's blessing, in consequence of the admirable medical care bestowed upon them, but in most cases, in spite of the nursing. "If I could tell you the lives that I have seen lost in this ward for want of proper nursing!" was lately said to me by the house-surgeon of one of our chief hospitals. But it will be scarcely needful to mention facts almost too frightful to be printed, if it be considered that these nurses are generally taken from a very low class, which will be the case as long as the present low rate of wages is given; that this rate is lower than we should give to a respectable servant skilled in any branch of domestic service; that, while entrusted with matters of life or death, they are left without any efficient superintendence, and that no training is thought necessary to prepare them for an office needing special knowledge and skill. If the fact be also taken into account that familiarity with the sight of suffering has a tendency, especially with women, to harden the feelings, some notion may be formed of what the general system of ward [mis] management, which goes by the name of nursing, is likely to be.

Yet the patients entrusted to the care of these women are the chief treasures of a Christian nation, since they are both poor and sick. Nor has any question been raised, among those whose position makes them fit judges, as to the necessity for reform in the present system, as to the extreme value of good nursing, or as to the necessity, if it is to be good, that it should be entrusted to faithful and intelligent women. In the words of Mr. Bonham Carter, Secretary to the Nightingale Fund, "The great misapprehension which appears to exist in many quarters on this subject, viz., the necessity for training, arises from a want of appreciation of the essential requirements of a nurse, notwithstanding all that has been written and said on the subject. Whatever gift any one may have for nursing, it is utterly impossible that the requisite knowledge and experience can be acquired without a systematic training of considerable duration, and no such training can be afforded except in a properly conducted hospital. Good nursing does not grow of itself; it is the result of study, teaching, training, practice, ending in sound tradition, which can be transferred elsewhere. Every one is quite willing to admit the necessity for such a course of education with regard to every other occupation or profession, both in the case of domestic

[1] "Nurses Wanted," *Cornhill Magazine*, April 1865.

servants of every class, from a scullery-maid up to a lady's maid, and of course still more in the case of more skilled employments, and yet they seem to think that any lady can 'pick up' the knowledge necessary to make her a good nurse—that is to say, the intelligent assistant of members of the most highly taught and highly skilled profession."

It is, however, hopeless to expect the common run of even trained nurses to persevere in the exact attention to details which is necessary, if left without the constant supervision which, *ordinarily*, can only be supplied by an educated person. It is simply a waste of time, money, and energy, to train nurses, and then draft them off into hospitals which are still under the old system, in the belief that by that means the nursing in those hospitals will be reformed. In by far the majority of cases they will quickly sink to the level which surrounds them. Whatever good-will they may have to keep up the traditions of their training, and carry out the principles they have learnt, it will be impossible for them to do so in a hospital which does not possess facilities, or even possibilities, for proper administration and order in the nursing department.

Certainly it may be said that a bad workman quarrels with his tools, and there are women who will overcome every obstacle, with wit enough to meet every want by some ingenious contrivance; but these are of rarest exception. In most instances, a very good nurse, suddenly transferred from her training-school to an ill-managed hospital, and left without proper supervision, will become discouraged and dispirited, and after a few efforts perhaps in a right direction, will acquiesce in a state of things which, after all, it is not her province to alter. Her powers of performing the duties, which she can fulfil, will be impaired by the loss of that feeling of *bien-être*, which is produced by the sense of order, and of support from one superior to herself; who, if strict in keeping her up to the mark, will, as she well knows, take thought for her comfort and welfare.

The moment any good training-school of nursing is established, the managers will receive many applications from Boards of Hospitals, medical officers, &c., begging to be provided with trained nurses. The applicants have a lively sense of evils which continually force themselves upon their notice, and a dim sense that if they can only get "trained nurses" everything will come right. But we believe that all who have had experience in such matters will give the same advice—"Be hard-hearted, and refuse all such applications. Do not waste good nurses by placing them under conditions, and in an atmosphere, where they will quickly deteriorate." It is very easy for a Hospital Board to engage good nurses, when they find them ready trained; it is *not* easy so to reform the internal management and arrangements of their hospital that the new nurses may be kept up to the mark, and that *permanent* improvement may be effected.

Of these reforms, two are absolutely necessary; first, and above all, proper supervision of the nurses; secondly, the payment of such wages to them as may give a fair chance of securing the services of respectable and intelligent women.

As regards the scale of wages, they should be uniformly raised to the present maximum rate. Respectable and clever women will not take the post of under-nurse at the too-common rate of hospital pay; and of course where the salaries are so low that none but intemperate or incapable women will take them, the nursing is as bad as such women can make it. Instead of the wages being lower than what is ordinarily given to good domestic servants, they should be rather above that rate, since the life of a servant in a well-regulated household is more comfortable than that of a hospital nurse, and is free from work which discourages many women from learning to nurse.[1]

[1] In the official report on hospitals, made to the Privy Council in 1863 by Dr. Bristowe

The subject of wages is earnestly commended to the consideration of Boards of Hospitals; no real reform can be effected in a hospital without the hearty co-operation of a Board alive to the need for reform, and anxious to secure it at the expense of trouble and money.

As to the other and primary reform, which is urgently needed—proper supervision of the nurses—it may seem strange that they should be spoken of as without supervision, when they are supposed to be under that of the matron. But in the first place, these officers are frequently chosen without any consideration at all as to their fitness for superintending and directing *nursing*. Under the old system, in most of our hospitals, the matron is the nominal head of the nursing department; but as her time is almost wholly taken up with the duties of housekeeping, she is chosen chiefly with a view to her fitness for those duties; and it rarely happens that she has had any previous education in the art of nursing. The result is that she has neither time for any real supervision of the nurses, nor knowledge, which would make such supervision effective, if she had time. However well she may be fitted for the general direction of a household, she enters upon her office without that intimate knowledge of the science of nursing, which would enable her to direct and to teach others; while the general care of the household, the giving out of stores, &c., leaves her no time for a proper supervision of the nurses, however much she may wish to exercise it.

Let any one talk to the matron of a large hospital under the old system, and she will tell him what we have been told, that what training or superintendence the nurses have is from the doctors, that she has not time for it.

We should not expect to have good domestic servants if they were untrained and left without supervision; and yet we are content to trust offices on which life and death depend to a very low class of women, and to leave it to chance whether they are performed even in the imperfect way which is really the best that such women are capable of.

The results of this system can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed them. Let our physicians speak: they know that we can hardly exaggerate the slovenry, carelessness, and neglect of doctors' orders, which prevail among hospital nurses, or the suffering caused to their patients by ignorance and incapacity, even where there is not worse than this, positive cruelty and wilful neglect.

Doctors know what are the consequences of this, and of the absence of any watchful care over women exposed to peculiar temptations; they know what hospital nurses too often are. One physician, who has written upon this subject, says, after describing the common type of hospital nurses, "Accordingly, inattention, uncleanness, the absence of high moral and religious principle, a want of sympathy, tenderness, and kindly regard, with evils of a more positive character, such as drunkenness, levity of conduct, evil temper, amounting at times to treatment little short of cruel; these, and whatever flows from them, were and are among the more frequent complaints attendant upon the old system, where special tr

and Dr. Holmes, much of the improvement observed in the nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital is attributed to the higher salaries given to the nurses since the Nightingale Training Institution was associated with the hospital. *Volunteer Hospital Nursing*, by Miss Garrett.

Mr. Bonham Carter writes:—"Inadequate remuneration and want of proper accommodation necessarily exclude the best class of women from the profession. The first objection is more readily acknowledged than the second, and yet, as a matter of fact, there is little doubt that the want of decent accommodation as regards the nurses' quarters, and arrangements for meals, has a greater effect in deterring many respectable women from entering hospital service than the mere question of pay. The system of board wages which exists in many hospitals is objectionable in many respects. It greatly increases the temptation to purloin the rations of the patients; the preparation of the food is necessarily a cause of absence both from the hospital and the ward; the task itself is to many women irksome, and results in discomfort."

ing was never thought of, and women of education and religious principle regarded, as something decidedly *infra dig.*, the calling of an hospital nurse."[1]

What, then, is the remedy for this condition of things? It is a large question, and yet one which experience in many English hospitals has in some measure answered.

It has been well said that "Hospital nursing, like most other employments, may be undertaken in either of two ways—that is, in what may be briefly described as the commercial way, where the work is chosen primarily for the sake of the income to be gained by doing it, or in the philanthropic or religious way, where the work is done gratuitously. The words 'commercial' and 'religious' must be understood as referring only to the motive for the choice of an employment, not necessarily to the spirit in which it is done. Commercial work may be done religiously, or religious work may be done commercially."

We have the high authority of Miss Nightingale's opinion as to the excellence of one of these systems of nursing. She says, "that that system where the nurses belong to a religious order, and are under their own spiritual head, the hospital being administered by a separate secular governing body, is, on the whole, best calculated to secure good nursing for the sick, and the general well-being of both patients and nurses." The *next* best system Miss Nightingale considers to be that wherein the nurses are secular, under their own secular female head, the hospital having its own separate government.

The first system has been, and is, widely used.

On the Continent, as is well known, it is the rule, and not the exception, for hospitals to be nursed by religious associations of women. In France the expenses of hospitals are paid by the State, and their management is also under the control of Government, but the entire nursing is entrusted to Sisters, who have paid officials under them as a sort of inferior nurses. In London, King's College Hospital, containing 172 beds, and University Hospital, containing 150, are nursed by Sisters (in communion with the Church of England) having under them paid assistants, whom they train as nurses. Thus the former head-nurses of wards are replaced by ladies, to whom the under-nurses are directly responsible. "In these hospitals," Dr. Alfred Meadows writes, "there is but one opinion as to the immense improvement in the nursing since the change was effected. The *Lancet* has recently given emphatic testimony on this point. Referring to the volunteer help given during the cholera epidemic, it says: 'The nursing by ladies is the very best that England has yet seen;' and it prophesies that we cannot long refuse to adopt a system 'which embodies intelligence, the keenest sympathy, refinement,' and as it might have added—economy. In fact, the advantages to the patient and the hospital are so great and so obvious, that it is astonishing to find any one blind to them. It is *all* gain to them, to get in the place of hired servants, ladies who are willing to do the work for nothing, in a peculiarly admirable manner." And after mentioning that the entire nursing of the workhouse at Manchester, containing about 500 beds, had been placed under the care of the Sisters who have charge of University Hospital, Dr. Meadows adds: "So admirably have they fulfilled their mission there, at a time of great anxiety, owing to an epidemic of typhus fever which raged horribly when they entered on their work, that already they have received the unanimous thanks of the Board of Guardians; and what is more, the approval and sanction of the Poor Law Board. And the Manchester Guardians may be congratulated by every well-wisher of the poor, on the courage they have shown in daring the opposition which they are sure to meet with, and for the large-hearted and liberal manner in which they have received and acted upon the suggestions made for the better nursing of the

[1] *Hospital and Workhouse Nursing.* By Alfred Meadows, M.D.

poor." The results of the system may also be seen in hospitals, especially in Ireland, nursed by Roman Catholic Sisters.

We now come to a consideration of the system which Miss Nightingale considers to be "next best." The whole system is a gradation of training; the Nightingale Fund (or some fund somewhere) trains to its purpose a lady of capacity, sense, and spirit,—such a one as Mrs. Wardroper, who is at the head of the nursing at St. Thomas's. She first makes herself mistress of the art of nursing, and then selects her probationers among the applicants for training at the hospital, and they enter there under her authority. The advantages of this system will be seen at once. The nurses are under the constant supervision of a lady who is herself a first-rate nurse, and who is in the wards at all hours, being entirely relieved from household cares. These latter devolve upon a housekeeper, who has nothing to do with the nursing, and is under the authority of the Lady Superintendent. The nurses in charge of wards are chosen from a band of probationers who are always in training, and are thus entrusted with no important office until they have passed through a long probation—generally for a year, so that the Lady Superintendent has always a *dépôt* of nurses under training to draw upon, with whose character and acquirements she is intimately acquainted, instead of being obliged, like the matron of an hospital under the old *régime*, to engage the best (or least bad) person whom she can get, and of whom she knows nothing.

The moral influence brought to bear upon the nurses has not been touched upon at all, yet it is one of the most important elements in the new system, the low tone of morality among the old race of nurses being most lamentable, especially in the matter of sobriety. It could scarcely be otherwise; when no care, animated and directed by religious principle, was taken for women engaged in a work most blessed in itself, but needing special watchfulness and thoughtful arrangements.

Nor is it only in our regular hospitals that such a system is sorely needed. There are, besides, our workhouse infirmaries, sad and forlorn refuges for the sick as well as the destitute. Few know anything of the sufferings to which their inmates are exposed through the very inadequate means provided for their care; though none can have walked through the seemingly endless rows of beds in any great city workhouse infirmary without feeling the heart sink at the bare sight of that cheerless home—at thought of the tragedies which end within their walls, uncomforted and unsoothed by any of the tender alleviations with which we surround the sick beds of our beloved ones.

Ten years ago there were a larger number of sick poor (7,685) in the forty-one workhouse infirmaries in London than in all the numerous hospitals in that city, which contained not quite 7,000 beds. For the nursing of these 7,685 sick poor, only 69 paid nurses were then employed, and of these only 25 had received any training whatever. They were assisted by about 800 pauper nurses and helpers. This would give an average of 111 patients and a fraction to each paid nurse—111 sick poor for whose proper treatment she was supposed to be responsible, for it has been remarked that "the idea of trusting a pauper nurse with anything of the nature of a stimulant for administration would be more charming for its simplicity than wise or politic either for herself or her patient." No marvel that under such a system the public should be from time to time scandalised by certain cases which have come to light. The marvel is how such a system could ever have been begun; how the "guardians" of the sick poor could ever have entrusted them to those to whom they would have trusted nothing else half so precious!

But, putting aside the consideration of the *quality* of the nurses, let us compare the quantity allotted to a given number of patients in workhouse infirmaries, with that in a well-managed hospital.

In University College Hospital the number of beds is 150; there are from 30 to 35 trained nurses and probationers (generally nearer the latter number than the former). They are under the superintendence of from 8 to 10 sisters, making a total of from 38 to 45 persons to minister to 150 patients.

King's College Hospital contains 172 beds, divided into wards of 13 or 26 beds. Miss Parry, the sister in charge, has kindly supplied the following information as to the nursing staff:—"To each single ward of 13, or double ward of 26 beds, there is a sister (fully trained and in the ward always) and a head-nurse. In each ward of 13 beds there is, besides, one assistant, and in each double ward one assistant and two probationers, on day duty. There is a head-nurse and assistant in each ward at night, besides two sisters for the whole hospital, one medical and one surgical. The whole number of nurses in the hospital is 35, besides 9 ward sisters and the sister in charge. In the above number the lady pupils are not reckoned."

This proportion, 45 to 172 beds, differs but slightly from that of University College Hospital. It is larger than would be actually needed, as many of the women are in training, and are engaged in other hospitals as fast as they are ready. We have said nothing of the advantages to the rich of such *dépôts*, where they may be sure to obtain a good private nurse. In our hospitals at present there are none to spare, and we have found by long experience that it is impossible to supply the demand made for nurses upon any good training school, or to prevent the nurses being overtaxed, and breaking down through overwork. "The most trying part of one's work is to refuse applications for nurses, the doctors get so cross," wrote lately the Lady Superintendent of a hospital, who had a large staff of unattached trained nurses for private cases.

We have thus tried to give some account of the state of things under both the old and new *régime* of hospital nursing. If we feel that the latter is desirable—nay, most necessary; if we would in any measure fulfil our duty to the sick poor; if we marvel that it has not been widely adopted, and if it be asked where the fault lies, we say partly in the niggardliness of our alms. When reforms, which would entail expense, are pressed upon Boards of Hospitals, they answer, and with truth, that their funds barely allow of the present rate of expenditure being maintained; that they have no money with which to pay a Lady Superintendent, or to give larger wages to the nurses. For it is quite true that the system which we have advocated has one disadvantage, if it be such, as compared with the old system—it is more expensive. More expensive, that is, of money; far, far more economical of life and health.

It was the munificence of one gentleman, William Rathbone, Esq., which provided funds for carrying on the improved system of nursing in the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary; thus bringing the blessing of such ministrations as those of Agnes Jones, and of nurses trained by her, to the poorest and most forlorn, who have been specially committed to the care of their fellow-Christians, and notably so in their hour of suffering. They have a right to expect from us the fulfilment of this trust.

Bereavement and suffering come to rich and poor alike. We may not, oftentimes, by any care or skill save those for whose restoration to health we should have felt no sacrifices too great. But at least the rich have not the agony of feeling, that if proper care had been given, the desire of their eyes would have been restored to them. How can we better show thankfulness to Him who has spared us this worst pang than by trying to save others from it—those also who many times lose in a husband or father their bread-winner and only earthly stay?

But money is not all that is needed. If men whose time is gold have so given themselves to the care of the poor (and with a kindness which is proverbial) as to make our hospitals famous as schools

of medicine, they may at least expect that in "the most womanly of woman's work" women will take care that they are not a disgrace to us. "Then they plot, then they ruminate, then they devise; and what they think in their hearts they can effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect,"[1] ought to be true of women in a favourable as well as in a disparaging sense.

For indeed there is not one hard-hearted amongst us for a thousand who are thoughtless and careless; the frequent sight of all that is borne by others is wanting, and we allow that to go on unheeded, which if laid at our gate we could not endure to look upon. We live fenced round by comforts and by all the graces of life; fair flowers, for which we grudge no cost, fill our gardens, and we forget the living flowers who droop and pine in our back streets; we listen to sweet sounds, and "the still sad music of humanity" does not reach our ears.

Yet not they alone, whom even a heathen might pity, wait for our care. The beautiful legend of the Queen who, laying a leper boy in her own bed, found there the radiant and Heavenly Child, is scarcely a myth; for in each poor and suffering form our eyes behold One, the Great Physician, the Good Samaritan, Who, pitying us with exceeding pity, such as man knows not, Himself healed our wounds; and being as a man taking a far journey, says to us concerning each one of His sick members, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest, when I come again I will repay thee."

M. Trench.

[1] *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

THE KHOJAS: THE DISCIPLES OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

II.

AGA KHAN's own personal history has been adventurous and romantic. "His grandfather, Abool Hassan, was governor, under the Zend princes, of the important city of Kerman. On quitting that office, Abool Hassan went to reside in the district of Mehelati, where the family appear to have long had considerable possessions, and whence Aga Khan derives his territorial title. Mehelati is between Hamadan (the old Ecbatana of the Medes) and Koom, the latter a city about midway between Ispahan and Teheran, and important as the burial-place of more than one of the Shahs of the Suffavi dynasty (the "Sofis" of Shakespeare)—of Fatima, the daughter of Imam Resa, the great saint of Persia, and more recently of Futteh Ali Shah—the second in succession of the Kajar, or now ruling dynasty, who, after a long reign extending from A.D. 1798 to A.D. 1834, lies buried here in one of the most superb mausoleums that have ever been raised even to a Moslem prince."

The father of Aga Khan, Shah Khalillula, having for a time taken up his abode at a city of Yezd, the principal seat of the Parsis (the remnant of the Magians or Zoroastrians of ancient Persia), was slain there, with several of his household, in the year of Christ 1817, in the course of one of those tumultuary brawls which are not uncommon among the lawless mobs of the ill-policed Persian cities. "The news of this event," says Mr. Watson, in his *History of Persia*,[1] "was received with the greatest concern by the Shah, who dreaded lest he should be held responsible by the dangerous sect of the Ismailis for the death of their sacred chief. Futteh Ali Shah accordingly caused severe punishment to be inflicted upon all the chief assailants in this murderous fray; and he conferred on young Aga Khan (the successor of his father in the Imamate) large possessions, in addition to those which had descended on him through his ancestors, the government of the entire district of Koom and Mehelati, and the hand of one of his daughters in marriage."

From this period (say 1818) nothing more is recorded of Aga Khan till the year 1838, when Mahomet Ali Shah, the third in succession of the Kajar dynasty, retreated from the disastrous siege of Harat, so memorably defended by Eldred Pottinger.

In that year Aga Khan raised the standard of revolt and seized the government of Kerman, where his grandfather had once presided, and where he himself had numerous adherents. A native Persian historian assigns as the reason for this revolt, that "Hadji Mirza Aghasi, who had been the tutor of Mohamet Ali Shah, was during the whole reign of his royal pupil (from 1834 to 1848) the prime minister of Persia. A Persian of very low origin, formerly in the service of Aga Khan, had become the chief favourite and minion of the all-powerful minister. This person, through his patron, had the impudence to demand in marriage for his son one of the daughters of Aga Khan, a grand-daughter of the late Shah-in-Shah! "This," says the Persian historian, "was felt by Aga Khan to be a great insult," and the request, though strongly pressed by the prime minister, was indignantly refused. Having thus made the most powerful man in Persia his deadly enemy, Aga Khan probably felt that his best chance of safety was to assert himself in arms—a course not uncommon with the great feudatories of disorganized Persia. Making Kerman his head-quarters, he kept up the fight with various fortunes till 1840, when, overpowered by numbers, he with difficulty made his escape, attended by a few horsemen, through the deserts of Belu-

[1] London, 1866, vol. i. 8vo. p. 192.

chistan, to Sind, where he was hospitably received by the Talpoor Ameers. In Sind he found no money difficulties to contend with. The Khojas of that province had always been amongst his most zealous adherents, and from them and his other Khoja devotees in various parts of India and the East he received ample supplies. That extraordinary levy the "Bukkus," described as a payment by Khojas to their spiritual head "of a tenth of their whole possessions," was probably last resorted to at this period of emergency and distress.

Supplied with such resources, "Aga Khan was able to raise and maintain a body of light horse, who, during the latter stages of the Afghan war (in 1841 and 1842), were subsidized by Captain (now Sir Henry) Rawlinson for service under General Nott in Candahar. He accompanied General England on his return to Sind. For these services, and for others which he was enabled to render to Sir Charles Napier in his conquest of Sind in 1843-44, Aga Khan received, and still enjoys, a pension from the British Government of India."

In 1845 Aga Khan came to Bombay, and was received with the cordial homage of the whole Khoja population of the city and its neighbourhood. He subsequently made an attempt to re-establish himself in the outlying Persian province of Bunpore, a town on the frontiers of Mecran; but in consequence of the remonstrances of the Persian sovereign he was compelled to withdraw, and for a time to live at Calcutta. But for more than twenty years before the great trial Aga Khan had lived mainly at Bombay or Bangalore.

"His habit during this period has been occasionally to preside at the 'Jumat Khana,' or council-hall of the Bombay Khojas, on the more sacred anniversaries of the Mohametan Calendar. At the Moharrum he attends there with some state to hear the solemn recitation by Shia Moolas of the legend of the great martyrdom. On stated days he leads the 'Nimmaz' or daily prayer, in the Jumat Khana, and presides over the distribution of water mixed with the holy dust of Kerbela. Every week, on Saturday, when in Bombay, he holds a durbar (levée), when all members of the Khoja community who please may attend and have the honour of kissing his hand.

"His yearly income, derived from his votaries in many various, and some very remote, parts of Asia, is said to average about 10,000*l.* sterling. Of this a considerable portion is spent by the Aga in horse-racing — a pursuit of which in Bombay he has always been one of the principal patrons."

The judge next investigates the question, who and what are the Khojas, and what have been their relations with the hereditary Imams of the Ismailis, the ancestors of Aga Khan?

He concludes that the "Khojas were originally Hindus of the trading class, inhabiting the villages and towns of Upper Sind. Their language is Sindi or Kutchee —a cognate dialect—and such ancient religious works as they possess are written in the Sind language and character. Sind, an early Mahometan conquest, has long had a large Mahometan population—but a considerable portion both of the retail and wholesale business of the country has always remained in the hands of the Hindus. These remote and isolated Hindu traders were converted to Islam by Pir Surdordin, a Dai, or missionary of the Ismailis, about 400 years ago."

The term Khoja means both "the honourable" or "worshipful" person, and "the disciple." As applied to the community converted by Pir Surdordin, it may, perhaps, fairly be translated "the honourable or worshipful converts."

From Sind the Khoja conversions spread into Kutch, Kattiawar, and through Guzerat to Bombay. Khoja communities are to be found in almost all the large trading towns of Western India, and on the seaboard of the Indian Ocean.

Allusion has already been made to their numbers on the east coast of Africa and Eastern Arabia. In Sind, they reckon 2,800 houses or families; in Kattiawar about 5,000. In Kutch and Guzerat their numbers are considerable; Bhooj, the capital of Kutch, having long been one of their principal seats. In Bombay

and its immediate neighbourhood they probably number about 1,400 families.

With some few exceptions, as at Muscat, the majority of the Khoja community outside Bombay are stanch adherents of Aga Khan.

Whenever a Khoja community is to be found, however small, its organization is the same.

The "Jumat" is the congregation of the people, an assembly in council of all the adult male members of the Khoja community of the place.

The "Jumat Khana" is the council-hall, or guildhall, of the community.

The "Mukhi" is the treasurer or steward; and the "Kamaria" the accountant.

The duty of these functionaries is to collect and forward for transmission to the Aga as Imam, wherever he may chance to reside, the contributions raised on his account by the Khoja community. "Account books for more than a century past were produced," at the trial in Bombay, "to show that for a time beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, from the very outset of their separate existence as a distinctive community, the Khojas have been in the habit of transmitting, as to their 'Sirkar Sahib' (lord and master), voluntary offerings (*zacât*), out of religious feeling (*dhurm*), to the Imam for the time being of the Ismailis, whom they revered as their "Moorshed," or "spiritual head."

These collections were sent to the Imams of the Ismailis in Persia, in the earlier and ruder times in coin or treasure, sent by special messengers (called "rais") in leathern bags (called "jowlies"), afterwards, as commercial facilities increased, by means of "hoondies" (bills of exchange), principally drawn upon and cashed at Muscat.

It was also a frequent practice with the Khojas to make pilgrimages into Persia for the sake of beholding and doing homage to their spiritual chiefs.

One witness in the Bombay trial gave a narrative of a pilgrimage of this kind that he made in 1836-37 to Kerman, where Aga Khan at the time happened to be residing. The witness, his father and mother, a brother, and two sisters, with a party of about 100 other Khoja pilgrims, sailed from Bombay to Bunder Abbas, a port on the Persian coast, near the outlet of the Persian Gulf. They had offerings with them, in money and rich stuffs, to the value of about 2,000*l.* sterling. They stayed some time at Bunder Abbas, waiting for other Khojas to collect there from other quarters before starting on their tedious and somewhat perilous journey of 21 days across the mountain ranges of Southern Persia from Bunder Abbas to Kerman. At length, about 500 Khojas having collected from all parts at Bunder Abbas, the caravan was formed and they made their way to Kerman. There they were lodged, at the expense of the Imam, in a large rude building, built round three sides of a great open court. They stayed in Kerman about a month or six weeks, during which period, having first made their offerings, they were admitted ten or twelve times to the presence of the Imam. "The Aga," says the witness, "sat on his musnud; we beheld his face, kissed his hand, and retired." It was for that they had come, and with that they were well satisfied.

"The pilgrimage and the presents cost the witness's father about 500*l.* of our money—a sum which, as the man was only a dealer in grain and dried fruits in a moderate way of business, seems to the modern English mind a somewhat considerable outlay to have made for such a purpose. But the West can never understand the East, especially the modern and mercantile West. To an Englishman of Chaucer's day such an expenditure for such an object might have appeared more intelligible, provided, of course, that the pilgrimage was made to a shrine or saint of Christendom, not of Paynimrie or Heathenesse."

The judgment then details the principal regular payments which the Khojas were in the habit of making to their Imam, under various titles, such as "Contribution to the Lord of the Government," "Peace-offering to the Holy Father," &c.

"As a rule the Khojas have no musjids or mosques—in fact, the only Khoja musjid till very recently in existence was

that erected in A.D. 1822, in the Khoja burial-ground of Bombay. The Nimmaz, or daily prayers, among the Khojas, are repeated in their Jumat Khanas; and in order to complete the proof of the close and peculiar connection subsisting between the Khojas and their Moorshed, the Imam of the Ismailis, it may be mentioned that the pedigree of the Imam for the time being, from Ali through Ismail, is chanted three times a day as part of the service of the daily prayer, or Nimmaz, in a form of words called the 'Dowa,' throughout all the Jumat Khanas of the Khoja community, including the Jumat Khana of Bombay."

The judge then details many curious facts concerning the relations of Aga Khan with the Khojas of Bombay.

"His first recorded intercourse with them was one of controversy and strife. In 1829 the same party that was represented by the Aga's opponents in the suit, and who were known as the 'Barabhaie, or 'twelve brethren,' resisted the customary payment of the 'dussoon,' or percentage on income. Aga Khan, in order to overcome this opposition, sent to Bombay, as his special agent, Mirza Abdool Cassim, accompanied by a very energetic lady, the Aga's maternal grandmother, Marie Bibi, who herself appears to have harangued the Bombay Khojas in Jumat Khana assembled, and with very considerable effect, in support of the claims of their Moorshed."

We have not space to follow the very curious history of the descendant of the Old Man of the Mountain, fighting for his rights with such weapons as bills in the English Supreme Court of Bombay, replications and rejoinders drawn up by English counsel learned in the law, caste-meetings and out-castings after the orthodox Hindu fashion, controversies in native newspapers, and professions of faith inviting the orthodox disciples of this heretical off-shoot of Islam to conform to their ancient creed.

Once in the course of these feuds, just a quarter of a century ago, there was an apparent inclination to revert to the use of their old weapons; four Khojas of the party opposed to the Aga were set upon and murdered in open day in the town of Mahim, but nineteen of the murderers were instantly arrested and brought to trial before Sir Erskine Perry at the December Sessions of 1850, and four were capitally sentenced and hanged.

From the reluctant admissions of a witness before Sir Joseph Arnould, who had himself been one of those who were arraigned, but acquitted, on the trial in 1850, it appeared that the bodies of these four murderers, after having been given up to the Khoja community of Bombay, were treated with unusual funeral honours.

It is worthy of note that on this occasion the enemies of Aga Khan are said to have imputed the murder to a revival of the ancient customs of the sect of Assassins. There was no legal ground for the charge, but its revival after such a long interval, during which this sect had been numbered among the most peaceable in Bombay, is a curious fact in religious history.

In 1850 the litigation which was concluded by Sir Joseph Arnould's judgment, commenced. We have anticipated most of the facts elicited during the trial which have an historical interest, with the exception of the judge's description of the curious modifications of Islamism which characterise the teaching of the Dai by whom the Khojas were first converted to that creed.

Their conversion was effected, as has been already noticed, by Pir Surdordin, who came from Khorasan as a Dai or missionary of one of the ancestors of Aga Khan, and converted the first Khojas to the Shia Imamee Ismaili form of Mahometanism. He lies buried at Ootch near Bhawalpore, where his descendants kept up his tomb, and where possibly he wrote the *Dussautar*, "the Book which has from the beginning been the accepted scripture," so to speak, of the Khoja sect. It is invariably read over Khojas at the point of death, and periodically at many festivals.

The judge then describes the *Dussautar*.

"It is a treatise in ten chapters containing (as indeed its name imports) the account of ten Avatars or Incarnations

each dealt with in a separate chapter. The first nine of these chapters treat of the nine incarnations of the Hindu god Vishnu; the tenth chapter treats of the incarnation of the 'Most Holy Ali.'"

No Suni could have composed, compiled, or adopted such a work as this; the idolatry of the first nine chapters—the semi-deification of Ali implied in the tenth chapter, alike render this utterly impossible.

On the other hand, it is precisely such a book as a Dai or missionary of the Ismailis would compose or adopt if he wished to convert a body of not very learned Hindus to the Imamee Ismaili faith. It precisely carries out the standing instructions to the Dais of the Ismailis, viz., to procure conversions by assuming, as in great part true, the religious standpoint of the intended convert. This is exactly what this book does: it assumes the nine incarnations of Vishnu to be true as far as they go, but not the whole truth, and then supplements the imperfect Vishnuvite system by superadding the cardinal doctrine of the Ismailis, the incarnation and coming manifestation (or Avatar) of the "Most Holy Ali." When the book is read in the Jumat Khanas of the Khojas, it is this tenth chapter which is alone now-a-days seriously attended to. When that chapter is commenced, the congregation of the people rises and remains standing till it is concluded, making profound reverences whenever the reader pronounces the name "Most Holy Ali."

Sir Joseph proceeds to account for the curious fact, fully established as he considers by the evidence, that, notwithstanding these semi-idolatrous tenets and practices, the Khojas in their funerals and in their marriages have followed the practices and rites of the Suni Mahometans.

The answer is "That the Khojas have observed these practices from the beginning out of 'Takiah'—concealment of their own religious views and adoption of alien religious ceremonies from dread of persecution for religion's sake."

It has already been shown that "Takiah," in this sense, has been uniformly recommended by the teachings, and illustrated by the practice, of the Shia Imamee Ismailis.

The doctrine and practice of "Takiah" is unknown to the Sunis; as the orthodox and dominant body of Islam they never had occasion for it; but it is frequently practised, as already seen, by the Shias, and it is still more deeply ingrained into the habits of the Ismailis, who, of all other sects, have been most obnoxious to the persecution of the fierce and orthodox Sunis.

Sir Joseph then goes on to illustrate the intolerance of Suni bigotry by very picturesque and typical quotations from the great work of Abd-ul-Kadur, a very learned Shia, much employed by the Emperor Akbar (A.D. 1546 to A.D. 1605) in the formation of the eclectic system of Deism which will be found so well described in Professor Max Müller's lectures.

"If," he adds, "such things could happen under the reign of the great and powerful Akbar to a Shia who enjoyed his close personal friendship, it may be easily understood what would in all probability have been the lot of the earlier Khojas if they had openly professed the hated faith of the Ismailis, and had not resorted to the Suni kazees for the celebration of their marriages, and to the Suni mosques and moolas for the performance of their funerals.

"To do so, indeed, was a matter of convenience, almost of necessity, as well as of 'Takiah.' Even now, in wealthy and prosperous Bombay, Shia moolas, as it appears on the evidence, are not to be found without some difficulty; how were the Khojas, dispersed in remote and rural districts, and who, as the evidence in this case shows, had never any musjids of their own—how were they to get funeral ceremonies performed at all, unless they employed the sole agency they could find at hand—that of the Suni moolas officiating in the Suni mosques? As regards marriages, the principle of convenience was still more strongly in favour of celebrating them before the Suni kazees, who keep a regular and careful register,

capable of supplying easy and authoritative proof of the fact of marriage—a fact which is so often of great importance to have the means of establishing by legal proof."

After giving further illustrations from the practices of the various religious sects among ourselves, Sir Joseph adds: "Motives of this class operate quite as strongly in the East as in the West, and it will be the strongest possible proof of the influence of the Aga over the Khoja community, if he ultimately succeeds in inducing them to abandon the long-established and convenient practice of celebrating their marriages before the Suni kazees.

"As to the argument that, though 'Takiah' might account for such compliance with the Suni practices in times of persecution, yet it could not account for their continuance after the dread of persecution had disappeared—this reasoning can have no force with those who consider the all but omnipotent power of use and wont in the ordinary usages of social life, and who reflect on the long continuance of practices and institutions (and that not only in the East) long after the reason of their first establishment and all sufficient grounds for their perpetuation have passed away."

After noticing other deviations from orthodox Mahometan usage, Sir Joseph comments on what he justly considers as a typical instance of their neglect of pilgrimages to Mecca. He says—

"The evidence is, that not more than eight or ten Khojas in all can be named who from any part of India and the East have ever made the hadj, or pilgrimage to Mecca; and yet these same people, according to the same evidence, go in hundreds, nay, in thousands, to Kerbela, a pilgrimage quite as difficult, costly, and dangerous as that to Mecca, and which, though regarded by Shias as a pious duty, is regarded by Sunis as a superstitious act of folly, even if it be not a positively prohibited and unlawful practice."

After detailing many other Shia practices, habitual among the Khojas, the judge sums up the points of difference by saying—

"The people who do these things—the people who omit to perform the hadj, but who crowd to Kerbela—the people who are zealous for the performance of all the most distinctive religious practices of the Shias, but who neglect to observe the most distinctive of all the religious practices of the Sunis; these people are not and cannot be Sunis—they may be either Shias, or Shia Imamee Ismailis; and the evidence in this case clearly shows they are the latter."

One final proof may be adduced on this point, and that is the practice of making pilgrimages to Durkhana—a practice which, as has already been shown, was habitual with the Khojas from the beginning. "Until Aga Khan left that country in 1839-40, these pilgrimages were always made to some place or other in Persia, the country in which, from the fall of Alamut till the flight of Aga Khan, the hereditary chiefs of the Ismailis have throughout, as a rule, resided. Now, if there be one thing more than another which a Suni religiously avoids, it is the setting his foot, without compulsion, on the heretical soil of Persia." And the judge gives some striking illustrations of the objections of orthodox Sunis, even under the greatest compulsion, to touch the soil or come in contact with the people of Persia.

Upon the whole, he comes to the conclusion that the Khoja community is "A sect of people whose ancestors were Hindu in original, which was converted to and has throughout abided in the faith of the Shia Imamee Ismailis, and which has always been and still is bound by ties of spiritual allegiance to the hereditary Imams of the Ismailis."

The final result of this remarkable suit was to establish the right of Aga Khan to all the customary dues to which he was entitled by his position as spiritual head of the Khoja community, and to the possession of the formidable power of initiating sentences of excommunication to be subsequently carried out by the consent of an obedient body of disciples.

Since the trial, Aga Khan, secured by the decision of the English court in the peaceable enjoyment of his large income

and hereditary honours, has lived quietly at Poona, Bombay, or Bangalore. Like his ancestor "the Old One," of Marco Polo's time, he "keeps his court in grand and noble style." His sons, popularly known as "the Persian princes," are active sportsmen, and age has not dulled the Aga's enjoyment of horse-racing. Some of the best blood of Arabia is always to be found in his stables. He spares no expense on his racers, and no prejudice of religion or race prevents his availing himself of the science and skill of an English trainer or jockey when the races come round. Lads who learnt to ride on Epsom Downs may be seen carrying his colours to the front on horses bred in the stony valleys of Nedj. The Aga is always present, eyeing the contest with as keen an interest as forty years ago he would have watched a charge of horse on the plains of Khorasan or Kandahar. Otherwise he seldom appears in public; but if tidings of war or threatened disturbance should arise from Central Asia or Persia, the Aga is always one of the first to hear of it, and seldom fails to pay a visit to the Governor, or to some old friend high in office, to hear the news and offer the services of a tried sword and an experienced leader to the Government which has so long secured him a quiet refuge for his old age. His influence is much wider than was supposed when he first arrived in Bombay. In India it probably does not extend much beyond the Khoja community, who are chiefly settled in the maritime cities of the West, in Sind, the Punjab, and Cashmere. But the members of Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission to Yarkand ascertained that considerable communities of Shias who acknowledge "Aga Khan of Bombay" as their spiritual head, and send regular tribute to him through agents in Serinuggar and other towns of Northern India, are still to be found far north, surrounded by the implacable Sunis of Turkestan and Afghanistan. These Imamee Ismaili Shias form the whole of the sparse population in many of the valleys leading down from the Pamir, the elevated "Roof of the World," on the banks of the higher Oxus, and its affluents—in Chitral, Gilgit, and in remote valleys between Kaffristan and Badakshan hardly known to us except by name.

In Persia, Khorasan, and Western Afghanistan, there appear to be considerable numbers of the Aga's disciples, but they seldom, if they can help it, avow their allegiance to him whilst living under a Suni government. In Persia they are still dreaded by the Shia rulers, who have not forgotten the old traditions of Alamut, and it is not improbable that many of the Aga's disciples perish in the blind ruthless persecutions which from time to time are instituted with a view to exterminate the Babu fanatics, so feared by the Persian Government as a secret association of rebels and heretics. In the maritime towns of the Persian Gulf and Eastern Arabia, especially under the comparatively tolerant rulers of Oman, the Khojas flourish, frequently having, in some form or another, a claim to protection as British Indian subjects. On the African coast they are found, as we have seen, in the same ports where Vasco de Gama found them, as far south as Mozambique. It is probable that, to this day, if a traveller wished to visit the central lakes of Africa, or the Ruby or Jade mines of Badakshan in Central Asia, he could not do better than procure introductions from the descendants of the "Old Man of the Mountain" to his disciples in those parts.

The history of the sect, and its present condition, deserve more than such slight passing notice as we have been able to give them. Von Hammer's work [1] scarcely does justice in its English translation to either the romantic or the political interest of the subject. The combination of circumstances which led to the terrible success of such a hideous system; the methods of a propaganda so efficient in the face of such fiery opposition, and bearing in some respects such a startling resemblance to methods in use under other creeds—the permanent weakness and inefficiency of simple persecution, however unrelenting, to suppress error, even when such error was apparently most abhorrent to the common sense of mankind—the vitality

[1] Von Hammer's *History of the Assassins*, translated by Wood; London, 1835.

of opinion so persecuted, and the strange changes of fortune by which the history of such opinions came to be tested, and the rights of those holding them to be weighed by English judges in our own day, acting under authority delegated by a successor of Cœur de Lion;—all these features, apart from the romance of the story, have much to tempt the historian and philosopher. No part of Marco Polo has had a stronger hold on the imagination of his readers than his chapters on the "Old Man of the Mountain," and no one could be better fitted than the accomplished translator of the old Venetian to do justice to such a history. Or, if Colonel Yule declined the task, we might hope that Sir Joseph Arnould would employ a brilliant pen, which has seldom been idle since he won the Newdigate in his undergraduate days, to write a history the salient points of which he has already studied in the great trial from the records of which we have so largely quoted.

Our account of the Aga and his disciples would be incomplete without noticing, among the many strange episodes in his chequered career, the visits with which he was honoured by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales when they were in India.

Von Hammer, gives from Rymer's *Fœdera*,[1] the text of the letter purporting to have been sent by the Old Man of the Mountain, *circa* A.D. 1192, to Leopold, Duke of Austria, with a view to exculpate "the Lord Richard, King of England" from any complicity in the assassination of Conrad, Lord of Tyre and Marquess of Montferrat. The letter is declared by Von Hammer to be a contemporaneous forgery, designed to facilitate the release of Richard Cœur de Lion, who was then a prisoner in the hands of Leopold; but it is doubtless such a letter as it was then supposed the "Old Man" might have written, and the avowal of the order to assassinate the Marquess, in revenge for an injury to one of the Old Man's brethren, as well as the assertion "Know ye for certain that we slay no man in this world for any gain or reward, unless he have first injured us," may be supposed to be in character, and in keeping with what was then known of the usual motives of the Assassins.

[1] Pages 132 and 225, note C.

In strange contrast to this letter is one now before me, written nearly seven centuries later in excellent English, in which Aga Khan, having heard of the Prince of Wales's intention to visit India, sends a commission to invite the Prince to honour him with a visit. The Aga reminds his correspondent of their former friendship, and of the visit with which he had been honoured by the Duke of Edinburgh, and begs that if the Prince of Wales intended to return the visits of any native noblemen, his (the Aga's) claims to be so honoured may not be overlooked:—"If the honour be obtained for me, I shall spare neither trouble nor expense in making the entertainment fit and worthy of the presence of His Royal Highness."

When the Prince of Wales arrived in Bombay the Aga called to pay his respects, and in person repeated his invitation, which was graciously accepted. Before leaving Bombay the Prince delighted the old Chief by returning his visit. They sat in front of a great portrait of Futteh Ali Shah, the King of Persia, whose daughter the Aga had married, inspected the Aga's race-cups won on the Indian Turf, and his son's trophies of the Indian chase, and talked over some of the events of a life as varied and adventurous as that of his ancestor, Cœur de Lion's contemporary.

There can be little doubt that the visit has by this time been described and discussed in many a meeting of the Aga's followers—in India, Persia, and Arabia—on remote shores of Eastern Africa, and in still more inaccessible valleys of Central Asia, and it will doubtless find a place in the annals of this singular sect for many generations to come.

Few, perhaps, at the time, thought of the historical memories which the visit recalled, and the objections which some authorities on Oriental matters expressed on hearing of the Prince's intention to visit the Aga would have been lessened had they reflected on the width and depth of the gulfs which separate the various sects of Islam.

It is noteworthy that the Wahabis and

Suni fanatics who have earned such an evil name for their co-religionists in India have hitherto found no imitators among the Indian Shia sects. In the eyes of the Aga and his followers, the British Government of India can hardly appear in any other light than as the one really tolerant power they know, securing to them liberty to follow their own views in religion, and equality before the law, such as they would seek in vain in most parts of Islam.

The Aga knows something from experience of other courts, and from the point of view of those who can persecute as well as from that of the persecuted, he has seen something of active religious and political rancour, when it has the mastery over rivals. To him, therefore, there can be little doubt that the gracious courtesy of his Royal guest was no unfit nor ungrateful emblem of that tolerant and powerful rule under which the Aga passes in affluence and tranquillity the evening of a life whose earlier years left few memories save those of revolution and bloodshed.

H. B. E. Frere.

SPRING IN AUGUST.

Where the gray rock shadow throws,
There the purple primrose grows;
Long ago her sister fair
Blossomed in our English air:
Spring is over in the dale,
Where once bloomed that sister pale.
He who will the mountain climb
Feels again the sweet spring-time,
Where the melting snow in rill
Hastens down the lake to fill,
And the rocks are blushing red
With the tiny campion's head,
Not a footstep but doth press
On some sweet new loveliness:
Spring, too long asleep, alights
Fresh and pure on these lone heights.
From the hot and dusty vale,
Where bold summer doth prevail,
Let us hasten here away,
With shy spring on hills to play;
Where she lingers we would fain,
Greet her year by year again.

Beatrix L. Tollemache.

Bernina Hospice.

"THE GERM."

"Of all the errors which men commit," says George Eliot, "prophecy is surely the most gratuitous." There can be no question that it is not a thing to be lightly undertaken; some strong assurance of inspiration should be considered an advisable preliminary before the prophet's mantle is assumed. But there is one way of practising this gift which, it will be confessed, takes off a great part of its element of rashness, a form of seership which we may claim as rather the peculiar gift of modern days, and it is no wonder that, once introduced, it should have numerous votaries —that is, prophesying after the event. To know of any people at any past time, how inevitable it was that they should have accomplished their destiny in one particular way, how the great man or the great event were foreseeable resultants of the movements which had gone before, gives not only a keen satisfaction to the prophet himself, but even a kind of tickling pleasure to the mind of his audience, not unlike the state of feeling with which we peruse a too-exciting novel, when we have taken the wise precaution of first peeping into the third volume to assure ourselves that all comes right in the end.

Endowed with this prophetic vision, as we look with equanimity at past times, and the colossal intellects which mark them, we see how each expressed exactly the spirit of his own age, and nothing else; and to find out this, becomes the more easy, because we take the colossal intellect as the interpreter of the age in which he lived. But when we come to our own time, and have to exchange the prediction after the event for the more awkward process of real prophecy, when we have to pronounce which is the colossal intellect which will outlive all others, the task becomes less easy. The survival of the fittest will not help us now, until the future shall reveal who is the fittest. Shall we say that Lord Macaulay or Mr. Carlyle, Thackeray or George Eliot, Mr. Browning or Mr. Swinburne, may claim to be in an especial sense imbued with "the spirit of the age?" The student of contemporary history must play a humbler part. We at any rate will not presume to prophesy. Of the rapid movements of our day, of the revolutions which come tumbling upon each other's heels with such pell-mell rapidity, we will not attempt to say which is destined to be the most permanent and effective. We shall have enough to do if we only note what is passing.

Among such contemporary revolutions of thought, there can be no question that the one which the title of this article recalls to the mind is not the least interesting. It is just a quarter of a century since a literary and artistic periodical called *The Germ* was set on foot, to give expression to the views of a clique of young artists, in eager opposition to the prevailing taste of the day, and bound together, so they then believed, by a common feeling, a sort of mediævalism in taste, from which they took their name of Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. In this little band were grouped men who have since risen to the very highest eminence, such men as Millais, Holman Hunt, the Rossettis, and Woolner. Yet, though *The Germ* counted among its contributors the last three names, with others scarcely less distinguished subsequently, and some whose early death alone prevented them from being their worthy rivals, though it contained such poems as Mr. Woolner's *Beautiful Lady*, and Mr. Rossetti's incomparable *Blessed Damozel*, the periodical could not make its way, and was abandoned after the first four numbers had appeared. Since then the whirligi

of time has brought in ample revenges, and ample compensation for these neglected enthusiasts. But with success has come disintegration. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was not so united as it believed it was. Hope and youthful *Schwärmerei* saw Millais and Holman Hunt and Rossetti, fighting side by side against Philistinism, as if all three were of one mind and one heart. Now neither Millais nor Holman Hunt are more separated from the painters of the old bad Copley-West era which preceded them, than they have become separated from each other; nor again are these two more divided than both are from the two Rossettis, and many other writers of the same school, whose names are connected with the starting of *The Germ*. Yet seldom has unconscious prophecy been more happy than in the name which was bestowed upon this periodical—though the name had even a shorter life than *The Germ* itself—for in the womb, so to speak, of the earlier revolution, was laid the seed of that more important contemporary movement which yet wants an historian and a name. However unlike the modern school—still sometimes called Pre-Raphaelite—in which are grouped the names of Rossetti, Burne Jones, Morris, Swinburne, and many others, from the thought and feeling of the Pre-Raphaelism of *The Germ*, it is not the less true that the modern school is the legitimate descendant of the older "Brotherhood."

Pre-Raphaelitism, except as a convenient designation, has now but little meaning. But it was not so at first. Half a century ago witnessed the rise of a great reaction towards real mediævalism which in England was most conspicuous in the sphere of religion, while on the Continent, or at least in Germany, it had a decided effect upon art. Pre-Raphaelitism, properly so-called, was produced by both these influences, in part the child of the "Oxford movement," in part of the artistic mysticism of the Continent. Thus, like the seed-vessels of nature, *The Germ* appears as both the fruit of an earlier movement and the beginning of a new; and like them, too, it reminds us more of the tree from which it sprung than that which afterwards sprang from it. It has a distinctly mediæval character. Or at least—for one should shun the headstrong temerity which can take upon itself to pronounce what is *the* character of the vague period known as the Middle Ages—it has succeeded in catching one great characteristic of the Christian art before the *Renaissance*. If we were to attempt to express this characteristic in a word, we should call it motionlessness, and if we wanted to illustrate our meaning by an opposite, we could not choose any better examples than have been left by the genius of Raphael, so that it is not without reason this peculiar tone of artistic feeling has been called Pre-Raphaelite. In the maturer works of Raphael—those which we essentially consider *his*—nothing commands our admiration, almost our awe, so much as the display of rapid movement or the power of it. In the picture of *St. Michael and Satan* in the Louvre, for instance, with what god-like irresistible power the archangel seems to have swept down upon his foe! Or again in the still finer *Heliodorus* in the Vatican, how do we almost tremble to stand in the way of the angels' rushing footsteps. How, too, in our own cartoons do we see the artist half intoxicated by the sense of his power. But in the earliest Raphaels, in those pictures where he joins hands with his great master, or in the pictures of that master Perugino, himself, all is changed. We have passed from earth to—heaven is it, or only dreamland? See how those solid-looking angels stand poised in mid-air. We are not the least surprised to see them there; no more is the saint below. That saint will never rise from his prayer. There is no need for the angels to use their wings; nor will any breeze ever move the stiff leaves of the olive trees, or ruffle the blue sea beyond. Something of this quality of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures has been seized by their modern imitators, and some trace of that same *stillness* has

descended from these to the so-called Pre-Raphaelitism of to-day. It is a stillness of thought as well as of action, not so much a want of emotion as a want of change of emotion. We see this very much in two poems of *The Germ*, whose subject is death, Mr. Woolner's *My Lady in Death* and Mr. Rossetti's *My Sister's Sleep*. Take this verse from the former—

"Her gaze, grown large with fate, was cast,
Where my mute agonies
Made more sad her sad eyes:
Her breath caught with short plucks and fast:—
Then one hot choking strain.
She never breathed again:
I had the look which was her last:
Even after breath was gone,
Her love one moment shone—
Then slowly closed and hope for ever passed"—

and compare it even—we say advisedly *even*—with any verse out of *In Memoriam*, and our meaning is made clear. There is power about this, but it is the power of stillness and not of emotion.

The same feeling is apparent in Mr. Holman Hunt's contributions to the volume, two etchings, one of which is a singularly beautiful illustration for the just-quoted poem of Woolner's. A man lies at full length upon a grave, prostrate, but not wild with grief. Behind him, a bell tolls from a Gothic porch or screen, and in the background cowled figures move forward slowly two and two. The delicacy and faithfulness of the etchings are beyond praise. This and the one above it, representing *My Beautiful Lady* plucking some grass out of a brook, are by far the best drawings in the book. They recall—as Mr. Hunt's pictures to our thinking always do—the early Flemish school rather than the Italian. Somewhere a good way behind this, we should place the next illustration by James Collinson, representing *The Child Jesus* surrounded by other children, and, with a touch of the *Peruginesque*, filled full of the high-church thought and taste of this particular time. The other two etchings which these numbers contain, though one of them is by Madox Brown, do not seem to us deserving of especial praise.

Of the poems which the numbers contain we have mentioned three. *My Beautiful Lady*, indeed, appears in a form very different from that in which it has since been published. But the latter form is certainly the best. By far the best poem of all, however, is Mr. Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*, which alone deserves to stand side by side with Mr. Hunt's etchings. Even of this, however, the earlier form is far inferior to the shape in which it is now known to us, though those who remember the poem's first appearance will bear an affectionate recollection of some of the earlier lines, as for instance,

"Her blue grave eyes were deeper much,
Than a deep water, even";

now replaced by

"Her eyes were bluer than the depths,
Of water stilled at even."

Somehow, too, it were difficult to explain exactly why, the earlier form is more in harmony with the other writings of the paper in which it appears. Since then, after the breaking-up of the old Pre-Raphaelite "idea," the author seems to have withdrawn his poem farther up into that unapproachable imaginative height in which he reigns supreme. There are many other pieces in *The Germ* well worth reading. Before bidding adieu to it, therefore, we will quote one sonnet by Mr. Madox Brown, not because of any representative character which it has, but because its merit makes it well worth preserving:

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

"John Boccaccio, love's own squire, deep sworn,
In service to all beauty, joy, and rest,—
When first the love-earned royal Mary press'd
To her smooth cheek his pale brows, passion-worn,
'Tis said he by her grace nigh frenzied, torn
By longings unattainable addressed
To his chief friend most strange givings, lest
Some madness in his brain had th
born.

The artist-mind alone can feel his meaning,
Such as have watched the battle-rank'd array
Of sunset, or the face of girlhood seen in
Line-blending twilight, with sick hope. Oh! they
May feed desire on some fond bosom leaning,
But where shall such their thirst of nature stay?"

It is not for its contents only that *The Germ* has an especial interest for us. Most of the more distinguished contributors to *The Germ* have, as has been said, since grouped themselves with an alliance more or less intimate into that new school of art and poetry which is rendered illustrious by the names of Rossetti, Burne Jones, Morris, Swinburne. We may, if we like, call this school more in allusion to its descent than its character, the New Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. What is the peculiar nature of this school, what the position it holds in the present, the effect it will have upon the future? it is surely time we begin to ask ourselves. One thing we certainly observe about it, and that is, that it is self-evolved and individual. It has not the faintest resemblance to other contemporary schools, either of art or poetry. It draws no inspiration from any English painters, from the best —from Reynolds, from Gainsborough, or from Turner—more than from the worst, from Laurence, Copley, or West. Nor is the school of poetry more unlike Coleridge or Wordsworth than it is to Shakespeare and Milton. And yet, again, allowing, for individual differences, there is among its members a singular unity. Seldom do we find at any time a number of men such as the four we have mentioned just now, to whom we may add the names of Leighton and Poynter, all men of genius, yet all, too, under the influence of one strong central idea. What is that idea? Could we answer that question we should surprise the secret of the new movement.

The absence of pleasure and of poetry in the routine of our daily life, has become a by-word and a reproach from all writers who are themselves capable of knowing what beauty and poetry are. The outside furniture of modern life is a thing too large and ugly to be blinked at. We cannot shut our eyes and ears against railroads and great screaming manufactories and monster hotels. The spreading of the hideous town, with all its attendant vulgarity and squalor, is too apparent; and unless we are quite free from some germs of natural poetry, unless we are content to be men of common sense only, mere ten-pound householders and political economists, we cannot but be grieved at what we see, and being grieved we cannot but wish to turn aside and look at something more sightly. And if that *something* be no longer to be found in the actual world without, we have still, by the divine power of imagination, the certainty of creating some shadow of it in the world within. Almost all the great minds of the day have felt this imperative need to get to some extent out of the present; and the greater minds, it should never be forgotten, claim their chief interest in this, that they reflect only more vividly the thoughts of a thousand others. Thus John Henry Newman shows us the longing of a great mind for a religious past, as Mr. Ruskin does for an artistic; while Carlyle displays the same feeling, influencing a character naturally one of action. Tennyson is, of all writers, the most modern, for he is at his best when dealing with thoughts and feelings which belong to us of the nineteenth century. Even Mr. Browning, though his genius is not of an age, seems, to satisfy his poetical craving, to have "gone over to Italy" in much the same sense that Dr. Newman has gone over to Rome. Thus has each in his individual way some balm and solace for the too prosaic world in which he lives; and the new Pre-Raphaelites have their own especial medicine for the same complaint, but different from any of these.

Their endeavour is both more extended and at the same time less easy to analyse than the others. They turn not their eyes merely upon some particular period of the past, save with the

hope of reviving its spirit in the present. Their effort always is to bring back the world to the days of its childhood. The world must have had a childhood once, we feel sure, when everything was much more new and wonderful than it is now, when time seemed almost endless, as it does to children. If we could only bring back again that golden age? The wish is as natural as our wish to return to the days of our own childhood. It is a wish so universal, that no poetry of any epoch has been without it; even that of a time which we look back upon as the realization of our very ideal of a childish age, has looked back with as much faith to the golden age which had passed long before its time. "Antiquity, thou wondrous charm, what art thou?" says Elia, "that, being nothing, art everything! When thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself, being to thyself, flat, jejune, *modern!*" There is nothing wonderful in thus looking back, but there is a difference in what we see in the past. The New Pre-Raphaelites seem to realise most distinctly the ideal of childhood in its two main features, vivid enjoyment of the pleasures of sense, and freedom from moral responsibility. Wordsworth, who, as one of the first to raise the standard of revolt against the coming oppressive reign of mechanism and of law, felt and expressed many different phases of the same universal reaction was not altogether out of sympathy with this feeling:—

> "There are who ask not if thine eye,
> Be on them; who in love and truth,
> Where no misgiving is, rely
> Upon the genial sense of youth,"

he says in his *Ode to Duty*, feeling strongly the joyful freedom which belongs to childhood. But the new school has added to this a keen love of the mere pleasures of sense which was quite absent from the constitution of Wordsworth. They are not vicious, or for the most part they are not, but they must enjoy, and above all things they must purge from their minds the knowledge of good and evil, the enemy, they will have it, of art. A state of enjoyment where the outward pleasures of mere sensation are felt with a keenness which is unknown to us now, and yet—and there is some inconsistency here—with a certain esoteric refinement of artistic feeling, is the picture they are constantly drawing of the past. It matters not whether their ideal life be cast among the old Hellenes, or no farther back than the time of Chaucer, it is such a mere child of the imagination that its essentials are always the same. And to make the picture less realistic from the historical point of view, over all is thrown a shadow of melancholy from the mind of the poet or the artist himself. We feel ourselves wandering with them in a delightful dream, but all the while haunted by the feeling that it is but a dream:—

> "Ah! life of all the year, why yet do I,
> Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant drift,
> Still long for that which never draweth nigh,
> Striving my pleasure from my pain to sift,
> Some weight from off my fluttering mirth to lift?
> —— Now when far bells are ringing, 'Come again,
> Come back past years! why will ye pass in vain?'"

And this is the characteristic of all the artists and all the poets of this school. Take, for instance, Mr. Burne Jones. The reader who has seen one of his pictures has looked upon the epitome and essence of what is most individual in this the New Pre-Raphaelite, or, as we might call it, the sensuous school. Those fair, sad faces and graceful figures are common to all Burne Jones's pictures. Whether the subject be taken from Chaucer, or from a classic poet, or be but some allegorical vision of the artist, there is no essential difference of shape, or pose, or expression. And yet they are above all things individual. They have not the especial beauty of the classic times, which is of form, nor of the Pre-Raphaelite times,

which is of expression, nor of the *Renaissance*, which is of colour, but a beauty made up of all these, "compounded," like Jaques' melancholy, "of many simples, extracted from many objects," and, above all, imbued most strongly with the expression of that internal longing whose often rumination by the disciples of this school "wraps them in a most humorous sadness."

But those who are not much acquainted with the art of the school may well enough realize all this in reading its poetry; indeed, if they have any sympathetic imagination, they will find it impossible not to realize it. It breathes in every page of their writing, and, with a variety of temperament, in much the same degree in the poetry of all; so that each separate member is most like one instrument of an orchestra, and their united effect one harmony, in which all share, a siren song calling to the world to abandon the good and evil of modern life, the self-assertion, the struggle for existence, as well as the weight of moral responsibility and the hopes of religion:—

"Come to the land where none grows old,
And none is rash and over-bold,
Nor any noise there is of war,
Nor rumour from wild lands afar,
Nor plagues, nor birth and death of kings;
No vain desire of unknown things,
Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near;
But in that lovely land and still,
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will forget for aye."

This is the message they have to give us, the panacea they offer for the evils of life; and it is not without reason that we have called them the sensuous school. For the main inspiration to this tone of feeling may be called a sort of self-contemplative sensuousness. It is a quite different thing from sensuality, and indeed has no necessary connection with it. But it is likewise quite a different thing from sensuousness which is not self-contemplative, from that power of enjoyment which belongs to childhood, to the childhood of mankind more than its maturer age, to some nations more than others, and which seems to have been the peculiar birthright of the sons of Hellas. The self-conscious sensuousness of the modern school is very different from this, but it has a beauty and a charm of its own, a charm which has a paramount attraction to some minds. It demands a peculiar—shall we say refinement? or better, perhaps, peculiar *tension*—of the poetic sense, to enter quite into this feeling; but many may come within a respectable distance of acquiring it. Of all the new Pre-Raphaelite poets, Morris is, we think, most imbued with its spirit, most endowed with this tuneful responsiveness and the first of the great Triad, and Swinburne, of the three, the least so and the last. Yet Swinburne is perhaps generally considered the greatest genius of the three. His gift is indeed of a coarser and more measurable kind than that of his fellows. After all is said, it must be confessed that his greatest claim to immortality lies in his immense command of verbal sounds—a gift in which he stands supreme. This everybody can appreciate. It requires no mental superiority to recognise the harmony of such lines as the oft-quoted—

"What ailed us, O gods, to desert you,
For the creeds which refuse and restrain;
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain!"

or the still more melodious—

"I came as one whose feet half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore."

And once read it must be confessed that they have a haunting fascination, which forbids us to forget them. But surely this is not enough to make up a great poet, and there is not much else of genuine poetry to be found in Swinburne. The sound is so exquisite that it seems like an impertinence to ask after the sense. No one but a "Philistine" would dream of trying how far he could realize the idea of one whose feet half linger, half run before; but if such tests were applied to Swinburne's poetry, about half the lines

throughout would, we feel pretty sure, be found devoid of almost any meaning —and these by no means the least popular he has produced. And if, rigidly shutting our ears against his music, we set ourselves honestly to inquire what is the meaning of the remainder, what is his contribution of thought or imagination to the poetic store, we shall find, we venture to assert, that there is very little indeed.

What, then, is the cause of Mr. Swinburne's great popularity? it may be asked; for we do not think so ill of human nature as to suppose there are many who have great sympathy with the lower side of Mr. Swinburne's mind, or take delight in the sickening detail of mere passion in its most revolting form. In the first place the mere vacuity of meaning wedded by the melody of sound cannot be without attractions to imaginative minds. M. Gustave Doré has almost revolutionised the art of wood-engraving by the discovery of what an appeal to the imagination may be made by mere *absences*, mere unfathomable blacknesses or endless space of white. Doré's art is indeed in great part a trick, but it is a trick which is more successful with the ill-regulated, imaginative minds than with the dull. Another art which Swinburne shares with Doré, and which is less creditable to the admirers of either, is in that great exaggeration of colour, that perpetual dealing in flame and blood which some mistake for power, but is rather the substitution of lime-light effects for the subdued harmony of nature. How strangely do Shakespeare's most passionate passages sound after a dramatic fragment of Swinburne! And lastly, there is one other reason arising from the position which poetry now holds among us, which applies not to Swinburne only, but to all the poets of his school. Poetry is as much read now-a-days as ever. But by a larger number than formerly it is read only as a recreation from what they would have to be more serious and important studies, from politics, from philosophy, and above all from science. Poetry has therefore lost some part of her position and character. She is a mistress rather than a wife; no longer a constant companion, but a relaxation for moments when the mind is too fatigued for serious thought. So it is that she is freed from any serious responsibility. Let her be amusing and distracting, and she need be no more. What wonder then if among the lighter minds who read poetry in this way, Swinburne should be pre-eminently a favourite; for he of all men demands least intelligent response on the part of the reader.

Yet for all that Swinburne has not much to offer beside the melody of his verse, he brings a genuine contribution to the storehouse of the new school, and in his unrivalled power of sound he expresses the culmination of a phase common to all his fellows. To all of them the manner is at least as important as the matter, and there is nothing it is to be observed which more effectually lulls criticism than the right adjustment of these two. As an admirer of Mr. Browning one cannot but own to the ruggedness and obscurity of some of his lines, and however high a merit we may claim for the *idea*, his deficiency in these outward dressings is too apparent to be denied to the commonest capacity. But in some of Rossetti's poems we seem to find the very perfection both of the idea and its clothing. In *Love's Nocturn*, for instance, one stands in almost breathless wonder at the management of the rhyme and metre, as well as the extraordinary imaginative tension —to use our old word—of such a verse as this:—

> "Vaporous, unaccountable,
> Dreamland lies forlorn of light,
> Hollow like a breathing shell;
> Ah! that from all dreams I might
> Choose one dream and guide its flight,
> I know well
> What her sleep should tell to-night;"

or where he would ask for his own image from dreamland, to send it to his mistress:

> "Ah! might I by thy good grace,
> Groping in the windy stair,

(Darkness and the breath of space,
Like loud waters, everywhere,)
Meeting mine own image there,
Face to face,
Send it from that place to her!"

But if her heart is another's, then his image shall return to him again:

"Like a vapour wan and mute,
Like a flame so let it pass;
One low sigh across her lute,
One dull breath against her glass;
And to my sad soul, alas!
One salute
Cold as when death's foot shall pass."

The *Blessed Damozel* is a still higher flight, though for some cause undefined it does not seem to enthral the imagination quite so much as does *Love's Nocturn*.

Mr. Morris has the same power, with all the superiority which belongs to good long poems over good short ones. His hold upon our minds is that of a linked sweetness long drawn out; no quotation could give an adequate idea of the power he obtains over us. Perhaps one of his finest passages is that where he tells of the last evening in King Pelias' hall before the setting out of Argo:

"Meanwhile all men spoke hotly of the quest
And healths they drank to many an honoured man,
Until the moon sank, and the stars waxed wan,
And from the east faint yellow light outshone,
O'er the Greek sea, so many years agone."

It is a perfect glamour; while it lasts it is irresistible.

But the worst of it is it will not last, at least with men in a natural and healthy condition of mind it will not. No sooner have we risen from their poetry than the fascination of the picture seems to fade away like a summer dream. The effort required to recall it becomes greater and greater. We see it well enough while we are in the vein. The maidens' "bodies white" or decorously clothed in blown blue gowns with a proper background of dark-green leaves, come before us as vividly from reading their poetry as from the art of the school itself. But in poetry, and in art too for that matter, we want something more than this, and above all something more nearly in harmony with the spirit of the age. After all there is nothing at all like this Pre-Raphaelite earthly paradise in the world around us; to live in a mere dream of it supposes not only that keen emotional feeling for all things beautiful, which is of the very essence of poetry, but, as has been said, a kind of self-regarding sensuousness, a stimulated and simulated sensitiveness, a "weak-eyed tunefulness of nature" far removed from the robustness which belongs to the highest genius. We have dwelt upon the merits of the sensuous school, and they well deserve to be dwelt upon; but when all has been said it will be confessed that they offer us but a poor salve for the rubs and scratches of everyday life. We turn from them with a sigh, one half of relief and half of regret.

But if, turning from them, we take up one of those poets who are not representatives of a sect or of a school, who are individual and unique, our regrets will soon diminish. Where would be the place for Shakespeare or Milton, for Æschylus or Dante in the earthly paradise we have been conceiving? We at once feel how improbable it is that there ever was such a languid childish era, or at any rate how little suitable it is to the advanced mental culture of our days. It is certain we find no trace of it in the four poets we have mentioned. They were far from adopting the advice we saw lately given by a writer of the sensuous school to abandon the unprofitable studies of politics and metaphysics. Imagine Dante abandoning politics, or Milton metaphysics. It was that power of living fully the life of their own time, of embodying in themselves the very complete feeling of their own age, that has made these poets not the poets of one age or time. It is the want of this power that stamps the sensuous school with inferiority.

"Who's alive?
Our men seem scarce in earnest now;
Distinguished names! but 'tis, somehow,
As if they played at being names,
Still more distinguished, like the games
Of children."[1]

It is in fact a kind of affectation. They are acting a part, and the whole long train of minor poets and artists are acting in imitation of them. Now there is nothing more fascinating to the mind than an occasion for exercising its mimetic talents, nor anything better calculated for the formation of a society or clique than the opportunity it gives for that unconscious or half-conscious acting to which properly belongs the name of hypocrisy. It would seem as if human beings preferred presenting feeling to possessing it, so ingrained in us is the love of playing a part or assuming a pose. One cannot exonerate the modern or for that matter the old Pre-Raphaelite school from a touch of this kind of hypocrisy. They have a genuine love and feeling for art, it is true, and the debt we owe them for reviving some love of art in England is almost incalculable. But one cannot believe that they are given up to artistic emotions to quite the same extent they would have us fancy, so entirely buried in an ideal world as to be utterly deaf to the problems of the life they are living. Or, if they are so, we cannot follow them into their lotus-dream, and, what is more, we would not if we could. We find we must resign the hope that they can give us any effectual charm against those evils of life which we know they proposed to cure. We had better turn to some poets whose sympathies are wider. We cannot get rid of the steam-engine and the manufactories so easily as we thought we could, but the world need not be devoid of poetry for all that. It would rather seem as if Providence had bestowed upon us some poets of the highest class who are peculiarly independent of what is called local colouring. It is our own fault if we can go through life without ever meeting with a Jaques, an Antonio, or a Portia; while this age is, again, more than commonly fitted for the indulgence of those moral, political, religious meditations which give such depth and dignity to the verse of Milton. The fact is that if the world has so long since passed out of its childhood, and advanced into the more prosaic, and at the same time more responsible era of manhood, it will do its part better by trying to live thoroughly the life it has to live. Nothing can be gained by routing out old hobby-horses, or falling again to play at bricks and dolls. We have found out that they are only puppets, and all the "pretending" in the world cannot bring us to forget our discovery.

If then the external life of this nineteenth century is so ugly, we cannot hope to mend it much by make-believe of the Pre-Raphaelite character. By all means cultivate the love of art and beauty, and art and beauty may yet have something in store for future generations. For our own days we cannot look for any great improvement. We must be content to go through the world half blind from the frequent want of anything worth looking at. But that will be no reason why the deficiency should be unsupplied by any fount of poetry from within. Milton may teach us otherwise:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even and morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

. . . . . .

So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her power
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

C. F. Keary.

[1] Browning's *Waring*.

HOMER AND DR. SCHLIEMANN.

THE excavations of Dr. Schliemann in the Troad have placed on a new basis the vexed question as to the site of Troy. Homerology (to use the word just coined by Mr. Gladstone) has advanced a step. Its devotees ask no longer "Where is Troy?" but "What do we learn of Troy from Hissarlik?" Of such a change it is an ungracious task to criticise the author, but if his labours are to result in that which he himself desires for them—the furtherance of truth—it is well to consider dispassionately their proper revelation. For Dr. Schliemann's own writings (and woe be to him who would have them otherwise!) are winged with enthusiasm. His spade is more persuasive than his pen. Adopting everything in the poem that agrees with his pet theories, he rejects all that militates against them on the ground that Homer lived too long after the event to be a trustworthy authority. He argues in one breath that certain stones are "The Great Tower of Ilium," because their position was so described by Homer, while in another breath he maintains that Homer had no idea of the ground-plan of the town, because its ruins lurked at a depth of twenty feet below his classical sandals. But this mode of treatment is not fair. It contains a self-contradiction not dissimilar from that of the Irishman in one of Lever's novels, who sent back an insulting letter with the remark that "he returned it unopened, as the language made use of in it was not fit for a gentleman to read." Dr. Schliemann must not shilly-shally between Homer and Hissarlik: he must make his choice between two positions. Either Homer read the contents of the Hissarlik plateau, or he never broke the seal. A middle course is incredible, for if he saw any ruins at all, he saw the walls; if he saw the walls he saw the size of Troy. Which position does Dr. Schliemann wish to adopt? Does he intend to prove the verbal exactitude of the *Iliad* by his excavations, or to establish a Troy of his own finding, which shall be partly corroborated by Homer, but which shall be independent of him? Either Hissarlik tells its own tale, and Homer is mute; or Hissarlik is mute unless awakened by the lyre of Homer.

What tale, then, does Hissarlik tell? It proclaims itself to be a town of an antiquity anterior to the *Iliad*, inhabited by an Oriental people, at one period fortified, at the end of that period destroyed by fire, and (if the evidence of the skeletons in armour be accepted) taken by storm. Now what right have we to give this town any name at all? What means are there of identifying it with history or legend? I answer, simply and solely the *Iliad*. And Horace accidentally contributed a very sensible remark to this effect when he said—

> "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
> Urgentur ignotique longâ
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

As other heroes before Agamemnon have lived unsung, so have other cities before Troy fallen unlamented. Even in time of peace Oriental towns have a knack of getting on fire; but the Troad is "by the hand of Nature formed, quoted, and signed" to be the scene of collision between East and West. And, to go no farther, in the *Iliad* we read of many neighbouring cities being sacked by the Greeks. It must be admitted that some weight attaches to the fact that the Greek colony founded on this spot at the end of the eighth century B.C. was called Ilium. But even to this name we have no right to attribute an origin apart from the words of Homer. The Greek colonists, perhaps, found the

ruins of a former city, but that city was not Homer's Troy, between which and the Greek foundations two cities intervened; possibly they even found a tradition assigning the name of Ilium to those ruins. But this is a mere supposition. Would not Greeks have naturally called a city in the Troad "Troy," whether they regarded it as on the actual site or no, and independently of tradition or of any belief in the compatibility of the site with the given description? We have, therefore, no substantial ground for assuming to the traditionary name a paternity other than Homer's. The same remark applies to the Cyclic Poems, the same to the Æneid, the same to the volumes of the critics. All cling round the skirts of one Titanic figure, and not round the relics of a tattered tradition, itself rescued from oblivion and perpetuated by the Muse alone. At any rate we cannot assert more than this of their existence. Therefore, before we can give the name of Troy to the rubbish-heaps of Hissarlik, we must discover a really minute agreement between the facts of its situation and the description of Homer.

Now nobody pretends that all the details in the *Iliad* are meant to be believed: and Homer, it is said, did not pretend to absolute accuracy even in topographical detail. This may be, and in my opinion is, true; but it is a truth grievous to confess: for surely the wider the range of poetical license attributed to him in matters where absolute accuracy was possible, the wider becomes the breach that severs the Trojan war from history, the *Iliad* from reality, Hissarlik from Troy. The two poles in the solid globe of the *Iliad* are romance and the key of Priam's plate-chest. In the zenith of Homerology hovers scepticism, in the nadir digs Dr. Schliemann. Between these two lies a vast æther for ballooning theorists. But there is no certainty in grapnels: on *terra firma* alone can we make sure of arriving at the goal of truth: and the only guides on that journey are the immortal poems and the scarce-altered face of Nature.

Having had during a recent visit to the plain opportunities of comparing the testimony of these witnesses, I hope I shall not merit the rebuff of Thersites, if I venture to cast a spear on the field of battle. Those who are interested in the question, and who have not had the good fortune to explore for themselves the debated scenes, cannot do better than expend eighteenpence in the purchase of the Admiralty chart of the entrance to the Dardanelles, which comprises a thoroughly accurate map of the plain of Troy, from which the various arguments can be appreciated with a clearness only short of that gained by actually visiting the spot. What the charm of such a visit is need not be told. The whole air is redolent of Homer. The flowery plain, the deep sand, the Hellespontine breezes, the waving tamarisk and oak, the picturesque fountain, the green waters of steep-banked Scamander breathe Homeric idylls. The ploughman with his slow plough of sticks and stumps, the shepherd with his simple lute, the fisherman, squatting on the look-out perch above his nets, were described three thousand years ago in that verse whose language still lives on their lips. The peasant, beneath whose roof the modern Odysseus finds hospitality, brings forth from a cupboard mattresses and coverlets which he spreads on the floor for a bed and calls *Strômata*. The potter grinds his colouring pigments in a hand-mill of lava-stone precisely resembling those of his Trojan predecessor, and unconsciously moulds his grotesque water-jar, lion or bird, after the rude modellings of a pre-historic fellow-craftsman; nor could he distinguish the huge earthen vessels in which his oil and wine are stored from those which lie buried beneath the adjacent mound of Hissarlik. So little do the ordinary arts of life change amid the conservative influences of oppression and barbarism!

But striking and interesting as are these links between past and present, they are not guide-posts on the road to Troy: they are only general features of the landscape common to all aspirants to that title; and these claimants we

must now consider. They are three in number—Hissarlik, Bounarbashi, and the "Pagus Iliensium." That any one of these three is the real site of Troy has yet to be proved: but though we may be unable to determine that precise spot, we need not despair of fixing certain definite limits within which we may expect to find it.

First and foremost among the questions to be solved is that raised by Demetrius of Skepsis. This earliest propagator of heresy objected against Ilium that it was at the time of the war too near the sea for the movements described by Homer to have taken place there. That the plain has made some advance is not only natural but also evident from the banks which now project far into the Hellespont on each side of the mouth of the Mendere. That it should have made an advance of several miles would not be surprising in presence of the neighbouring examples of Ephesus, Miletus, and Prienê. But it must be remembered that this objection is not the objection of a modern traveller. The period between the date of Demetrius and the present time is double that which intervened between the date of Demetrius and the date of Homer. It follows that the plain has in the later period made an advance double that which it made during the earlier period. Therefore this objection of Demetrius at the present time rather strengthens than weakens the position of Hissarlik. For it seems to imply that there was in his time a sufficient space for the requirements of the *Iliad;* and as there is now only a reasonable distance for this purpose (about four miles) between Hissarlik and the Hellespont, it is hardly to be supposed that there could have been very much less at the time of the jealous critic. On the other hand, in any investigation on this subject, the probable influence of the current of the Hellespont ought not to be left out of calculation. It is conceivable that the formation of deposits may have proceeded rapidly until the date of Demetrius, and then, attaining nearly the present sea-line, have been greatly retarded by a current running past at the rate of three miles an hour. On this point then an important question hinges. An answer in one direction might render the position of Hissarlik absolutely untenable, and drive us back perforce to the upper plain.

The next clue in the labyrinth is to be obtained from the rivers. The Mendere must be the Scamander. To the similarity of name indeed but little importance can be attached; all we can say is, that the Greek colonists named it so; but we cannot assume for them any more definite knowledge on the subject than we have. As in the case of the naming of the Greek Ilium, we must remember that the country changed hands before historical times, and that, whatever the ancient Asiatic name may have been, Greeks could not have named the river otherwise than Scamander. But there are more substantial arguments for the identification. The Scamander is evidently the chief river of the Iliad, as the Mendere is now of the plain. Again, the expressions that "Zeus begat" the river, and that he was "called by the gods 'Xanthus'" seem to signify that the sources were in the unknown, or far off and mysterious recesses of Gargarus, the snowy peak distant thirty miles from Troy, where was the altar and grove of Zeus (*Il.* viii. 47), and which was as it were one of his country seats, his presence there being notified by clouds resting on the summit, just as the presence of a modern local magnate is indicated by a flag waving over his mansion. Now we are, I think, at liberty to place the ancient bed of the Scamander on whichever side of the plain we please; for there are several old channels; and it is a probable assumption that, especially if the plain has advanced much, old channels should have been gradually filled, and new beds worn. Homer himself shows the probability of such a change by introducing an inundation to account for the disappearance of the walls round the Greek camp (*Il.* xii. 17); and great floods are not uncommon now. But wherever we place Scamander we must clearly fix its course along the opposite side of the plain to Troy, where

it shall not interfere with the fighting; and Mr. Gladstone shows very reasonable grounds for placing it on the west. That this was its course may be surmised on other grounds. The junction of the Simois and the Scamander is distinctly mentioned (*Il.* v. 774); and we are also told (vi. 4) that the battle raged between the two rivers; but when the Trojans fled, no mention is made of their crossing either river, although the line of flight is minutely given (xi. 166, *seq.*). Therefore Troy lay between the two rivers. Now the Simois ran underneath the hill called "Callicolone" (xx. 52); and "the brows" of this hill faced the refuge of Hercules (*l.* 145). That spot must surely have been on the shore of the Ægean Sea and not of the Hellespont; for otherwise there would have been no great reason for mentioning it specially; nor could a suitable place be found for it on the Hellespontine side. Since then one faction of the gods sat in these walls to watch the final conflict, the opposing faction, who sat opposite to them on Callicolone were on the eastern side of the plain; and therefore the Simois must be fixed on that side. Again, during the battle Hector is said to have been "on the extreme left of the banks of Scamander" (xi. 497); and though this might be taken either way, it is natural to suppose that in speaking of a Trojan Homer spoke as from the Trojan side, and pleasant to imagine that he pictured himself as looking from some site like Hissarlik, or as Zeus looking from distant Gargarus down the valley.

Troy then was between two rivers, having the Scamander on the left, and the Simois on the right. It was furthermore situated "on the plain," and on the plain as opposed even to the skirts of Ida (xx. 216), the whole range of hills on the east and south-east of the plain, and not (it must be remembered) the lofty Gargarus, always expressly mentioned. Moreover it was so close to the plain that Helen, whose optical powers were no doubt poetically increased a little, could distinguish the several chiefs in the Greek array when they were drawn up to witness the single combat between Paris and Menelaus. But though Troy was on the plain, it was actually situated on an elevated and rocky site; and there was some high ground contiguous to it. This was the eminence associated in xxii. 145, with "the wild fig-tree," which probably grew upon it, for it is there called "windy"; and in Andromache's entreaty to Hector that he would withdraw his army to that tree, she gives as her reason that the city was most accessible, and had thrice been actually assailed on that side; and her request implies that it was high ground capable of being defended. That this spot was rough and steep is further shown by Homer's finding it necessary to provide a running-path for Hector and Achilles when they raced past it; he says they ran "along the wain-road." This road was probably that which, issuing from the Scæan gates, diverged on the one hand into the plain, on the other over the main ridge. That the site should be one capable of permitting the conception of that chase of Hector is also necessary. The possibility of that episode is beside the mark; for a race thrice round any town, no matter what its situation, of such a size as we shall presently see that Troy must have been, is manifestly a poetical fiction. The only requirement is that there should be no such glaring absurdity involved in the mere idea as would "o'erstep the modesty of nature," even in the climax of an epic poem.

It is a further condition of the site that Troy should be visible from Mount Gargarus, whence Zeus is said to see it (viii. 52). Now, if Gargarus be, as can hardly be doubted, seeing that it is the only seat worthy of the god of Olympus, the distant snowy summit now called Kaz Dagh, we are considerably limited in our selection of sites; for that mountain is shut out in many places by the nearer ranges of Ida, and in particular is invisible from the Balidagh, and from Bounarbashi.

Again, there are three plains mentioned in the *Iliad*, the Scamandrian (ii. 465), the Trojan (x. 11), and the

Ileian (xxi. 558). The Scamandrian was the part of the great plain near the sea, the Trojan plain the part near Troy. Now, although Homer speaks of the Trojans being drawn up "on the rise of the plain," which seems to indicate a break in the level such as would form a natural boundary between the two plains, yet as such a break does not now exist, we must perhaps take this "rise" to be the slope of some hill like Callicolone rising from the plain, and content ourselves with some such natural division of the plains as would be afforded by the transverse bed of the Simois. After the analogy of this subdivision into two of what seems one plain, it is only natural to make the Ileian a third sub-division of the same plain, embracing that part above Troy, and not, as is generally supposed, a separate plain. And with this explanation the phrase "the river" (a title accorded *par excellence* to the Scamander), in which Agenor proposed to take a dip before returning from his intended flight up the Ileian plain, seems to tally. This passage, then, would interpose a sufficient distance between Troy and the sheltering coverts on the upper slopes of Ida for another plain, or for a part of the same great plain, traversed by the Scamander.

Now (pending a definite settlement of the ancient coast line) no site can better realize these various conditions than Hissarlik. Situated between the Mendere and the Doumbrek river, on a low spur of Ida which projects so far that the city is essentially "in the plain," being more than half surrounded by it, it is yet finely placed on a small plateau marked on the south side by a gradual declivity, and on the north and west by abrupt slopes or precipitous rocks, and standing out into the plain as a promontory stands out into the sea. On the east, near the Greek theatre, when the plateau is connected with the main spur, is high ground suitable for the eminence on which "the fig-tree" stood; to the north, above the Doumbrek river, stands the required Callicolone: behind, stretches a long expanse of Ileian plain, along which Agenor may flee to the high range above Bounarbashi: beyond rises the snowy Gargarus.

So far all goes merrily; but a step more, and we are suddenly staggered by a murderous difficulty, by one of the most picturesque local touches in the *Iliad*. There were, it seems, not very far from the walls, two sources of the Scamander, one steaming hot and the other cold (xxii. 148). Now these springs not only find no counterpart at Hissarlik, but are not to be traced elsewhere on the plain. The springs which Dr. Schliemann tries to press into his service are merely shallow holes in the flat marshy plain, where water could at any time be reached by digging a shallow hole. Nor is their temperature agreeable to the description of Homer. It is easy to say, and not incredible to persuade oneself, that some pranksome imp, obtaining in an evil hour the key of the subterranean tap, has turned off the hot water, and turned on cold. But the spring at Thermopylæ still gushes forth in hot sulphureous volume; and at Ligia, near Alexandria Troas, the rivulet which fed an ancient but yet uninjured bath, still pours its scalding tribute into the marble labrum. Why then should Scamander's fountain alone (of all instances, so far as I am aware) have cooled? If, however, these springs at Hissarlik were suitable in other respects, there remains the difficulty that they were the sources of the Simois, if of any river at all, and not of the Scamander. Now, the words of Homer do not necessarily imply that these fountains were the ultimate head-waters of the Scamander, but may perhaps only signify tributary springs. This solution, however, involves the loss of the picturesqueness of the obvious idea; and I would therefore suggest, as an alternative, that the river from these fountains to the sea was called Scamander, while from the junction of their waters with the main torrent, the latter, issuing mysteriously through the defiles near Bounarbashi, was called "Xanthus" "by the gods," *i.e.*, it was thenceforth

little known to men. Some such solution must be accepted, for a stream that rose beneath the walls would hardly require a distinct ford, or necessitate swimming a mile or two lower down. It is in this respect that the twofold Bounarbashi fountains commend themselves. They are at some distance apart, and at each point from a cluster of little springs a good-sized brook at once leaps into life; the brooks unite, and the river thus suddenly born is a very striking phenomenon. But in this case again at neither point is there a hot spring. Dr. Schliemann states that the Scamander rises from a cold and a hot spring in Mount Ida, or Gargarus. I confess that it grieves me to accept this as a part-solution of the difficulty, believing, as I do, that the acceptance of it is almost a death-blow to the identification of any site with Troy; for Homer, our sole authority, once caught in such a daring poetical generalization, becomes no longer an authority. And yet the painful conviction obtrudes itself on me that Homer's sources of the Scamander were a poet's combination of the Bounarbashi fountains with the real sources in distant Gargarus.

This difficulty is one which militates against every proposed site, though least against Bounarbashi; but there are other local features which are wanting at Hissarlik. The principal of these are the three tombs which Homer places between Troy and the sea—the tombs of Myrina, of Æsyetes, and of Ilus. Although there are a great number of tumuli scattered about on hillocks around the plain, none can be found to represent these; for I resent Dr. Schliemann's suggestion that the tumulus south of his excavations is the tomb of Myrina as a deliberate insult to the fame of Hector. It makes one quite nervous to think of that gallant general when he ventured forth for the first time after a nine years' heroic defence, carefully conducting his forces to the rear, and leaving the city exposed and defenceless. How Priam and his chirping gossips on the tower would have screamed!

The tomb of Æsyetes was that on which Polites kept watch over the movements at the Greek camp: a proof, if more were needed, that Troy was far distant from the sea, and also, as I cannot help thinking, that the view from Troy of the Scamandrian plain was partly cut off by the projecting hill of Callicolone. The third tomb—that of Ilus—is strongly marked in the *Iliad*. It was "a great tomb" "far from the sea;" but not so far that the sounds of Trojan revelry there could not be heard from the Greek camp (x. 13), nor so far as to be unsuitable for Hector's object in encamping there, namely, that he might swoop down upon the Greeks in case they attempted to re-embark and escape. Nor again was it near the city: otherwise he might as well have returned thither instead of camping out. It was also some distance from the Scamander; for Hector, when near the river-banks (xi. 497), knew nothing of what had occurred there when Paris, leaning on the monumental column, pierced Diomedes with an arrow. Priam also passes the tomb on his way to the Greek camp before reaching the river where he watered his badly-matched team of horses and mules. The tomb was therefore on the Trojan side of the junction of the rivers. We may summon down torrents and call up ploughs to annihilate every vestige of these tumuli: but the fact remains that they have no longer an existence, while neighbouring tumuli in spots accessible to the plough still rise, while the tumulus of Marathon still rears its head proudly from the midst of waving cornfields.

Turning now from the objects which Troilus saw when he "looked from the Troyan walls, and sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents" to the city in which he stood, we will examine more closely the excavations at Hissarlik. But before doing so, I must deprecate the idea that any considerable remains of Troy ought necessarily to be found upon its site. The conflagration at the final catastrophe was kindled by an infuriated foe, who wished to erase from the face of the earth every memo-

rial of the hated city. Such a conflagration, especially if the houses were commonly built of wood, might not inconceivably reduce even large masses of masonry composed of limestone to a mere heap of ashes and pulverized fragments, and such *débris* would easily be blown away by tornadoes or washed by heavy rains down precipices like those of the Balidagh, or down far less abrupt slopes. No one who has stood on the bare rock-foundations of the ancient Neapolis at Syracuse can have failed to be struck with astonishment at the utter disappearance of all *débris* of that comparatively modern town. Why, then, should not Troy have almost disappeared? But with regard to the Balidagh it is not true that, as is asserted, remains are totally wanting. The remains of fortifications and houses there have indeed that adaptation of style of workmanship to the nature of the ground and to the purpose of the design which is so characteristic of all Greek masonry, yet, such as they are, the ruins are by no means inconsiderable. And, as a general observation, any one who glances at the Admiralty chart above referred to will notice at once how universally throughout the Troad, even on the surface, are scattered objects of that kind which is denominated in the Levant by the comprehensive term "antika," a term now replaced in the Troad by that of "Schliemann." What excavations then, what close and attentive investigations as to probable disappearance of *débris* are rendered necessary before we can so exhaust the Troad as to pronounce the absence of remains elsewhere to be a proof that the one city of undoubted ante-Grecian times that has as yet been exhumed is Troy! The presumption arising from the self-recorded history of Hissarlik is indeed strong evidence in favour of its claim; but we must ask whether this, conjoined with the unsatisfactory topographical evidence, and with the very slight corroboration afforded by traditionary belief, warrants us in proclaiming an indefeasible title.

Now I will venture to assert that for any practical purposes of comparison between the poems and the excavations, if Hissarlik be Troy, Homer never saw a stone of the ruins. For what was Homer's estimate of Troy? It was a city opulent and powerful; a city which could attract allies of every tongue and race from the trans-Hellespontine Thracian on the one side to the swarthy Egyptian on the other; it was a city which could afford to pay them, which could bestow them at need within the shelter of its walls, which could throw open a multitude of gates (ii. 809), and discharge them with good speed to battle or receive them fugitive from the spear of Achilles. And what size is the plateau of Hissarlik? Dr. Schliemann (says Mr. Gladstone) has compared it to Trafalgar Square. It is certainly no larger. The reconciliation of these two cities, the city of the Muse and the city of the spade, is an impossibility. Those who play the peace-maker between them pull down the buttresses of Homer as fast as they build them up. Delighted with the practicability of the famous chase round the walls, and with the example of an Athens which was all Acropolis, they tear out those positive statements of Homer which cannot be disentangled from the general story without rending the whole to shreds. No doubt the picturesque description of viii. 562, *seq.*, where the Trojan forces are estimated at 50,000, is not meant to be an actual numerical statement. But Agamemnon's speech, (ii. 123) no less than the whole tenor of battle scenes, shows that there was no great disparity in numbers between the Greek hosts and the united forces of the Trojans and their allies; and, granted that the desire of every Greek state to be well represented caused exaggerations and interpolations in the great catalogue of the Greeks, yet the magnitude of the expedition is shown elsewhere. We learn (xiv. 36) that there were too many ships to be drawn up in one line even in a bay two miles wide. They had to be drawn up in two lines. Mr. Gladstone estimates the Greek numbers at 50,000. The estimate of 30,000

then cannot be excessive for the Trojans. Yet it was said by the Duke of Wellington to be a severe test of strategic skill to get 30,000 men out of Hyde Park. What a consumate general, then, was Hector, who could march that number of men through two or three gates no bigger than those excavated by Dr. Schliemann! And this was not all: he had to find room for them when they got inside. He must have ordered them not only to pile up arms, but also to pile up themselves.

But those who uphold Homer's acquaintance with the walls now brought to light are not content with this difficulty alone: they also conjure up a lower town of huts clinging round the towers of the Acropolis. It is for them to solve the insoluble; to provide an asylum for the extra-mural population as well as to erect barracks for the allies. The dilemma thrust upon them is clear: either Homer, knowing the size of the town, wilfully misrepresented the Trojan forces to an extent which contorts the whole *Iliad;* or, being ignorant of the limits of the town, he embraced within the walls an area far larger than that now shown to be the true one. Now the nature of the ground forbids the latter theory: for on the north the plateau terminates in a low precipice; on the east, it is united with the remainder of the ridge, which from that point spreads out into a broad upland, on which, when once embarked, the engineer finds no resting-place for the sole of his foot until the whole area of the Greek colony has been included; on the south, the ground slopes down towards a hollow depression, from which rises, on the opposite side, another projection of the same main ridge; on the west, the plateau sinks sharply to the plain. These natural limits preclude any material extension of the town except by the addition of the site of the whole Greek colony, or by the inclusion within the walls of part of the plain to the north and west—an idea wholly repugnant to the eye and mind, and one which would never have entered into the poet's brain unless he had found there traces of walls which, we know, he did not find.

Descending parenthetically into the trenches below the surface, I cannot help expressing my dissent from Dr. Schliemann as to those "Scæan gates," of which he is the sponsor. These gates are on the west. But Homer assigns them another position. He distinctly states that the Trojans, flying from the tomb of Ilus, passed "the wild fig-tree" on their way towards the Scæan gates (xi. 166). The tomb of Ilus was towards the sea: the only possible eminence for the fig-tree is, we have seen, on the north-east of the plateau. The Scæan gates were therefore on the east. Nor can I agree with Dr. Schliemann as to the broad hollow wall near the excavated gates being "the Great Tower" of the *Iliad.* The aspect of that wall is to the south-west. Immediately to the north and north-west is the so-called "Palace of Priam." The houses, says Dr. Schliemann, "had several storeys:" the wall, according to my impression, is not more than fifteen feet high. Therefore, unless a pair of those "patent double-million magnifyin' gas-microscopes of hextra power," without which Mr. Samuel Weller pronounced it to be impossible to "see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door," should hereafter be discovered among the ruins, I shall refuse to believe that, as regards a view of the battle-field from the tower, even Helen's "wision" was not "limited."

The general conclusion which I would draw from a review of the whole preceding considerations is, that Homer either described an Ilium which he never saw, or saw an Ilium which he did not describe. That Hissarlik formed a basis for his poetical treatment is a pleasant creed. He found there a model from which to idealize; just as at Corfu he found an outline from which he wrought out in detail the city of Alcinous; just as, according to Mr. Gladstone, he extracted his gorgeous shield of Achilles from the clumsy modellings of his own age; just as Shakespeare caught up the flimsy framework of a current tale and

endowed it with imperishable substance and colour. The Trojan war was, perhaps, a fact. So, perhaps, was the rivalry of the houses of Montague and Capulet. Then let him who can linger over the tomb of Juliet "muse an hour alone" upon the mole-hill of Hissarlik. For though the grander Acropolis of the Balidagh, perched upon tremendous cliffs, whose base is laved on three sides by the serpent-like coils of deep-eddying Xanthus, may tempt him, as he revels in the glorious prospect of plain and Hellespont, island and sea, to believe that he stands on "the breezy heights of Ilium;" yet he must confess that it is on the mound of Hissarlik that he best realizes Homer. Thence, with the *débris* of five cities beneath his feet, he surveys the whole *mise en scène* of the *Iliad*. Before him, and on either hand, stretch the broad levels of the sea-like plain, intersected by two rivers, and bounded by rolling hills, on whose knolls rise here and there hoary tumuli; beyond, a brief glimpse of the blue Hellespont; to the left, the highest point of Tenedos fills up a gap in the chain of hills; while far out at sea shimmer in golden haze the mountains of Imbros, and the cloud-capped summit of distant Samotraki; and behind him, above the long range of many-fountained Ida "topmost Gargarus stands up and takes the morning." And even though he be sceptical as to the identity of the shattered walls with the legendary Troy and of the plateau with the Pergamus of Homer, yet he knows that he stands on a spot associated with no common memories. Here, twenty-three centuries ago, in the renewed struggle between East and West, the despotic commander of the mightiest invasion the world has ever seen solemnly ascended to sacrifice a tenfold hecatomb to the Ilian Athenê: and hither, 150 years afterwards, the greatest general of perhaps all ages, a hero glowing with enthusiastic hero-worship, was drawn aside on a similar pilgrimage. These alone are sufficient to stamp Hissarlik with fame. But to those who would penetrate beneath these gorgeous scenes and search the grounds of faith in Xerxes and Alexander, must remain the inevitable conclusion, that the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, great and valuable in themselves, at best lead us only to an opposite conclusion as to the exact precision of the *Iliad* to that which impelled him first to grasp the pickaxe.

The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have higher and more patriotic aims than literal scrupulosity, or mere historical or topographical accuracy. The *Iliad*, it has been said, was the Greek's Bible. The *Odyssey* was his *Pilgrim's Progress*. The lesson of the *Iliad* was patriotism, and patriotism in the widest sense. It proclaimed the oneness of the whole Greek family. It seized on that point of legendary lore when all the petty dissensions and rivalries of individual states were merged in national co-operation. It organized centuries beforehand resistance to that aggression of Persian barbarism which well-nigh obliterated the most signal advance of civilization recorded in the world's history. And while it enjoined this broad lesson of patriotism, the duty of state in relation to state, it combined with it another lesson—the duty of every individual man to his fellow-man.

The *Iliad* is not a chronicle: it is a moral poem. And therefore, though we may seek illustration and evidence corroborative of the general truth of Homer, we must not expect to dig out the skeleton of an imaginative Troy from the rubbish-heaps of Hissarlik.

W. H. Mason.

THE BYWAYS OF BOOKMAKING.

Every literature possesses a body of rules teaching the poet and the dramatist what to avoid; and an ingenious Frenchman once published a guide to novel-writing which contained positive directions for pursuing that craft, so that with a little application every novel-reader might become his own novelist—at once the creator and consumer of his own literary smoke. No one by studying the *Ars Poetica* could make himself, in however small a degree, either a versifier or a playwright. But the author of the guide to novel-writing did at least aim at showing how novels might be cut out and perfected, or rather designed piece by piece, and put together, not indeed like boots and shoes, but rather like garlands of artificial flowers or elaborate ball-dresses. Perhaps, however, the novel-writing guide might be most fitly compared to a cookery book. It gave instructions on the choice of a heroine as Mrs. Glasse, or La Cuisinière Bourgeoise, tells you what sort of fowl to pick out for your contemplated hash. It recommended for some purposes a tender hero, for others a tough one. There was a chapter on the art of serving up the heroine, or, in other words, of introducing her to the reader. Then the hero and the heroine had to be stirred up together after certain forms, according as they were disposed to harmonize like cream and the yolk of egg, or were of seemingly antagonistic natures, like oil and vinegar. Hints were furnished on the preparation of incidental observations; and the art of blending reflection with narrative was fully treated. Of course the villain was not forgotten—nor the story; and the intending novelist was strongly advised to make the latter "interesting." The weakness of the book seemed to consist in this: that if the aspirant to the enviable position of successful novelist could make his story interesting—which he was enjoined to do without being told in what manner—the rest was comparatively without importance. To profess to teach a man the art of writing a novel, and to tell him, among other things, that he had better make his story interesting, is as good a joke in its way as that of informing the aspirant to poetical honours that when he has at last finished his work he had better keep it by him for nine years. The counsel has, in each case, an ironical look. But scanty thanks would be forthcoming alike from the poet—warned that when he has followed a number of maxims on the subject of poetical composition, the best thing he can do with his poem will be to hide it—and from the novelist—who, after many useful rules have been impressed upon him in respect to novel-writing, is further assured that he must make his story "interesting." In an indirect manner the one is told as plainly as the other that teaching will be of no value to him.

If, however, authors cannot teach others how to conceive and bring forth works of art, they can sometimes explain how the idea and plan of their own creations first occurred to them. Edgar Poe has published a curious exposition of the genesis, or rather of the deliberate construction, of the *Raven;* an exposition, it must be added, which is not accepted by all his admirers as having been made in perfectly good faith, and which is declared to be not a synthesis, but virtually an analysis. The late Alexandre Dumas, too, has told us how the main idea of one of his most successful plays first came into his head. He was walking down the Boulevard, when suddenly it struck him that a man found in a compromising situation with a woman might save her reputation

by killing her and declaring that he had done so by reason of her resistance. Out of that idea was developed the drama of *Antony*. The fact may be interesting. But neither the starting point of Poe nor of Dumas could have been turned to account by one who was neither a poet nor a dramatist.

If, however, the secret of literary invention cannot be imparted, methods of borrowing literary materials with skill and success may easily be communicated. A regular school of plagiarism was maintained for a time in France, and among its pupils one of the most distinguished preachers of the seventeenth century, Fléchier, is said to have been included. Poetry, on the principle, perhaps, that "the poet must be born," does not seem to have been included in the course. Or it may have been thought that poets were already sufficiently accustomed to borrow images and ideas, and to reproduce in their own works whole passages from the ancients. Instruction in the art of plagiarism was in any case confined to orators; and the school was named "L'Académie des Orateurs Philosophiques," with Richesource, its founder, as "director." Richesource declared himself able to make "distinguished writers" of those even who possessed no literary talent; and he has left a work on the subject, in which his method is fully explained. *The Orator's Mask; or, The Manner of Disguising all Sorts of Compositions, Letters, Sermons, &c.*, is its title, and the author explains at the outset that "oratorical plagiarism is the art that some employ with much skill for changing or disguising all sorts of discourses composed by themselves, or due to the pen of another, in such a manner that it becomes impossible for the author to recognize his own work, his own style, or the substance of his work, so adroitly will the whole have been disguised." The parts of the work which it is proposed to appropriate are to be arranged in a new order, words and phrases are to be replaced by equivalents. "An orator," the reader is told, "has said that an ambassador should possess probity, capacity, and courage. The plagiarist will say that he should possess courage, capacity, and probity." He would be but a poor plagiarist, however, who should chop and change in this manner; and the ingenious plagiarist will, it is explained, replace "probity" by "sincerity," or "virtue," "courage" by "force of soul," and so on. For "ambassador," "envoy" would, no doubt, be substituted; and "should not be without" would probably do duty for "should possess."

Richesource's Academy has long ceased to exist, but his method is still employed, consciously or unconsciously, by numbers of orators in the pulpit and at the bar. It appeared, too, from a case tried in London same twenty years ago, that professed plagiarists are sometimes employed "to destroy copyrights" as the evidence set forth; or, in other words, to treat literary matter which copyright formally protected so as, in the words of Richesource, to render it "impossible for the author to recognize his own work." In the case referred to, the most vulgar kind of plagiarism—the "plagiarism of commerce," it might be called—had been performed upon the substance of a guide-book which had been in a great measure transmuted, but not so thoroughly as to leave no trace of the process. Two words specially sworn to by the author—namely, "savage grandeur" had been taken whole by the plagiarist. A graduate of the "Académie des Orateurs Philosophiques" would probably have converted them into "wild magnificence."

The "art of extemporaneous speaking" taught by certain professors in the present day is probably nothing more than an application of Richesource's method of plagiarism. The story has been told often enough of the funeral oration pronounced in memory of the Duke of Wellington by the present Earl of Beaconsfield. This was a performance which Richesource would doubtless have condemned as inartistic, since neither the substance nor the style of the borrowed discourse was disguised. But if the "art of extemporaneous

speaking" can be taught at all, one of its rules must be that when the speaker has nothing to say of his own he must borrow from some one else.

In the drama plagiarism has been much more freely practised than in any other branch of literature. Managers, in fact, are bound at all hazards to entertain the public, and with that view, like the great manager-dramatist of France, "take their property wherever they find it." The origin of the piece is unimportant, provided the piece itself be suitable. The public, moreover, might be prejudiced against it if they were told that it had not been made expressly for them; and they would certainly listen with mistrust to a comedy which, professing to represent the manners of one country, was known, as first composed, to have depicted those of another. Then there are so many degrees in dramatic plagiarism, from the poet who borrows nothing but an undeveloped subject, or the idea of a subject, to the playwright who re-fashions other men's materials; and from the playwright to the adapter, who perhaps invents a few details, and to the translator who invents nothing, yet, in many cases, does not scruple to claim the work he has translated as his own creation.

The novelist who publishes as his own the work of another man is, unlike the dramatist under similar circumstances, looked upon as having committed a disgraceful action. About the time of the Crimean war it occurred to some foreigner, who had honoured England by making this country his home, to publish, as an original story, a translation, or adaptation, of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. To suit the English taste the ingenious adapter had done his best to replace Russian manners by English manners, and had made a point everywhere of substituting English for Russian food. Thus, cold mutton and porter, or ham sandwiches and pale ale, were served to guests arriving on a visit in lieu of caviar and vodka. When this plagiarism on a large scale was exposed in the columns of the *Athenæum*, the publisher expressed his regret at having been made a party to a deception practised on the public, and the book was withdrawn. No such sacrifice would be made, nor could it in fairness be expected, from a manager enabled to satisfy himself that a work which he had announced as original was in fact a translation, more or less imperfect.

Mr. G. A. Sala has told us in the interesting column which he contributes weekly to the *Illustrated London News* that Paley's *Natural Theology* is freely translated from the Dutch. French bank-notes are, or used to be, adorned with an inscription to the effect that "the forger is punished with twenty years' hard labour." Paley must have felt something like the forger of a French bank-note when he undertook to teach morality by means which, as he was reminded every moment by the very work on which he was engaged, were immoral. In the opening chapters on contrivance and design, the watch which he represents himself as finding on a barren heath, he had, in fact, stolen. So in setting the ten commandments to music, old Haydn, with grim humour, stole a melody for the eighth.

Even Richesource, "disguiser" by profession, would scarcely have given his approbation to a method of "disguising" history invented by Le Père Barre, and practised, it must be hoped, by him alone. Gower, in the *Confessio Amantis*, had long before spoken of Menander as an historian, classing him with Josephus, Esdras, Ephiloquorus, and others; and had described Ulysses as a learned man, to whom Cicero taught rhetoric, Zoroaster magic, Ptolemy astronomy, Plato philosophy, Daniel divination, and Hippocrates medicine. These, however, are but trifling errors compared to the mistakes, or rather the misrepresentations, made by Le Père Barre in his *History of Germany*, of which some two hundred pages are adapted, with the most grotesque results, from the history of Sweden. Le Père Barre wished above all things to divert the reader; and as Voltaire' *History of Charles XII.* was much m

entertaining than anything he could write, he embodied it, with some indispensable changes of name, in his *History of Germany*. He applied to the Emperor Rudolph Voltaire's remarks on King Stanislaus, and made Valdemar, King of Denmark, say and do precisely the same things as Charles XII. at Bender. This again would not have suited Professor Richesource, who limited his system of plagiarism to "philosophical oratory," and, for the most part, to the enunciation of abstract principles—the property, he seems to have held, of anyone who liked to take the trouble to utter them.

In connection with bookmaking meant to amuse specimens of bookmaking intended to mislead might be cited. Of these the most notorious perhaps is that *History of France* published under the Restoration, by Le Père Loriquet, with the initials of the Jesuits' motto *Ad majorem Dei gloriam* as epigraph. The edition, however, of the work in which Napoleon Bonaparte is said to figure as a certain "Marquis de Bonaparte, who gained important victories at the head of the king's armies" is not to be found; and the late M. de Montalembert denied that it had ever existed. Scarcely less valuable than a copy of the missing edition of Le Père Loriquet's *History* would be that number of *Le Journal des Débats*, belonging to the same period, in which the following statement is said to be contained. "Bonaparte was never christened Napoleon. His true name was Nicholas. But this man wished that everything connected with his person should be extraordinary."

A very remarkable class of bookmakers are translators who will not be satisfied with merely translating. Voltaire said of translators that they were like servants who thought the masters they had the honour of waiting upon were the greatest persons in the world. Some servants, however, and some translators, think themselves quite as good as their masters. In a French version of Plautus, published in 1719, the playful translator, M. de Geudeville, declares towards the end of his preface that he has spared no pains "*pour mettre ce vieux comique à la mode.*" "I have followed my own inclination," he adds, "and I am convinced that true men of taste, a select band, will be much obliged to me for having endeavoured to divert them all the more." Auteroche, author of a rhymed translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, has altered scenes, characters, and motives. He does not, however, on that account consider himself Virgil's superior. On the contrary, he tells the reader that he feels sure Virgil would have done the same "if he had only had time."

It was reserved for a distinguished Russian nobleman, Count Orloff, to discover the means of acquiring a certain literary reputation without writing a line. He employed a number of French writers, many of them men of considerable distinction, to compose, under his direction, a History of Italian Music. The Count did not claim to be more than the originator of the work; but his name appeared in large letters on the title-page. To the same patron of letters belongs the undeniable merit of having first made known to the West of Europe the admirable fables of Kriloff. A number of the song-writers and minor poets of the Restoration were engaged to put into French verse prose translations of the Russian fabulist's most important productions. Besides being well paid, these gentlemen are said to have been sumptuously entertained at the Count's table; and the work, when finished, was announced as having been executed under the Count's "presidency." In spite of Count Orloff's liberality and care, the enterprise did not turn out so well as might have been expected. Each of the poets (among whom Désaugiers, the famous *chansonnier*, and Rouget de Lisle, the author of the *Marseillaise*, may be mentioned) wished to show himself a second La Fontaine, and, introducing much matter of his own, destroyed the character of the original. One, moreover, in reproducing the *Elephant*, mistook

a satire on triviality in criticism for a eulogium on the worship of the infinitely small.

A curious list of translators' mistakes, or mistakes made in translation, might be made out. Thus the Abbé Viel, writing of Canterbury, and misled by the word "canon," stated that the cathedral was surrounded by artillery. The primate of all England was apparently in his eyes a military ecclesiastic, like the ancient Vladika of Montenegro. Guizot, in his *Life and Times of Shakespeare*, has—writing in English—expressed a hope that Shakespeare might be more and more "traduced" for the benefit of the French. Authors' mistakes, however, belong only indirectly to the subject of bookmaking; nor is it always wise to point them out. Indeed—as a famous "printer's reader" once remarked in a poem on the subject of his own occupation, called *Corrector Typographicus*—to the man who corrects the errors of another (and who ever thinks of correcting his own?)

"Plus satis invidiæ gloria nulla manet."

Indignation was created a few months ago in a great part of England and Scotland by an inquiry made in this magazine as to where Mr. Black found Beethoven's *Farewell*, or rather by a statement that no such piece existed. "Did the writer," it was asked, "never hear of the sonata called *Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour*, and if so, had he not sense enough to know that Mr. Black must have been thinking of the first movement in that work?" Mr. Black's enraged partisans do not seem to perceive that it is only when heroines thoroughly charming and life-like sit down to the piano, that one cares to know what it is they are playing. Young ladies of an inferior stamp might confound Beethoven's *Adieux* (a piece which would have sorely taxed the powers of the simple Miss Wenna) with *Beethoven's Farewell to the Piano* (an impudent and worthless forgery which is still current), or the Funeral March of the Sonata in A flat with the Funeral March of the Heroic Symphony, and no one would give a second thought to the matter.

Erroneous opinions cannot always be described as mistaken; though that young man may fairly be said to have committed a blunder who, having stated before a board of examiners that Charlemagne lived 800 years before Christ, and being asked whether he did not mean "after Christ," persisted in his original statement: adding, "I am sorry to disagree with you, but that is my opinion." Many authors cause a certain amount of confusion to their admirers by changing their opinions—their opinions properly so-called. Numbers of writers have begun as Revolutionists to end as Conservatives. Victor Hugo, however, who for the last twenty-eight years has been an ardent Republican, gained his first reputation as a Legitimist.

Apart from errors made by themselves, a good many authors have been the causes of errors, sometimes very droll ones, made by others. Guarini's *Pastor Fido* has been included in a catalogue of religious books; we have the authority of Mr. Hill Burton for stating that Mr. Ruskin's *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* were much asked for among the muirland farmers, and that great disappointment was caused by their discovery of the real nature of the work; Miss Edgeworth has herself told how her *Essay on Irish Bulls* was ordered by an Agricultural Association; Mr. Swinburne's *Under the Microscope* was classed by German publishers as a scientific work; and Henri Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* is reported to have had a corner given to it by Herr von Sybel in his *Historische Monatsschrift*.

Probably index-makers have shown themselves quite as ingenious in misapprehending their authors' intentions as catalogue-makers themselves. The compiler of some Annual Record is said to have been much annoyed at find[illegible] that in his index, which he ha[illegible] trusted to other hands, no referen[illegible] made to Parliamentary pro[illegible] So at least it seemed unt[illegible]

under the head of "Public Meetings," he discovered "Meeting of Parliament." A very industrious index-maker, who let nothing escape him except now and then the main subject of the sentence he was dealing with, made in his index the following entry:—"Greatness of Mind, instance of." This corresponded with a passage in the body of the work which related how a certain judge had declared that he had "a great mind to send the accused to prison without the option of a fine."

Errors arising from hasty and inconsiderate cutting down are to be met with, not in books (for an author always cuts himself down with remarkable tenderness), but in carelessly edited newspapers. A barrister of my acquaintance was much irritated at seeing it stated one morning in a London journal that he had defended a certain person, "who was accordingly convicted." The chief causes of the man's conviction—apart from the manner in which his counsel might have defended him—were not given. In connection with eccentric journalism a story is told of a reporter—in the days when descriptive reporting had not yet been invented—who, being instructed to report an eclipse of the sun, and finding that no speeches were delivered on the occasion, wrote, in stereotyped phrase, that "the proceedings were entirely without public interest." A certain admiration must be felt for that inexperienced reporter who, being sent to the Divorce Court, caused much dissatisfaction in the office by merely writing the plain truth, that "the evidence was unfit for publication."

The errors in which so many books abound, and from which none, it is believed, are absolutely free, are due for the most part not to the writers of the books, but to the printers and to those literary officials of the printing-office called in France "correctors," but in England simply "readers." Not that there is any proportion between the mistakes which the "reader," in some hopeless endeavour to extract light from darkness, is liable to commit, and the mistakes made by the compositors, or by the author himself, which he is constantly setting right. But the "reader" is considered responsible not only for the blunders which he originates, but also for the blunders, at least those of a typographical kind, which he fails to correct. His duties thus are arduous, and can only indeed be adequately performed by a man of considerable learning and ingenuity. Every profession should have its ideal; and the ideal of the printer's reader is well set forth in the following passage from a letter addressed to the French Academy by the "Société des Correcteurs des Imprimeries de Paris." "The functions of the corrector," says the letter, "are very complicated. To reproduce faithfully the manuscript of the writer, often disfigured in the first proof; to bring into conformity with the orthography of the Academy the manner of writing peculiar to each author; to give clearness to the composition by the use of a sober and logical system of punctuation; to rectify erroneous facts, inexact dates, false quotations; to see that the rules of art are scrupulously observed; to perform, for hours together, the double operation of reading by the intelligence and reading by the eye on the most difficult subjects, and always on a new text, in which each word may hide a snare, since the author, carried away by his thought, has read not what has been, but what ought to have been, printed: such are the principal duties of a profession which writers have at all times regarded as the most important of those connected with the typographical art."

Admirably written! But where was the "correcteur" when, in a certain French Prayer-book, "Ici le prêtre ôte sa calotte" was replaced by "Ici le prêtre ôte sa culotte?" or when M. Guizot, who in the Chamber had exclaimed, "Je suis à bout de mes forces," was declared to have said, "Je suis à bout de mes farces?" or when a certain envoy was represented as having been "dévoré" when he had in fact only been "décoré," by the Bey of Tunis? There was intention, no doubt, in the apparent mis-

print by which M. de Caulaincourt, accused of complicity in the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, was called in the *Moniteur*, not Duc de Vicence, which he had just been created, but "Duc de Vincennes;" and the Spirit of Poetry would seem to have presided at the making of the famous mistake in Malherbe's verses, by which

"Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un printemps,"

became, through the poet's having omitted to cross his t's,

"Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses," &c.

Where, again, was the "reader" when, in Alison's *History of Europe*, the printers were allowed to state that among the pall-bearers at the funeral of a great naval hero was "Sir Peregrine Pickle"? or when, in a work on *Gems and Precious Stones*, the quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*, "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor," was turned into "I had it of Keats," &c. Or, once more, where was he when in a work by the lively Comtesse Dash, the concluding sentence and point of the whole —"pour bien connaître l'amour il faut sortir de soi," was allowed to appear as "sortir de soir"?

Printers will always manage to construct a grammatical sentence out of any assemblage of words entrusted to them. Unless the manuscript be absolutely and totally illegible, they will, in their own phrase, "make sense" out of it; though this so-called "sense" may be absolute nonsense, or, without being nonsense, something very different from what the author intended. It would seem that in some printing-offices the readers are so intelligent and so perfectly reasonable that they will tolerate nothing fantastic on the part of their authors. A poet is frequently seized in his flight and brought down to earth by his translator; and Mickiewicz used to say of one of his countrymen who had reduced him into French prose, that "God had sent him as a humiliation." Printers, too, will sometimes vex the poet's soul by "making sense" out of his most delicate imaginings. What must have been Mr. Tennyson's feelings on seeing, in the latest edition of his works, the line

"And followed by a hundred airy does,"[1]

turned into

"And followed by a hundred hairy does"?

On the whole, however, printers' "readers" render invaluable services to authors of all kinds; and it should not be forgotten that of the errors laid to their charge many are the work of the authors themselves or of their transcribers. In a volume by a lady whose writings have doubtless given a considerable amount of pleasure, the involuntary act or process which Johnson would have denominated "sternutation" is printed "stercoration." A French *correcteur* would have been bound to look for this portentous word in the Dictionary of the Academy—where he would not have found it. The English "reader" ought not to have passed it. But no "reader" can be supposed to have invented it.

Johnson in the definitions of his Dictionary is known to have allowed himself a certain latitude in the way of pleasantry. But it is scarcely probable that under the head of "sit" he gives this pretended quotation in illustration of one of the meanings of the word:—"Asses are ye that sit in judgment." The reference is to Judges v. 10, where we read, "Speak ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." The transcriber seems to have copied out only the last six words of the passage, and the printer to have inserted "are" in order to "make sense."

Translators, considered as "traducers," have already been spoken of. But in connection with this subject a remarkable error, as illustrating the dangers of carelessness in combination with a good dose of stupidity, may be cited from the

[1] *The Princess*, canto vi. line 71.

notes to Bohn's edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi. p. 472. Gibbon's text runs: "Bohemond's embarkation was clandestine, and, if we may credit a tale of the Princess Anna, he passed the hostile sea closely secured in a coffin." To this Gibbon gives a note: "Anna Comnena adds that, to complete the imitation, he was shut up with a dead cock; and condescends to wonder how the barbarian could endure the confinement and putrefaction;" to which Bohn's editor adds: "In M. Guizot's edition the translator, having mistaken the original English word, rendered it by *cuisinier*, and embellished the tale by shutting Bohemond up with the corpse of a *cook* instead of a *cock*. So it is that errors in history are perpetuated."

The mistakes of translators are more dangerous, and they are also less amusing than misprints; while in the matter of misprints the drollest typographical errors, however, are those which compositors make, but which readers correct, so that they never meet the public eye at all. A great writer of our time, among whose merits that of a clear handwriting is not conspicuous, in describing the Mount of Olives and his own brilliant discovery of the precise road taken by the Saviour on His triumphal entry into the Holy City, had abbreviated the word "Jerusalem" into "Jerus." But this hardly justified the compositor in presenting the sentence with this striking variation: "On reaching this rock we were at once unexpectedly greeted by a most magnificent view of Jones."

H. Sutherland Edwards.

POINTS IN EARLY NORTHUMBRIAN HISTORY.[1]

I HAVE been asked to come once more among you, as I have done more than once in other years; and I have been further asked to take as my subject something bearing on the early history of your own part of England. Perhaps, if I had been left wholly to myself, I might not have chosen such a theme. I might have seized on this opportunity of addressing you, as I feel inclined to seize on every opportunity of addressing any audience by voice or pen, in order to say something of lands far away. I might have been well pleased to say something about the lands to which the eyes of Europe are or should be turned, the lands where the great strife between right and wrong, between freedom and bondage, is going on at this moment, as at every moment of the world's history it has been going on in some corner of the world or other. It is but a few months since I have been in lands where the wondrous charm of their past history almost fades away before the thrilling interest of the present, where, amid the choicest wealth of nature, amid the mightiest memorials of elder days, the thought which comes nearest to the heart is the thought of the news that the morrow's light may bring of the deeds which are being done to-day. Fresh from the land where the sword of the Lord is drawn by Christian warriors against their infidel oppressors, fresh from that border-land of Christendom where the Slave is battling for his hearth and home against his Turkish tyrant, from the sight of the armed patriot and his foe, and the sadder sight of those whom war has driven from their homes—of the aged, the sick, the wounded, who have sought shelter within the Christian border—I find it hard to speak of any other theme than to ask your sympathy for the armed champions of right, to crave your more than sympathy, your active help, for the helpless victims of wrong. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and my mouth would be best obeying the dictates of my heart if I were now to tell you what I have seen among the stony hills of Herzegovina, among the mountain plains of Montenegro, and among the hills and islands of the Dalmatian shore. I have come back thence to my own Wessex; I have passed thence to your Northumberland; yet I must confess that my heart is neither in Northumberland nor in Wessex, but that it lingers still in the lands beyond the Hadriatic. And yet, even in those lands, there have been points and moments when my thoughts have been carried by no slow, by no direct or unnatural process, to Britain, and of Britain, to its Northumbrian regions. From the most wondrous spot on the Dalmatian shore the path is easy to the metropolis of Northern England. There, on one of the many peninsulas of that broken coast, with the sea in front, with the mountains at its back, with lesser hills rising like watch-towers on either side, with islands like guard-ships anchored off the haven, did Diocletian, weary of empire, choose the place of his retirement, hard by the place of his birth. Hard by his own Salona, once one of the great cities of the world, now lying ruined and desolate, he built for himself the mightiest house that ever arose at the bidding of a single man. He reared the palace of Spalato, the house which became a city, the house whose walls sheltered the fugitives of fallen Salona, and which still flourishes as a city of men, as a haven of the sea, while the older dwelling-place of man is forsaken. There the great persecutor of the Christian name reared the temple of his gods, the mausoleum which was to receiv

[1] Read before the Royal Institution of Kingston-on-Hull, Feb. 22nd, 1876.

his own ashes. And there, as the centre of his work, he reared the long rows of columns and arches which, after thirteen hundred years, still claim our undiminished admiration as the parents and models of every later effort of the building art. A few years passed away; the crown of Diocletian rested on the brow of a Cæsar yet more famous than himself; and the buildings of the bitterest foe of the Christian faith had become the models of the first temples which the lords of the world dedicated to the use of Christian worship. And he who wrought this change was one whom you who hear me may claim as, if not a countryman, at least a guest. It was from your land, from our own island and from your special part of it, that the man went forth who was to give another face to the Roman dominion and to stamp his impress on all the later history of the world. The birthplace of the first Christian Emperor has been disputed between Illyria and Britain, between the mainland which opens to the sea at Diocletian's Spalato and the mainland which opens to the sea at Edward's Kingston-upon-Hull. Few scholars now doubt that Illyria has the better claim; but no man has ever doubted that, if Britain did not see the first days of his life, she at least saw the first days of his empire; no man has ever doubted that the crown which Diocletian laid aside at Salona[1] was placed upon the brow of Constantine at York. And the work which the one began the other finished. The organization of the Roman power on a new and firmer basis, the true creation of that long Imperial line whose fall living men can still remember, was a work which was begun by the man who withdrew from empire within the walls which we still may gaze on at Spalato; it was brought to perfection by the man who was called to empire within the walls which we still may gaze on at old Eboracum. And as it was with the political, so it was with the artistic work. The forms of beauty which, at the bidding of the heathen persecutor, had risen in all the freshness of the new birth of art, were turned, at the bidding of the Christian founder, to adorn the holy places of the faith which Diocletian boasted that he had swept away from off the earth. The arcades of Spalato were the models of the arcades of the earliest and noblest of Roman churches, of Saint John Lateran and Saint Paul without-the-Walls. They were the models of Ravenna and Lucca and Pisa, the more distant models of the nave of Southwell and the nave of Selby, the more distant models still of Canterbury and York, of Ripon and Howden, of Rievaux and Fountains, of Hedon and Patrington, of Beverley and Hull. It is then, I deem, by no strained process of thought that from the resting-place of Diocletian the mind makes its way to the crowning-place of Constantine. It is by no crooked path that from Dalmatia the thoughts wander to Northern Britain, that the walls and towers of Spalato call up the memory of the walls and towers of the capital of your shire, the metropolis of your province. And there is one analogy which may bring us nearer still to the spot on which we are now met. The origin of some of the cities of the earth is shrouded in darkness; of others we know the names of the personal founders. No man can tell when or under whose guidance Salona and Eboracum first became dwelling-places of man. But we know who called into being the haven of Spalato and the haven of Kingston. And the founder of Kingston holds a place in the history of England at least equal to the place which the founder of Spalato holds in the history of Rome. As Diocletian was the organizer, the second founder, of the Roman Empire, so Edward was the great organizer, the last of the many founders, of the English kingdom. And if the persecuted Christian had cause to curse the rule of Diocletian, the banished Hebrew had only less cause to curse the rule of Edward. But the creation of Edward had a worthier beginning than the

[1] The *ceremony*, I need not say, was done at Nikomêdeia.

creation of Diocletian. Diocletian, weary of dominion, built himself a house, and, in the chances of after times, his house grew into a city. Edward, in the fulness of his power, in the far-seeing keenness of his wisdom, marked out a spot, not for himself but for his kingdom; and there sprang into being at his word one of the great seats of that seafaring enterprise, that commercial wealth, of England which were among the objects which the great king had nearest to his heart.

I have thus, I hope, shown that the road from Dalmatia to Deira, that the special road from Spalato to Kingston-upon-Hull, is somewhat less long, somewhat less crooked, than you might at first sight have thought. But, having made the journey, I must not forget at which end of it my immediate duty lies. I have to speak of Deira, not of Dalmatia; yet we shall perhaps find, as we go on, that there are points in the past history of Deira on which some light may be thrown by the past and present history of Dalmatia and the neighbouring lands. But for the present I must remember that my business lies on the banks of the Humber and on the shores of the German Ocean, not among the gulfs and islands and peninsulas of the Hadriatic. I have to trace out, broadly and hastily, but, if I can, truly and clearly, some of the leading features of the history of your part of England and of Britain in its relations to the wider history of England and of Britain in general. In so doing, I must make some geographical distinctions. We in the South often talk of the North of England, as you may perhaps sometimes find occasion to talk back again of the South. But I am not sure that the words "North of England" always mean exactly the same extent of country on the map. It is something like the different uses of the words "America" and "American." In a political discussion those words by themselves always mean the United States and nothing else. If we wish to take in Canada or Mexico, we add some qualifying term. But in a scientific discussion, in a treatise of languages or natural history, the words "America" and "American," without any qualification, take in the whole of the North and South American continents. So I suspect that the North of England now means rather different things to the political inquirer and to the picturesque tourist. If we were now to begin to talk politics, and to discuss the distribution of seats in the House of Commons, we should not get on very far without using the words "North of England." But we should use them in a sense which would not take in the whole of the North of England; we should use them in a sense which would most likely leave out the most northern part of all. We should mean primarily Yorkshire and Lancashire—perhaps, if we meant to be very accurate, certain parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. To most people in the South, the North of England would, in such a discussion, mean Yorkshire and Lancashire, and not much else. Those who knew something more of the North might go on to take in the coal-fields of Durham and of the southern part of Northumberland in the modern sense. But, in such a discussion, no one would take in, because there is no reason why he should take in, Cumberland, Westmoreland, or the northern part of Northumberland. To the picturesque tourist, on the other hand, the North of England would mean mainly Cumberland and Westmoreland, the Lake District in short—in ignorance perhaps of the rich stores of natural beauty to be found in Yorkshire, in further ignorance perhaps that no contemptible part of the Lake District itself lies within the borders of Lancashire. This last is a grievance which the Cartmel part of Lancashire has to share with some other parts of the world. It is a hard task to convince mankind that Mont Blanc is not, and never was, in Switzerland. So in my own part of our island, our local feelings are often trampled on by tourists who calmly set down the finest scenery in Somerset as being part of Devonshi-

My local back was not a little put up when I once read in a tourist book that the Barle, a river which no one here is likely ever to have heard of, but every inch of whose course lies in Somerset, was the best trout-stream in Devonshire. "West of England" is a phrase just as vague as North. That phrase takes in Gloucestershire, at all events when cloth is the matter in hand; yet the city of Gloucester is a good deal nearer to the North Foreland in Kent than it is to the Land's End. Bath, which is more undoubtedly part of the West of England, stands about equally distant from the Eastern and Western ends of the island. I mention these facts, because difficulties of the same kind as those which meet us in our common modern speech meet us also in dealing with the early history of our country. If I were to speak of the early history of Northern England, I might be fairly asked to define my meaning a little more exactly. There is a history of Northern England which would take in a very wide range indeed, which would have a good deal to say to the history of Scotland, of Wales, and of central England. Within that history there is, what the mention of Northern England in early times would most naturally suggest, the history of Northumberland in the widest sense, sometimes as a single kingdom, sometimes as the two kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia. Within this history again there is, what more immediately concerns you here, the special history of Deira or Yorkshire. Now each of these greater and smaller regions really has a history of its own in the strictest sense. And what I am trying to do now is, not to tell you the history of any one of them in any detail, but to point out some of the special features of each in relation to the history of the others, and to the history of England in general.

The main characteristic feature in the history of Northern England may be said to be this. Northern England has over and over again had the chief place in the island set before it; it has grasped it; it has held it for a while; but it has never permanently kept, it till, in quite modern times, it has certainly both grasped it and kept it from one point of view. Politically and commercially, Northern England, that is, in this sense of the words, chiefly Yorkshire and Lancashire, now holds, as you know much better than I can tell you, the first local place in our island. I say the first local place, because, after all, the greatest city of the island, the capital of the whole kingdom and of the whole British dominions, is not within your borders. But the importance of London is not a local importance, like the importance of Liverpool and Manchester, of Leeds and Hull. London became the capital of England, because among the great cities of England it was at once the greatest and, in a certain sense, the most central. But its modern importance is wholly that of a capital, not that of a local city. The importance of Liverpool and Manchester is the importance of Liverpool and Manchester in themselves; the importance of London is not the importance of London in itself; it is the importance of the place which is the seat of the common government of the whole land, the centre and meeting-place of people from every part of the whole land. In that vast range of buildings which is popularly called "London" and vulgarly called "the metropolis," there is, save within that ancient and illustrious city round which that range of buildings has grown, no real local love for the place itself. People who cannot live save in London, who despise everything out of London, who unconsciously fancy that London is the whole world, have not the same local patriotism for London which a man of one of your great towns has for his own town. It is not London as London, it is the capital of England and of the British dominions, which your man who cannot live out of London really cherishes. For strictly local importance—for the personal importance, so to speak, of the place itself, as distinguished from what we may call the official importance of the capital—Northern England now undoubtedly stands first.

It stands first, all the more unmistakeably first, because it is not the seat of actual dominion. If York had become, as it very well might have become, the permanent capital of England, the other towns of Northern England could hardly have risen to the importance to which they have risen. The history of Northern England may therefore be said to come to this, that, after several struggles for dominion, we may say after several periods of dominion, it has at last come to the front in another and a better form than that of dominion.

In this sense the history of Northern England begins before it became Northern England, before any part of Britain became England at all. York—not indeed Anglian and Danish Eoforwic, but the older Eboracum which the Anglian and Danish city locally continues—holds a place which is unique in the history of Britain, which is shared by one other city only in the lands north of the Alps. York, and York alone among the cities of Britain, has been the dwelling-place of the Cæsars of Rome. London was even then the great seat of commerce, but York was the seat of Empire. York saw the last days of Severus in one age and of Constantius in another; and from York, as I have already said, Constantine went forth to change the face of the European world for all time. And he went forth first of all to what we may call the sister city of Eboracum, to Augusta Treverorum, to Trier upon the Mosel. York and Trier are the two Imperial cities beyond the Alps; the love of Julian, and of Julian alone, for his dear Lutetia does not entitle Paris on the Seine to rank in Imperial history alongside of the cities on the Mosel and the Ouse. Yet the history of Paris supplies a certain not uninstructive analogy with the history of York and of Northern England. Let no man beguile you into thinking that Paris has been from all eternity the one inevitable capital of Gaul. But it is none the less true that Paris saw the headship of Gaul dangled before her over and over again before the time when she actually grasped it. Under Julian, under Chlodwig, perhaps under Pippin, certainly under Charles the Bald, things looked for a moment as if Paris was going to be the head. But it looked so only for a moment, till the day came when Paris, her prince and her citizens, proved their worthiness for the post in the great siege at the hands of the Northmen. In the like sort this your land and its ancient capital had a glimpse of Empire, in days when Empire meant dominion far beyond the bounds of the Isle of Britain. And when our forefathers had come into the land, when so large a part of Britain had become England, this northern portion of the land seemed to be more than once on the full march to the supremacy over the whole. These glimpses of dominion form the early history of Northern England as Northern England; but, before I speak of them, I must give a few words to the process by which the land of Eboracum became Northern England.

Of the whole story of the English Conquest no part is more obscure than the history of the English settlement in Deira. Do not, because Deira and Bernicia were presently joined together under the great name of Northumberland, mix up the settlement of Deira and the settlement of Bernicia. Of the settlement of Bernicia, the land from the Tees to the Forth, we know something. It is not much that we know, but it is something. A number of scattered English settlements were gathered together under Ida, the patriarch of Northumbrian kingship, him whom the quaking Britons spake of as Ida the Flame-bearer. But his throne was not planted within the walls of Imperial York; his dominion did not spread over the hills of Cleveland or over the flats of Holderness. From a rock overhanging the German ocean, he ruled on the estuary of the Forth, but not on the estuary of the Humber. On the height of Bamburgh a hedge—a palisade—fenced in his royal city; the hedge gave way to a wall of earth, and in later days the site of the royal c

was covered by the defences of a single castle. Few spots in Britain have beheld more stirring events than the fortress which sits so proudly on that stern basaltic rock. But we might freely give up the tale of one of the many sieges of Bamburgh, could we get in exchange a single ray of light to throw on the struggle which made Eboracum English. Not a detail have I to set before you of the way, of the time, when the city of Severus and Constantius, the head of all the Britons, came into the hands of the Anglian invaders. There is indeed an uncertified British tale about an Archbishop of Eboracum withdrawing from the conquered city, but we have not a word from the other side. We have no fragments of a song of Eboracum, as we have fragments of the song of Anderida; we have no such living and speaking witnesses of the day of victory as the earth has given up to the research of our times within the walls of Silchester. There we may still see the very eagle which yielded to the arms of Cerdic; we have no such memorial in the capital of the North. Yet no prey in the whole land could have been richer. Roman York must have been a great and mighty city. The inhabited space had spread far beyond the walls of the first Roman enclosure, those walls of which so stately a fragment still strikes the eye of every visitor in the space between Saint Leonard's Hospital and Saint Mary's Abbey. We are sometimes inclined to wonder at the small extent of the Roman enclosure in the case of famous cities like York and Lincoln, and to contrast it with the far greater space which lies within the walls of a place like Silchester, which could at no time have been a real rival either of the Imperial dwelling-place or of the colony of Lindum. The cause doubtless is that the settlement of Eboracum and Lindum belongs to the earlier days of Roman occupation. The oldest town represented simply the original camp, and that small enclosure spread out into spacious suburbs while he Roman still ruled in the land. Roman York, if under that name we take in the whole inhabited circuit which had gathered round the first camp, stretched beyond the Ouse, just as modern York does. And the land round the capital was full of smaller towns and detached houses, rich with the culture and splendour which the Roman carried with him into the farthest points of his dominion. I have gone over but a small part of your wide shire; but I have seen the lines of the camp at Malton; I have seen the ground thick with the rich mosaic pavements which lurk under so many houses in what once was Isurium, what now is Aldborough. Mark the name; Isurium did not live on by its old name; it did not, like Tadcaster and Doncaster, keep up the memory of the Roman *castrum* in its new name. The Roman town perished; it stood void, as Deva and Aquæ Solis once stood void, as Anderida and Calleva stand void still. When men again dwelled on the site, the memory of Roman habitation had passed away; the Roman walls stood as a mysterious relic of past times, like the huge stones, reared in unrecorded days by forgotten hands, which stand at no great distance. The new inhabitants had no better, no more distinctive, name than the Old Borough —the fortress built long ago, they knew not when or by whom—to give to the relics of the once flourishing city of men which the sword of their conquering forefathers had made a wilderness.

But, if it thus fared with the lowlier settlement of Isurium, how fared it with the city of the Cæsars? Was there any time when the walls of Eboracum stood with no dwelling-place of man within them? I cannot answer the question with any certainty—I know not whether local research can throw any light upon the question. The general history of Britain leaves the question, like most questions touching the English settlement of Deira, shrouded in utter darkness. Yet one might almost venture the guess that so great and strong a city might be able to hold out long after the surrounding country, and that Eboracum

may not have fallen before the English arms till Englishmen had ceased to be utter destroyers and had learned to dwell in the cities which they subdued. At any rate, if York ever stood desolate, its day of desolation could not have been long. Early in the seventh century it was again a city, and a royal city, the capital of the Bretwalda Eadwine. Nay, by that time the second period of dominion had begun for the city and for the land of which it was the head. Our first glimpse of the city on the Ouse, after it had changed from Roman Eboracum into English Eoforwic, shows it to us as a city not only royal, but more than royal, as the seat of a supremacy acknowledged by all the Teutonic kingdoms of the island, save Kent alone.

Over the settlement of Deira then a dark veil hangs; but towards the end of the sixth century the veil is in a measure lifted, and we see something of the mighty realm that was formed by the union of Bernicia and Deira. The great name of Northumberland is now heard for the first time under Kings who went forth conquering and to conquer. We can see that the land between Humber and Forth is disputed between two rival kingly houses, each sprung of the stock of Woden by different lines, one representing the royalty of Bernicia and the other the royalty of Deira. Each line alike gave Kings to the united realm, Kings under whom the Northumbrian name rose to the first place among the Teutonic settlements in Britain. Under Æthelfrith grandson of Ida the Northumbrian arms won one of those victories which form landmarks in the history of our folk, one of those great days which helped to make England England. Like many a man of Northumberland after him, Æthelfrith smote the Scots with a mighty overthrow; but in his day warfare with the Scots was still of less moment than warfare with the Briton. Call up before your eyes the map of our island as it stood in the third quarter of the sixth century. From Kent to the Forth the whole Eastern coast is English; Canterbury, London, Lincoln, York, are English and heathen cities; but neither Angle nor Saxon has yet made his way to the Western sea. The unbroken British land still stretches from the Land's End to Dunbarton; Isca, Aquæ Solis, Glevum, Uriconium, are still British; they have not yet changed into Exeter, Bath, Gloucester, and fallen Wroxeter. And, if I may venture to tread the narrow debateable land which parts off history from fable, I would add that monks of his own race still raised their song over the tomb of Arthur in the isle of Avalon. But, beyond all these, at the very angle, the very turning point, of northern and southern Britain, Deva, the City of the Legions, still stood untouched on its *Wirhal*, the link which bound the Briton of Strathclyde to the Briton of what we now specially call Wales. It was clear by this time that the English had won a hold on Britain from which they could never be dislodged. But it was still far from clear whether their power was destined to any further advance. It had still to be settled whether the fate of the island was not to be divided lengthways, with its western side as the lot of the Celt and its eastern side as the lot of the Teuton. The generation which saw the beginning of English conversion to Christianity saw also the warfare which was to settle for ever which was to be the ruling race in this island. Through the still unbroken mass of unconquered land which formed the western side of Britain, West-Saxon Ceawlin was the first to pierce his way, and to carry the English arms to the shores of the Severn Sea. Wales in the modern sense was thus for ever cut off from the West-Welsh peninsula, the land of Devonshire and Cornwall. But to break through at another point, to cut off Wales from Strathclyde as well as from Cornwall, to carry the English arms to the Irish Sea, was a triumph which was destined, not for West-Saxon but for Northumbrian prowess. That Ceawlin strove after the great prize of Deva there is little doubt; but he failed

to win it; he made Uriconium a desolation, but he never reached the north-western sea. That was the work of Æthelfrith; the grandson of the Flame-bearer smote the Britons beneath the walls of the City of the Legions, and left those walls to stand void—a waste *chester* as our fathers called it—till Chester again arose as a city at the bidding of the daughter of Ælfred. You will all have heard the tale, many of you will know the mournful melody, of the monks of Bangor. And it is not unnatural that the feelings of those who hear the tale should go with suffering Christians against heathen invaders. Yet we should not forget that those heathen invaders were ourselves. We were the Turks, and worse than the Turks, of those days; the sword was our only argument; the persecuted Briton had not even the chance of Koran or tribute. But simply because we carried slaughter and havoc to a more fearful pitch than any Turk ever carried them, for that very reason our conquest carried with it the hopes of better things. We stood on the ground which we made without inhabitants to grow up, not as a mere conquering caste, but as a new people of the land. We stood ready to receive a new faith and a higher civilization. The teaching which we cannot say that we refused at the hands of the Briton, because the Briton never offered it to us, we stood ready to receive from the Roman and the Scot. The victory of Æthelfrith at Deva was, as I said, one of those great blows which made England England. The British power was now broken in pieces; the long unbroken Celtic land was split into three fragments, each standing ready to be conquered in detail. Northumberland, Mercia, Wessex, had now each her special portion of British territory to deal with. We may weep for the monks of Bangor; but the day of their massacre was none the less one of the great days in the growth of the English nation. And the victory of Æthelfrith was the last great victory of the heathen English; Deva was the last city which was taken only to be left desolate. When Æthelfrith slew the British monks, part of England was already Christian. Our first picture of Northumberland is the picture of her first Christian King. And before that same seventh century had passed, Northumberland had become the brightest part of the whole island, the special home of learning and holiness, the cradle of the history of our people, the cradle of the poetry of our tongue.

The conqueror of Deva fell in battle, and his dominion passed away to another house; but the greatness of the Northumbrian land was not thereby touched. Æthelfrith of Bernicia gave way to Eadwine of Deira; and we now see the supremacy of Northumberland distinctly acknowledged. Its King holds the rank of Bretwalda, accompanied, it would seem, by a more widely extended dominion than had been held by any of the earlier princes who bore that title. Mark too that we now distinctly see the old Imperial city standing out as the capital of the newly united realm. But mark too how gradual a thing the progress of English conquest was, how often little scraps of territory in favourable positions were held by the Britons long after the neighbouring land had passed into the hands of the invaders. Eadwine ruled in York; but, even after Deva had fallen before Æthelfrith, spots much nearer to York than Deva were still British. Every one knows the name of Leeds; every Yorkshireman ought to know the name of Elmet. The district still keeps its British name, and so, besides Leeds, do one or two other places in it. That was Eadwine's own conquest; while he was spreading his external supremacy over so large a part of the island, he had still to win this little land close at his own door to form part of his immediate kingdom.

Of Eadwine, in his character as the first Christian King in Northumberland I need hardly speak. Every one surely knows the tale, if not in Bæda's own text, yet at least in some of the endless translations and followings of his tale, to the number of which I must

confess to have myself added. But the tale gets fresh clearness and fresh interest from a sight of the places which figure in it. I suspect that most people fancy—I am sure that for a long time I fancied so myself—that the famous debate among the Northumbrian Witan, the old thegn's parable of the swallow, the worldly-wise argument of Coifi, all happened at York. But when the story gets more life by going over the ground, it is plain that the council was not held in the city, but in some rural hall of the king. The most likely spot, as it seems to me, is that which had been Derventio, which was to be Aldby, on the Derwent, not far from the battle-field of Stamfordbridge. And one who has stopped at the Market Weighton station, who has walked along with the church of Godmundingaham on the high ground above him, who has marked the church itself on its knoll, who has found—I was not sharp-sighted enough to find—the earthworks which are said to surround it, who has further stood among those strangely irregular masses of ground at some distance, about which the learned dispute—and I am sure I will not take upon me to decide—whether they are the work of nature or art,—he who has gone over all this ground for himself will go away with a more vivid picture of the times when the temple of the old gods stood in the enclosure which is now the churchyard; he will more easily call up before his eyes the headlong ride of Coifi, and the amazement of men as the priest of Woden hurled his spear against the holy place of the creed which he cast away. I have myself gone over but a small part of your great shire; I have seen but a few of its historic spots; but I have seen quite enough of them to carry away an idea of the events of old Northumbrian history such as I could never have formed if I had simply looked at it through the spectacles of books. It is something to have trodden even part of the ground which Bæda and others since Bæda have made famous. York of course and its minster every man has seen; but I know not what proportion of those who have seen them have made their way into the inner lurking-places of the crypt, to trace out, among the richly channelled columns of Archbishop Roger, the few rough stones which remain of the church of Eadwine and Paullinus.

But the church of Eadwine and Paullinus suggests another thought which is closely connected with that aspect of Northumbrian history which I am throughout keeping in my eye. Look at the ecclesiastical map of England: you are at once struck with the strange inequality in geographical extent between the two archiepiscopal provinces. Turn over the records of ecclesiastical history, so largely the records of ecclesiastical disputes, and you will find that in our own land there was no more fertile source of disputes than the claims of the archiepiscopal see of York to equality with, sometimes to precedence over, the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. It sometimes strikes us as strange how there could be a dispute of this kind between the Archbishop of York, who for a long time had but a single suffragan Bishop, and the Archbishop of Canterbury who had a dozen and more. But here you have, in an ecclesiastical shape, one of those glimpses of dominion which were given to the Northumbrian kingdom, and, along with it, to the Northumbrian archbishoprick. Look again at the map, and take in, not only all England but all Britain; conceive a province stretching from the Humber to Cape Wrath, and the island is not unequally divided between such a province and the other province stretching from the Humber to the English Channel. And this is what the ecclesiastical province of York was meant to be. All Britain, Celtic and Teutonic, was to be divided between the two English Primates. Wales and Cornwall were thrown into the lot of Canterbury; Scotland, a tougher morsel, was thrown into the lot of York. Canterbury did make the spiritual conquest of Wales and Cornwall; but the claims of York to spiritu jurisdiction over Scotland were alw

somewhat shadowy. Still there were such claims; they were asserted, and were, ever and anon, partially enforced, quite down to the thirteenth century. And a memory of the old arrangement lived on in the fact that, though the churches of Scotland threw off their submission to York, they had no Archbishop of their own, till the claims of York had utterly passed away in the Scottish war of independence. On the other hand, as the Northumbrian Kings sometimes extended their power south of the Humber, so the Northumbrian Primates ever and anon laid claim to jurisdiction over more than one diocese south of the Humber also. But it is only within much later times that the spiritual greatness of the North, like some aspects of its temporal greatness, has made palpable advances. Instead of the one suffragan of York in the eleventh century, her two suffragans in the twelfth, she now has six; and three of them are distinctly badges of conquest. The sees of Chester and Manchester have arisen on ground won from Canterbury, and Man is a conquest from Norwegian Trondhjem.

The greatness of Northumberland goes on all through the seventh century and part of the eighth. It goes on through momentary defeats, defeats which almost rise into momentary conquests, through revolutions, through divisions and unions and transfers of the crown from one branch of the stock of Woden to another. Eadwine died in battle, and Northumberland was overrun, not only by Mercian, but by British enemies. Oswald the sainted king died in battle also, and heathen Penda again overran the land. But misfortunes of this kind were only momentary; Eadwine and Oswald were both Bretwaldas; so was the more lucky Oswiu, in whom the kingship of all Northumberland finally came back to the house of Ida. If Penda carried fire and sword as far as Ida's fortress by the Ocean, the fight of Winwæd cost him his power and his life, and took away from the older gods all hope of winning back the folk of England to heir altars. Through the greater part of the seventh century, Northumberland is incontestably the first power in Britain, a power ruling far away to the west and north over lands which for ages we have been taught to look on as if they had been Scottish from all eternity. At last, at Nectansmere the Celt had his day of vengeance, and the north-western dominion of the Northumbrian Angles was cut short on the field on which Ecgfrith fell. Still the North kept for a while her religious and intellectual supremacy, as the cradle of the second youth of English genius, of the first birth of English learning. Do not forget that the English tongue, that the earliest compositions in the English tongue, are more ancient than the migration which brought Englishmen to the shores of Britain. The first poets of the English race belonged, not to this our island England, but to the older England on the mainland. Had their tongue been Greek instead of English, their fame would have sounded from one end of heaven to the other. But the poets of our Homeric epic and of our Homeric catalogue, the gleemen who sang the tale of Beowulf and the Song of the Traveller, being English, are nameless. But of the first Christian English minstrelsy, of the first recorded English minstrelsy on British ground, the land of Northumberland, the land of Deira, is the parent. Yours is Cædmon, the bard of the Creation, the bard of the battles of the patriarchs—he who, a thousand years before Milton wrote, had forestalled Milton alike in his daring subject and in its majestic treatment—he who sang how Abraham went forth to the slaughter of the Kings in the same strains and with the same living strength as he might have sung how heathen Penda fell before the sword of the Lord and of Oswiu. And if Whitby—in those days Streoneshalh—claims, as the home of Cædmon, the firstfruits of English sacred song for your own Deira, so Jarrow, the home of Bæda, claims the firstfruits of English learning, of English written history, for your neighbours of Bernicia. Each of the lands which made up England

has had its share in building up the tongue and the literature of England. From Northumberland came her first poetry and her first learning; from Wessex came the beginnings of her prose literature, her Chronicle written in our own tongue. And, to make all equal, the speech which has become the written English of the last five hundred years is neither the tongue of Cædmon of Northumberland nor the tongue of Ælfred of Wessex, but the tongue which lies between the two, the tongue of that side of Mercia which stretches towards East-Anglia. Each part of the land then owes something to each other part; but that Northumberland led the way, alike in poetry and in history, alike in English and in Latin composition, is a fact which no Mercian or West-Saxon can venture to deny.

Here then, in the seventh century, we see Northumberland incontestably the first state of Britain, first in arms and first in arts. But neither the political nor the literary supremacy of Northumberland was lasting. As the Imperial position of York in Roman days was but a glimpse, so the great position of York and of all Northumberland in the second stage of English settlement in Britain was but a glimpse also. The power of the Northumbrian Bretwaldas, the lore of the Northumbrian poets and scholars, passed away to other parts of England. In the course of the eighth century Northumberland was utterly weakened by internal strifes, by the endless setting up and pulling down of momentary kings. In the early years of the ninth century, it submitted, along with the other English kingdoms, to the supremacy of West-Saxon Ecgberht. Mark that I say merely the supremacy; I fancy that some people still fancy that Ecgberht and Ælfred were immediate kings of all England. I suppose those at least do so who believe that Ælfred founded the University of Oxford or some college in it. But such old-wives' fables may be left to the sect which cherishes that curious belief. Those who know English history know that that stage of the West-Saxon supremacy which is represented by Ecgberht in no way interfered with the separate being of the kingdoms of Northumberland, Mercia, and East-Anglia. The external supremacy—in the next century it was called the Imperial supremacy—of the head kings was a supremacy purely external. It is something like the supremacy which the Turk now holds over Servia and Egypt, with this important difference that the relation came about in two opposite ways. In the case of Northumberland and Mercia, the position of a dependent kingdom was an intermediate stage between absolute independence and more complete incorporation. The dependent position of Servia is an intermediate stage between more complete subjection and absolute independence. The same point has been reached by two opposite roads: the faces of the travellers are looking two opposite ways. Still, though the relation has been brought about by opposite causes, there is a good deal of likeness in the relation itself while it lasts. In short, what Ecgberht did was simply to transfer to Wessex, more thoroughly, more permanently, that same kind of external supremacy which several Northumbrian kings had held over Wessex itself.

And now we come to a third glimpse of dominion again held up before the eyes of the Northumbrian realm and the great Northumbrian city. The land and its capital had been great under the Roman, and the Roman had utterly passed away; they had been great under the Angle, and the power of the Angle had passed into the hands of the Saxon. Then came the great invasion of the Danes, an event which must have changed the whole face of Northern England, and the traces of which in speech and in nomenclature abide to this day. Under a new race of conquerors Northumberland again lifted its head. I will not go here into ethnological speculations, and I must give one word of warning against the way in which some people see Danes and Northmen everywhere, and attribute to direct Scandinavian influ-

ence everything which Dane and Englishman have in common as nearly allied members of one great race. People who talk in this way are in much the same state of mind as those other people—or perhaps the same—who think that the object of comparative philology is to show that Greek is derived from Sanscrit. And those who talk in this way commonly talk so fiercely, and with so wild a rush of words, that I have sometimes ventured to call them the Berserker school. But laying aside this Berserker madness, the effect of which of course is to tempt us to underrate the real amount of Danish influence in England, let us see what that amount really was. It is clear that a great part of Northumberland and of north-eastern Mercia received Danish rulers. It is clear that, with their Danish rulers they received Danish settlers in numbers large enough to possess the chief landed estates in the country and to form the ruling class in the chief towns. A crowd of places changed their names, and were called afresh after their new Danish lords, with the Danish ending *by*. That ending pretty well enables us to trace the extent of actual Danish settlement in Northumberland and Mercia. I say in Northumberland and Mercia; because in East-Anglia, though that land was undoubtedly conquered by the Danes and became the seat of a Danish dynasty, local nomenclature was not changed in the same way. In Northumberland and Mercia, the *by* ending stretches from Whitby on one side and Kirkby Kendal and Allonby on the other, through Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, in all which shires the ending is common, on through Northamptonshire, where it is rare, into Warwickshire, where it dies out at Rugby. But in East-Anglia the *by* ending is not in this way spread over the whole country; there is a group of *by*'s all by themselves in one part of Norfolk, and that is all. The Danish Conquest then, though its effects have been a good deal exaggerated, was a very important event and wrought very great changes. Without working such changes as the English Conquest of Britain, I conceive that it must have wrought a greater immediate change than the Norman Conquest of England. I say a greater immediate change; because it certainly did not work so great a lasting change. On the one hand, the Danes were the kinsmen of the English, and the special kinsmen of the Northern English. There can be little doubt that Dane and Angle were nearer to each other than Dane and Saxon, that a Danish conquest of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, a transfer of the chief power in those lands into Danish hands, was a less violent revolution than a Danish conquest of Kent or Wessex would have been. On the other hand, the Danish Conquest, like the earlier English Conquest, was a heathen conquest, and in this respect it must have been at the time a far greater change than the later Norman Conquest. But the Dane, when once settled in England, among a people whose language, habits, and feelings had much in common with his own, soon adopted their religion also. The Christian Dane soon became the countryman of the Christian Angle; but it was not till after a time in which the Christian Angle was glad to welcome Saxon conquerors as deliverers from his heathen masters. Here then was the weakness of the Danish rule; here was the hindrance which made the third period of Northumbrian greatness still more truly a mere glimpse than the two which went before it.

I said just now that, by help of local nomenclature, we are able to trace the extent of the Danish settlement in Northumberland and Mercia. Now this leads us to a fact which I fancy is not always taken in as it should be, which at any rate cost me some time, some reading, some journeying, and some thought, before I fully took it in. This is the fact that all Northumberland did not become Danish in any sense. I would not rashly say even that all Deira, that all Yorkshire, did. Deira, even after it had taken its modern name

of Yorkshire, stretched, as Domesday will show, far beyond the present bounds of the three ridings. It reached from sea to sea, and took in much that is now Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. It took in, in short, so much of Cumberland and Westmoreland as was English at all; from Ecgfrith to William Rufus, Carlisle and its district was no part of England. You will see the exact boundaries by looking to the ecclesiastical divisions—which always represent older secular divisions—as they stood before modern changes. The diocese of York, as it stood down to Henry the Eighth, will show you the western and northern boundaries of the kingdom of Deira, the Yorkshire of Domesday. The diocese of Carlisle, as it stood down to the very last changes, will show you the extent of that Cumberland, with its capital Carlisle, which was added to England by William Rufus. Now the phænomena of north-western England are exceedingly puzzling; I should not like to be set accurately to map out the exact extent of Danish settlement on that side. Standing here in Hull, I would ask to be allowed to keep myself in the safer region which is washed by the German Ocean. Here we can trace our Danes easily. They go up all through Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; but where Yorkshire ends, they end too. Yorkshire or Deira, or at any rate all its central and eastern part, became Danish, so far as any part of England became Danish. Danish kings reigned in York; Danish lords divided the surrounding lands among them. But beyond the Tees, in Bernicia, in the diocese of Durham, to give it its later ecclesiastical name—that is, not only the temporal *bishoprick* of Durham, but the whole ecclesiastical diocese—the Danes conquered in a sense, but they did not settle. Nomenclature proves it: the nomenclature of that district opens several very curious questions; but I will mention only the one point which immediately concerns me. The *by* ending, so common in Deira, dies out in Bernicia. That alone proves that the land was not occupied as Deira was. And we know that English princes went on reigning at Bamburgh, most likely under Danish supremacy, while the Dane himself reigned at York, and threatened to make York, as it had been under the Roman and under the Angle, once more the head of Britain.

This time I say "threatened" rather than promised. Whatever may be any man's feelings with regard to any earlier or later time, I presume that every man, even in the most Danish parts of the Danish land, must feel his heart go forth with the West-Saxon champions of England and of Christendom in the great struggle of the tenth century. Such at least was, in the tenth century itself, the feeling of the English inhabitants of the Danish Five-Boroughs, when Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds set free those who had so long pined in heathen bondage. And, if such was the feeling at Lincoln and Nottingham, at Derby and Leicester and Stamford, we may guess that it was the same at York also. Yet, looking at things from a purely local and Northumbrian point of view, the warfare of the children and grandchildren of Ælfred, the warfare of Eadward and Æthelflæd, of Æthelstan and Eadmund and Eadred, was a warfare which did more than anything before or after to weld England into a single kingdom, but which did that work only at the cost of a more distinct subjection of Northern to Southern England, of the Dane and the Angle to the Saxon, than had been wrought by the Bretwaldaship of Ecgberht. Deira, under her Danish Kings, stood forth again as a rival power with Wessex; York stood forth again as the rival of Winchester; but this time it was the rivalry of a foreign and heathen power. A new Penda threatened England from the throne of Eadwine, and the part of Oswald had now to be played by the conqueror from the South. But it needed campaign after campaign, submission after submission, revolt after revolt, before the stubborn Dane finally bowed to his West-Saxon

lord. The Dane rises under his native chiefs; he calls in his kinsfolk from Denmark and from Ireland; he leagues with the Scot to fall at his side at Brunanburh; again and again he wrests half the kingdom from his momentary conqueror; till at last, after four reigns, the struggle is over, the royalty of Northumberland passes away, and Deira and Bernicia are ruled, sometimes by a single Earl, sometimes by two, lieutenants of the West-Saxon prince who has grown into King of the English and Emperor of Britain. For the Imperial style now lives again; but the seat of Empire has now finally passed from York to Winchester, to pass again from Winchester to London. But the Northumbrian spirit was not dead; in Bernicia the line of the ancient princes still ruled as Earls on the rock of Bamburgh; and Northumberland as a whole, Dane and Angle, Deira and Bernicia, could at least turn the scale between rival Kings of the West-Saxon house. Eadgar the Peaceful was called to the throne by the voice of Northern England; and in the Guildhall of your metropolis he stands side by side with Constantine, as the prince who confirmed the men to whom he owed his crown in the possession of their local laws and their ancient freedom. The third chance of Northumbrian dominion had passed away; but it passed away by the process through which Northumberland and Wessex alike became parts of England.

It might perhaps have seemed that yet another chance of dominion was offered to Northern—to Danish—England when all England passed under the dominion of a Danish King. But the conquest of all England by Cnut was an event of quite another character from the earlier settlement which made Deira so largely Danish. It was far more a personal conquest than a national settlement. A King of Danish birth was set on the West-Saxon throne; but his dominion remained West-Saxon. The reign of Cnut was in fact the highest point of West-Saxon greatness. Winchester was the Imperial city of Northern Europe, where the Emperor of six kingdoms, the lord of the Ocean and the Baltic, wore his crown in the city of Ælfred as the home which he had chosen out of all his realms. Under Cnut Northumberland must have flourished; for the Laws of Cnut were, in the usual formula, looked back to in after days, as marking the good old times, the times of peace and good government. But at no moment in English history was there less sign of Northumberland being the ruling land, or York the ruling city, of England. Even when the kingdom was again for a moment divided between the sons of Cnut, it was Mercia rather than Northumberland which came to the front; the capital of the first Harold was not York but Oxford. Northumberland still continues to play a great part in English affairs; but we can hardly say that she ever had a fourth chance of dominion to be put on a level with her three earlier chances. The land often stands apart from the rest of England; it seems often to aim at local independence; but there is no distinct sign of its aiming at dominion. Northumberland rose in the days of the Confessor; but the insurgents were won over by the acknowledgement of the Earl of their own choice. Northumberland refused to acknowledge Harold the son of Godwine; but the malecontents—they did not reach the stage of insurgents—were won over by the presence of the new King and by his marriage with the sister of their new Earl. What changes might have happened had Harold of Norway been victor at Stamfordbridge we can only guess. He might have reigned at York; but he assuredly would not have been satisfied with a mere Northumbrian kingdom, and London and Winchester might have had the same charms for him which they had for Cnut. The conduct of Eadwine and Morkere at the moment of the Norman invasion seems to point to a hope of holding Northern England as a separate earldom or kingdom, and of leaving Harold or William, as the case might be, to rule in Wessex as he

thought good. So again, we can only guess at the schemes of those who so often defended the Northern land against the Norman, and who so often called in the kindred Dane to their help. Most likely those who sought, now for West-Saxon Eadgar, now for Danish Swegen, to rule over them, dreamed of driving the Norman out of all England, if it could be done, and, if that failed, of holding York and Northhumberland as a realm independent of him. But vague schemes of this kind hardly amount to a fourth chance, to a fourth glimpse, of Northumbrian dominion.

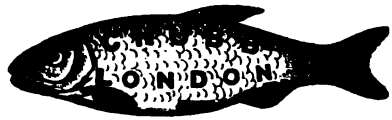
One thing at least is certain, that the Norman Conquest crushed all hopes of Northumbrian dominion, as dominion, for ever. In this sense the Norman Conquest was in very truth a Saxon Conquest. It ruled that England should be for ever an united kingdom; and it further ruled that the seat of dominion of that united kingdom should be placed in its Southern, and not in its Northern part. Yet Northern England may at least boast thus much, that in no part of the land did the Conqueror meet with stouter resistance, that on no part of the land did his avenging hand fall more heavily. We read in the writers of the time of the harrying of the northern shires, of the fields laid waste, of the towns left without inhabitants, of the churches crowded by the sick and hungry as the one place of shelter. We read in the formal language of documents how men bowed themselves for need in the evil day, and sold themselves into bondage for a morsel of bread. We read how the weary and homeless met with such shelter, such alms, as one monastery and one town could give at the hands of good Abbot Æthelwig of Evesham. And, perhaps more striking than all, we read in the calm pages of Domesday the entries of "Waste," "Waste," down whole pages, the records which show how lands which had supplied the halls of two or three English thegns could now yield hardly a penny of income to their foreign masters. To most of us all this is mere book-learning; it was mere book-learning to me a few months back. But tales like these put on a new and fearful truth, they are clothed with a life which is terrible indeed, to one who has seen the like with his own eyes. Let me go back once more to the lands from whence I set forth at the beginning of this lecture. The harrying of Northumberland has ceased to be a mere name to one who has seen somewhat of the harrying of Herzegovina. The churchyard of Evesham, crowded with the refugees who had fled from their wasted homes, becomes a reality in the eyes of one who has looked on the same sad sight in the *lazzaretto* of Ragusa. And who is there who has either seen for himself or heard from others of all that is at this moment borne by the sufferers in the noblest cause in which man can suffer, who will not stretch out his hand to do over again, according to his power, the good deeds of the bounteous Abbot? A Domesday of Herzegovina would show entries of "waste" as thick along its pages as the Domesday of Yorkshire. But your forefathers had at least to deal with a tyrant of nobler mould than the oppressor of the Slavonic lands. The wrath of William the Great was stern; his policy was cold and cruel; but he at least never sank to the base art of cajoling men back to destruction by lying words.[1]

With the Norman Conquest then all chance of Northumberland maintaining itself, either as the dominant part of England or as a state distinct from Southern England, came to an end. But the history of the land, as still a great and important part of England, went on unbroken. The men of the North overthrew the invading Scot at Northallerton and at Alnwick; the barons of the North were foremost in wresting the Great Charter from the rebel King. And in one special aspect

[1] The art seems hereditary; the song of the spider to the fly is now (June) being sung by new Murad as lustily as it was by old Abd-ul-Aziz. But a burned child dreads the fire; and no Slave with arms in his hands is likely to listen to the promises of a Turk.

of the ecclesiastical and artistic life of England, the shire that was Deira stands foremost among all the shires of England. The same Walter of Espec who led the men of Yorkshire to victory under the banners of the older saints of York and Beverley and Ripon was also among the first to enrich the dales of Yorkshire, their woods and their rushing streams, with the holy places of the new-born order of Citeaux. It was from a foreign house that the Cistercian took his name; but it was English Harding who received at his hands the homage of a founder. On later times I will not enter; I need not read in your ears the long bede-roll of the worthies of your shire, or the bede-roll—not a short one—of the worthies of your own borough. Among the honoured names of Northern England I will name but one, the latest but not the least. It is by no unfitting cycle that the list of the great historians of England, which began with a man of Bernicia, ends as yet with a man of Deira. The line which began with Bæda goes on through Simeon of Durham and Roger of Howden and other worthy names, till in our own day, the same Northern land has sent forth, in Professor Stubbs, the most life-like portrait-painter of English Kings, the most profound expounder of the English Constitution. From one who lived at Jarrow and who sleeps at Durham the torch has been handed on to one who has come forth from Knaresborough and Ripon, to make the form of the second Henry stand before us as a living man, to make the legislation of the first Edward stand before us as a living thing.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

REGISTERED  TRADE MARK.

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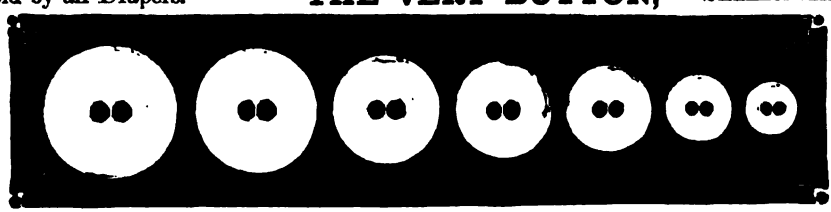

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Oct. 76

No 204.] [One Shilling.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1876.

Contents:—

I.—Charlotte Brontë. A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid.

II.—Madcap Violet. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," etc. Chapters XXXV.—XXXIX.

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IV.—The Italian Drama. By Miss Phillimore. III.

V.—The Bogies of Bulgarian Song. By John Oxenford.

VI.—Sonnets. By Frances Martin.

VII.—English Influence in China. By Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart. An Additional Chapter to "Greater Britain."

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.

VI. [redacted]

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[illegible] was connected with the disgrace and ruin of their brother. We are even asked to believe that but for the folly of a single woman, whom it is probable that Charlotte never saw, "Currer Bell" would never have taken up her pen, and no halo of glory would have settled on the scarred and rugged brows of prosaic Haworth.

It is not so. There may be disappointment among those who have been nurtured on the traditions of the Brontë romance, when they find that the reality is different from what they supposed it to be; some shallow judges may even assume that Charlotte herself loses in moral stature when it is shown that it was not her horror at her brother's fall which drove her to find relief in literary speech. But the truth must be told; and for my part I see nothing in that truth which affects, [illegible] gium her sorest troubles had been associated with her dislike to the society of strangers, her heaviest burden had been the necessity under which she lay of tasting that "cup of life as it is mixed for governesses" which she detested so heartily. Under the belief that they could qualify themselves to keep a school of their own if they had once mastered the delicacies of the French and German languages, she and Emily set off for this sojourn in Brussels.

One may be forgiven for speculating as to her future lot had she accepted the offer of marriage she received in her early governess days, and settled down as the faithful wife of a sober English gentleman. In that case *Shirley* perhaps might have been written, but *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* never. She learnt much during her two years' sojourn in the

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1876.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.

VI.

THE "storm and stress" period of Charlotte Brontë's life was not what the world believes it to have been. Like the rest of our race, she had to fight her own battle in the wilderness, not with one devil, but with many; and it was this sharp contest with the temptations which crowd the threshold of an opening life which made her what she was. The world believes that it was under the parsonage roof that the author of *Jane Eyre* gathered up the precious experiences which were afterwards turned to such good account. MRS. Gaskell, who was carried away by her honest womanly horror of hardened vice, gives us to understand that the tragic turning-point in the history of the sisters was connected with the disgrace and ruin of their brother. We are even asked to believe that but for the folly of a single woman, whom it is probable that Charlotte never saw, "Currer Bell" would never have taken up her pen, and no halo of glory would have settled on the scarred and rugged brows of prosaic Haworth.

It is not so. There may be disappointment among those who have been nurtured on the traditions of the Brontë romance, when they find that the reality is different from what they supposed it to be; some shallow judges may even assume that Charlotte herself loses in moral stature when it is shown that it was not her horror at her brother's fall which drove her to find relief in literary speech. But the truth must be told; and for my part I see nothing in that truth which affects, even in an infinitesimal degree, the fame and the honour of the woman of whom I write.

It was Charlotte's visit to Brussels then, first as pupil and afterwards as teacher in the school of Madame Héger, which was the turning-point in her life, which changed its currents, and gave to it a new purpose and a new meaning. Up to the moment of that visit she had been the simple, kindly, truthful Yorkshire girl, endowed with strange faculties, carried away at times by burning impulses, moved often by emotions the nature of which she could not fathom, but always hemmed in by her narrow experiences, her limited knowledge of life and the world. Until she went to Belgium her sorest troubles had been associated with her dislike to the society of strangers, her heaviest burden had been the necessity under which she lay of tasting that "cup of life as it is mixed for governesses" which she detested so heartily. Under the belief that they could qualify themselves to keep a school of their own if they had once mastered the delicacies of the French and German languages, she and Emily set off for this sojourn in Brussels.

One may be forgiven for speculating as to her future lot had she accepted the offer of marriage she received in her early governess days, and settled down as the faithful wife of a sober English gentleman. In that case *Shirley* perhaps might have been written, but *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* never. She learnt much during her two years' sojourn in the

Belgian capital; but the greatest of all the lessons she mastered whilst there was that self-knowledge the taste of which is so bitter to the mouth, though so wholesome to the life. Mrs. Gaskell has made such ample use of the letters she penned during the long months which she spent as an exile from England, that there is comparatively little left to cull from them. Everybody knows the outward circumstances of her story at this time. For a brief period she had the company of Emily; and the two sisters, working together with the unremitting zeal of those who have learned that time is money, were happy and hopeful, enjoying the novel sights of the gay foreign capital, gathering fresh experiences every day, and looking forward to the moment when they would return to familiar Haworth, and realize the dream of their lives by opening a school of their own within the walls of the parsonage. But then Emily left, and Charlotte, after a brief holiday at home, returned alone. Years after, writing to her friend, she speaks of her return in these words:—"I returned to Brussels after Aunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind." Why did she thus go back "against her conscience?" Her friends declared that her future husband dwelt somewhere within sound of the chimes of St. Gudule, and that she insisted upon returning to Brussels because she was about to be married there. We know now how different was the reality. The husband who awaited her was even then about to begin his long apprenticeship of love at Haworth. Yet none the less had her spirit, if not her heart, been captured and held captive in the Belgian city. It is not in her letters that we find the truth regarding her life at this time. The truth indeed is there, but not all the truth. "In catalepsy and dread trance," says Lucy Snowe, "I studiously held the quick of my nature. . . . . It is on the surface only the common gaze will fall." The secrets of her inner life could not be trusted to paper, even though the lines were intended for no eyes but those of her friend and confidante. There are some things, as we know well, the heart hides as by instinct, and which even frank and open natures only reveal under compulsion. One of the hardest features of the last year she spent at Brussels was the necessity that she was under of locking all the deepest emotions of her life within her own breast, of preserving the calm and even cold exterior, which should tell nothing to the common gaze, above the troubled, fevered heart that beat within.

"When do you think I shall see you?" she cries to her friend within a few days of her final return to Haworth; "I have of course much to tell you, and I dare say you have much also to tell me—things which we should neither of us wish to commit to paper. . . I do not know whether you feel as I do, but there are times now when it appears to me as if all my ideas and feelings, except a few friendships and affections, are changed from what they used to be. Something in me which used to be enthusiasm is tamed down and broken. I have fewer illusions. What I wish for now is active exertion—a stake in life. Haworth seems such a lonely, quiet spot, buried away from the world. I no longer regard myself as young; indeed I shall soon be twenty-eight, and it seems as if I ought to be working and braving the rough realities of the world as other people do. It is, however, my duty to restrain this feeling at present, and I will endeavour to do so."

Yes; she was "disillusioned" now, and she had brought back from Brussels a heart which could never be quite so light, a spirit which could never again soar so buoyantly, as in those earlier years when the tree of knowledge was still untasted, and the mystery of life still unrevealed. This stay in Belgium was, as I have said, the turning-point in Charlotte Brontë's career, and its true history and meaning is to be found, not in her *Life* and letters, but in *Villette*, the master-work of her mind, and the revelation of the most vivid passages in her own heart's history. "I said I disliked Lucy Snowe," is a remark which Mrs. Gaskell innocently repeats in her memoir of Charlotte Brontë. One need not be surprised at it. Lucy Snowe was never meant to be liked—by everybody; but none the less is Lucy Snowe the truest picture we possess of the real

Charlotte Brontë; whilst not a few of the fortunes which befell this strange heroine are literal transcripts from the life of her creator. One little incident in *Villette*—Lucy's impulsive visit to a Roman Catholic confessor—is taken direct from Charlotte's own experience. During one of the long lonely holidays in the foreign school, when her mind was restless and disturbed, her heart heavy, her nerves jarred and jangled, she fled from the great empty schoolrooms to seek peace in the streets; and she found, not peace perhaps, but sympathy at least, in the counsels of a priest, seated at the Confessional in a church into which she wandered, who took pity on the little heretic, and soothed her troubled spirit without attempting to enmesh it in the folds of Romanism. It was from experiences such as these, with a chastened heart and a nature tamed down, though by no means broken, that she returned to familiar Haworth, to face "the rough realities of the world."

Rough, indeed, those realities were in her case. Her brother, once the hope of the family, had now become its burden and its curse; and from that moment he was to be the prodigal for whom no fatted calf would ever be killed. Her father was fast losing his eyesight; she and her sisters were getting on in life, and "something must be done." Charlotte had returned home, but her heart was still in Brussels, and the wings of her spirit began to beat impatiently against the cage in which she found herself imprisoned. It was only the old story. She had gone out into the world, had tasted strange joys, and drunk deep of waters the very bitterness of which seemed to endear them to her. Returning to Haworth she went back a new woman, with tastes and hopes which it was hard to reconcile with the monotony of life in the parsonage which had once satisfied her completely.

"If I *could* leave home I should not be at Haworth," she says soon after her return. "I know life is passing away, and I am doing nothing, earning nothing; a very bitter knowledge it is at moments, but I see no way out of the mist." And then, almost for the first time in her life, something like a cry of despair goes up from her lips: "Probably when I am free to leave home I shall neither be able to find place nor employment. Perhaps, too, I shall be quite past the prime of life, my faculties will be wasted, and my few acquirements in a great measure forgotten. These ideas sting me keenly sometimes; but whenever I consult my conscience it affirms that I am doing right in staying at home; and bitter are its upbraidings when I yield to an eager desire for release."

But this outburst of personal feeling was exceptional, and was uttered in one ear only. Within the walls of her home Charlotte again became the house-mother, busying herself with homely cares, and ever watching for some opportunity of carrying her plan of school-keeping into execution. Nor did she allow either the troubles at home or that weight at her own heart which she bore in secrecy to render her spirit morbid and melancholy. Not a few who have read Mrs. Gaskell's work labour under the belief that this was the effect which Charlotte Brontë's trials had upon her. As a matter of fact, however, she was far too strong, brave, cheerful—one had almost said manly—to give way to any such selfish repinings. She never was one of those sickly souls who go about "glooming over the woes of existence, and how unworthy God's universe is to have so distinguished a resident." Even when her own sorrows were deepest and her lot seemed hardest, she found a lively pleasure in discussing the characters and lots of others, and expended as much pains and time in analysing the inner lives of her friends as our sham Byrons are wont to expend upon the study of their own feelings and emotions. Let the following letter, hitherto unpublished, written at the very time when the household clouds were blackest, speak for her freedom from morbid self-consciousness, as well as for her hearty interest in the well-being of those around her:—

"You are a very good girl indeed to send me such a long and interesting letter. In all that account of the young lady and gentleman in the railway carriage I recognize your faculty

for observation, which is a rarer gift than you imagine. You ought to be thankful for it. I never yet met with an individual devoid of observation whose conversation was interesting, nor with one possessed of that power in whose society I could not manage to pass a pleasant hour. I was amused with your allusions to individuals at ——. I have little doubt of the truth of the report you mention about Mr. Z—— paying assiduous attention to ——. Whether it will ever come to a match is another thing. *Money* would decide that point, as it does most others of a similiar nature. You are perfectly right in saying that Mr. Z—— is more influenced by opinion than he himself suspects. I saw his lordship in a new light last time I was at ——. Sometimes I could scarcely believe my ears when I heard the stress he laid on wealth, appearance, family, and all those advantages which are the idols of the world. His conversation on marriage (and he talked much about it) differed in no degree from that of any hackneyed fortune-hunter, except that with his own peculiar and native audacity he avowed views and principles which more timid individuals conceal. Of course I raised no argument against anything he said. I listened and laughed inwardly to think how indignant I should have been eight years since if anyone had accused Z—— of being a worshipper of Mammon and of Interest. Indeed I still believe that the Z—— of ten years ago is not the Z—— of to-day. The world with its hardness and selfishness has utterly changed him. He thinks himself grown wiser than the wisest. In a worldly sense he is wise. His feelings have gone through a process of petrifaction which will prevent them from ever warring against his interest; — but Ichabod! all glory of principle and much elevation of character are gone! I learnt another thing. Fear the smooth side of Z——'s tongue more than the rough side. He has the art of paying peppery little compliments which he seems to bring out with a sort of difficulty, as if he were not used to that kind of thing, and did it rather against his will than otherwise. These compliments you feel disposed to value on account of their seeming rarity. Fudge! They are at any one's disposal, and are confessedly hollow blarney."

Still more significant, however, is the following letter, showing so kindly and careful an interest in the welfare of the friend to whom it is addressed, even whilst it bears the bitter tidings of a great household sorrow:—

"*July* 31, 1845.

"I was glad to get your little packet. It was quite a treasure of interest to me. I think the intelligence about G—— is cheering. I have read the lines to Miss ——. They are expressive of the affectionate feelings of his nature, and are poetical, insomuch as they are true. Faults in expression, rhythm, metre, were of course to be expected. All you say about Mr. —— amused me much. Still I cannot put out of my mind one fear, viz., that you should think too much about him. Faulty as he is and as you know him to be, he has still certain qualities which might create an interest in your mind before you were aware. He has the art of impressing ladies by something involuntary in his look and manner; exciting in them the notion that he cares for them, while his words and actions are all careless, inattentive, and quite uncompromising for himself. It is only men who have seen much of life and of the world, and who are become in a measure indifferent to female attractions, that possess this art. So be on your guard. These are not pleasant or flattering words; but they are the words of one who has known you long enough to be indifferent about being temporarily disagreeable, provided she can be permanently useful.

"I got home very well. There was a gentleman in the railroad carriage whom I recognized by his features immediately as a foreigner and a Frenchman. So sure was I of it that I ventured to say to him, 'Monsieur est français, n'est-ce pas?' He gave a start of surprise, and answered immediately in his own tongue. He appeared still more astonished and even puzzled when after a few minutes' further conversation I inquired if he had not passed the greater part of his life in Germany. He said the surmise was correct. I had guessed it from his speaking French with the German accent.

"It was ten o'clock at night when I got home. I found Branwell ill. He is so very often, owing to his own fault. I was not therefore shocked at first. But when Anne informed me of the immediate cause of his present illness I was very greatly shocked. He had last Thursday received a note from Mr. —— sternly dismissing him. . . . We have had sad work with him since. He thought of nothing but stunning or drowning his distressed mind. No one in the house could have rest, and at last we have been obliged to send him from home for a week with some one to look after him. He has written to me this morning and expresses some sense of contrition for his frantic folly. He promises amendment on his return; but so long as he remains at home I scarce dare hope for peace in the house. We must all I fear prepare for a season of distress and disquietude. I cannot now ask Miss —— or any one else."

The gloom in the household deepened; but Charlotte was still strong enough and brave enough to meet the world, to retain her accustomed interest in her friends, and to discuss as of yore the characters and

lives of those around her. Curious are the glimpses one gets of her circle of acquaintances at this time. Little did many of those with whom she was brought in contact think of the keen eyes which were gazing out at them from under the prominent forehead of the parson's daughter. Yet not the least interesting feature of her correspondence is the evidence it affords that she was gradually gaining that knowledge of character which was afterwards to be lavished upon her books. A string of extracts from letters hitherto unpublished will suffice to show how the current of her life and thoughts ran in those days of domestic darkness, whilst the dawn of her fame was still hidden in the blackest hour of the night:—

"I have just read M——'s letters. They are very interesting, and show the original and vigorous cast of her mind. There is but one thing I could wish otherwise in them, and that is a certain tendency to flightiness. It is not safe, it is not wise; and will often cause her to be misconstrued. Perhaps *flightiness* is not the right word; but it is a devil-may-care tone which I do not like when it proceeds from under a hat, and still less from under a bonnet."

"I return you Miss ——'s notes with thanks. I always like to read them. They appear to me so true an index of an amiable mind, and one not too conscious of its own worth. Beware of awakening in her this consciousness by undue praise. It is a privilege of simple-hearted, sensible, but not brilliant people that they can *be* and *do* good without comparing their own thoughts and actions too closely with those of other people, and thence drawing strong food for self-appreciation. Talented people almost always know full well the excellence that is in them. . . . . You ask me if we are more comfortable. I wish I could say anything favourable; but how can we be more comfortable so long as Branwell stays at home and degenerates instead of improving? It has been lately intimated to him that he would be received again on the same railroad where he was formerly stationed if he would behave more steadily, but he refuses to make an effort. He will not work, and at home he is a drain on every resource, an impediment to all happiness. But there's no use in complaining."

"I thank you again for your last letter, which I found as full or fuller of interest than either of the preceding ones—it is just written as I wish you to write to me—not a detail too much. A correspondence of that sort is the next best thing to actual conversation, though it must be allowed that between the two there is a wide gulf still. I imagine your face, voice, presence very plainly when I read your letters. Still imagination is not reality, and when I return them to their envelope and put them by in my desk I feel the difference sensibly enough. My curiosity is a little piqued about that countess you mention. What is her name? you have not yet given it. I cannot decide from what you say whether she is really clever or only eccentric. The two sometimes go together, but are often seen apart. I generally feel inclined to fight very shy of eccentricity, and have no small horror of being thought eccentric myself, by which observation I don't mean to insinuate that I class myself under the head clever. God knows a more consummate ass in sundry important points has seldom browsed the green herb of His bounties than I. O Lord, Nell, I'm in danger sometimes of falling into self-weariness. I used to say and to think in former times that X—— would certainly be married. I am not so sanguine on that point now. It will never suit her to accept a husband she cannot love, or at least respect, and it appears there are many chances against her meeting with such a one under favourable circumstances; besides, from all I can hear and see, money seems to be regarded as almost the Alpha and Omega of requisites in a wife. Well, if she is destined to be an old maid I don't think she will be a repining one. I think she will find resources in her own mind and disposition which will help her to get on. As to society, I don't understand much about it, but from the few glimpses I have had of its machinery it seems to me to be a very strange, complicated affair indeed, wherein nature is turned upside down. Your well-bred people appear to me, figuratively speaking, to walk on their heads, to see everything the wrong way up—a lie is with them truth, truth a lie, eternal and tedious botheration is their notion of happiness, sensible pursuits their *ennui*. But this may be only the view ignorance takes of what it cannot understand. I refrain from judging them, therefore, but if I was called upon to *swop*—you know the word I suppose—to swop tastes and ideas and feelings with —— for instance, I should prefer walking into a good Yorkshire kitchen fire and concluding the bargain at once by an act of voluntary combustion."

VII.

The reader has seen that it was not the degradation of Branwell Brontë which formed the turning-point in Charlotte's life. Mrs. Gaskell, anxious to support her own conception of what *should have been* Charlotte's feelings with regard to her brother's ruin, has scarcely done justice either to herself or to her heroine. Thus she makes use of a passage in one of the letters

quoted in the foregoing chapter, but in doing so omits what are perhaps the most characteristic words in it. "He" (Branwell) "has written this morning expressing some sense of contrition; . . . but as long as he remains at home I scarce dare hope for peace in the house." This is the form in which the passage appears in the *Biography*, whereas Charlotte had written of her brother's having expressed "contrition for his frantic folly," and of his having "promised amendment on his return." Mrs. Gaskell could not bring herself to speak of such flagrant sins as those of which young Brontë had been guilty under the name of 'folly,' nor could she conceive that there was any possibility of amendment on the part of one who had fallen so low in vice. Moreover one of her objects was to punish those who had shared the lad's misconduct, and to whom she openly attributed not only his ruin but the premature deaths of his sisters. Thus she felt compelled to take throughout her book a far deeper and more tragic view of this miserable episode in the Brontë story than Charlotte herself took. Having read all her letters written at this period of her life to her two most confidential friends, I am justified in saying that the impression produced on Charlotte by Branwell's degrading fall was not so deep as that which was produced on Mrs. Gaskell, who never saw young Brontë, by the mere recital of the story. Yet Charlotte, though too brave, healthy, and reasonable in all things to be utterly weighed down by the fact that her brother had fallen a victim to loathsome vice, was far from being insensible to the sadness and shamefulness of his condition. What she thought of it she has herself told the world in the story of *The Professor* (p. 198):—

"Limited as had yet been my experience of life, I had once had the opportunity of contemplating near at hand an example of the results produced by a course of interesting and romantic domestic treachery. No golden halo of fiction was about this example; I saw it bare and real, and it was very loathsome. I saw a mind degraded by the practice of mean subterfuge, by the habit of perfidious deception, and a body depraved by the infectious influence of the vice-polluted soul. I had suffered much from the forced and prolonged view of this spectacle; those sufferings I did not now regret, for their simple recollection acted as a most wholesome antidote to temptation. They had inscribed on my reason the conviction that unlawful pleasure, trenching on another's rights, is delusive and envenomed pleasure—its hollowness disappoints at the time, its poison cruelly tortures afterwards, its effects deprave for ever."

Upon the gentle and sensitive mind of Anne Brontë the effect of Branwell's fall were such as Mrs. Gaskell depicts. She was literally broken down by the grief she suffered in seeing her brother's ruin; but Charlotte and Emily were of stronger fibre than their sister, and their predominant feeling, as expressed in their letters, is one of sheer disgust at their brother's weakness, and of indignation against all who had in any way assisted in his downfall. This may not be consistent with the popular conception of Charlotte's character, but it is strictly true.

We must then dismiss from our minds the notion that the brother's fate exercised that paramount influence over the sisters' lives which seems to be believed. Yet as we have seen, there was a very strong, though hidden influence working in Charlotte during those years in which their home was darkened by Branwell's presence. Her yearning for Brussels, and the life that now seemed like a vanished dream, continued almost as strong as ever. At Haworth everything was dull, commonplace, monotonous. The school-keeping scheme had failed; poverty and obscurity seemed henceforth to be the appointed lot of all the sisters. Even the resource of intercourse with friends was almost entirely cut off; for Charlotte could not bear the shame of exposing the prodigal of the family to the gaze of strangers. It was at this time, and in the mood described in the last letter quoted in the preceding chapter, that she took up her pen and sought to escape from the narrow and sordid cares which environed her by a flight into the region of poetry. She had been accustomed from childhood to write verses, few of which as yet had passed the limits of mediocrity. Now, with all that heart-history through which she had passed at Brussels weighing upon her, she began to

write again, moved by a stronger impulse, stirred by deeper thoughts than any she had known before. In this secret exercise of her faculties she found relief and enjoyment; her letters to her friend showed that her mind was regaining its tone, and the dreary outlook from "the hills of Judæa" at Haworth began to brighten. It was a great day in the lives of all the sisters when Charlotte accidentally discovered that Emily also had dared to "commit her soul to paper." The younger sister was keenly troubled when Charlotte made the discovery, for her poems had been written in absolute secrecy. But mutual confessions hastened her reconcilement. Charlotte produced her own poems, and then Anne also, blushing as was her wont, poured some hidden treasures of the same kind into the eldest sister's lap. So it came to pass that in 1846, unknown to their nearest friends, they presented to the world—at their own cost and risk, poor souls!—that thin volume of poetry "by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," now almost forgotten, the merits of which few readers have recognized and few critics proclaimed.

Strong, calm, sincere, most of these poems are; not the spasmodic or frothy outpourings of Byron-stricken girls; not even mere echoes, however skilful, of the grand music of the masters. When we dip into the pages of the book we see that these women write because they feel. They write because they have something to say; they write not for the world, but for themselves, each sister wrapping her own secret within her own soul. Strangely enough it is not Charlotte who carries off the palm in these poems. Verse seems to have been too narrow for the limits of her genius; she could not soar as she desired to do within the self-imposed restraints of rhythm, rhyme and metre. Here and there, it is true, we come upon lines which flash upon us with the brilliant fire of genius; but upon the whole we need not wonder that Currer Bell achieved no reputation as a poet. Nor is Anne to be counted among great singers. Sweet indeed her verses are, radiant with the tenderness, resignation, and gentle humility which were the prominent features of her character. One or two of her little poems are now included in popular collections of hymns used in Yorkshire churches; but as a rule her compositions lack the vigorous life which belongs to those of her sisters. It is Emily who takes the first place in this volume. Some of her poems have a lyrical beauty which haunts the mind ever after it has become acquainted with them; others have a passionate emphasis, a depth of meaning, an intensity and gravity which are startling when we know who the singer is, and which furnish a key to many passages in *Wuthering Heights* which the world shudders at and hastily passes by. Such lines as these ought to make the name of Emily Brontë far more familiar than it is to the students of our modern English literature:—

"Death! that struck when I was most confiding
In my certain faith of joy to be—
Strike again, Time's withered branch dividing
From the fresh root of Eternity!

"Leaves upon Time's branch were growing brightly,
Full of sap and full of silver dew;
Birds beneath its shelter gathered nightly;
Daily round its flowers the wild bees flew.

"Sorrow passed, and plucked the golden blossom;
Guilt stripped off the foliage in its pride;
But within its parent's kindly bosom
Flowed for ever Life's restoring tide.

"Little mourned I for the parted gladness,
For the vacant nest and silent song—
Hope was there, and laughed me out of sadness;
Whispering, 'Winter will not linger long!'

"And behold! with tenfold increase blessing,
Spring adorned the beauty-burdened spray;
Wind and rain and fervent heat, caressing,
Lavished glory on that second May!

"High it rose—no winged grief could sweep it;
Sin was scared to distance with its slime;
Love, and its own life, had power to keep it
From all wrong—from every blight but thine;

"Cruel Death! The young leaves droop and languish;
Evening's gentle air may still restore—
No! the morning sunshine mocks my anguish—
Time, for me, must never blossom more!

"Strike it down, that other boughs may flourish
Where that perished sapling used to be;
Thus at least its mouldering corpse will nourish
That from which it sprung—Eternity."

The little book was a failure. This first flight ended only in discomfiture; and Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell were once more left to face the realities of life in Haworth parsonage, uncheered by literary success. This was in the summer and autumn of 1846; about which time they were compelled to think of cares which came even nearer home than the failure of their volume of poems. Their father's eyesight was now almost gone, and all their thoughts were centred upon the operation which was to restore it. Yet at the very time when they were thus beset by bitter anxieties they were engaged in another and more important literary venture. The pen once taken up could not be laid down. By poetry they had only lost money; but the idea had occurred to them that by prose-writing money was to be made. At any rate in telling the stories of imaginary people, in opening their hearts freely upon all those subjects on which they had thought deeply in their secluded lives, they would find relief from the solitude of Haworth. Each of the three accordingly began to write a novel. The stories were commenced simultaneously, after a long consultation, in which the outlines of the plots, and even the names of the different characters, were settled. How one must wish that some record of that strange literary council had been preserved! Charlotte, in after life, spoke always tenderly, lovingly, almost reverentially, of the days in which she and her well-beloved sisters were engaged in settling the plan and style of their respective romances. That time seemed sacred to her, and though she learnt to smile at the illusions under which the work was begun, and could see clearly enough the errors and crudities of thought and method which all three displayed, she never allowed any one in her presence to question the genius of Emily and Anne, or to ridicule the prosaic and business-like fashion in which the novel-writing was undertaken by the three sisters. Returning to the old customs of their childhood, they sat round the table of their sitting-room in the parsonage, each busy with her pen. No trace of their occupation at this time is to be found in their letters, and on the rare occasions on which the father or the brother came into their room, nothing was said as to the work that was going on. The novel-writing, like the writing and publishing of the poems, was still kept profoundly secret. "There is no gentleman of the name in this parish," said Mr. Brontë to the village postman, when the latter ventured to ask who the Mr. Currer Bell could be for whom letters came so frequently from London. But every night the three sisters, as they paced the barely-furnished room, or strained their eyes across the tombstones, to the spot where the weather-stained church tower rose from a bank of nettles, told each other what the work of the day had been, and criticised each other's labours with the freedom of that perfect love which casts out all fear of misconception. Is it needful to tell how the three stories—*The Professor*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Agnes Grey*—are sent forth at last from the little station at Keighley to fare as best they may in that unknown London which is still an ideal city to the sisters, peopled not with ordinary human beings, but with creatures of some strangely-different order? Can any one be ignorant of the weary months which passed whilst *The Professor* was going from hand to hand, and the stories written by Emily and Anne were waiting in a publisher's desk until they could be given to the world on the publisher's own terms? Charlotte had failed, but the brave heart was not to be baffled. No sooner had the last page of *The Professor* been finished than the first page of *Jane Eyre* was begun. The whole of that wondrous story passed through the author's busy brain whilst the life around her was clad in these sombre hues, and disappointment, affliction, and gloomy forebodings were her daily companions. The decisive rejection of her first tale by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. had been accompanied by some kindly words of advice; so it is to

that firm that she now entrusts the completed manuscript of *Jane Eyre*. The result has already been told. On August 24, 1847, the story is sent from Leeds to London; and before the year is out all England is ringing with the praises of the novel and its author.

Need I defend the sisters from the charge sometimes brought against them that they were unfaithful to their friends in not taking them into their confidence? Surely not. They had pledged themselves to each other that the secret should be sternly guarded, as something sacred, kept even from those of their own household. They were not working for fame; for again and again they give proof that personal fame is the last thing to which they aspire. But they had found their true vocation, the call to work was irresistible, they had obeyed it, and all that they sought now was to leave their work to speak for itself, dissevered absolutely from the humble personality of the authors.

In a letter from Anne Brontë, written in January, 1848, at which time the literary quidnuncs both of England and America were eagerly discussing contradictory theories as to the authorship of *Jane Eyre*, and of the two other stories which had appeared from the pens of Ellis and Acton Bell, I find the following passage:—"I have no news to tell you, for we have been nowhere, seen no one, and done nothing (to *speak* of) since you were here, and yet we contrive to be busy from morning till night." The gentle and scrupulously conscientious girl, whilst hiding the secret from her friend, cannot violate the truth even by a hairsbreadth. The italics are her own. Nothing *that can be spoken of* has been done. The friend had her own suspicions. Staying in a southern house for the winter, the new novel about which everybody was talking was produced—fresh from town. One of the guests was deputed to read it aloud, and before she had proceeded far Charlotte Brontë's schoolfellow had pierced the secret of the authorship. Three months before, Charlotte had been spending a few days at Miss N——'s house, and had openly corrected the proof-sheets of the story in the presence of her hostess; but she had given the latter no encouragement to speak to her on the subject, and nothing had been said. Now, however, in the surprise of the moment Miss N —— told the company that this must have been written by Miss Brontë, and astute friends at once advised her not to mention the fact that she knew the author of *Jane Eyre* to any one, as her acquaintance with such a person would be regarded as a reflection on her own character! When Charlotte was challenged by her friend, she uttered stormy denials in general terms which carried a complete confirmation of the truth, and when, in the spring of 1848, Miss N—— visited Haworth, full confession was made, and the poems brought forth and shown to her, in addition to the stories.

Very quietly and sedately did "Currer Bell" take her sudden change of fortune. She corresponded freely with her publishers, and with the critics who had written to her concerning her book; she told her father the secret of her authorship, and exhibited to him the draft which was the substantial recompence of her labours; but in her letters to her friend no difference of tone is to be detected. Success was very sweet to her, as we know, but she bore her honours meekly, betraying nothing of the gratified ambition which must have filled her soul. In truth her thoughts were soon turned from her literary triumph to more pressing matters nearer home. It was after one brief visit to London, accompanied by Anne, to satisfy her publishers that Currer Bell was a distinct individuality not to be confounded with either Ellis or Acton, that she returned home to find that death was setting its seal upon the household. Branwell, who had been so long the dark shadow in their "humble home," was taken from them without any lengthened preliminary warning. Sharing to the full the eccentricity of the family, he resolved to die as nobody else had ever died before, and when the last agony came on, he rose to his feet, as though proudly defying death itself to do its worst, and expired stan-

ing. In the following letter, hitherto unpublished, to one of her friends—not to her old schoolfellow—Charlotte thus speaks of the last act in the tragedy of her brother's life:—

"HAWORTH, *October* 14, 1848.

"The event to which you allude came upon us indeed with startling suddenness, and was a severe shock to us all. My poor brother has long had a shaken constitution, and during the summer his appetite had been diminished and he had seemed weaker, but neither we, nor himself, nor any medical man who was consulted on his case thought it one of immediate danger: he was out of doors two days before his death, and was only confined to bed one single day. I thank you for your kind sympathy. Many, under the circumstances, would think our loss rather a relief than otherwise; in truth, we must acknowledge, in all humility and gratitude, that God has greatly tempered judgment with mercy; but yet, as you doubtless know from experience, the last earthly separation cannot take place between near relations without the keenest pangs on the part of the survivors. Every wrong and sin is forgotten then; pity and grief share the heart and the memory between them. Yet we are not without comfort in our affliction. A most propitious change marked the few last days of poor Branwell's life; his demeanour, his language, his sentiments, were all singularly altered and softened, and this change could not be owing to the fear of death, for within half an hour of his decease he seemed unconscious of danger. In God's hands we leave him! He sees not as man sees. Papa, I am thankful to say, has borne the event pretty well. His distress was great at first. To lose an only son is no ordinary trial. But his physical strength has not hitherto failed him, and he has now in a great measure recovered his mental composure; my dear sisters are pretty well also. Unfortunately illness attacked me at the crisis, when strength was most needed; I bore up for a day or two, hoping to be better, but got worse; fever, sickness, total loss of appetite and internal pain, were the symptoms. The doctor pronounced it to be bilious fever—but I think it must have been in a mitigated form; it yielded to medicine and care in a few days; I was only confined to my bed a week, and am, I trust, nearly well now. I felt it a grievous thing to be incapacitated from action and effort at a time when action and effort were most called for. The past month seems an overclouded period in my life."

Alas! the brave woman who felt it to be "a grievous thing" that she could not bear her full share of the family rden, little knew how terribly that burden was to be increased, how much heavier and blacker were the clouds which awaited her than any through which she had yet passed. The storm which even then was gathering upon her path was one which no sunshine of fame or prosperity could dissipate. The one to whom Charlotte's heart had always clung most fondly, the sister who had been nearest to her in age and nearest to her in affection, Emily, the brilliant but ill-fated child of genius, began to fade. "She had never," says Charlotte, speaking in the solitude of her fame, "lingered over any task in her life, and she did not linger now." Yet the quick decline of Emily Brontë is one of the saddest of all the sad features of the story. I have spoken of her reserve. So intense was it that when dying she refused to admit even to her own sisters that she was ill. They saw her fading before their eyes; they knew that the grave was yawning at her feet; and yet they dared not offer her any attention such as an invalid needed, and such as they were longing to bestow upon her. It was the cruellest torture of Charlotte's life. During the brief period of Emily's illness, her sister writes as follows to her friend:—

"I mentioned your coming to Emily as a mere suggestion, with the faint hope that the prospect might cheer her, as she really esteems you perhaps more than any other person out of this house. I found, however, it would not do; any, the slightest excitement or putting out of the way, is not to be thought of, and indeed I do not think the journey in this unsettled weather, with the walk from Keighley and back, at all advisable for yourself. Yet I should have liked to see you, and so would Anne. Emily continues much the same: yesterday I thought her a little better, but to-day she is not so well. I hope still, for I *must* hope; she is as dear to me as life. If I let the faintness of despair reach my heart I shall become worthless. The attack was, I believe, in the first place, inflammation of the lungs; it ought to have been met promptly in time; but she would take no care, use no means, she is too intractable. I *do* wish I knew her state and feelings more clearly. The fever is not so high as it was, but the pain in the side, the cough, the emaciation are there still."

The days went by in the parsonage, slowly, solemnly, each bringing some fresh burden of sorrow to the broken hearts of

Charlotte and Anne. Emily's resolute spirit was unbending to the last. Day after day she refused to own that she was ill, refused to take rest or medicine or stimulants; compelled her trembling hands to labour as of old. And so came the bitter morning in December, the story of which has been told by Mrs. Gaskell with simple pathos, when she "arose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing everything for herself," even going on with her sewing as at any time during the years past; until suddenly she laid the unfinished work aside, whispered faintly to her sister, "If you send for a doctor I will see him now," and in two hours passed quietly away.

The broken father, supported on either side by his surviving daughters, followed Emily to her grave in the old church. There was one other mourner—the fierce old dog whom she had loved better almost than any other human being.

"Yes," says Charlotte, writing to her friend, "there is no Emily in time or on earth now. Yesterday we put her poor wasted mortal frame quietly under the church pavement. We are very calm at present. Why should we be otherwise? The anguish of seeing her suffer is over. We feel she is at peace. No need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind. Emily does not feel them. She died in a time of promise. We saw her taken from life in its prime. But it is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than that she has left."

It was in the very month of December, 1848, when Charlotte passed through this fierce ordeal, and wrote these tender words of love and resignation, that the *Quarterly Review* denounced her as an improper woman who "for some sufficient reason" had forfeited the society of her sex!

Terrible was the storm of death which in three short months swept off two of the little household at Haworth; but it had not even yet exhausted all its fury. Scarcely had Emily been laid in the grave than Anne, the youngest and gentlest of the three sisters, began to fade. Very slowly did she droop. The winter passed away, and the spring came with a glimmer of hope; but the following unpublished letter, written on the 16th of May, shows with what fears Charlotte set forth on that visit to Scarborough which her sister insisted upon undertaking as a last resource:—

"Next Wednesday is the day fixed for our departure; Ellen accompanies us at her own kind and friendly wish. I would not refuse her society, but dared not urge her to go, for I have little hope that the excursion will be one of pleasure or benefit to those engaged in it. Anne is extremely weak. She herself has a fixed impression that the sea-air will give her a chance of regaining strength. That chance therefore she must have. Having resolved to try the experiment, misgivings are useless, and yet when I look at her misgivings will rise. She is more emaciated than Emily was at the very last, her breath scarcely serves her to mount the stairs, however slowly. She sleeps very little at night, and often passes most of the forenoon in a semi-lethargic state. Still she is up all day, and even goes out a little when it is fine. Fresh air usually acts as a temporary stimulus, but its reviving power diminishes."

Just two weeks after this Anne died at Scarborough, rendering up her soul with that sweetness and resignation of spirit which had adorned her throughout her brief life, and even in the last hour crying, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage," as she bade farewell to the sister who was left.

Before me lie the few letters which remain of Emily and Anne. There is little in them worth preserving. Both make reference to the fact that Charlotte is the great correspondent of the family, and that their brief and uninteresting epistles can have no charm for one who is constantly receiving letters from her. Yet that modest reserve which distinguished the greatest of the three is plainly visible in what little remains of the correspondence of the others. They had discovered before their death the real power that lay within them; they had just experienced the joy which comes from the exercise of these powers; they had looked forward to a future which should be sunny and prosperous, as no other part of their lives of toil and patient endurance had been. Suddenly death confronted them, and they recognized the fact that they must leave their work undone. Each faced the dread enemy in her own way, but neither shrank even from that blow. Emily's proud spirit refused to be conquered, and, as we have seen, up to the last agony she carried

herself as one sternly indifferent to the weaknesses of the flesh, including that final weakness which must conquer all of us in the end. Anne found consolation, pure and deep, in her religious faith, and she died cheerfully in the firm belief that she was but entering upon that fuller life which lay beyond the grave. The one was defiant, the other resigned; but courage and fortitude were shown by each in accordance with her own special idiosyncracy.

VIII.

Charlotte went back from Scarborough to Haworth alone. Her father met her with unwonted demonstrations of affection, and she "tried to be glad" that she was once more under the familiar roof. "But this time joy was not to be the sensation." Yet the courage which had held her sisters to the end supported her amid the pangs of loneliness and bereavement. Even now there was no bitterness, no morbid gloom in the heart which had suffered so keenly. Setting aside her own sorrow quietly but resolutely, refusing all the invitations of her friend to seek temporary relief in change of scene, she sat down to complete the story which was intended to tell the world what the lost Emily had seemed to be in the eyes of her fond sister. By herself, in the room in which a short year ago three happy sisters had worked together, within the walls which could never again echo with the old voices, or walking on the moors, which would never more be trodden by the firm, elastic step of Emily, she composed the brilliant story of *Shirley*—the brightest and healthiest of her works. As she writes she sometimes sends forth messages to those who love her, which tell us of the spirit of the hero or the martyr burning within the frail frame of the solitary woman. "Submission, courage, exertion when practicable, these seem to be the weapons with which we must fight life's long battle"; and that these are no mere words she proves with all her accustomed honesty and sincerity, by acting up to them to the very letter. But at times the burden presses upon her "l it is almost past endurance. Strangely enough, it is a comparative trifle, as the world counts it, the illness of a servant, that occasions her fiercest outburst of open grief:—

"You have to fight your way through labour and difficulty at home, it appears, but I am truly glad now you did not come to Haworth. As matters have turned out you would have found only discomfort and gloom. Both Tabby and Martha are at this moment ill in bed. Martha's illness has been most serious. She was seized with internal inflammation ten days ago; Tabby's lame leg has broken out, she cannot stand or walk. I have one of Martha's sisters to help me, and her mother comes up sometimes. There was one day last week when I fairly broke down for ten minutes, and sat down and cried like a fool. Martha's illness was at its height; a cry from Tabby had called me into the kitchen, and I had found her laid on the floor, her head under the kitchen-grate. She had fallen from her chair in attempting to rise. Papa had just been declaring that Martha was in imminent danger; I was myself depressed with headache and sickness that day; I hardly knew what to do or where to turn. Thank God, Martha is now convalescent; Tabby, I trust, will be better soon. Papa is pretty well. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my publishers are delighted with what I sent them—this supports me, but life is a battle. May we *all* be enabled to fight it well."

This letter is dated September 24, 1849, at which time *Shirley* is written, and in the hands of her publishers. She has painted the character of Emily in that of Shirley herself; and her friend Ellen is shadowed forth to the world in the person of Caroline Helston. When the book, with its vivid pictures of Yorkshire life at the beginning of the century, and its masterly sketches of characters as real as those which Shakespeare brings upon the stage, is published, there is but one outcry of praise, even from the critics who were so eager to condemn *Jane Eyre*. Up to this point she had preserved her anonymity, but now she is discovered, and her admirers in London persuade her at last to visit them, and make acquaintance with her peers in the Republic of Letters, the men and women whose names were household words in Haworth Parsonage long before "Currer Bell" had made her first modest appeal to the world.

A passage from one of the following letters, written during this first sojourn in

London, has already been published; but it will well bear reprinting:—

"*December*, 1849.

"I have just remembered that as you do not know my address you cannot write to me till you get it. I came to this big Babylon last Thursday, and have been, in what seems to me, a sort of whirl ever since; for changes, scenes, and stimulus which would be a trifle to others are much to me. I found when I mentioned to Mr. —— my plan of going to Dr. ——'s, it would not do at all. He would have been seriously hurt: he made his mother write to me, and thus I was persuaded to make my principal stay at his house. So far I have found no reason to regret this decision. Mrs. —— received me at first like one who has had the strictest orders to be scrupulously attentive. I had fire in my bedroom evening and morning, two wax candles, &c., and Mrs. —— and her daughters seemed to look on me with a mixture of respect and alarm. But all this is changed; that is to say, the attention and politeness continue as great as ever, but the alarm and estrangement are quite gone; she treats me as if she liked me, and I begin to like her much. Kindness is a potent heart-winner. I had not judged too favourably of —— on a first impression—he pleases me much: I like him better as a son and brother than as a man of business. Mr. W—— too is really most gentlemanly and well-informed; his weak points he certainly has, but these are not seen in society. Mr. X—— (the little man) has again shown his parts. Of him I have not yet come to a clear decision. Abilities he has, for he rules his firm and keeps forty young men under strict control by his iron will. His young superior likes him, which, to speak the truth, is more than I do at present. In fact I suspect he is of the Helston order of men, rigid, despotic, and self-willed. He tries to be very kind, and even to express sympathy sometimes, and he does not manage it. He has a determined, dreadful nose in the middle of his face, which when poked into my countenance cuts into my soul like iron. Still he is horribly intelligent, quick, searching, sagacious, and with a memory of relentless tenacity: to turn to —— after him is to turn from granite to easy down or warm fur. I have seen Thackeray."

"As to being happy, I am under scenes and circumstances of excitement, but I suffer acute pain sometimes—mental pain, I mean. At the moment Mr. Thackeray presented himself I was thoroughly faint from inanition, having eaten nothing since a very slight breakfast, and it was then seven o'clock in the evening. Excitement and exhaustion together made savage work of me that evening. What he thought of me, I cannot tell. This evening I am going to meet Miss Martineau—she has written to me most kindly—she knows me only as Currer Bell—I am going alone—how I shall get on I do not know. If Mrs. —— were not kind, I should sometimes be miserable; but she treats me almost affectionately, her attentions never flag. I have seen many things; I hope some day to tell you what. Yesterday I went over the new Houses of Parliament with Mr. ——. An attack of rheumatic fever has kept poor Mr. X—— out of the way since I wrote last. I am sorry for *his* sake. It grows quite dark. I must stop. I shall not stay in London a day longer than I first intended. On those points I form my resolutions, and will not be shaken. The thundering *Times* has attacked me savagely."

The following letters (with one exception not previously published) belong to the spring of 1850, when Charlotte was at home again, engaged in attending to her father and to the household cares which shared her attention with literary work and anxieties. The first, which refers exclusively to her visit to London, was addressed to one of her old friends in Yorkshire:—

"Ellen it seems told you that I spent a fortnight in London last December. They wished me very much to stay a month, alleging that I should in that time be able to secure a complete circle of acquaintance; but I found a fortnight of such excitement quite enough: the whole day was usually devoted to sight-seeing, and often the evening was spent in society: it was more than I could bear for any length of time. On one occasion I met a party of my critics—seven of them. Some of them had been my bitter foes in print, but they were prodigiously civil face to face. These gentlemen seemed infinitely grander, more pompous, dashing, showy than the few authors I saw. Mr. Thackeray, for example, is a man of very quiet simple demeanour; he is however looked upon with some awe and even distrust. His conversation is very peculiar, too perverse to be pleasant. It was proposed to me to see Charles Dickens, Lady Morgan, Mesdames Trollope, Gore, and some others; but I was aware these introductions would bring a degree of notoriety I was not disposed to encounter; I declined therefore with thanks. Nothing charmed me more during my stay in town than the pictures I saw; one or two private collections of Turner's best water colours were indeed a treat. His later oil paintings are strange things—things that baffle description. I have twice seen Macready act, once in *Macbeth* and once in *Othello*. I astounded a dinner party by honestly saying I did not like him. It is the fashion to rave about his splendid acting; anything more false and artificial, less genuinely impressive than his whole style, I could scarcely have imagined. The fact is the stage

system altogether is hollow nonsense. They act farces well enough; the actors comprehend their parts and do them justice. They comprehend nothing about tragedy or Shakespeare, and it is a failure. I said so, and by so saying produced a blank silence, a mute consternation. I was indeed obliged to dissent on many occasions, and to offend by dissenting. It seems now very much the custom to admire a certain wordy, intricate, obscure, style of poetry, such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes. Some pieces were referred to, about which Currer Bell was expected to be very rapturous, and failing in this, he disappointed. London people strike a provincial as being very much taken up with little matters, about which no one out of particular town circles cares much. They talk, too, of persons, literary men and women, whose names are scarcely heard in the country, and in whom you cannot get up an interest. I think I should scarcely like to live in London, and were I obliged to live there I should certainly go little into company—especially I should eschew the literary critics."

"I have, since you went, had a remarkable epistle from Thackeray, long, interesting, characteristic; but it unfortunately concludes with the strict injunction, *Show this letter to no one.* Adding that if he thought his letters were seen by others, he should either cease to write, or write only what was conventional. But for this circumstance I should have sent it with the others. I answered it at length. Whether my reply will give satisfaction or displeasure remains yet to be ascertained. Thackeray's feelings are not such as can be gauged by ordinary calculation: variable weather is what I should ever expect from that quarter. Yet in correspondence, as in verbal intercourse, this would torment me."

"I believe I should have written to you before, but I don't know what heaviness of spirit has beset me of late, made my faculties dull, made rest weariness, and occupation burdensome. Now and then the silence of the house, the solitude of the room has pressed on me with a weight I found it difficult to bear, and recollection has not failed to be as alert, poignant, obtrusive, as other feelings were languid. I attribute this state of things partly to the weather. Quicksilver invariably falls low in storms and high winds, and I have ere this been warned of approaching disturbance in the atmosphere by a sense of bodily weakness, and deep, heavy mental sadness, which some would call *presentiment.* Presentiment indeed it is, but not at all supernatural. The Haworth people have been making great fools of themselves about *Shirley,* they take it in the enthusiastic light. When they got the volumes at the Mechanics' Institution, all the members wanted them; they cast lots for the whole three, and whoever got a volume was only allowed to keep it two days and to be fined a shilling *per diem* for longer detention. It would be mere nonsense and vanity to tell you what they say. I have had no letters from London for a long time, and am very much ashamed of myself to find, now when that stimulus is withdrawn, how dependent upon it I had become. I cannot help feeling something of the excitement of expectation till post-hour comes, and when day after day it brings nothing, I get low. This is a stupid, disgraceful, unmeaning state of things. I feel bitterly enraged at my own dependence and folly. It is so bad for the mind to be quite alone, to have none with whom to talk over little crosses and disappointments, and laugh them away. If I could write I daresay I should be better, but I cannot write a line. However (D.V.) I shall contend against the idiocy. I had rather a foolish letter from Miss —— the other day. Some things in it nettled me, especially an unnecessarily earnest assurance that in spite of all I had gone and done in the writing line I still retained a place in her esteem. My answer took strong and high ground at once. I said I had been troubled by no doubts on the subject, that I neither did myself nor her the injustice to suppose there was anything in what I had written to incur the just forfeiture of esteem. I was aware, I intimated, that some persons thought proper to take exceptions at *Jane Eyre,* and that for their own sakes I was sorry, as I invariably found them individuals in whom the animal largely predominated over the intellectual, persons by nature coarse, by inclination sensual, whatever they might be by education and principle."

"I inclose a slip of newspaper for your amusement. Me it both amused and touched, for it alludes to some who are in this world no longer. It is an extract from an American paper, and is written by an emigrant from Haworth. You will find it a curious mixture of truth and inaccuracy. Return it when you write again. I also send you for perusal an opinion of *Jane Eyre,* written by a *working-man* in this village; rather, I should say, a record of the feelings the book excited in the poor fellow's mind; it was not written for my inspection, nor does the writer now know that his little document has by intricate ways come into my possession, and I have forced those who gave it to promise that they will never inform him of this circumstance. He is a modest, thoughtful, feeling, reading being, to whom I have spoken perhaps about three times in the course of my life; his delicate health renders him incapable of hard or close labour; he and his family are often under the pressure of want. He feared that if Miss Brontë saw what he had written, she would laugh it to scorn. But Miss Brontë considers it one of the highest, because one of the most truthful and artless tributes her work has yet received. You must return this likewise. I do you great honour in showing it to you."

Once more we can see that the healthy,

happy interest she takes in the welfare of others is beginning to assert itself. For a time, under the keen smart of the wounds death had inflicted on her, she had found little heart to discuss the affairs of her circle of friends in her correspondence; but now the outer world vindicates its claim to her renewed attention, and she again begins to discuss and analyse the characters of her acquaintances with a skill and minuteness which make them as interesting even to strangers as any of the most closely-studied characters of fiction can be.

"I return Q——'s letter. The business is a most unpleasant one to be concerned in. It seems to me *now* altogether unworthy in its beginning, progress, and ending. Q—— is the only pure thing about it; she stands between her coarse father and cold, unloving suitor, like innocence between a pair of world-hardened knaves. The comparison seems rather hard to be applied to V——, but as I see him now he merits it. If V—— has no means of keeping a wife, if he does not possess a sixpence he is sure of, how can he think of marrying a woman from whom he cannot expect she should work to keep herself? V——'s want of candour, the twice-falsified account he gave of the matter, tells painfully and deeply against him. It shows a glimpse of his hidden motives such as I refrain from describing in words. After all he is perhaps only like the majority of men. Certainly those men who lead a gay life in their youth, and arrive at middle life with feelings blunted and passions exhausted, can have but one aim in marriage—the selfish advancement of their interest. And to think that such men take as wives—as second selves—women young, modest, sincere, pure in heart and life, with feelings all fresh and emotions all unworn, and bind such virtue and vitality to their own withered existence, such sincerity to their own hollowness, such disinterestedness to their own haggard avarice! to think this, troubles the soul to its inmost depths. Nature and justice forbid the banns of such wedlock. This note is written under excitement. Q——'s letter seems to have lifted so fraudulent a veil, and to show both father and suitor lurking behind in shadow so dark, acting from motives so poor and low, so conscious of each other's littleness, and consequently so destitute of mutual respect! These things incense me, but I shall cool down."

"I cannot find your last letter to refer to, and therefore this will be no answer to it. You must write again, by return of post if possible, and let me know how you are progressing. What you said in your last confirmed my opinion that your late attack had been coming on for a long time. Your wish for a cold water bath, &c., is, I should think, the result of fever. Almost every one has complained lately of some tendency to slow fever. I have felt it in frequent thirst and in frequent appetite. Papa too, and even Martha, have complained. I fear this damp weather will scarcely suit you; but write and say all. Of late I have had many letters to answer; and some very bothering ones from people who want opinions about their books, who seek acquaintance, and who flatter to get it; people who utterly mistake all about me. They are most difficult to answer, put off, and appease, without offending; for such characters are excessively touchy, and when affronted turn malignant. Their books are too often deplorable.'

In June, 1850, she is induced to pay another visit to London, going upon this occasion whilst the season is at its height, though she has stipulated before going that she is "not to be lionized."

"I came to London last Thursday. I am staying at ——. Here I feel very comfortable. Mrs. —— treats me with a serene, equable kindness which just suits me. Her son is as before—genial and friendly. I have seen very few persons, and am not likely to see many, as the agreement was that I was to be very quiet. We have been to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, to the opera, and the Zoological Gardens. The weather is splendid. I shall not stay longer than a fortnight in London; the feverishness and exhaustion beset me somewhat, but I think not quite so badly as before—as indeed I have not yet been so much tired."

"I am leaving London if all be well on Tuesday, and shall be very glad to come to you for a few days if that arrangement still remains convenient to you. My London visit has much surpassed my expectations this time. I have suffered less, and enjoyed more than before; rather a trying termination yet remains to me. Mrs. ——'s youngest son is at school in Scotland, and her eldest is going to fetch him home for the vacation. The other evening he announced his intention of taking one of his sisters with him, and the evening after he further proposed that Miss Brontë should go down to Edinburgh and join them there, and see that city and its suburbs. I concluded he was joking, laughed and declined However, it seems he was in earnest, and being always accustomed to have his will, he brooks opposition ill. The thing appearing to me perfectly out of the question, I still refused. Mrs. —— did not at all favour it, but her worthy son only waxed more determined. This morning she came and entreated me to go; G—— wished it so much, he had begged her to use her influence, &c., &c. Now, I believe that he and I understand each other very well, and respect each other very sincerely. We both know the wide breach tir

has made between us. We do not embarrass each other, or very rarely. My six or eight years of seniority, to say nothing of lack of all pretensions to beauty, &c., are a perfect safeguard. I should not in the least fear to go with him to China. I like to see him pleased. I greatly *dis*like to ruffle and disappoint him; so he shall have his mind, and if all be well I mean to join him in Edinburgh, after I have spent a few days with you. With his buoyant animal spirits and youthful vigour he will make severe demands on my muscles and nerves; but I daresay I shall get through somehow."

IX.

Charlotte Brontë's letters during 1850 and 1851 are among the most valuable illustrations of the true character of the woman which we possess. Stricken as she had been by the successive bereavements which had robbed her of her dearest friends and companions, and left her the sole prop of the dull house on the moors and of its aged head, she had yet recovered much of her peace of mind and even of her vitality and cheerfulness. She had now, also, begun to see something of life as it is presented, not to despised governesses, but to successful authoresses. Her visits to London had brought her into contact with some of the leaders of the literary world—who can have forgotten her interview with Thackeray, when she was "moved to speak to the giant of some of his shortcomings"? Haworth itself had become a point of attraction to curious persons, and not a few visitors found their way under one pretence or another to the old parsonage, to be received with effusive courtesy by Mr. Brontë, and with shy indifference by his daughter. Her correspondence, too, became widely-spread among men and women of distinction in the world and in Society. Altogether it was a different life upon which she now looked out from her remote eyrie among the hills—a life with many new interests in it, with much that was calculated to awaken chords in her heart hitherto untouched, and to bring to light new characteristics of her temper and genius. One would fain speculate upon what might have been, but for the desolation wrought in her home and heart by that tempest of death which raged during the autumn of 1848 and the spring of 1849. As it was no novelty could make her forget what had been; no new faces, however welcome, could dim the tender visions of the faces that were seen no more, or could weaken in any degree the affection with which she still clung to the friend of her school-days. Simplicity and sincerity are the prevailing features of her letters, during this critical time in her life, as during all the years which had preceded it. They reflect her mind in many moods; they show her in many different situations; but they never fail to give the impression of one whose allegiance to her own conscience and whose reverence for truth and purity remain now what they had been in her days of happy and unworldly obscurity. The letters I now quote are quite new to the public.

"*July* 18*th*, 1850.

"You must cheer up, for your letter proves to me that you are low-spirited. As for me, what I said is to be taken in this sense:—that, under the circumstances, it would be presumptuous in me to calculate on a long life—a truth obvious enough. For the rest, we are all in the hands of Him who apportions His gifts, health or sickness, length or brevity of days, as is best for the receiver: to him who has work to do time will be given in which to do it; for him to whom no task is assigned the season of rest will come earlier. As to the suffering preceding our last sleep, the sickness, decay, the struggle of flesh and spirit, it *must* come sooner or later to all. If, in one point of view, it is sad to have few ties in the world, in another point of view it is soothing; women who have husbands and children must look forward to death with more pain, more fear, than those who have none. To dismiss the subject, I wish (without cant, and not in any hackneyed sense) that both you and I could always say in this matter, the will of God be done. I am beginning to get settled at home, but the solitude seems heavy as yet. It is a great change, but in looking forward I try to hope for the best. So little faith have I in the power of any temporary excitement to do real good that I put off day by day writing to London to tell them I have come home; and till then it was agreed I should not hear from them. It is painful to be dependent on the small stimulus letters give. I sometimes think I will renounce it altogether, close all correspondence on some quiet pretext, and cease to look forward at post-time for any letters but yours."

"*Sept.* 14*th*, 1850.

"I wish, dear Ellen, you would tell me what is the 'twaddle' about my marrying,

which you hear. If I knew the details I should have a better chance of guessing the quarter from which such gossip comes. As it is I am quite at a loss. Whom am I to marry? I think I have scarcely seen a single man with whom such a union would be possible since I left London. Doubtless there are men whom, if I chose to encourage, I might marry. But no matrimonial lot is even remotely offered me which seems to me truly desirable. And even if that were the case there would be many obstacles. The least allusion to such a thing is most offensive to papa. An article entitled 'Currer Bell' has lately appeared in the *Palladium*, a new periodical published in Edinburgh. It is an eloquent production, and one of such warm sympathy and high appreciation as I had never expected to see. It makes mistakes about authorship, &c., but those I hope one day to set right. Mr. X—— (the little man) first informed me of this article. I was somewhat surprised to receive his letter, having concluded nine months ago that there would be no more correspondence from that quarter. I inclose a note from him received subsequently, in answer to my acknowledgment. Read it, and tell me exactly how it impresses you regarding the writer's character, &c. He is deficient neither in spirit nor sense."

"*Jan. 20th*, 1851.

"Thank you heartily for the two letters I owe you. You seem very gay at present, and provided you only take care not to catch cold with coming home at night, I am not sorry to hear it; a little movement, cheerfulness, stimulus is not only beneficial, but necessary. Your last letter but one made me smile. I think you draw great conclusions from small inferences. I think those 'fixed intentions' you fancy are imaginary. I think the 'undercurrent' amounts simply to this, a kind of natural liking and sense of something congenial. Were there no vast barrier of age, fortune, &c., there is perhaps enough personal regard to make things possible which now are impossible. If men and women married because they like each other's temper, look, conversation, nature, and so on—and if, besides, years were more nearly equal—the chance you allude to might be admitted as a chance; but other reasons regulate matrimony—reasons of convenience, of connection, of money. Meantime I am content to know him as a friend, and pray God to continue to me the common sense to look on one so young, so rising, and so hopeful in no other light. The hint about the Rhine disturbs me; I am not made of stone, and what is mere excitement to others is fever to me. However it is a matter for the future, and long to look forward to. As I see it now, the journey is out of the question—for many reasons—I rather wonder he should think of it. Good-bye. Heaven grant us both some quiet wisdom, and strength not merely to bear the trial of pain, but to resist the lure of pleasure when it comes in such a shape as our better judgment disapproves."

"*Feb 26th*, 1851.

"You ought always to conclude that when I don't write it is simply because I have nothing particular to say. Be sure that ill news will travel fast enough, and good news too when such commodity comes. If I could often *be* or *seem* in brisk spirits, I might write oftener, knowing that my letters would amuse. But as times go, a glimpse of sunshine now and then is as much as one has a right to expect. However, I get on very decently. I am now and then tempted to break through my resolution of not having you to come before summer, and to ask you to come to this Patmos in a week or two. But it would be dull—very dull—for you. . . . . What would you say to coming here the week after next to stay only just so long as you could comfortably bear the monotony? If the weather were dry, and the moors fine, I should not mind it so much—we could walk for change."

About this time it is clear that Miss Brontë was suffering from one of her periodical attacks of nervous exhaustion. She makes repeated references in her letters to her ailments, attributing them generally to her liver, and she also mentions frequently an occurrence which had given her not a little anxiety and concern. This was an offer of marriage from a business man in a good position, whom she had already met in London. The following letters, which are inserted here without regard to the precise date, and of which Mrs. Gaskell has merely used half-a-dozen lines, relate to this subject:—

"You are to say no more about 'Jupiter' and 'Venus.' What do you mean by such heathen trash? The fact is no fallacy can be wilder, and I won't have it hinted at, even in jest, because my common-sense laughs it to scorn. The idea of X—— shocks me less; it would be a more likely match, if 'matches' were at all in question, *which they are not.* He still sends his little newspaper, and the other day there came a letter of a bulk, volume, pith, judgment, and knowledge, worthy to have been the product of a giant."

"X—— has been, and is gone; things are just as they were. I only know, in addition to the slight information I possessed before, that this Australian undertaking is necessary to the continued prosperity of his firm, that he alone was pronounced to possess the power and means to carry it out successfully, that mercantile honour, combined with his own sense of duty, obliged him to accept the post

of honour and of danger to which he has been appointed, that he goes with great personal reluctance, and that he contemplates an absence of five years. He looked much thinner and older. I saw him very near, and once through my glass. The resemblance to Branwell struck me forcibly; it is marked. He is not ugly, but very peculiar. The lines in his face show an inflexibility, and, I must add, a hardness of character, which does not attract. As he stood near me, as he looked at me in his keen way, it was all I could do to stand my ground tranquilly and steadily, and not to recoil as before. It is no use saying anything if I am not candid. I avow then that on this occasion, predisposed as I was to regard him very favourably, his manners and his personal appearance scarcely pleased me more than at the first interview. He gave me a book at parting, requesting in his brief way that I would keep it for his sake, and adding hastily, 'I shall hope to hear from you in Australia; your letters *have* been and *will* be a greater refreshment than you can think or I can tell.' And so he is gone, and stern and abrupt little man as he is, too often jarring as are his manners, his absence and the exclusion of his idea from my mind, leave me certainly with less support and in deeper solitude than before. You see, dear Nell, we are still precisely on the same level. *You* are not isolated. I feel that there is a certain mystery about this transaction yet, and whether it will ever be cleared up to me, I do not know. However, my plain duty is to wean my mind from the subject, and if possible to avoid pondering over it. . . . . I feel that in his way he has a regard for me; a regard which I cannot bring myself entirely to reciprocate in kind, and yet its withdrawal leaves a painful blank. I have just got your note. Above, you have all the account of my visitor. I dare not aver that your kind wish that the visit would yield me more pleasure than pain has been fulfilled. Something at my heart aches and gnaws drearily. But I must cultivate fortitude."

"Thank you for your kind note. It was kind of you to write it, though it *was* your school-day. I never knew you to let a slight impediment stand in your way when doing a friendly action. Certainly I shall not soon forget last Friday, and never, I think, the evening and night succeeding that morning and afternoon. Evils seldom come singly, and soon after X—— was gone papa grew much worse. He went to bed early. Was sick and ill for an hour, and when at last he began to dose and I left him, I came down to the dining-room with a sense of weight, fear, and desolation hard to express and harder to endure. A wish that you were with me did cross my mind; but I repelled it as a most selfish wish. Indeed it was only shortlived; my natural tendency in moments of this sort is to get through the struggle alone; to think that one is burdening others makes all worse. You speak to me in soft, consolatory accents; but I hold far sterner language to myself, dear Nell. An absence of five years; a dividing expanse of three oceans; the wide difference between a man's active career and a woman's passive existence. These things are almost equivalent to a lifelong separation. But there is another thing which forms a barrier more difficult to pass than any of these. Would X—— and I ever suit? Could I ever feel for him enough love to accept of him as a husband? Friendship, gratitude, esteem, I have; but each moment that he came near me, and that I could see his eyes fastened upon me, my veins ran ice. Now that he is away I feel far more gently towards him; it is only close by that I grow rigid, stiffening with a strange mixture of apprehension and anger, which nothing softens but his retreat and a perfect subsiding of his manner. I did not want to be proud nor intend to be proud, but I was forced to be so. Most true is it that we are over-ruled by One above us, that in His hands our very will is as clay in the hands of the potter."

"I trust papa is not worse; but he varies. He has never been down to breakfast but once since you left. The circumstance of having him to think about just now is good for me in one way; it keeps my thoughts off other matters which have been complete bitterness and ashes; for I do assure you a more entire crumbling away of a seeming foundation of support and prospect of hope than that which I allude to can scarcely be realized."

"I have heard from X—— to-day, a quiet little note. He returned to London a week since on Saturday. He leaves England next month. His note concludes with asking whether he has any chance of seeing me in London before that time. I must tell him that I have already fixed June for my visit, and, therefore, in all human probability we shall see each other no more. There is still a want of plain mutual understanding in this business, and there is sadness and pain in more ways than one. My conscience, I can truly say, does not *now* accuse me of having treated X—— with injustice or unkindness. What I once did wrong in this way I have endeavoured to remedy both to himself and in speaking of him to others. I am sure he has estimable and sterling qualities; but with every disposition—with every wish—with every intention even to look on him in the most favourable point of view at his last visit, it was impossible for me in my inmost heart to think of him as one that might one day be acceptable as a husband . . . . No if X—— be the only husband fate offers to me, single I must always remain. But yet at times I grieve for him; and perhaps it is superfluous, for I cannot think he will suffer much—a hard nature, occupation, change of scene will befriend him."

"I have had a long, kind letter from Miss Martineau lately. She says she is well and

happy. Also I have had a very long letter from Mr. ——, the first for many weeks. He speaks of X—— with much respect and regret, and says he will be greatly missed by many friends. I discover with some surprise that papa has taken a decided liking to X——. The marked kindness of his manner to him when he bade him good-bye, exhorting him to be 'true to himself, his country, and his God,' and wishing him all good wishes, struck me with some astonishment at the time; and whenever he has alluded to him since, it has been with significant eulogy. . . . . You say papa has penetration. On this subject I believe he has indeed. I have told him nothing, yet he seems to be *au fait* to the whole business. I could think at some moments his guesses go further than mine. I believe he thinks a prospective union, deferred for five years, with such a decorous, reliable personage, would be a very proper and advisable affair. However I ask no questions, and he asks me none; and if he did I should have nothing to tell him."

The summer following this affair of the heart witnessed another visit to London, where she heard Mr. Thackeray's lectures on the humourists. How she enjoyed listening to her idol, in one of his best moods, need not be told. Some there are still living who remember that first lecture, when all London had assembled to listen to the author of *Vanity Fair*, and the rumour suddenly ran round the room that the author of *Jane Eyre* was among the audience. Men and women were at fault at first, in their efforts to distinguish "Currer Bell" in that brilliant company of literary and social notabilities; but at last she was discovered hiding under the motherly wing of a chaperon, timid, blushing, but excited and pleased—*not* at the attention she herself attracted, but at the treat she had in prospect. One or two gentlemen sought and obtained introductions to her—amongst them Lord Carlisle and Mr. Monckton Milnes. They were not particularly impressed by the appearance or the speech of the parson's daughter. Her person was insignificant, her dress somewhat rustic, her language quaintly precise and formal, her manner odd and constrained. Altogether this was a woman whom even London could not lionize; somebody outwardly altogether too plain, simple, unpretending, to admit of hero-worship. Within there was, as we know, something entirely exceptional and extraordinary; but, like Lucy Snowe, she still kept her real self hidden under a veil which no casual friend or chance acquaintance was allowed to lift. It was but a brief visit to the "Big Babylon," and then back to Haworth, to loneliness and duty! In July, 1851, she writes from the parsonage to one of her friends as follows:—

"My first feeling on receiving your note was one of disappointment, but a little consideration sufficed to show me that 'all was for the best.' In truth it was a great piece of extravagance on my part to ask you and Ellen together; it is much better to divide such good things. To have your visit in prospect will console me when hers is in retrospect. Not that I mean to yield to the weakness of clinging dependently to the society of friends, however dear; but still as an occasional treat I must value and even seek such society as a necessary of life. Let me know then whenever it suits your convenience to come to Haworth, and, unless some change I cannot now foresee occurs, a ready and warm welcome will await you. Should there be any cause rendering it desirable to defer the visit, I will tell you frankly. The pleasures of society I cannot offer you; nor those of fine scenery. But I place very much at your command—the moors, some books, a series of quiet 'curling-hair-times,' and an old pupil into the bargain. Ellen may have told you that I spent a month in London this summer. When you come you shall ask what questions you like on that point, and I will answer to the best of my stammering ability. Do not press me much on the subject of the 'Crystal Palace.' I went there five times, and certainly saw some interesting things, and the *coup d'œil* is striking and bewildering enough. But I never was able to get up any raptures on the subject, and each renewed visit was made under coercion rather than my own free will. It is an excessively bustling place; and after all its wonders appeal too exclusively to the eye, and rarely touch the heart or head. I make an exception to the last assertion in favour of those who possess a large range of scientific knowledge. Once I went with Sir David Brewster, and perceived that he looked on objects with other eyes than mine."

T. Wemyss Reid.

To be continued.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TIDINGS.

He did not at all betray the fear that might have been expected in the case of a man who, believing that a certain woman has been dead for some months, suddenly finds her standing before him in the streets. The terror too plainly was all on her side. Even by the light of the gas-lamps, and even through that thick veil, he saw the frightened stare of her eyes; and when she spoke it was with a hurried and harsh voice not like that of the Violet of old.

"Is this an accident?" she demanded, abruptly.

"No—" he stammered. "It was an accident certainly that I heard from young Dowse about you—that is to say——"

"Does he know who I am?" she again demanded, with the same abruptness: her hands were clenched, and her face deadly pale.

"No, he does not."

"Nor any one?"

"No one but myself. I waited to make sure. Violet, why have you done all this?"

She paid no heed to him. For a second or two she remained silent; then she said, vehemently—

"No one knows but yourself. You must give me your word of honour—you must swear to me—that not another human being shall ever know!"

He almost retreated a step, bewildered.

"Violet," said he, in a protesting way, "I don't understand you. You—you don't know how sorry we have all been—and—and you expect me not to go with such good news—to your father, and others—it would be madness—you have no right to inflict such pain upon them, merely because of a mad freak—I don't understand it——"

"No, and you never would understand it," she said, bitterly, "if I explained it to you a hundred times over. It is a mad freak! You think I was pleasing myself, and grieving others unnecessarily? Well, that is no matter. What any one thinks of me is no matter now——"

She uttered these last words in an absent way. Even he was struck by the tone of tragic despair in them; he could not understand this strange thing.

"Come, Violet," said he, "you have made a great mistake; but nobody will think anything about it—we shall all be so glad to get you back again. You and I were not great friends when we last saw each other; but now—well, you must let me share in the happiness you will cause to every one. No one will ask you any questions you don't wish to answer. You will have everything your own way. You won't be asked to do anything you don't like."

He was talking almost at random; for he was very much excited; and behind all this garrulous speech his brain was busy working with all sorts of other speculations. Was it possible she had run away because she had found herself miserable up in the north? Was it the prospect of her marriage with James Drummond that was the cause of her misery? And now—seeing how definitely she had testified to her repugnance—was it not possible that she might be induced to revert to her earlier friend, who now stood beside her, and who had mourned her loss with much sincerity of feeling?

"You don't know—you don't know," she said, sadly, in answer to all these solicitations of his. "You talk to me as if I were a spoiled child, who had run away from home. My own way?—was there anything in which I did not have my own way, while I lived with those good friends? It was not that at

all. I was the cause of great unhappiness; and—and I loved them; and—and I knew it was better for them and every one to think that I was dead——"

"I am sure you are mistaken," said he, earnestly, yet he saw how little effect his words had. They seemed to go by the settled sorrow of that pale face. "The greatest unhappiness they could have known was your death."

"That will all pass away," she said. "I considered that. They will be grieved for a time—for I think they liked me, in spite of—in spite of everything; but afterwards. it will be all right. Now," she added, with renewed decision, "you must give me that promise."

Bewildered as he was, he had still sufficient strength left him to resist that demand; and he did so boldly. But she was fully as firm. At length he asked to be allowed some time to consider. Would she give him till the following evening, when he could meet her again?

"No," said she, "you must promise now, absolutely. And we must not meet again."

"You have no right to make such a demand," said he warmly. "Do you mean to say that I ought to let your father remain in ignorance that you are alive?"

"You had no right to discover my secret," she said, quite as warmly.

"Wait a minute—let me think," he said, resolved not to stumble into some irretrievable blunder.

They were now walking up and down Great Marlborough Street—slowly pacing the almost deserted pavement. It was only when they passed a gas-lamp that he could catch a glimpse through the veil of that pale face and the dark eyes he used to know. Well, as they walked so, in silence, Miller struggled hard to keep all his wits about him in this serious crisis. He knew the decision of which this girl was capable; if he did not at least pretend to accede there was no saying what further rashness on her part might not result. His first point was to gain time. Supposing he did promise, he might talk her over afterwards. Moreover, by yielding so far, he might induce her to reconsider that resolve of hers that they should not meet again. He was an acute young man after all; and he saw what an advantageous position it would be for him to become her only friend. He would make a show of furthering even her wildest projects, for the present.

He had never been madly in love with this girl; but, so far as his nature allowed him, he had cherished a high regard for her; he had warmly admired her good looks and fine figure; he had even been fascinated in a way by her high courage and frankness; and his imagination had at one time painted pleasant pictures of her seated at the head of his dinner-table. Now once more that fancy flitted before his mental vision. She was alone; she was friendless; she was living in poor lodgings (he had tracked her home twice, and made all sorts of inquiries about her, before actually confronting her); she was a woman, and surely subject to persuasion.

"Violet," said he, and he stopped for a moment, "I give you my word of honour not to let a human being know—until you give me leave. Will that do?"

She took his hand, and pressed it warmly. She was grateful to him.

"And now," she said, somewhat sadly, "before we part—and you must never seek to see me again—will you tell me something about—about my friends? It will be the last that I shall hear of them, I suppose."

"Violet," said he, with more impulse than was common with him, "I cannot bear to see you so miserable; you have not deserved it——"

"I am not miserable," she said. "I should be more miserable if I were causing pain to those whom I love. And as for what I have deserved: well, who can tell that? I don't see any one who gets just what he deserves. I know those who ought to have everything in the world, because they lead such noble and beautiful lives——"

He knew well to whom she was referring.

"——And I know others—well, you may call them unlucky perhaps—but they are not so distressed about their misery as they might be—if only they know——"

A sort of stifled sob arrested his attention. He had not seen that, underneath her veil, tears had been stealthily running down her cheeks.

"Violet," said he, "I am very sorry. And I don't understand why you should be unhappy. Nobody would have thought *you* were born one of the unlucky ones——"

"I am not unhappy," she asserted, making an effort to regain her composure. "Tell me how my father is. Is he in London? Have you been to Euston Square lately?"

He told her all he knew of the North family; and indeed he was pretty well acquainted with them, for he called upon Lady North and her daughters regularly. Then he paused.

"And Mr. Drummond—how is he?" she asked calmly, as they walked along.

"He has been very ill."

She stopped suddenly, as if some pain had throbbed through her heart.

"Is he ill now? Is he better?"

"Well," said he, telling an untruth that he had deliberately prepared, "I haven't exactly heard lately. It was rheumatic fever, I believe; he has been walking a great deal at night, and he got wet once or twice——"

"But—but you say he is better?" she said, and there was an urgent entreaty in her voice.

"I can't exactly tell you," he answered. "I have not been over there since they returned from Scotland; I only hear of them through Lady North. But if you like I will make inquiries——"

"Yes, yes!" she said, eagerly.

"And I can come and tell you."

"When? To-morrow? Can you ask to-morrow?"

He had gained his point. She was see him again.

Yes, I can make inquiries to-morrow, and let you know in the evening. Where shall I see you? Can I call at your lodgings—or is there any friend's house——?"

"No," she answered, quickly. "We must meet here, I suppose."

"At the same hour?"

"Yes."

"And now, shall I walk up with you to Titchfield Street?"

She stared at him.

"How do you know I live there?" she asked, sharply.

"Well," said he, with an air of apology, "I had to make sure before I spoke to you;—I was anxious not to make any mistake——"

"Good-bye, then," said she, and she held out her hand. "You know you have given me your word of honour that no human being shall know what you have found out."

And so they parted; but she, instead of going straight to her lodgings in Great Titchfield Street, walked with surprising swiftness to Mrs. Roberts's hotel. She found that buxom dame disengaged, and begged a few minutes' talk of her. When they were in a room together, she quickly asked her companion to tell her all she knew about rheumatic fever. Was it dangerous? Did it last long? Was it painful? What brought it on? And so forth.

Most middle-aged women are extremely proud of their knowledge of diseases, and like to talk about them. Mrs. Roberts, wondering not a little at the extreme anxiety the girl showed, delivered a rambling sort of lecture on rheumatic fever, its causes, symptoms, and results.

"But—but you don't mean to say," said the girl, piteously, "that it *always* leaves behind it the seeds of lung disease or heart disease?"

"Oh, no, not always."

"One might recover from it, and become quite strong again?" she said, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, certainly."

"Especially if one were a man with a sound constitution, who had always

been in the habit of walking much in the open air—very much indeed. I should think now it was quite possible for a man to recover completely, and be quite as well as ever?"

"I believe so," said the landlady, with increasing wonder.

The girl sate silent for a moment or two.

"Is it so very, very painful, Mrs. Roberts?" she said, suddenly, with her hands clasped on her knees before her. "What can you do? Is there anything you can do? Can you buy anything for one who has that fever—and take him anything——"

Some wild notion that she would like to buy all the world if only that would mitigate the sufferings of her friend crossed the brain of this millionaire, this Crœsus, who had 15*l.* sterling in her trunk.

"No," said Mrs. Roberts, looking at her, "not unless he was a poor man, and then you could see he had a good doctor, and money for the little delicacies an invalid needs——"

"He is not that," she said, absently.

A short time thereafter she took her leave, thanking Mrs. Roberts for her kindness. She walked across to Great Titchfield Street, and entered the house. As she was going up stairs she met her landlady's son, a small boy of ten or so; and she said to him—

"Tommy, I want you to do something for me. Come into my room, will you?"

She lit the gas, got out a sheet of paper, pen, and ink, and placed these on the table.

"Now, Tommy," said she, "I want you to write something for me like a good boy, and you shall have tea with me afterwards."

Tommy did not quite understand, but he obediently sat down at the table, and took the pen in hand.

"Write straight across the page, 'These flowers.'"

'*These flowers,*' the boy wrote.

"'Are sent to Mr. Drummond.'"

'*Are sent to Mr. Drummond,*' he wrote, in his big, sprawling hand.

"'From one.'"

'*From one.*'

"'Who received.'"

'*Who received.*'

"'Great kindness from him.'"

'*Great kindness from him.*'

She was sitting on the sofa behind him as she dictated the words; he with his head bent over the paper. As she did not continue, he remained waiting for a second or two; and then, as she was still silent, he turned round. He saw then that she had fallen back on the couch, and was lying there as one dead, her face of a ghastly pallor, her arms extended by her side. The small boy was terribly frightened, and he ran out of the room, and down the stairs, until he found his mother.

"She's dead," he said.

"Who is dead?" the woman cried, with a slight scream.

"The lady. She is lying dead on the sofa."

It was not true, however, that the girl was dead. No such good fortune had befallen her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN A THEATRE.

MILLER had heard quite recently about Mr. Drummond; but he thought he might as well go up and call upon the Norths, just on the chance of their having received later news. So he went to Euston-square on the afternoon of the day following his interview with Violet; and there he was received by Anatolia.

"Mamma has just left," she said, "to go and see how Mr. Drummond is. I fear he is very ill."

"I must go and call on him too," said the young man, with some compunction. "We were not very good friends when we parted in the Highlands; but one must not mind that at such a time."

"That was a terrible thing, that visit to the Highlands," said Anatolia, with a sigh, for the girl, unlovely as she was of face, had a tender heart. "Poor Violet! We never knew how fond we

were of her until she was taken away from us. I suppose it is always so. Papa has never been the same man since; I doubt whether he will ever get over it. He was fonder of her than of any one of us. And Mr. Drummond, too. Do you know what his sister told us?—that no one, since Violet was drowned, has ever seen him laugh."

Miller knew that his face was flushed with embarrassment; he got away from that dangerous topic.

"It is true, I suppose, that he brought this fever on by walking about at night?"

"So his sister says. She says he always grew restless in the evening, just about the hour when they used to gather round the fire—that was, when Violet was living with them—and when they used to begin to talk and chat. And he could not remain quiet; he would suddenly get up, put on his boots, and go out—no matter whether it was raining or not—and they never knew at what hour he would return in the morning. Sometimes they found his clothes in the morning soaked through."

"Well, that was enough to kill anybody," Miller said, he being a sensible young man, "and he ought to have known that. It was madness to go on like that—I cannot understand it. People are really very foolish about such things. You will find women—delicate women—going without anything to eat from ten in the morning till half-past seven at night simply because they won't take the trouble to order luncheon. Now, Mr. Drummond must have known that he was inviting an attack of illness of some sort."

"It was very strange how passionately fond of these people poor Violet was. They seemed to make up the whole of the world to her. And it was so sad to think that she came by her death through their kindness. You know, that is what troubles papa so much, I believe; the thought that he should have allowed her to go away with them by herself; but mamma says to him that, of course, it was a pure accident, such as might have happened to anyone, in any circumstances. I believe Mrs. Warrener was always against that bathing——"

"Still, it was not the bathing, you know," he said; and then, after a few general inquiries, he left.

He met Violet in Great Marlborough Street; and he could see that she was very anxious and excited.

"How is he?" she said, eagerly.

"He is no worse, anyhow," said the young man. "But look here, Violet. I have been thinking since I saw you last night that we cannot walk up and down here—I cannot talk to you properly; and besides, some one might see you. Now, I went this afternoon and got a box at the Princess's—it is just over the way—will you go in there for half-an-hour?"

The proposal had something ghastly in it, from which she instinctively recoiled. To go to a theatre!—she who was wedded to sorrow, and the companion of sorrow.

"I could not do that," she said, almost shuddering.

"But look here, Violet; no one can see you; we shall be able to talk freely; and you need not pay the least attention to the stage."

"They will see me as we go in," she said.

"Not a bit of it. Your veil is so thick that no one would recognise you, unless he was as familiar with your way of walking as I am. We have only to run up a few steps of a stair; and then we are in the box, shut off from every one, and you can sit comfortably while I tell you all the news."

She hesitated; but after all it seemed the lesser of the two evils. She did not at all like this business of meeting a young man by appointment, and walking up and down a pavement with him under the flashing glare of the gas-lamps. She might be safer in the theatre. Besides, the excitement of the previous evening had left her feverish and weak; at the present moment she felt almost too tired to stand. And so, with some strange fancies and recollections running through her head, she suffered herself to be conducted into

this theatre, led up the stairs, and into the box.

The performances had not begun, and there were few people present; but the orchestra were pounding away at a noisy waltz, as if they would drive some animation into the deserted house. How the great violins groaned, and the little ones squealed, and the brazen instruments trumpeted out their staccato notes! To her there was a horrible dissonance in this music—it was a dance of death—the laughter of skulls.

And in the midst of this ghastly noise she heard all that George Miller had to tell her, or rather, all that he considered it prudent to tell her. He did not consider himself bound to tell Violet of what Mrs. Warrener had told Anatolia North; Violet had not sent him on that quest; it was none of his business. She listened with an air of mute misery; her first eager anxiety had been sadly allayed.

The curtain was drawn up; a young man with white trousers and his hat on the side of his head appeared in a drawing-room, and began to flirt with a pert maid-servant, who was laying the breakfast-table. Perhaps it is only in theatrical drawing-rooms that young gentlemen wear their hats, and that people take their meals; but no matter. The dialogue was excessively funny. The gods roared at it. There was a joke about giving a bun to a cat, which was side-splitting.

"But you have not seen him to-day?" said Violet; she was sitting behind the curtain of the box, her head bent down, her hands tightly folded.

"No, I have not," he answered. "I have not been over there since they came back from the Highlands. But I will go over to-morrow, and in the evening I could tell you."

He was more and more rendering himself necessary to her; when he made this proposal she scarcely remembered that it would involve another appointment.

"It is so miserable not to be able to go and see him for one's self—I would give my life just to shake hands with him once—only once," she said, with a gesture almost of despair. "Perhaps it would have been better if I had gone away without hearing of his being ill. I can do nothing. And now I cannot go away until I know he is better—I should be haunted with fears from morning till night."

"But where are you going, Violet?" said he, in amazement: there was something about the tone of her voice that struck him.

"I am going away," she said, simply, "away from England, and from every one that I ever knew, so that I shall remain to them as if I were really dead. When I die, they will never hear of it. When I leave England, you too must think of me as one that is dead."

At this moment there was a crash on the stage that startled him. The young man in the light trousers, to escape from the broom of the maid-servant, had jumped out of window, and apparently fallen through a conservatory. There was a great smashing of glass; and the people in the gallery again screamed with laughter. The fun was too rich.

"Oh, that is folly," he said; but he thought it prudent not to argue with her just at that moment. He would rather endeavour to entangle her into relations with himself; and just then a happy notion occurred to him.

"Look here, Violet. It is only half-past seven. If you are so anxious to know how he is, what do you say to driving over there with me, and I will go in and ask? I could get you a hired carriage in about twenty minutes—that would be so much more comfortable than a cab. You will have to go home first in any case—to have your tea or dinner, or whatever you have. Then I could call for you."

It was a strong temptation; she was so eager to have authentic news of her friend in his trouble. And then there was some sort of fascination in the idea of her being near him—of seeing once more the familiar small house—looking even from the outside at ro

which she had learned to love. Yes, she would go.

"But you must not call for me," she said. "At eight o'clock I will be at the corner of Oxford Street and Great Portland Street: will that do?"

"Certainly."

They left the box; it is to be hoped that the artists on the stage were not insulted; these two who were going away had no intention of expressing their disapproval of that mirth-provoking performance.

Punctually at eight she appeared at the appointed place; and she had not to wait more than a minute or so.

"I have been thinking," she said, when she got inside, "that I must not go near the house. Will you tell the man to drive up Denmark Hill, and put me out at Champion Hill? I will wait for you there."

"I will do whatever you like, Violet," said he. "But I really don't know, mind you, whether I am right in becoming a party to all this secrecy. I never heard of such a thing in my life. I can't understand it."

She did not answer that there were many things which even Mr. Miller, with all his shrewdness and his knowledge of club life, could not understand. She answered, simply,

"You have given me your promise; I hope you are not considering whether you would be justified in breaking that?"

"Oh, no, not at all," said he, quickly. "Of course, you have my promise. That's quite right. But really, you know, Violet——"

"Would you rather not drive me over to Champion Hill?" she said. "If it is any trouble to you—if you think you ought not to go—pray stop the man at once. I can walk back to my lodgings."

"Violet," said he, and there was a friendly smile on his face, "you are just the same as ever. Do you remember one drive we took together long ago? Do you remember proposing to stop the man before we had been ten minutes on the way? You were always proud, and quick. Now you know I will do anything to serve you. It was in your own interest I remonstrated with you. Why should you go away? Why shouldn't you tell your friends? They would be delighted to forgive you for all the grief they have suffered in the gladness of seeing you again."

The gentleness and friendliness of his speech touched her; but she only said, in a sad and resigned way—

"You do not know all that drove me to take that step; it is no use speaking of that now. Yes, I remember that drive—it seems a long time ago; but I always think of the day as a white one, the air was so clear and full of light. What children we were—quarrelling about nothing—and enjoying the mischief of running away. My father was very good to you in overlooking that escapade. I think he was amused at the audacity with which you went and told him all about it. You did not see him to-day?"

"No."

"Poor papa!"

She remained silent for some time; and by and by they got down to Westminster Bridge. It was the first time she had seen the river since her visit to Scotland. Now a faint moonlight showed the Houses of Parliament, and the Embankment, and the broad stream in hues of blue and grey; and there were far lines of gas-lamps burning like threaded jewels of gold; and there were rich, soft shadows lying along the houses and wharves of the Surrey side.

"I have seen the river so often like that; it is a beautiful sight!" she said, absently; she was thinking that in the distant country to which she was going, she would be able to conjure up this picture of blue-grey mist and golden stars.

When they drove, too, out by Kennington Church, and so onwards to Denmark Hill, she seemed to be renewing acquaintance with scenes once familiar to her, and doing so only to bid them good-bye. Perhaps she was looking at them for the last time: or could she not come over once more—just on

the eve of her departure—to leave those flowers, and the rudely-written message, at the threshold of the house of her friend and her beloved one, as a mute token of farewell?

Under the great trees, up here on the brow of the hill, there was abundant shadow; and she got out from the carriage.

"Sha'n't you be afraid to remain here all by yourself?" said he.

"Not at all."

"I may be some time——"

"Yes," said she, quickly. "I hope you will be able to see him—and tell me how he looks—and what he speaks about. I will wait any time—I will wait an hour, if that is necessary—and indeed I am greatly obliged to you——"

He left her, and she continued pacing up and down, under the trees, in the chill night. Then she walked along to the top of Green Lane; and behold! before her stretched the broad valley, filled with the grey mist of the moonlight, and silent as death. The old refrain came back to her, to deepen the sore pain at her heart. *Far away in the beautiful meadows is the house of my home—many a time I went out from it into the valley. O you beautiful, still valley, I greet you a thousand times. Farewell—farewell!*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN EPITAPH.

Mrs. Warrener came into the room looking pale and tired. She was dressed in deep mourning—that was for Violet. And when she saw this young man standing before her, she was for a moment or two deeply moved; it was in very different circumstances—which his presence now instantly recalled to her—that they had last met.

He made no apology to her for not having visited them before; he felt that any personal matter of his own was too trivial to need mention. He said how sorry he was to have heard that her brother was ill; and how was he now?

"Sit down, Mr. Miller," said the small, pale, anxious-eyed woman. "He is just about the same this evening. He is very low indeed; but the doctor says he must have had a fine constitution, and he is making a good fight. You see he brought himself down so by these walkings-out at night; and we could not prevent him——"

"Of course, there is no actual danger?" said the young man.

"I think not now," was the answer. "I think he is well on the turn; but his mind wanders a good deal yet. Well, well, some sad changes have taken place since we last saw you, Mr. Miller."

The little woman sighed; it was not alone of her brother she was thinking.

"Yes," said he, rather uncomfortably; he hoped she would not speak about Violet.

"It is only quite recently," she continued, "that I have discovered—well, perhaps there is no use talking about it now. What might have been, if our poor Violet had lived—there is not much use in talking about that now. But it made me very unhappy at the time, to see you and her at cross-purposes. I could see that she was greatly troubled by it. She is at rest now."

"Well, I must not take you away from the sick-room, Mrs. Warrener, if you are attending upon your brother," said Mr. Miller.

"I am not at present," she said—somehow she seemed to be glad of the young man's presence: he was a link between her and happy times. "The nurse has gone in. Lady North was over here to-day. They have given up all hope of finding poor Violet's body. If she were alive, I know where the poor girl would be at this moment. And how my brother talks about her in his rambling fancies—he sees her everywhere, he connects her with everything. Yes, I made a great mistake about that; I had no idea his love for the girl was anything beyond a friendly affection; but even if she had lived, what then? The only thing I am sorry for now is that you and she had not made up your misunderstanding before the end."

When she said she knew wh

Violet would be at that moment, supposing the girl were alive, a sort of superstitious fear overcame him. He could almost imagine her listening outside the window to hear the news of her friend. If some one had knocked at the door just then, he would have jumped up and said, "There is Violet!"

"I suppose I may not see him for a minute or so," he said, for he was determined to execute his commission thoroughly.

"Oh dear yes," she said, at once. "But I am afraid he will not recognise you. The delirium has been rather bad this evening; though he is not nearly so weak as he was. Will you please leave your hat here?—a black hat always sets him off into fancies about undertakers."

He followed her into the sick-room; and, as they entered, the nurse left. There was no need for the young man to walk so noiselessly; the long, outstretched figure on the bed took no apparent notice of his presence. But young Miller went over to the bed, and took up one of the thin, bony hands, and said—

"I am glad to hear you are getting better, Mr. Drummond."

There was no languid indifference and apathy about this patient. The cheeks were a trifle hollow, but they were flushed as if with some excitement; and there was a brilliant light in the large, restless, scrutinising eyes; and as George Miller spoke, an amused smile came to the thin pale lips.

"You are young Miller, I do believe," said Mr. Drummond, looking curiously at his visitor.

"Yes, I am glad to hear you have got over the worst now," said the young man, saying what every one is supposed to say to an invalid. "You must pull yourself together now, and fight the illness right out of the house."

"I had a strange dream about you, young Miller," said the sick man, not heeding the counsel, "a very strange dream about you to-day, and about your cigars. Do you remember that big cigar that stretched across the valley from Sydenham Hill all the way to Grove Park? and you couldn't have held it up except for the moonlight helping you—that was when Violet and the rest of us were walking on the ice, and you said that Chamounix was nothing to it. Do you know that stamping out the fire in the end of that cigar was murder—the poor, piteous, small red eye that you have to hunt for, and it comes through the black again, and you kill it and stamp on it: that is murder? These dreams trouble one so; and after you have crept and crept all round the headland—creeping flat through the brackens—and you signal Jimmy to bring the boat along—then all the curlew get up, and a great heron rises with its long legs hanging down in the air—then just as you have him covered with the gun, and you are trying to pull the trigger, and the trigger won't go off, then down goes the heron into the water, and dives like a merganser, and you never see him again. The water becomes quite blank then; and you may walk day after day along the rocks, and you will see nothing at all there; you will only hear the plashing of the waves, and they know, but they will not give up the secret. It is a terrible thing the silence of the shores, just after daybreak, if you are alone, and looking and looking, and finding nothing but the continual noise of the waves."

His eyes had wandered away by this time; but he again directed his attention to his visitor, and seemed to make some effort to arouse himself.

"Young Miller, why don't you sit down? Sarah, have we no wine in the house?"

"Thank you, I would rather not have any," said the young man. "You must try and get rid of those dreams, Mr. Drummond. Don't pay any attention to them. You know Christmas is coming on now; and you must get well and strong, to have a merry Christmas party."

"Is he coming along?" he said, absently. "The tall white man in the winding-sheet? That is a ghastly sort of figure to come as a guest to a party;

and there is snow about him, and he walks through the night . . . . through the night, and then the stars are as silent as the waves are, and they will not give up the secret to you—you may cry to them, and stretch out your hands to them—it is no use at all——"

His sister came over to him, and placed her cool hand gently on his forehead.

"James," she said, "you must not talk any more now. You must be still."

He turned to his visitor, whom he did not seem to recognise now.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if I have been talking too much. It is an old failing of mine—I hope you will forgive me. There was one once who used to like to listen to me—at least I thought so—she is gone away now—perhaps I am too talkative to strangers."

He remained silent for a short time; but only for a short time; for the restless fancy that drove him from topic to topic, from one speculation to another, in his moments of health and sanity, was rendered all the more morbidly active by this disease.

"Sarah," said he, quickly, "I want you to read me that epitaph—I think there is something wrong in it—I am sure there is. I am sorry to give you the trouble; but I must finish it to-night, you know."

To humour him, she took down a card that he had nailed up over the mantelpiece. It was an epitaph on the whole race of publishers. She read it slowly; and from time to time he corrected her accentuation of the Latin.

"I knew it," he said, dreamily, "it is all wrong. That was not what I meant at all. Now, Sarah, take a pen and some paper, and I will tell you what to write down."

"No, no, James," his sister remonstrated. "Another time will do very well. You must be still now."

"It will only take a minute," he pleaded. "I have it all ready; I have dreamed it. I knew the other was all wrong."

"Leave it over till to-morrow," said young Miller, gently; but the sick man paid no attention to him.

So Mrs. Warrener got the sheet of paper and sat down at the small table.

"What shall I write then, James?"

"It is the epitaph; but not in Latin; for it ought to be known and read by everyone. Write now—are you ready, Sarah?"

"Yes, dear."

"*The sea that bore her away from us was not half as clear as her clear and beautiful soul*——"

He paused till the words were down; and then he went on, his look still directed towards her.

"*And the dark softness of her eyes was large, and mild, and generous, like the darkness of the night when it hushes the poor tired children of the world to sleep. Now she has gone, to some of us it seems as if the very light of our life had gone too*—Sarah, why do you cry? The bitterness of it is past now; at least, if it is not, it must be hidden; and we must put a brave face on it; the world shall have no part in the secret, even if it should lie like a fire in your bosom, and burn, and burn, and drive you out into the cold night-air. I think it was last night I was out . . . and there was a voice I could hear somewhere in the dark—but it was far and far away. . . . Do you know what it said?—*O Willie's gane to Melville Castle, boots and spurs and a'*—but it was far away, and there was no laughing in the song. But they had a great deal of laughter in these songs; and in the old time lovers were gay and joyous, and even when he was parting from his sweetheart, what did the jovial fellow say—

> '*Gae bring to me a pint of wine,*
> *And fill it in a silver tassie,*
> *That I may drink before I go*
> *A service to my bonnie lassie!*'

That was the gallant way of saying good-bye; but it is all changed now—the poor trembling girl stands in a railway-station, and the whistle of the engine as the train leaves seems to rend her heart in two; and the young man, he stands on the deck of the steamer

and as the engines begin to throb, he can see nothing of his sweetheart on shore for the tears rushing into his eyes. The world is very full of all this misery; I don't know how the old people in the old times wrote those merry songs. But there is an end to it—there is an end; and the cruel pain in the heart will leave; and the sound of the waves will no longer haunt one—there will be peace, and sleep."

He turned his head away, and lay still; George Miller seized the opportunity of slipping out of the room, and Mrs. Warrener followed him, the nurse returning to her duties.

"It is very sad," said Miller, casting about for some phrase of consolation, "but he does not appear to be suffering much pain."

"Not now; at one time it was dreadful. Did you notice how these fancies about poor Violet run through all he says?"

"Yes, it is very strange, and very sad. Well, I hope, Mrs. Warrener, to hear better news when I call next."

He bade her good-bye, and went out into the chill December air. The moonlight was clearer up here than it had been over the Thames valley; in a few minutes after leaving Mr. Drummond's house, he descried Violet slowly pacing along the empty thoroughfare. When he reached her, her anxiety had so tortured her, that she was unable to ask him the simplest question. She only stared at his face, as if she would read there what news he had to bring.

"He is very ill, no doubt," said he, "but not in danger—not actually in danger, you know, Violet. He wanders a little, you know, as a feverish person will, when he speaks to you; but he suffers not much pain now, and I hope he has got through all the worst of it."

"Do you mean," said she, slowly, "that he is delirious?"

"Well, yes——"

"And there is nothing one can do—nothing!" she said, almost wildly. "Do you know what it is to have sympathy with one who is ill?—it is this, that if you could save him a single pang, you would gash your wrist through with a knife—and—and I would do that! Oh, it is terrible—terrible. Here we are standing—here—in a beautiful night—everything quiet and pleasant—and both of us well and strong; and there he is lying with that deadly thing trying to poison him, and we are quite helpless! I flung away my friends, my home, everything I cared for, to save him anxiety and care; now his very life is in danger, and I can do nothing at all!"

She was speaking in a strangely excited way; but he did not fail to take note of these involuntary confessions. Perhaps his own hopes were rather dashed for the time; but he would wait and see.

"It is not quite so bad as that, Violet," said he. "I don't suppose his life is actually in danger now; and—and he does not suffer much pain; and altogether you must hope for the best."

She seemed scarcely to listen to him. She stepped into the carriage, and took her seat, in silence; and in silence she was driven across the great world of London. His attempts to interest her in various alien matters met with but little success; there was a great care at her heart; and the shadow of it clouded her brow and troubled her anxious eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT.

Mr. George Miller had been plunged into all this business with much suddenness, and had had but little time to reflect. When, however, he came to regard his position with care and deliberation, the longer he looked at it the less he liked it. At first he had considered it to be one of great advantage. He alone knew of this girl's whereabouts—of the very fact of her existence even: what more natural than that she, homeless, friendless, and penniless, should cling to this one friend, who, in due course of time, would be proud to lead the truant back as his wife? He soon came to see that these speculations were

useless. To her he was merely a messenger—a go-between. She was exceedingly grateful to him; but it was only because he brought her tidings of James Drummond. All her interest, her very life, seemed to be wrapped up in this man.

Now George Miller, being a cool-headed, shrewd, sensible sort of fellow, when he saw that matters stood thus, began to look with some anxiety, and even annoyance, on the awkward responsibility he had incurred. It was all very well for him to promise not to reveal Violet's secret; for then he only wanted to gain time, that so he might talk her over. But she would not even allow him to argue the matter with her. So it came to this, that he was to be made an accomplice in an act of cruel folly, the like of which he had never heard before. That he "could not understand" was to him a sufficient condemnation of Violet's resolve. He did not see the use of all this mystery. She herself was obviously unhappy in going away; why could she not, like a reasonable person, get into a four-wheeled cab, drive up to Euston-square, declare herself to her father, and have a comfortable luncheon, instead of sitting all day in a cold shop? But no; she would not even hear him speak of it. She had given him, on their first and second meetings, some vague hints as to the causes of her conduct; beyond that, nothing. And while he was inclined to become impatient over what he considered to be her folly, there were times at which he did not even try to protest, for he was overawed by the tragic despair of her face.

If George Miller had no love of mystery, Mr. Edward Dowse had plenty; and despite Miller's reiterated assertions that the Miss Main in that Regent Street place was not the Miss Main whom he had met in bygone years, young Dowse still clung to the fancy that Miller must know something about the girl.

"Well, she knows somebody in this club," said young Dowse, doggedly.

George Miller was vexed and angry to have Violet spoken of at a club, even under the name of Miss Main; but he dared not show his vexation.

"How do you know that?" said he lightly.

"From the way she looked whenever the club was mentioned. Oh, I am sure of it; and I shall find out, sooner or later."

"Write a poem about it, Dowse; write a poem about it," said George Miller.

This was sarcasm. Miller had a fine contempt for a man who could sit down in the day-time and bother his brains with piecing rhymes together. Indeed, he did not at all care for the society of Mr. Edward Dowse. He did not like to be seen in the club with a man who wore a Byronic collar and combed his ridiculously profuse hair down over his face.

Perhaps there was a spice of mischief in the proposal which Edward Dowse placed before his mother, to the effect that she should ask Miss Main, and that he should ask Mr. George Miller, to come down to the Laurels on the same day, without previous intimation of the meeting.

"No, no, Teddy," his mother said, good-naturedly. "That is all your romantic notions. You would find them strangers to each other; and Mr. Miller might not like to meet at dinner a young lady whom he might afterwards see at the desk in Regent Street. Not that that is against her, so far as I am concerned, I am sure. I like the girl—she is most lady-like——"

"Oh, you know quite well, mother, she was not brought up to that kind of thing."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do, Teddy, if you like," continued his mother, "I will ask her to spend Christmas Day here. The poor girl must be dull in her lodgings."

Well, Teddy approved of that. He had not the slightest notion in the world of falling in love with Miss Main; but her presence in this remot little country-house would be an agre able break to its monotony. W

could tell, too, but that some element of the unexpected might be introduced into their Christmas festivities by this mysterious guest? On Christmas-night thoughts and fancies go far away; perhaps, in a sudden moment of confidence, she might be induced to tell them her story. That would tend to redeem the commonplaceness of the evening; a Christmas dinner, consisting only of roast turkey, champagne, and plum-pudding was a poor affair.

But Mr. Dowse, senior, who was commissioned to carry the invitation to Violet, added, or rather prefixed, something on his own account.

"Miss Main," said he, with a sort of facetious heartiness, "do you know you have been looking very unwell lately? Do you know that? Well, we can't have an invalid on our hands; people coming into the place would say that the contemplation of good designs in furniture had a bad effect on the spirits. Come, what do you say to taking a holiday or two, and running down to stay with Mrs. Dowse? You will get a hearty welcome. Come, is it to be a bargain?"

The girl looked up from her desk; she had been reading a newspaper, having nothing else to do at the moment.

"I am sure it is very kind of you, Mr. Dowse—and of Mrs. Dowse, too; but I assure you I don't feel at all unwell at present."

"But I assure you I know you are not all right—you look troubled, fatigued. Come, think better of it."

"I could not leave London at present, sir," she said. "I—I have a dear friend who is unwell——"

"I am sorry to hear that," said he. He was surprised. He had understood that she had not a single friend in London. But, taking it for granted that it was some lady friend, he added, "Well, at any time you may think of visiting her, you ought to do so during the day. These cold and misty nights are dangerous."

"Thank you very much," said she; she was glad to have no further demand for explanation.

"And here is another thing. Mrs. Dowse would be glad if you would spend Christmas Day with us——"

"It is really too good of you—of you both, sir," said the girl, who was very much touched by this spontaneous kindness on the part of people who were practically strangers to her. "I think, however, I must ask you to excuse me——"

He regarded her for a moment with some doubt.

"You have some friends, then, with whom you will spend Christmas?"

"N—no, not exactly," she stammered.

"You don't mean to say you prefer to spend Christmas-evening all by yourself in your lodgings?" said Mr. Dowse, with some amazement.

"Perhaps—I—I don't prefer it," she said, with such obvious embarrassment that he resolved not to press the invitation—"but—if you will tell Mrs. Dowse how much I thank her. I am afraid I cannot accept her kindness this time."

So there was no more said on that subject in Regent Street. The whole position of the girl, however, was a fruitful topic of speculation, led by Mr. Dowse, junior, in the Berkshire drawing-room of an evening. It was observed, among other things, that she never availed herself of that permission to go and see her sick friend in the daytime.

A few days passed, and a brighter look came to Miss Main's face. She began to regain her old cheerful equanimity; she was as vivacious as ever in discussing those combinations of colour and form about which father and son occasionally consulted her. They guessed that her sick friend was getting better. And they were right. That fierce fever had been at last overthrown in its wrestle with a fine constitution.

As George Miller carried, from time to time, this news to Violet North, he, too, could notice the growing light of her face, and the proud gladness of her eyes.

"He will go away from London when the mild spring weather comes in, will he not?" she said. "Away to the south, perhaps? Or is there any air so soft

and sweet as that in the western Highlands? Perhaps he will go away in the *Sea-Pyot* again—to Loch Salen and Ornsay, and Kyle Rhea——"

"And you," said he, "where shall you be then?"

Her eyes grew distant, but not sad.

"No one will know that; and no one will care. And you must go and become great friends with Mr. Drummond again. When I think of you, I shall think of you always as a holiday-party; and either you are out on the hills shooting with old Peter, or else you are away in the yacht, sailing round the islands, and getting into quiet bays in the evening. Mind you, I shall always think of you as having bright and beautiful weather, and of your being very merry——"

"And what shall we think of you?"

"Nothing at all," she said, quite cheerfully. "You cannot always be mourning for dead people."

"I suppose you have not considered," he said, with some bitterness, "what my position will be. I shall see your relations and friends still saddened by thinking of your death, and know that I could with a word relieve them from this grief, and be unable to do so. I shall see them wearing black; and become a party to a hoax——"

"All that will pass by," she said. "It cannot last long; and poor Anatolia will be glad to get out of black, because it does not suit her complexion. Poor Anatolia! I suppose she speaks quite kindly of me now?"

"She does indeed."

"And Lady North too?"

"Certainly."

"There now," she said, with a sad smile. "Don't you see what good I have done already? When I was with them—when I was alive—I was the cause of all sorts of quarrelling and ill-temper; now they have forgotten all that; I have no doubt they would put some flowers on my grave if only they knew where to find it."

He could find nothing at all jocular in the affair; but his anxiety and embarrassment at this moment arose from selfish motives rather than from any generous desire to restore Violet to her friends. As each day passed, he saw the time of her intended flight coming nearer; and he grew more and more to dread the responsibility that had been thrust on him. He did not like having his hands cumbered with a mystery. For the rest of his life he would have to become a practised hypocrite in all his relations with some dozen persons whom he would be constantly meeting. All this annoyed him; and he knew that in a short time his last chance of protest would disappear.

In fact, on this very evening, things reached a climax. Just before they parted, Violet paused for a moment, and said to him, with some earnestness—

"You must let me thank you most warmly for all this kindness you have shown me. I shall never forget it."

"Well, mind you," said he, "I have expressed no approval of your conduct. I think you are very wrong. I did what you asked me; but—but I am not responsible——"

"I understand," she said, quickly. "The responsibility is mine. Well, I am going to ask you for another favour. Will you lend me a hundred pounds?"

"A hundred pounds!" he said, but it was not the amount of the demand that caused his astonishment.

"Yes," she said, calmly. "I will return it you when I can; but if you lend it me, it may be some time before I can repay you. It will be a great favour. I have been saving up money from my earnings to take me out of England, so that I should escape the risk of further discovery; but it is a slow process. If you lent me this money I could start at once. I am anxious to go, now that I know Mr. Drummond is better."

The young man remained silent. His first impulse was to say, "You shall have a thousand!" for he could not brook the idea of her considering him mean. Had he been better acquainted with the girl's nature, he would have known that such an idea could never have occurred to her. However, a

moment's reflection checked this impulse; for he saw how the loan of this money would involve him more deeply than ever in a responsibility which he was anxious to repudiate altogether.

"You must give me time to think about that," said he; and then he added, hastily, "Of course, you know, Violet, it isn't the money. You might have that, or anything else of mine, and welcome; but—but——"

"It is merely a question of time," she said, calmly. "I am leaving England, and I shall never return to it. If you lend me this money, I shall go a little sooner, that is all. If you don't, I must wait."

"Yes," said he, with considerable embarrassment. "But then you see I am helping to render it impossible for your friends to reclaim you. There is always the chance——"

"How can there be any chance, if you do not tell them? And I have trusted to your honour as regards that."

"There is always the chance, though," he said, stubbornly. "Look at the chance that threw me in your way. Don't you see, Violet, that the Dowses know quite well you were not brought up to be a clerk? They know you belong to some good family—that there is a secret about it. And of course they will go on talking, until they run against somebody who knows you—just as young Dowse did in my case——"

"That is the greater reason why I should get away at once."

"But it is the very reason why I should not help you; because I believe you are acting wrongly; and I don't like to have any part in it."

"Then I must wait," she said, in rather disappointed tones. "Perhaps Mr. Dowse would lend it me—he is a very generous man."

"Give me till to-morrow, Violet," said Miller. "Or let me see. It is the night after to-morrow I have to tell you about Mr. Drummond?"

"Yes;" she said, "I hope that will be the last time I shall have to trouble you."

"I will tell you about the money then."

They parted; and he went home to his rooms in Half-Moon Street with some serious trouble on his mind. It was quite clear that, now Mr. Drummond was getting better, she would if she were given this money, leave England at once. His aiding her in this project was an exceedingly grave matter. On the other hand, his personal pride was touched. Could he at any time have believed that Violet North would condescend to ask him for a sum of money, and that he would refuse her? Did she think he was afraid of not having it back again? She had spoken of Mr. Dowse as a generous man: was there not some contrast lurking in her thoughts?

Then he began to argue out the matter on a different line. If he lent her the money, he was not responsible for the application of it. The gunsmith who sells a man a revolver with which a murder is subsequently committed is no accessory to the crime. He had protested with all his might against this project of hers. After all, and in any case, he was not going to have it said of himself, by himself, that an old friend of his had demanded the loan of a paltry hundred pounds and been refused.

On the evening on which he was to see Violet—for the last time, according to her expressed wish—he went over to James Drummond's house, and made the usual inquiries. The answer was in every way favourable. Though the patient was still exceedingly weak, still he was slowly getting on towards recovery; and would he care to go in and see his sick friend for a few minutes?

"Well, young Miller," said Mr. Drummond, "have you come to play the Good Samaritan again? Young men of your age ought to be at the theatre, and balls, and that kind of thing, instead of visiting sick-rooms. Or are you fond of tragedy?—only there would scarcely have been anything tragic in the death of such a frail and helpless victim as myself. Look at my hands. I believe the executioner took pity on me even after he had my head on the block—gave me a sort of parting kick, as it

were, as a poor devil that wasn't worth wasting his strength on. Sit down, and tell me what is going on. I am not allowed to read yet, and my sister and Amy—well, you know how women begin to read the newspapers to you—I believe they would begin with the advertisements, and then go on to the police-news."

The large, fine eyes were as keen and bright as ever, but there was nothing in them of that restless fire which Miller had seen on his first visit. And the quick intelligence of this strange invalid was as much on the alert as ever; though there was a tired and pale look on his face, and his emaciated hands lay helplessly on the white coverlet.

Young Miller told him something of what was going forward in the outside world, and he showed great interest in it. But what struck his visitor as most peculiar in this random conversation was the fashion in which Mr. Drummond managed to introduce, on more than one occasion, and especially when his sister was in the room, references to the delirium from which he had suffered, and the necessity of persons guarding themselves against the presumption that anything said during delirium must have some basis of fact behind it.

"Can't you imagine frightful mischief arising," he said, "from some foolish wife believing that certain things uttered by her husband when he was in a delirious state must be partly true or founded in truth—that he had committed some crime for example? Don't you think that it is some small mistake of this sort that often leads up to some dreadful tragedy, apparently without explanation? Now, take the case of a husband who is annoyed by the pertinacious curiosity of his wife, who is continually prying into his correspondence about the most commonplace affairs. To punish her he forges one or two letters, clear evidence of an intrigue, and places them in his desk. What does she do? Why, go out and drown herself; and there you have a tragedy arising out of a mere joke. It is only the whipper-snapper in criticism who is always crying out for a grand and tremendous motive, take my word for it. The greatest tragedies of life arise out of the most trivial things. You know the most appalling tragedy in the world—the destruction of the great host of the Nibelungen, who marched away from the Rhineland to be the guests of King Etzel and his revengeful wife—what did that arise out of?—only a taunt flung at one angry woman by another, which was immediately disavowed, too, by the first woman's husband. You don't know that I once wrote a tragedy?"

"No."

"I did. It has mingled with the elementary forces of nature by this time, for I burned it. And another objection was about the 'unities.' Gracious goodness! do you find any of the great masters, when they look abroad on the beautiful and diverse world, limiting themselves to such material as is necessary to some small and mechanical plot? I think it is the odd characters—the people who have no business there—that I love the most; for unless the author loved them too, he would not go out of his way to drag them in. What on earth has Autolycus to do with the plot of *A Winter's Tale?*—and yet I don't know anybody I have such a sneaking fondness for as Autolycus. I wish he lived in the parish of Camberwell. He should dine with me every day, and the spoons would be at his disposal. Then look at the first gravedigger in *Hamlet:* how could we do without the gravedigger?"

"Not very well," said Miller, with a modest smile; "we must have him sooner or later."

"Young Miller," observed the recumbent invalid, "when you are bent on making jokes, please to remember that I have just missed making the acquaintance of the gravedigger by a hairsbreadth, and that I may have suddenly to turn round and shake hands with him, thanking him beforehand for allotting me so much of his valuable space, as the people say who write to the newspapers. Then there is th

melancholy Jacques—I have always had a great regard for my namesake; but I don't see that he affects the action of the story very much. The 'unities'——"

"But how did they criticise your tragedy if it was never published?"

"Why, don't you know that there are critics who buffet your book before it is published, and critics who jump on it afterwards? My beautiful tragedy suffered so much from the first that I determined it should not reach the second. I liberated it. Now I can imagine portions of it floating as down on a butterfly's wing; and other portions appearing in the petals of a primrose; and others forming part of the pink flush in a young girl's cheek. My tragedy will never die. If I had published it now, what would have been the result? I should know that, although I bought in every copy I could lay my hands on, the people at the British Museum would tenaciously cling to that evidence of my stupidity. I will admit that my hero was an ass—and a sonorous, self-conceited ass, too—let's see, what was his name——"

But here Mrs. Warrener broke in upon this random talk by entering the room with some medicine in her hand. He took the glass from her and swallowed the stuff.

"Another compliment to my doctor," he said, "I take it only to please him—I am certain it has not the least effect upon me. But if a man carries you across a river, and then tells you he was able to do it because he had a tobacco-stopper in his pocket, you are bound to respect the tobacco-stopper."

"You seem to be getting on very well," said young Miller, cheerfully.

"My great ambition," said the invalid, "is to get a white collar on—a regularly starched, stiff, stuck-up collar, as hard as iron and as white as snow; I have got so tired of these half-tinted, wretched, soft, cotton things I have been swathed in——"

"Well, James," said his sister, "I hope when you get better you don't mean to be more particular about your collars and shirts than before, for indeed there was never any pleasing you. You don't care what sort of coat you wear, nor what sort of hat, but your linen and your boots, there is no pleasing you with them."

"And I am looking forward, too, to the first draught of bitter ale I am allowed. Do you remember that sensation—the first draught at luncheon on the first day of the shooting, after all the heat and the toil? No, you were not up with us on the 12th."

He grew silent after that, and thoughtful. Young Miller, with some words of hope and encouragement, took his leave, and made his way across London to the neighbourhood of Regent Street.

It was the last time he was to see Violet, and he carried in his pocket the sum of money which was to free her from the necessity of remaining longer in London. Nay, he carried double that sum, for, he said to himself, if there was any mischief to be done by the 100*l.* no greater could be done by 200*l.*; and he would show her that it was not the value of the money that had made him pause. And yet, as he walked up and down Great Marlborough Street (she had refused to go again into the theatre) in expectation of her, he was not a little anxious and agitated. The chances of any one now interfering to relieve him from the responsibility he had incurred were small indeed. She would start at once; how could anybody trace her after she left New York? When he gave her that promise he was convinced he could talk her out of a determination which he considered to be the height of folly; he had failed in that, and now he saw no prospect of her releasing him at all.

The question now was—Ought this promise to be kept? Young Miller was not much of a casuist; but he had some shrewd common sense. He knew there were occasions on which people might legitimately do something not quite "straight." There were innocent forms of deception. He thought this was too bad. It wasn't quite fair to him or to anybody. She ought not to expect that

the temporary promise was to last for ever. As he walked up and down, he pretty nearly worked himself into the conviction that, at all risks, he ought to go and tell the girl's father.

Now if he had had some male confidant of his own stamp, with whom he could have debated this question, there can be little doubt that he would have gone and told the girl's father. His friend would have said to him—

"Oh, look here, Miller, you cannot let the girl go like that. If your conscience is tender about your promise, you must do evil that good may come. Lots of people do that. You tell lies to sick people to make them hope. This is all nonsense; go away and tell the girl's father at once."

Nay, if the promise had been given to a man, under similar circumstances, it is probable that Miller, without any counsel, would so have acted. But it was different with a girl, and that girl Violet North. He could imagine the look of contempt with which she would hear that he had broken his word. He was afraid of her scorn. In the midst of these deliberations, Violet appeared.

"He is still going on favourably?" she said, gently; he had been so occupied in thinking of her anger that he was surprised by the sad sweetness of her voice.

"Oh, first rate," said he. "Talking away as fast as ever—it is no use urging him to be quiet. And I suppose there is no great harm in talking; it is the thinking that is the matter; for his brain still has some symptoms of feverishness left, and goes on at such a pace that he can't get sleep. That is weakness, you know, feverishness—a man can't sleep well unless he has exercise. But in other respects he is going on wonderfully well."

Then there was an awkward pause.

"Violet," said he, with some embarrassment, "I have brought you the money. Since you have asked it, here it is; and if you are really going, 100*l.* is not enough—I have brought you 200*l.*"

"I am very grateful to you," she said, as she took the envelope containing the notes. "I will send it you back again by degrees; and I know you won't hurry me."

At this moment a sudden thought flashed into his mind that had never occurred to him before. If she posted these instalments from time to time, would not he thus be able to get some approximate notion of her whereabouts in America? That was something—but not much, considering the vow under which she would leave him.

"Now, Violet," said he, "you are free to go; and I suppose this will be the last chance I shall have of begging you to consider what you are doing."

"I have considered," she said, sadly.

"To tell you the truth," he said, rather excitedly, "I have been considering too, and really, if it comes to that, I don't know that I am right in—in——"

"Do you mean," she said, calmly, "that you have been considering whether you will break your word of honour?"

"Well," he said, with some compunction, "I—I—understood it was to be temporary."

"I had no such understanding," she replied, "nor did you say anything about that."

"It is very hard——" he was beginning to say, when she interrupted him.

"Pray let us part friends," she said, with a sudden appeal in her voice. "You have been very kind to me—be kind now!"

"And you won't even let me know where you are to be found in America, suppose anything were to turn up?"

"No," she said. "I am to be as one dead to you, and to all here. In a year or two it will not matter; you will have forgotten. And before that, too, I must think of you all as happy and enjoying yourselves—as I told you before—shooting wild duck, going to the Royal Academy, dining with Lady North—in everything that may happe to you, I shall always think of you. I hope and pray you may always pleased, and happy, and conte

Now, good-bye, I am more grateful to you than I can tell you—you have been kind to me——"

She was gone—he was left standing there, bewildered. Somehow, though there was not much sentiment in his nature, he felt sick at heart. It was hard to lose this beautiful friend who had for a time been mixed up with his boyish dreams. He pictured her going out alone to the unknown world of America—not one human being there to meet her and take her by the hand. He thought of her lonely life in that far country—of the years adding to her loneliness, for he had a sort of feeling that she would never marry—until the final night came, and she would pass away without one of her own people or old friends to be near her at that awful moment. His dinner at the Judæum that night nearly choked him. His acquaintances there were convinced that he had been heavily hit by the sudden fall in Costa Ricas.

Next morning Violet sought an opportunity of speaking with Mr. Dowse in private.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dowse, but would it be convenient for you to let me leave at the end of the month?"

"To leave altogether?"

"Yes, sir," she said, humbly.

Mr. Dowse was surprised, and perhaps a trifle offended. He knew he had dealt generously by this girl; and here she was wanting to leave at little more than a week's notice.

"I hope you have not found the situation disagreeable, Miss Main?" said he, somewhat stiffly.

"Oh, no," she said; "on the contrary, you have been most indulgent to me."

"Is it a question of salary?"

"No — certainly not," she said. "I——"

"Perhaps you have another situation in view?"

"I have not," she said, earnestly. "I wish to leave England—that is all. I must go. If it would be convenient for you, Mr. Dowse, I would willingly forfeit a month's salary——"

The moment she had uttered the words, she felt sorry.

"I don't think, Miss Main," said he, "that there has been much monetary dispute between us. I am sorry you feel it necessary to leave England; but, if it is so, well, I need scarcely say that we shall not attempt to bind you by any engagement. Perhaps it would be impertinent if I asked you what your plans are?"

"I have none at all," she said, simply. "I am going to America."

He looked at her curiously; he began to believe there might be something in the nonsense his son had been talking about this mysterious stranger.

"Well, well, Miss Main," said he, cheerfully, "you are adventurous; but you have courage. And so you have resolved to leave us? Well, you know, you must come down and bid Mrs. Dowse good-bye."

This worthy person, having a suspicion that the girl was committing a mistake, was of opinion that nobody could talk her over like Mrs. Dowse.

"What do you say, now? Won't you change your mind about Christmas?"

"Thank you, sir, I cannot do that. But I shall be very glad to go down and bid Mrs. Dowse good-bye. Would next Saturday be convenient?"

"The day after Christmas?"

"Yes."

"Certainly it would. You won't mind coming down to Windsor Station by yourself; as we shall all be down in the country from the Friday to the Monday. We will meet you at the station—that is, if we are not drowned in the floods before then. We are living in the middle of a lake at present."

And so it was settled that Violet should go down on the Saturday to bid good-bye to her friends at The Laurels. In the meantime she made all her preparations for her departure. She booked her place on board one of the Transatlantic steamers; and got her luggage ready. On the night before Christmas-day she went to Covent Garden and bought some flowers—not

a bouquet of wax-like blooms, but a basket of primroses, and violets, and snowdrops; a vision of spring-time in the dead of winter. Then she went home; and took out a rudely-written piece of paper; and there were tears running down her face like rain as she read the words:—"*These flowers are sent to Mr. Drummond from one who received great kindness from him.*"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"SOUL TO SOUL!"

ALL that Christmas Day, until the afternoon, she spent in her lodgings, sometimes reading, sometimes adding a bit to her packing, sometimes staring out of window into the misty street, where the shops were shut, and the people who passed wore their Sunday clothes. She thought the cold, dismal day would never end.

Her landlady, pitying her forlorn condition, came up and made bold to ask her whether she would not have something extra for her dinner, seeing it was Christmas Day. Miss Main replied that she would be out in the afternoon, and would return for supper, as usual, in the evening. Then Mrs. Roberts called, and frankly invited the girl to go over and have dinner with herself and a small party of guests. Miss Main thanked her friend warmly; but said she had an engagement.

In the afternoon, as it was drawing towards dusk, she put on her shawl and bonnet, and a thick veil, and went out. The gas-lamps were being lighted in the misty twilight. Notwithstanding the heavy rains that had recently fallen, the atmosphere was cold and raw; occasionally the yellow light from the lamps sparkled on the frosty pavements; she vaguely knew the roads would be slippery outside the town, whither she was going.

It seemed strange to her to look at the people who were passing—silent, content, occupied only in thinking of the present moment, of the cold, or the hour, or the condition of the crossing. They were few in number; the streets were more deserted than on a Sunday; over the closed shops she saw the windows lit up—there, doubtless, were pleasant gatherings of friends, doubtless having a chat and a laugh together before the festivities of the evening began. She walked on—scarcely knowing what to think of all the world around her—until she got an omnibus bound for Victoria-station; and that she entered, finding herself the only passenger.

It was otherwise at the station; for here there were a good many people, mostly young men in evening dress, who were obviously going out to parties in the suburbs. They were in groups—laughing and jesting. She sat in a corner of the dimly-lit waiting-room until it was time for the train to start.

There were two or three friends bound for the same house in the carriage with her. They were joking merrily. They were young Germans, and a trifle boisterous; but she forgave the boys their high spirits—was it not Christmas-time? As she drew near Denmark-Hill station, her heart began to beat more rapidly. She recognised the voice of the porter calling out as the train stopped; she hurried by him—scarcely looking at the wreaths of evergreens hung all around—for she was afraid he might remember her. It was the first Christmas she had omitted to pay a half-crown toll for these pleasant decorations.

Up here the air was keener and clearer; a star or two were faintly visible in the grey overhead; the pavements sparkled with the frost; a great silence lay over the black trees in the gardens. And through these trees and bushes she caught glimpses of glowing windows; here and there a blind lifted or a curtain pushed aside showed her brilliant rooms, and green decorations, and figures—doubtless those of children—dancing; and she heard the sound of merry music. One large gate stood open; she went in a step or two, and stood by the laurel bushes. Was not this "Sir Roger de Coverley"? There were screams o

laughter, and children's voices; through the white curtains she could see that picture of joyousness within. When she turned away, there were tears running down her face. It was her last look at an English Christmas.

At length she got into the Grove; and it was with slow steps, and with a great fear in her heart, that she drew near the house she had been wont to approach with gladness and confidence. She looked all round; there was not a human being visible in the thoroughfare. She ventured to go up as far as the house—on the other side of the road—and stood for a second or two looking at it. What she saw was plain enough—the peaked roofs, the diamond-paned windows, the curious little veranda, and the lamp swinging over the door, under the porch: what she experienced then of the wild anguish of farewell no human being will ever know.

She pictured to herself the group within, in the small dining-room—the sick man, lying on his couch, pretending to be brave and strong so as to help along the simple festivities, perhaps raising a glass in his lean hand and calling on them to drink a glass to their absent friends. She would not be included even in that. But surely they would think of her on this night of all nights in the year, and they would think not unkindly of her, for the sake of old times——.

She could not bear this desperate sobbing; it was like to break her heart. And yet it was hard to tear herself away. There was but a short distance now between her and all that she loved upon earth; soon the great Atlantic would be between them.

"Good-bye—good-bye!" her heart said to them, in its yearning love and agony. "If you knew I was so near, you would come to me—you would ask me to go in—I should not be a stranger . . . Perhaps there is an angel watching over that house, to bring peace to it, and gladness. He knows why I go 'way. O my dearest friends, good-bye -good-bye for the last time!"

She walked away, her head bent down, her breast heaving with its sobs. She went by those brilliantly-lit windows, whence the sound of music issued, like some mute ghost of misery.

She did not walk far, however; for she had not accomplished the chief part of her mission. After a time, when she had quieted herself somewhat, she began to look around for someone who would become her messenger; but it was some time before she saw a single human being, the thoroughfares were so deserted. At last, however, she heard a small boy approach whistling. She asked him if he would take the basket she held in her hand, with a note, and leave them at a certain door. He looked curiously at her. She said she would give him a shilling, and he at once consented. So she walked back with him to the Grove, entrusted him with the flowers and the folded piece of paper, and then hurried away in the gloom.

James Drummond was lying on the sofa in the drawing-room, propped up by the cushion, and Amy was at the piano, playing to him. His sister entered the room, carrying something, and said—

"What a strange thing! Here is a basket of flowers for you, James—and this bit of paper, which was handed in with them——"

Her face was quite bright. She thought it was a kindly action. She handed him the note, which he opened.

The next moment she was startled by a quick cry. She turned at once, and to her horror saw her brother apparently making a fierce attempt to rise from the couch, while his face was wild and white.

"What is it, James?"

"Sarah, Sarah!" he cried, holding out the paper with a shaking hand, "she is alive! I tell you that Violet is alive! I know—I know—only herself would think of this—it is a message from soul to soul!—Violet——"

He sank back, speechless and exhausted.

"Yes, James," said his sister, sooth-

ingly. She was dreadfully alarmed by this wild scene; and she jumped to the conclusion that he had lapsed again into delirium. "Perhaps they are from Violet—you must be still now——"

"Woman, woman!" he cried, with still another frantic effort to rise, "don't stand there! Send after her! Send after the messenger! Who brought them?"

"A boy," replied Mrs. Warrener, thoroughly bewildered, for her brother did not appear to be delirious, though he spoke these incoherent words.

"Send after him—quick, quick! Ask him where he got the flowers—and the message——"

She ran at once out into the night. If this were madness, it would soothe him to know she had obeyed him. Or was there some wild possibility—some subtle sense in his over-excited brain——"

Well, she had not far to go; for there was the boy, under the gas-lamp, examining the shilling, and biting it with his teeth, to prove that his good luck was not a delusion.

"Boy," she said hurriedly, "you brought the flowers to our door?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, suddenly plunging the shilling into his pocket.

"Who gave you them? Where did you get them?"

"The lady gave me them—I met her round the corner——"

"What was she like? A young lady?"

"Yes."

"And tall?"

"Yes, and she wore a thick veil; and I think she was crying."

Mrs. Warrener began to tremble in every limb.

"Which way did she go?"

"That way."

He pointed away down the dusky thoroughfare, which was now silent and empty. Mrs. Warrener went back to the house. Her steps were not very firm; and her face, as she entered the room, was as white as that of her brother, who stared at her with eager, excited eyes.

"Oh, James—is it possible? The boy—the boy says it was a young lady who gave him the flowers—a tall young lady—she was veiled—and he thought she was crying——"

The sick man sank back on the cushion.

"Violet is alive and in London, Sarah," he said faintly. "You must find her . . . Alive! . . . Our Violet here a few minutes ago . . . ." And then he murmured to himself, as he turned his head away from the glare of the light, "Oh, Madcap, Madcap, what have you done!"

To be continued.

NATURAL RELIGION.

VIII.

If it be true, as was urged in the last of these papers, that it is an incorrect use of words which identifies religion with Christianity, much more with the clerical Christianity of the day, readers may still be disposed to regard the criticism as merely verbal and unimportant, and may be disappointed at the consequences which have been drawn from it. They may say that in papers promising to treat of religion they do not want to find, on the one hand, much about art, introduced on the ground that, defined in a certain way, religion may be thought to include art; and, on the other hand, little about Christianity, on the ground that Christianity is but one form of religion. If Christianity and religion be not identical, they may say, in that case it is Christianity and not religion that is interesting to us; and if there may be religions that have little connection with morality, and others that are even immoral, such religions we do not desire to hear of, and we think it something like a profanation to class them together with that which has in all minds such solemn associations.

Assuredly it is not intended here to question the pre-eminent importance among religions of those which are moral, and among historical religions of Christianity. Of the three forms of religion which we have distinguished—that of visible things, that of humanity, and that of God regarded as the unity of the universe—the second is far more important than the first, and would be just as much more important than the third, unless we could succeed in recognizing in God something answering to humanity; in which case we shall attain, as in Christianity we do attain, a higher religion than any of these three made by compounding two of them. In any case the most indispensable religion to human beings must be that which influences morality, that which tells man what he ought to do and to be. If I have lingered long upon the notion of a religion which is not moral, it has not been on account of the intrinsic importance of such a religion, but on account of the essential importance to my purpose of distinguishing the notion of a religion from that of a morality. For I have undertaken in these papers to exhibit religion as a thing only accidentally and not necessarily connected with the supernatural, and the great difficulty I have to contend with is to make out any middle term between supernaturalism and mere morality. Listen to one who professes what is called liberal Christianity; he distinguishes between the moral part of Christianity and its supernaturalism. The latter he does not care for, and for his own part does not believe, but he recognises that it played an important part in giving currency to the moral truths with which it was associated, and is willing to admit that in this respect it may be useful still to uncultivated minds or half-civilized races. But between the morality and the supernaturalism he perceives no third thing distinct from, yet connected with, both, which he can call religion. In this view then Natural Religion, except as a useless synonym for morality, has no meaning, for religion is actually nothing but morality with supernaturalism superadded to it. It is only morality in the poetical dress in which alone it can gain access to the popular mind. Nor on this point do the orthodox differ from the heterodox. Indeed they reject even more decisively the notion of any religion worthy of the name which does not rest upon supernatural

interventions. In these circumstances any one to whom the notion of religion seems as clearly distinguishable from that of morality on the one hand as from that of a supernatural revelation on the other, is obliged to look about for instances in which it appears completely unconnected with both, and such instances accordingly have been dwelt upon in these papers. But they have only thus been dwelt upon in order that when once the *idée mère* of religion had been brought out we might come back to the questions which all find most important, and inquire how a moral religion differs from a morality, and what third thing there is in Christianity between its moral precepts and its supernaturalism. We have found the essence of religion to consist in that which is otherwise described as the higher life. This higher life is recognised wherever men rise a little above the brutes, and the activity of it is worship, or habitual admiration; accordingly the most universal mark of religion is worship.

This being religion in general, if now we inquire what will be the character of a moral religion, and how it will differ from a mere morality, we may be startled to see how widely distant is the conclusion to which this definition leads us from that commonly accepted. In order to estimate this properly let us consider for a moment the popular view.

Religion, it is popularly said, gives substantial weight to morality by furnishing it with supernatural sanctions. A few elect spirits may have a morality independent of all such sanctions, but in the world at large morality goes along with the belief in rewards and punishments. Just as law would be a mockery if there existed no judges and no prisons, so would morality, which is but an extension of law, be a chimera if there were no heaven and hell and no God, the Judge of all. Now God, heaven, and hell belong to religion and not to morality, and thus religion supplies the basis upon which the morality of societies rests, and that equally whether what it teaches be regarded as actually true or merely as a useful fiction.

Attempts are sometimes made nowadays to ridicule this view of religion, which makes it do duty for the constable, but it is impossible not to remark in history that religion has done this work over and over again, nay, perhaps almost everywhere in the infancy of society. That which is admired and celebrated by poets as the virtue of a primitive, uncorrupted society, has often been a childish belief that wrongdoing would be followed by a famine or a cattle-plague, and that virtue would be rewarded by victory and rich spoils in the next campaign. The antiquities of law lead us back to a time when law merges in religion and when an execution was a sacrifice. Early legislators endeavoured to control men's actions by inspiring supernatural terrors which probably they fully shared themselves. The first step in those days towards establishing civil order was to find some oath formidable enough to be binding, and thus in those Ten Words, which even sceptical criticism inclines to ascribe to Moses himself, after the declaration of the existence of the national God, care is taken before proceeding further to assert the sanctity of the oath taken in his name. Nor can it for a moment be said that this legal sort of religion is confined to primitive races and periods. It plays a conspicuous part in the history of Christianity itself. The Christian heaven and hell have been used for purposes of police quite as much assuredly as temporal disasters, the sword, the wild beast, and the pestilence were used by the diviners and prophets of the early worships. We cannot help seeing that the very culminating point of Christianity in literature is Dante's poem, which describes the whole universe as divided between the dwelling place of those who are rewarded, those who are corrected, and those who are sacrificed to Divine justice. Locke and Paley in modern times have founded morality upon rewards and punishments; Voltaire himself could not, as his more impetuous followers complained, rid hi

mind of the notion of a *Dieu remunérateur-vengeur*, that God whom, if He did not exist, it would be necessary to invent; and it has appeared to some historians that when at the beginning Christianity made the conquest of Europe, the great alteration made in men's ways of thinking was practically the belief they had acquired in a future state with heaven and hell.

Those then who use the word religion to signify a doctrine of rewards and punishments may certainly urge that they give it an important meaning, and also a meaning which the history of religion goes far to justify. Such a doctrine has over and over again been closely connected with religious systems, and it has exerted, and does to this day exert, the most powerful influence. What is asserted of it is perhaps not much more than the truth, that moral obligation, as distinguished from legal obligation, can hardly be apprehended by uncultivated minds, unless it is presented in this form. Nevertheless, it is clear that this view of religion is totally different from that which regards it in the manner of these papers as habitual admiration; it is clear also that this last definition satisfies, while the other does not, the requirements of some of the most striking practical and historical examples of religion; and finally it is, I think, tolerably clear that all discussions of religious questions must be useless and unprofitable in which instead of adopting one or other of two definitions which differ so widely from one another, religion is left undefined and understood at random now in one sense and now in the other.

It would assuredly be a very unworthy judgment of the prayers and praises which have been offered up in all religions to the object of worship, to consider them simply as devices for obtaining reward or averting punishment. Often enough, no doubt, they are this, but in the highest religion they are not this, and in almost all religions they are much besides this. The Mohammedan his addresses to Allah seldom asks anything, but simply strings together epithets of adoration. St. Francis says expressly "Jesu, Jesu, amo Te, *Nec* amo Te quod salvas me." And in almost all religions there are features which show that the Deity, if regarded sometimes in the light of a judge, has other characters as well. Such for instance are the various methods by which in different religions the Deity is represented as revealing His will to men, whether visible signs interpreted by the skilled diviner, or dreams, or inspiration miraculous or natural. In other cases where the Deity does appear as dispensing good and evil He is represented as doing so not in the character of a judge who considers solely the merit or demerit of those with whom He deals, but in some other character. Sometimes He protects a particular tribe in which He has an interest against other tribes, sometimes He gives success to this prince purely as a means of punishing that, sometimes instead of punishing the guilty He forgives them, instead of rewarding the just tries them with adversity.

It was Sismondi, I think, who in considering the causes of the demoralisation of the modern Italians, gave a principal weight to the influence of Catholicism, which by encouraging the greatest sinners to hope for salvation if they died at peace with the Church, set, as he considered, religion in direct opposition to morality. If this were so it would be vain to argue that it was not really religion but only a corruption of religion which in this instance showed itself to answer so ill to that definition of religion we are considering, for it is impossible to deny that Christianity, so far from being a simple system of rewards and punishments, is in the first instance a system by which the guilty are admitted to forgiveness, and is to that extent unfit to serve as an influence supplementary to the criminal law. All this is sufficient at any rate to show how different, how much wider, are the aims of religion from those which are attributed to it by those who regard it from the special point of view of the politician or guardian of civil order. In fact, it may be said, that this aspect of religion, though

important enough, is scarcely ever the aspect which shows itself to religious men, but rather that which strikes the cool observer. The politician sees that there is a *theologia civilis* which may be of great political value, but to the religious man himself religion can hardly appear in this light. To him it is all-important for its own sake, and so far from making it subservient to civil order he is prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice civil order to the interests of religion. He, if he were asked for his definition of religion, and clearly it is he who has the best right to an opinion, would undoubtedly give one like that which in these papers εἰκῇ φύρω; he would call it a life, a higher life, an activity of something which he feels to be the noblest part of his nature, and these phrases examined and stripped of metaphor seem to mean nothing else but habitual admiration or habitual worshipping contemplation of some object.

The difficulty has often been felt of attributing any religious character to a mere belief in future rewards and punishments. It has been remarked that the virtue which is propped up by such a system is a dead virtue and scarcely deserves to be called virtue at all, for that all virtue involves something of self-sacrifice, something of devotion, whereas the doctrine of future punishments literally understood reduces it to a matter of selfish calculation. As to rewards we cannot fail to observe that even the analogy of human institutions fails us here. States punish crime, but they do not reward virtue except in rare and peculiar cases in which, in fact, what is called reward is not so much a token of judicial approbation as an expression of public gratitude; and the attempt to arrange a scale of rewards for virtue by Legions of Honour and the like inventions has usually led to questionable results.

Such difficulties occur to us when we try to regard the doctrine of rewards and punishments as the essential part of religion, which view, nevertheless, because it is the view most natural to politicians, has become the popular one. It is another question whether it is not a part, even an important and necessary part, of religion, whether not civil order but religion itself would not suffer fatally if it were given up. To think of God as unjust would have other consequences besides that of sapping morality and undermining society. The impunity promised to criminals by such a doctrine would not be so mischievous as the degradation of religion itself in its higher sense of worship. God, even thought of as not just, would remain glorious, the object of a rapt intellectual worship. All the more paralysing, all the more maddening would be the mixture of horror with admiration in our meditations on Him. This may be thought a sentimental way of speaking by those who have persuaded themselves that after all by the showing of science God is not just, and who from some illusion which is a survival of the very optimism they reject, cannot bring themselves to think that what is the reality may nevertheless be unendurable. But the old opinion of Socrates and Aurelius that life is not worth having if God is not just, is echoed by our latest writer on morals, who speaks of such a doctrine as reducing the cosmos of the moral world to chaos; and even if not fatal to human life itself such a doctrine is fatal to religion. For it introduces dismay and despair and a germ of madness into the very heart of our thinking, and religion does not seem possible except upon a basis of inward serenity.

Thus on the one hand it appears that a belief in the justice of God is necessary to religion itself; but on the other hand the notion that religion is, in the first instance, such a belief furnishing a prop to morality appears a kind of afterthought taken up by politicians, the mistaking of a secondary effect of religion for its original object and *raison d'être.* The true relation between religion and morality is not this but another. Morality does not require supernatural sanctions to make it authoritative. We should consider it in these days a mark of low cultivation, if any one avowed that he only kept his engagements from

fear of hell-fire. It is with a start of surprise at the change of thought which has taken place in little more than a century that we read Benjamin Franklin's avowal, that the reason why he was guilty in his youth of several base and dishonourable actions,—such as breaking a written engagement made to his brother because he knew that it could not be produced against him, forgetting his engagement to his betrothed as soon as he left her neighbourhood, &c.—was simply that he had become a sceptic. We are startled to observe that virtue apart from heaven and hell is unintelligible to his mind, and the example teaches us to realise what is now half forgotten, how potent the *theologia civilis* once was, and that not merely among politicians but in the puritanic communities which had given Franklin his education.

But if we abandon this view of the true connection between religion and morality, are we, therefore, to identify them, and regard them as merely different names for the same thing? This, as I have remarked, is the tendency of those who take what are called advanced views. Morality, they think, is the kernel, religion the shell. In other words, religion is the dress of mythology and legend, in which morality comes dressed up. Mythology and legend are, of course, not to be regarded as true; but, on the other hand, to attempt an earnest refutation of them would expose us to the irony of Plato, and even to despise them would be a proof of a common way of thinking. They are to be prized, and carefully retained as a fund of poetical imagery by which the morality they contain may be commended to the popular, the immature—nay, in hours of dulness, even to the maturest mind. But such phrases, even when most skilfully employed, convey, after all, the notion that the only real thing is morality, and that if the very name of religion were discarded, nothing would be lost but a word.

It is now, therefore, time to apply :t conception of religion as regulated admiration, which we have been developing, to the moral department of things, and see whether it will not serve to give definiteness to phrases which at present seem so vague. We may, I think, come to see that religion thus defined is a prop, a most necessary prop, to morality, but in quite another way than the politician supposes. We may understand that the morality which is founded on free admiration is vital and progressive; but that which is not so founded is torpid and conventional.

As we have all along represented art as having its root in religion, and as being of kin to the other manifestations of religion which, as being much more solemn and momentous, have in common parlance confined the name of religion to themselves, it is natural that we should find the history of art illustrating the history of religion at every step. The difference between what is conventional and what is vital can be studied in art just as well as in morals, and it is rather by comparing the way in which the contrast displays itself in both departments than by considering it in each alone that we are likely to ascertain most precisely in what the contrast consists.

Everyone knows, then, how subtle, and yet how all-important in works of art is genuine artistic quality. In every art the distinction is felt—and the critic has scarcely anything to do but to point it out—between work that is merely clever or brilliant and work that is really artistic. The difference, every earnest critic protests, is like that between light and darkness, almost like that between right and wrong. It is the "one thing needful," this genuineness; work in which it is found has value; other work has no right to exist, and had better be destroyed. A distinction which affects every single performance of art, naturally appears with the utmost prominence in the history of art. Whole schools, whole periods are found to have lost the inestimable secret, and therefore to have left nothing behind that has permanent value; other schools and

periods, in spite of great faults, are nevertheless found to possess the secret. At times not only is the secret lost, but the very tradition of it is lost too; it is denied that such a secret exists; and the question is argued with great warmth in the critical world.

In such a controversy the watchword of one side is "rules;" that of the other is "nature," or "genius," or "inspiration." Yet those who withstand the appeal to rules, and deny the authority of the rules cited against them do not, when they are wise, deny that in good works of art certain fixed rules will be found to be observed. But they maintain that rules are liable to continual change, and that only principles are invariable, or, in other words, that genius makes its own rules; or, again, that the only rule is to follow nature. When the causes of this difference of view are examined, it is found that the party of rules take altogether a less exalted view of art than their opponents, that they think of art as a sort of game of skill which is in itself unimportant, but yet which it is idle to profess to play at unless you observe the rules, while the others set no bounds to their estimate of its dignity, and habitually speak of the pursuit of it as a religion, and of skill in it as priesthood or inspiration. This controversy in art is so fundamental that when the issue is fairly tried, the world is convulsed with it almost as by religious debate. In the eighteenth century it spread through all Europe, and filled decades with its slow progression by the side of the great attack on Christianity. The same man took the lead in both; Voltaire was as much bent on maintaining the dramatic unities and the *bienséances* of literature as he was bent on destroying the Church. In the two controversies he had very opposite fortune. While the Church and the ecclesiastical Christianity of the time seemed almost helpless under his assaults, he saw his artistic opponents constantly gaining upon him. The renown of Shakespeare loomed nearer and nearer, and before he died the word "genius" had been passed in Germany, and "rules" and "unities" had become names of ridicule. Nor did the tide turn. Fifty years after Voltaire's death the opposite principles prevailed in his own country, and it is now felt to be impossible to revive with any real success the names of the poets, so illustrious a century ago, who wrote under the system of rules. "A *dispassionate* judge," said Frederic then, "will acknowledge that the *Henriade* is superior to the poems of Homer;" but Homer is now higher than ever, while the *Henriade* is almost as dead as those poems of antiquity which have not come down to us.

Let us turn, now, from what are called the fine arts, from the arts which are concerned with poetry, painting, &c., to life and action, in other words to the art which deals with human conduct. Do we not find the same debate raging here too? nay, do we not find the same debate equally prominent in the history of the subject? Are there not in the department of morals also rules, unities, *bienséances*, and a party which can see nothing beyond? Is there not here, too, a genius party, which speaks sometimes of "nature," sometimes of "the heart," and which is distinguished from the other party by a profession of greater earnestness or solemnity in their view of the subject, and by habitually using the word "religion," and with it the whole vocabulary of religion? Only whereas in the case of art the phrases of religion are commonly supposed to be not quite strictly used, but rather with some degree of metaphor, the genius-school in morals use those phrases in the plainest and most literal sense. If, then, we correct this notion in the manner explained before, and say that religion, as spoken of in art, is to be literally understood, but that it refers to a secondary form of religion, viz., what has been called the Higher Paganism, it will be evident in a moment that another view of the relation of religion to morality, and a view consistent with our definition of religion, may be taken, and also that it is a view which gives religion an importance quite as great as any that can be

claimed for the *theologia civilis* above described.

According to this view there are two sorts of morality which differ from each other in the same way, as, for example, Addison's *Cato* differs from *King Lear;* only that the difference in the former case is as much more momentous than in the latter case, as morals are more important than poetry. The merit of *Cato* consists mainly in the observance of certain rules and decencies—rules of approved critics, decencies of the drawing-room; the merit of *Lear* is a prodigious activity of imaginative and sympathetic contemplation. Poetry then, it seems, may be of two totally different kinds; it may be produced in a comparatively languid state of the faculties by almost automatic repetition of what has been written by others; it may also appear with strangely new characteristics and only resembling what has been produced before so far as it is poetry, through an intense observation and assimilation of something in nature. To the eye of the true critic the difference between the two sorts is infinite; the latter sort he calls real and precious, the former he passes by with indifference; and yet both are called poetry, both have excited admiration, nay, it was, in this case, the hollow production which was hailed with the loudest approval.

It is just the same with conduct or morality as it is with art. Life may be conducted according to rules similar to the unities of the drama; it may also be conducted on the method of free inspiration, in which case also rules will be observed; but the rules will be different, less stereotyped, adapting themselves more readily to new circumstances, and moreover they will be observed instinctively and not felt as a constraint. And though this latter method may easily be abused, though the inspiration may in particular cases be feigned or forced, though individuals may pervert the method to a loose antinomianism in morals, as in art it as often been made the excuse of rmlessness or extravagance; yet it remains the true method, the only one which keeps morality alive and prevents it from becoming a prim convention—the only system, in short, under which moral Shakespeares can flourish.

But in what precisely does the difference between the two methods consist? In this, I reply; that in the one morality is founded on religion, and in the other not. The definition which has been given of religion enables us to express the difference in these simple terms, and we can, at the same time, describe the corresponding difference in art in corresponding language, and so bring together under one general formula phenomena of which all must instinctively feel that they are of the same kind. For if religion be that higher life of man which is sustained by admiration, if its essence be worship or some kind of enthusiastic contemplation seeking for expression in outward acts, then we shall say of morality that it is founded on religion if it arise out of enthusiastic contemplation; and in like manner we shall call art religious, if it have a similar origin. Now the point of close resemblance between the genius school in art and the anti-legal school in morals is precisely this, that both consist of worshippers, both elevate their minds by habitual admiration. Enough has been said of the worship which lies at the root of genuine art. It is not in empty metaphor that the true artist affects so much the language of religion. The loving devotion with which he traces the forms of nature has all the character, and is attended by all the emotions, of religion; and, historically, this devotion has belonged to a visible religious system which had for centuries its temples and its ceremonies, and commanded its thousands of votaries, for art disengaged itself gradually from the religion of Greece; and when the true artist stands out in contrast to the mere craftsman who makes works of art by rule, he is distinguished by nothing so plainly as by the religious feeling which he mingles with his artistic industry. But let us now consider the

religion that lies also at the root of all free morality.

There is, plainly enough, a morality that has no religion at the bottom of it. The morality that simply keeps on the windy side of the law rests on nothing but the plainest common sense. The morality that aims at satisfying the expectation of society, that observes the point of honour of a class, that avoids giving matter for scandal—this again wants no religion. It saves trouble to be as good as your neighbours; every really shrewd person will be moral in this sense of the word; nay, perhaps true prudence would require a man to be in one or two small matters more particular than his neighbours. But with this morality the higher life is not in any way concerned; but only that lower life whose objects are wealth, estimation, prosperity. The higher life begins when something is worshipped, when some object of enthusiastic contemplation is before the soul. When morality rises immediately out of this it is religious, and then only has it real vitality. The fighting of a Czerny George differs from that of a mercenary in this, that the hero has his country present to his mind and his heroic actions are of the nature of sacrifices offered to that object of his religion. And like martial heroism, so every virtue may take two shapes, the one lower and the other higher; for every virtue may spring from calculation, and on the other hand every act of virtue may be a religious act arising out of some worship or devotion of the soul.

But now it is not every religion that prompts to virtuous action, for, as we have said so often, one kind of religion bears fruit in works of art. As virtue can only show itself in our relations to our fellow-men, the religion that leads to virtue must be a religion that worships men. If in God Himself we did not believe qualities analogous to the human to exist, the worship of Him would not lead to virtue; the worship of God not as we believe Him, but as we see Him in nature, would be likely, taken by itself, to lead to pitiless fanaticism.

Thus it is, that of all the great historical religions of the world the two which have been in the most marked degree moral, viz., Christianity and Buddhism, agree in this, that both centre in the worship of a Man. The latter, indeed, may be said to begin and end in this worship, for in that system the gods themselves are represented as altogether inferior to the Buddha. In Christianity it is not so; there the Man who is worshipped is regarded as revealing the invisible God, and thus the worship of the Eternal Power in nature is rendered, what of itself it would not be, moral. But we quote these historical religions only by way of illustration; we speak here of religion rather than of religions, and what we would maintain is not merely that the worship of a human ideal may produce virtue, but that all virtue which is genuine and vital springs out of the worship of Man in some form. Not only in the person of Christ, or in the lives of Christians; but under other forms, wherever the higher morality shows itself, Humanity is worshipped. It is worshipped under the form of country, or of ancestors, or of heroes, or great men, or saints, or virgins, or in individual lives, under the form of a friend, or mother, or wife, or any object of admiration, who, once seizing the heart, made all humanity seem sacred, and turned all dealings with men into a religious service. But it is worshipped most of all when passing by an act of faith beyond all that we can know, we attribute all the perfections of ideal humanity to the Power that made and sustains the universe.

Thus we arrive at a new view of the relation between religion and morality quite different from that commonly taken, and yet, it will be found, often confused with and mistaken for it. Let us put the two views side by side.

The one says that religion supplies the greatest sanctions to morality by revealing the rewards and punishments of a future state meted out by omniscient wisdom and justice.

The other says that religion make

morality vital, energetic and progressive, by creating a *moral spirit*, and that it does this by setting up for admiration or worship ideals of human excellence.

Now these two views agree to a certain extent, and may therefore easily be confused together. For according to both views religion is a popular thing, made for the multitude, and not merely for a few philosophers. The rules and prohibitions of morality, taken by themselves, are cold and ineffective; but the question of heaven and hell all can understand, and in like manner all can be made to understand virtue when it is put before them, living and lovely, as an object of worship. Those who watch the great attempt now making to set up a philosophic creed have often occasion to observe that the creed grows less and less influential in proportion as it becomes more philosophic, and that the only practical result of the effort, when we consider the mass of mankind, is to bring Catholicism back into fashion. But in explaining to themselves the secret of the charm of Catholicism these observers oscillate between different views. "Catholicism is definite, has real dogmas from which it does not flinch; it exalts and satisfies the soul, which the cold and prosaic Protestant or, still more, sceptical systems, leave untouched." This is the language used, but it confuses together two perfectly distinct advantages which Catholicism happens to unite. Catholicism is powerful no doubt because it does not explain away heaven and hell; but its warmth, its poetical charm, have nothing to do with the inflexibility of its dogmas. These are owing to something else. They are the reward of the firmness with which it clings to the true idea of a religion, basing its moral discipline upon true worship, enthusiastic contemplation joined with intimate communion, of ideals of saintly humanity.

But I pass now from the consideration of religion as it ought to be according to the strict definition of the word to the question which most feel so much more interesting, of religion as it has historically been. Christianity itself, to which of the two classes of religion does it more properly belong? Is it a religion of worship, or a religion of rewards and punishments?

Catholicism, I have just said, is both together, and both in a very high degree; this is the secret of its ascendency, because, with the one aspect, it attracts tender and poetical spirits, and with the other it overawes rude ones. And such in the main was the religion of Dante; the religion of Augustine was not very different. But after all the Christianity of the Roman Empire is not necessarily the same as the Christianity which formed itself at the beginning in Palestine. The few creeds which have had the force to subdue foreign races have done so commonly at the expense of modifying their own character. The Christianity of Europe is one thing; the Christianity described in the Bible is another. They differ, perhaps, almost as much as the religion of Thibet and Mongolia differs from that which is called by the same name in Ceylon.

Mr. Mill speaks with some sarcasm of those who fancy the Bible is all one book. It is a great mistake to do so; but it is perhaps a still greater mistake to think that it is *not* one book, or that it has no unity. The writings of which it is composed, allowing a few exceptions, agree together and differ from other books in certain characteristics. Certain large matters are always in question, and the action moves forward with a slow evolution, like the *dénouement* of a play, through a thousand years of history. The Founder of the Christian Church believed His work to be the completion of the long history of His race, and therefore if we grasp successfully the kernel of the Bible, if we manage to distinguish that with which the Bible from first to last is principally concerned, we shall stand a good chance of distinguishing that which is the substance of Christianity, according to the original intention of its Founder.

Now what in the main is the subject of the Bible? Nine people out of ten, reading it with all the prepossession of

later Christianity, would say, it is the book of heaven and hell, the book which teaches the littleness of this life and the greatness of the life to come. Other books are secular, they tell us about the visible world and our temporal life; the Bible tells us of the other world and of an eternal life. But is this really the account of the Bible that would be given by any one who read it for the first time, and with an unprejudiced mind?

Let us consider. The Bible then contains the history of a tribe that grew into a nation, of its conquest of a particular country, of the institutions that it created for itself, and of its fortunes through several centuries. Through all these centuries we hear nothing of heaven and hell. A divine revelation is said to be given to this nation; but it is a revelation which is silent about a future state. The conspicuous characters of many generations pass before us; to all appearance they do not differ from similar characters in other nations in looking forward more to a state of existence after death. Their hopes are for their descendants, for the future of their country, rather than for themselves; occasionally they speak as if they actually believed in nothing after death. Then we pass from the historical to the religious writings of this race, the hymns of their temple, the discourses of their prophets. Here, too, for a long time we meet with no clear references to a future state. The imagination of this people apparently does not care to deal with the mysteries of another life. Such pictures of the state of the dead and the rewards and punishments meted out to them as we find in Homer, Plato, Virgil, are entirely absent from the literature of the Hebrews. Not indeed that the belief in rewards and punishments is wanting. The religion of the Bible in its primitive form is like most primitive religions, a *theologia civilis;* nay, it continues so a long time, and no fuller statement of such a civil religion than the Book of Deuteronomy can anywhere be found. But it is to be observed in the first place that the rewards and punishments contemplated are all purely temporal; and in the next place we remark that as we advance this view of religion instead of being more and more clearly announced in the Bible, becomes obscured, and at length seems to be in a manner abandoned. It is admitted that the bad prosper at times, and that the good at times suffer, whether it be for trial of their virtue or to atone for the sins of others.

Later in the book the notion of a future state begins to appear; it creeps in silently, and seems to subsist for a time in the state of an admissible speculation; then in the New Testament it prevails and becomes part of the teaching of the book. But to the end of the Bible there are to be found no heaven and hell such as are put before us in Dante; the writers do not fix their attention as he does upon a future state. A few mysterious affirmations about it suffice them. We find no descriptions, no concentration of the prophetic imagination upon the state of the dead. This is the more to be noted because it is characteristic of the Bible writers both in the New and Old Testaments, that they occupy themselves so much with the future. The future is their study, but *not*—this is almost as true of the New Testament as of the Old—not the future after death. It is a kind of political future that absorbs them, the fall of kingdoms and tyrants, of Babylon, Epiphanes, Nero, and the Roman Empire, the future of Jerusalem, the expected return of Christ to reign upon the earth.

The popular notion, then, which makes the Bible a sort of Book of the Dead destroys its unity. Isolated passages in the New Testament may be quoted to support it; but the theory is not one which brings together the earlier and later books of the Bible, so as to make them seem parts of the same whole. Only by desperate shifts of interpretation can the Old Testament, on this theory, be made to lead up to the New. To those who think the present life a dream, and the future

life alone worth consideration, the Old Testament prophets, wrapped up in their Jerusalem and its future, and careless to all appearance of their own future, can scarcely seem edifying writers, and their religion must seem not merely immature, but founded on a radically wrong principle.

Thus, if religion be made to turn entirely upon a future life, the Bible is not the religious book *par excellence* it is commonly supposed to be. On the other hand, if we take the other view of religion which has been presented in this paper, we shall find that of *this* religion the Bible is the text-book as no other book is or can be. Do we want an idea which shall give unity to the Bible, which shall make Old Testament and New and the separate writings composing both seem—in the main and roughly, for more is not to be expected—to belong together and to make up a great whole? Just as clearly as the idea of a future life is not this, the idea of morality inspired and vivified by religion in the manner above described *is*. It is not the essential character of the Bible itself, but the prepossession of most of its readers and their invincible curiosity about the supernatural that makes it seem in the first instance a book about the invisible world; the idea that pervades it most from first to last is one which belongs altogether to practical life, and which must seem just as important to the sceptic as to the most believing supernaturalist; it is the idea summed up in an antithesis which takes many forms, the antithesis of letter and spirit, law and grace, works and faith.

When we consider human action, whether theoretically or historically, we are always brought back to this fundamental antithesis. Human action is either mechanical or vital, either automatic or rational. Either it follows custom or reason, either it is guided by rules or by inspiration. In morals as in poetry you must be of the school either of Racine or of Shakespeare. Either you must sedulously observe a number of regulations you do not hope to understand, or you must move freely towards an end you passionately conceive, at times making new rules for yourself, at times rejecting old ones, and allowing to convention only a kind of provisional or presumptive validity. The greatness of the Bible, its title to be called the Book *par excellence* lies in this, that it grasps firmly this fundamental antithesis, expounds and illustrates it exhaustively through a history of a thousand years, and leaves it in the act of revolutionising the world. It thus becomes the unique Epic of Human Action, the Book of Dead and Living Morality.

We associate this controversy of works and faith principally with the name of St. Paul and that last chapter of the Biblical history in which a local creed was generalised, so as to be capable of becoming the religion of the Roman Empire. But in reality the fifth act of the drama does not differ from the earlier acts, for the drama is one. That earlier rebellion against the authority of Scribes and Pharisees was, from our point of view, another aspect of the same controversy. It was precisely parallel to those transitions in literature or art when the commentatorial spirit is renounced, when free inspiration moves again, the yoke of authority is broken, and new leaders assert their equality or superiority to the most venerated names of the past. The same debate pervades the Old Testament as completely as the New. Everything there centres in the Law, everything turns on the way in which it is to be regarded. Is it final? Is it capable of development? Is it to be obeyed blindly, superstitiously? Or is it possible to enter into its spirit and render a liberal obedience to it? Nor is the controversy handled in a one-sided or fanatical spirit. It is recognised not only that the stereotyped letter is valuable, not only that it is to be protected at any sacrifice against foreign admixtures, and guarded with watchful zeal against neglect, but it is also admitted, even by the leading champions of freedom, that there is a period or stage of national life when law is predominant, that the

law is a pedagogue, and the like. And thus the transition, in which Ezra takes the lead, is in favour of the most punctilious legality, and a long period follows, in which the commentatorial spirit reigns, and the stream of inspiration runs shallower, until it dries up altogether.

When a great number of treatises in different styles and of different periods are presented to a reader as one book, nothing is more natural than that he should miss the clue to such a book, and find it difficult to distinguish what is episodical or accidental in it from what belongs to the main subject. Thus some readers of the Bible fix, as we have said, upon its revelations of a future state, and overlook the striking silence about a future state which most of the Biblical books preserve; others fix upon its miracles, though it is easy to quote from the New Testament passages in which the evidence of miracles is spoken of slightingly. Sceptics come and deny that the Bible has any unity at all, and no doubt we cannot without assuming a miracle think to discover in the Bible the same degree of unity as in a play of Shakespeare's. Still, even the Greek literature, taken as a whole, has a certain unity, and it was to be expected that the classics of the Jews, a nation so remarkable for the tenacity and continuity of their national life, should show a good deal more. What we find, if we read without prepossession, is precisely what we should expect. We find a history of the nation much more intense and ideal than other histories, in which therefore the fundamental lesson of history is more successfully brought out, in which it is shown how law disciplines those who are subject to it, until, after a long course of generations, there springs up a morality which is free, active, and energetic, because it is founded upon the religion of ideal humanity.

This unity of the Bible has nothing miraculous about it; on the other hand, it is entirely invulnerable by sceptical criticism. Considered as a collection of oracles the Bible is damaged by criticism; but this cannot matter much to those who believe that the express object of the Bible is to emancipate us from the dominion of oracles. The influence of the Greek and Latin classics is not now less than it was, perhaps it is even greater; and yet criticism has cancelled some centuries of the history of Greece and Rome as untrustworthy, and has denied the personality of Homer, while the authority of Aristotle has been long since renounced in the schools and in the theatre, new sciences and literatures have sprung up, and the last traces of the Roman Empire have disappeared from the systems of Europe. Just as indestructible by criticism or changes of opinion will the influence of the Bible, considered as a collection of classical books, prove; and that which is peculiar to it, and has caused it to be spoken of as one book rather than many, viz., the unity reigning through a work upon which so many generations laboured, gives it a vastness beyond comparison, so that the greatest work of individual literary genius shows by the side of it like some building of human hands beside the Peak of Teneriffe.

It stands there as a fragment, for if the struggle between two sorts of morality which it records be really so fundamental and universal wherever human beings pretend to any morality as we have represented it, evidently the record ought to be continued so as to embrace modern times. It ought to be related how the free morality, after being successfully revealed to the world, became the religion of races which were so far from being ripe for it, that they were but just ready for the legal stage; and how of necessity a new system of Christian legalism arose which reigned for centuries; how, after disciplining a barbarian world, this system, so powerful, though so radically self-contradictory, gave way, and the language of St. Paul about faith and liberty began to be intelligible again; how the tyranny of a church gave place to the less intolerable tyranny of a book, while the nations were preparing themselves to take up once again the freedom of those

who live not by rules but by religion, the religion of ideal humanity. It ought to be related also how, as we have before pointed out, the other forms of religion, too much kept down by the reigning religion of humanity, have asserted themselves—the Higher Paganism in the *Renaissance*, the religion of Deity in philosophy and science.

The historical course of things is never more than a rough approximation to what philosophers think ought to be, nor yet probably, though that is a very different thing, to what really ought to be. The Bible may not be in every particular such a book as a benevolent philosopher would write for a universal text-book of morality, though one may be allowed to suspect that it is infinitely better; ecclesiastical history may be so deeply disappointing, that we may be tempted to exclaim with Goethe, "*Mischmasch von Irrthum und von Gewalt!*" But if it appears that the morality of mankind, to be vigorous, must rest upon religion or the free worship of moral ideals, the world has not been altogether ill-guided in consecrating the book which is devoted to teaching this very doctrine, nor in organising, however imperfectly, those religious systems in which ideals of humanity are worshipped.

To be continued.

THE ITALIAN DRAMA.

III

THE MELODRAMA IN ITALY DURING THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES — APOSTOLO ZENO—METASTASIO.

A.D. 1600—1782.

"Il faut aller à ce palais magique
Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."

TIRABOSCHI, in the preface to his eighth volume, bids us observe that whereas the literature of Italy during the sixteenth century occupies three volumes of his history, that of the succeeding age is easily comprised in one. Nor does he attempt to disguise that whatever lustre this period may derive from grave scientific discoveries, it is rightly marked as an age of decadence in literature.

This remark seems particularly applicable to the drama of Italy, which, during this century, can stand no comparison with that of France, then carried to the zenith of its fame by Corneille, Racine, and Molière. Still, while we admit this, it must be remembered that in the preceding age Italian tragedy and comedy had both attained to a certain degree of merit before such compositions were even known by name in France.

Although the general style of the Italian Dramatic School of the seventeenth century is much to be deplored, Tiraboschi considers that there are some few exceptions to the rule which are worthy of passing notice. Several tragedies published by the Bolognese Melchiore Zoppio (died 1634), who was the founder of the Accademia de' Gelati in Bologna:—the *Tomiri* of Angelo Ingegneri, though it has more claim to our sympathy as the composition of the friend who preserved Tasso's works from destruction than on account of its own individual merit; the sacred Rappresentazione of *Adamo* by Andreini,[1] which is supposed to have suggested some of the most sublime ideas of *Paradise Lost*—the envy of Satan on beholding man's happiness in Paradise (book v.), the battle of the angels against Lucifer (vi.), the council of demons (*ibid.*): all these are to be found in the *Adamo*, whence it would seem that Milton has taken the gold, leaving behind the dross which disfigures the Italian tragedy. Two other rather obscure and unknown Italian, Rappresentazioni, *La Scena tragica d' Adamo e d'Eva*, by Troilo Benacense, and the *Angeleida* of Erasmo di Valvasore, are said to have also furnished Milton with some of those descriptive figures so unrivalled in their richness, which adorn the *Paradise Lost*.[2] The Italian critics bestow some approbation on the *Tancredi* of Rodolfo Campeggi (published 1614), and the *Solimano* of Prospero Bonarelli, a member of the Accademia degli Umoristi, which, like the more ancient Siennese institutions, was originally founded for the purpose of promoting the comic drama. Some fifty sacred and profane dramas by the Sicilian Ortensio Scamacca (died 1648) came next in order, while Sarpi's rival historian of the Council of Trent, the Cardinal Pallavicino found relaxation from his graver labours in writing a tragedy called *Ermengildo*. The list shall be completed by four tragedies, the works of Cardinal Giovanni Delfino—of which the first, *La Cleopatra*, was considered worthy of a place in the *Teatro Italiano*—and by the *Aristodemo* of Carlo de' Dottori, represented in Paris, 1657, by a celebrated actor, "Pietro Cotta, detto Clelio" with

[1] Giovanbattista Andreini, born 1578, published his *Adamo* at Milan, 1613, and dedicated it to Maria de' Medici.

[2] See Walker's *Hist. Memoir of Italian Tragedy*, pp. 160–175.

the intention of restoring the Italian tragedy to the high position which it had once occupied. But it was a vain effort, and still less can be said for the comedies of this century, which had degenerated into the lowest kind of buffoonery, without any attempt at unity of plot or delineation of character, and were universally bad, with the exceptions of *La Tancia* and *La Fiera*, two comedies by Michelangelo Buonarotti, a great-nephew of the famous sculptor.

As to the pastorali, *La Filla di Sciro*, by Guidobaldo della Rovere, is considered the only specimen of the seventeenth century which can bear any comparison with the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*, those great original models of this order of drama. Although if one of these, the *Pastor Fido*, is open to censure on the score of its occasionally artificial and affected style, the *Filla di Sciro* has copied this defect to an excess in accordance with the prevailing bad taste of the seventeeth century.

The deterioration of the drama during this period must in a great measure be ascribed to the predominant popularity of the melodrama, which had the effect of almost excluding for the time every other kind of dramatic representation from the stage. But this unbounded popularity, far from promoting the advance and improvement of the new discovery was so highly prejudicial to it as almost to cause its total and immediate destruction.

The melodrama very early lost the charm with which it had been invested by the graceful poetry of Rinuccini and the careful musical compositions of Caccini, Peri, and Mei. In the hands even of their immediate successors, these intellectual enjoyments were exchanged for the mere wonder excitable by startling scenical decorations, assisted by an almost stupendous apparatus of machinery.

If the authors who immediately succeeded Rinuccini had been content to follow in his steps, and like him had carefully weighed how far the effect of the melodrama upon the imagination might safely be assisted by this kind of scenic effect, they would have placed some check on their inventive faculties, and would thus have established a new kind of drama, pleasing to the fancy, without being at variance either with sound judgment or common sense.

But as it was, everything was sacrificed to the wonderful *mise-en-scène*.

The subjects were chosen for representation merely with this object in view. On this account they were chiefly taken from two sources—the mythology of the ancients and the romantic and legendary lore of the Middle Ages. In this last especially an inexhaustible store of scenery was to be found suggested by the enchanted palaces and forests, the tournaments, feats of arms, and manifold adventures of the knight-errant; while, of *dramatis personæ*, there was equal plenty in the magicians, giants, and dwarfs, fair maidens, and gallant knights and squires ever ready to succour "Beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness through Envy's snares or Fortune's freaks unkind."

It was an easy step to transport into the drama

> "Le donne, i cavalieri, l'armi, gli amori,
> La cortesie, l'audaci imprese,"

permanently engrafted into the literature of Italy by the immortal poems of Ariosto and Tasso, and there to invest them with all the pomp of splendid decoration and scenery which naturally appertains to them. The music which had now become inseparably connected with the poetry of these dramatic representations, combined to enhance the effect. But at first it was difficult to make the combination of the two arts assume either a natural or plausible appearance before the unaccustomed eyes of the audience.

Therefore the authors in choosing their arguments, either from the realms of fancy or mythology, purposely sought to place as wide a difference as possible between the spectators and the circumstances of the action of their drama, so that the improbability of the musical dialogue might not so conspicuously challenge the attention. Thus if it was

contrary to nature that the heroes and heroines should sing their parts instead of speaking them, they transformed their men and women into gods and goddesses; if the earth was an unlikely place for such conversations in music, they laid their scenes in the Elysium or Hades of mythology. Abandoning as hopeless the chance of awakening the interest of their audience by depicting character and passion, they sought only to gratify their eyes and ears, and despairing of satisfying their reason, appealed instead to their imagination.

But if the advance of poetry and music was thus thwarted and hindered by the imperative necessity of producing a drama which must depend for its success on the magnificence of its scenic effects, painting and architecture were in the highest request. The art of perspective, so indispensable to create the space and distance necessary to keep up the illusion of the scenery, was carefully cultivated in the various schools of painting in Italy, while architecture had ample space for its development in theatres worthy of Ancient Rome. To cite only two examples: The theatre at Piazzola, a small town ten miles from Padua, erected by Marco Contarini, was particularly famous for its capacious stage. In 1680 and 1681 there were representations which brought upon the scene triumphal cars, drawn by magnificent horses, 100 Amazons, and 100 Moors, hunts and tournaments, and every gorgeous spectacle of the kind. The theatre of Parma, built by the Duke Ranuccio Farnese, is perhaps the most conspicuous example of all. It was designed in the year 1618-19 by Giambattista Aleotti from an ancient model, and not only the general plan, but all the details were carefully fashioned from the classical accounts of the Greek and Roman theatres. It was afterwards enlarged by Bentivoglio, till in the year 1690, on the occasion of the festivities given for the marriage of Odoardo Farnese, it was calculated to contain 14,000 spectators. To this day, it is said, may be seen the syphons and conduits by means of which water, sufficient to float barks of a considerable size, was turned on the scene. On another occasion horses were made to perform military evolutions in such numbers that they appeared to represent a real army. Nevertheless the acoustics of this vast building are said to have been so perfectly managed that the ordinary tones of conversation could be heard as distinctly at the opposite end of the theatre as if shouted at the top of the voice.

Venice was especially distinguished among the cities of Italy by the magnificence of her musical and dramatic feasts, which prevailed during carnival, and attracted crowds of strangers to the city. One of these, *La Divisione del Mondo*, represented, 1675, by Giulio Cesare Corradi in the theatre of S. Salvadore, is a striking example of this kind of drama. Another, the *Pastore d'Anfiso*, displayed the Palace of the Sun, built in perfect architectural proportions, of crystals of dazzling brilliancy. A third, *Il Dario*, by Francesco Beverini, portrayed various striking scenes in the life of the Eastern monarch, his camp with elephants carrying towers filled with armed soldiers, the palace and terrace at Babylon, the pavilion of the king, the mausoleum of Ninus, and numerous cavalry and infantry drawn up in battle array. The *Glorie di Firenze* and the splendours of *Il Cielo di Cristallo* smiled on the nuptials of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while the royal palace at Turin was turned into a theatre to represent with due effect the various scenes of the double drama of *Il Vascello della Felicità e l'Arianna.*

It was indeed no wonder that an invention which combined the arts of poetry, music, painting, and architecture should have had such universal success and should have spread with marvellous rapidity over all the countries of Europe. France, Spain, England, Germany, and Russia lost no time in making this new and wonderful discovery their own.

But this paper can only afford to sketch, and that very slightly, its rise and progress in Italy.

The "melodrama," even in the debased form which it assumed during this century, was not only pleasing to the Italians on account of its novelty and varied charms, but also because it filled the total dramatic void of this period. The *Teatro Antico* had entirely decayed, and the theatre which then existed had, as we have seen, nothing to offer, either in tragedy or comedy, worthy of representation. It was, therefore, only natural that they should turn to the "melodrama," which held out so tempting and pleasing a prospect.

In this way its very defects, the extravagant scenic decoration, and the elaborate machinery by which it was oppressed and stifled during the seventeenth century, came to be considered as merits. The plot and style of the drama ceased to be of any importance, and the poets and musicians only vied with one another as to which could produce the greatest number of wonderful spectacles in one piece upon the scene.

But it was not in the nature of the divine arts of poetry and music to remain for any length of time in this slavish subserviency. Their triumph became directly manifest when the true poet and musician with heaven-born gifts arose to assert their claims, and the mere accessories of the melodrama assumed their right proportions and fell back into their proper place. No sooner did Apostolo Zeno appear than the taste for extravagant scenery began to give place to a desire for a higher order of dramatic composition. He was the first to replace the drama on its ancient footing of majestic decorum, to be quickly followed by Metastasio, whose melodious poetry was seconded by such sweet harmony as the great masters of the Neapolitan school of music knew best how to produce. But we must not omit to give a few moments' consideration to the poet who first prepared the way for this the climax of perfection in the melodrama.

Apostolo Zeno was born in Venice in 69. His father, Pietro Zeno, was a doctor of medicine; his mother, Catarina, belonged to the family of the Sevasti. His graver studies in history and various abstruse sciences—the fruit of which appears in his *Giornale de' Letterati*, still highly thought of in Italy—did not interfere with his attaining his greatest celebrity in that reform of the melodrama, already alluded to, which was so urgently needed. The graceful poetry of his lyric compositions recommended him to the notice of the Emperor Charles VI., who summoned him to Germany, intending to make him poet laureate of the Imperial Court. Charles VI. exercised an influence on the melodrama at the period of its revival so special as to be worthy of attention. It will be noticed by those who read the works of Apostolo Zeno and Metastasio that, with very rare exceptions, they have always been careful to bring their dramas to a happy conclusion, and the reason of this is easily explained. Both poets were under the direct influence of the Emperor, and were well aware that their patron could not endure a tragical end to the melodrama. He wished it laid down as a rule that in this order of dramatic composition the last impression left upon the minds of the audience should never be a melancholy one. The Imperial opinion became a law to the great masters of the reformed melodrama, and thus, in their hands, a guiding principle to their successors. Apostolo Zeno during his residence at the Imperial Court received constant marks of the Emperor's favour, for when he declined to displace the poet laureate of the day by accepting the honour which had been offered to him, the Emperor made him his historian. But notwithstanding these flattering distinctions, notwithstanding the deserved popularity of his dramas, Il Zeno felt a longing which he could not restrain to end his days in his native country. He obtained leave to return to Venice, there to enjoy the full stipend of his office, under the sole obligation of supplying the Imperial Court with a new drama every year. He died in 1750 at Venice. We must pass over his more profound

labours, his various biographies, his indefatigable efforts to improve the Italian language, his careful researches among old manuscripts, to speak of his dramas, with which this paper is especially concerned. In all these compositions, and they were sufficiently numerous to fill ten volumes, Apostolo Zeno was particularly careful in the choice of his "arguments." Thoroughly acquainted with historical lore, whenever its pages offered striking examples either of patriotic zeal, desire for glory, generosity of soul, fortitude in adversity, faithful friendship or tender compassion, he made use of them as fitting subjects for the drama in place of the extravagant nonsense which had been generally chosen for representation during the preceding century. His style is considered correct and sustained, his imagination fertile, his plots carefully developed. Sacred subjects were treated by him with a care and reverence hitherto unknown, for even in the spiritual oratorios first introduced by San Filippo Neri, at Rome, although the music was the work of the great masters, the poetry was considered of little or no consequence, and intrusted to indifferent writers. Apostolo Zeno bent all his powers to the task of investing the sacred dramas, so far as it was possible, with all the solemnity and dignity which their subjects would inspire. *Il Giuseppe, Il Sisara, Il Danielo, L'Ezechia, Davide,* contain some remarkably fine passages, and the paraphrase of the first chapter of Isaiah[1] in the *Profezie d'Isaia* is very striking:—

"Cieli, udite, udite o genti:
Iddio parla. Attenti, attenti—
Ho nudriti ed ho esaltati
Figli iniqui, e figli ingrati.

"Il giumento e il bue comprese,
Nel presepio il suo gran Dio.
Nol conobbe e non l'intese
Israello, il popol mio," &c.

Still it must be owned that Apostolo Zeno is more to be praised for the laborious industry with which he raised the melodrama out of the deplorable state into which it had fallen than for any very remarkable genius. Critics have found considerable fault with his dramas for the length of the scenes, the unnecessary multiplication of incidents, often sufficient to furnish two or three tragedies, the dryness and stiffness of his characters, and an occasional harshness of versification in passages intended for recitative. Perhaps, however, these defects did not seem so conspicuous till Metastasio appeared to complete with his unmistakable genius the reform which Zeno had begun, and to carry the melodrama to a perfection which it has since been impossible to surpass.

Pietro Trapassi—called Metastasio—was born in Rome, January 28, 1698. His parents, of humble origin and scanty means, stinted themselves in every way to provide for his instruction in the first rudiments of education. From his earliest years he was accustomed to recite scraps of Italian poetry. It is said that, when one day declaiming a favourite piece, he was accidentally overheard by Vittorio Gravina, one of the tragedians who had endeavoured, though without success, to raise the tone of the drama of the seventeenth century. Gravina knew how to appreciate in others the talents in which he was himself deficient. He undertook to educate the young Trapassi, and, having obtained the parents' leave, finally adopted him as his son. He changed his name from "Trapassi" to "Metastasio," a Greek word which, being equivalent to "trapassamento"—*i.e.* a transition from one state to another—was probably selected partly as a play upon the old name of his *protégé*, partly with reference to his change of circumstances. The patron had no occasion to repent of his benevolence. His adopted child, with every external advantage of looks and manner, a countenance beaming with intelligence, a sweet and melodious voice, was a general favourite, and his extraordinary gifts soon made him famous in Rome. Gravina was careful to cultivate the early promise of his ward by an excellent classical education; he encouraged him to employ

[1] "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken," &c.

original compositions, and the tragedy of *Giustino* (the only tragedy ever written by Metastasio) was composed at the age of fourteen, in compliance with his patron's request.[1] The plot was taken from Trissino's *Italia Liberata*, and the young author is scarcely to be blamed if he fell into the errors of languor and heaviness which had marred the original poem. Still the *Giustino* contains sufficient merit to make it an astonishing production for so young a writer, and to excite regret that he should never, in his more mature years, have attempted another tragedy. Metastasio, in common with the great classical poets of Italy, was destined for the law, and pursued with diligence the dry and difficult study of jurisprudence. But in 1718 the death of his patron left him at liberty to follow his own inclinations, which speedily diverged into those more pleasant paths of learning, the ancient classics and those of his own country. Among the latter Torquato Tasso was ever his favourite. Gravina filled up the measure of his benevolence by making his adopted son heir to all his worldly possessions, so that Metastasio was no longer in need of a profession to earn his livelihood. Among his numerous writings a touching tribute of gratitude to his patron is to be found in the poem, *La Strada della Gloria*,[2] written immediately after the death of Gravina, in which Gravina (whom he apostrophises with the fondest affection) appears to him in a dream, and bids him follow without ceasing the path to fame. The genius of Metastasio taught him that his special gifts would find their best scope in the improvement of the melodrama. This, once again brought within the rules observed by Rinuccini in his *Dafne*, and enhanced by music like that which was composed for it by Peri, Caccini, and Mei, appeared to Metastasio to offer a wide field for his exertions, and a prospect of new and glorious laurels. But his scheme met with a sudden check. Unaccustomed to wealth, and consequently believing that his inheritance could have no limit, he, in a short time, squandered so much of his fortune that he found himself once more compelled, by absolute necessity, to return to the study of the law, which he had abandoned with such delight. Leaving Rome and the false friends who had led him into his extravagant way of life, he repaired for this purpose to Naples, at that time famous for its school of jurisprudence. There were however other schools at Naples more congenial to Metastasio's taste. Three out of the four famous musical Conservatorios[3] were still in existence, whose pupils, at that time Gaetano, Jomelli, Caldara, Predieri, and Vinci, &c., would one day set his dramas to music.

Naples was in a state of festive gaiety to celebrate the birth of a daughter to the Emperor Charles VI., and Metastasio was selected as the poet to compose the drama which was to be represented in honour of the occasion. It was in vain that he refused, and at last, on the condition of his secret being strictly kept from his master of jurisprudence, he wrote *Gli Orti Esperidi*, his first melodrama. The universal applause excited by this drama made it impossible to keep the author's name a secret; more especially as the famous *cantatrice*, Maria Bulgarini, called "La Romanina," who had acted the part of Venus, declared she would leave no stone unturned till she had discovered the name of the poet who had won her such a shower of laurels. When at last her efforts were crowned with success, she used all her arts to persuade him to dedicate himself exclusively to the composition of the melodrama, for which he appeared to have so remarkable a talent. Metastasio could not withstand

[1] Metastasio protested against the publication of this tragedy with his other works, as quite unworthy to see the light. *Opere*, vol. x., p. 3. Paris edition of 1782.

[2] Vol. iii. p. 475:

"Del buon Maestro il venerato aspetto,
Riconosco la guancia scolorita,
Del lungo studio," &c., &c.

[3] 1. Conservatorio dei Poveri di Gesù Cristo. 2. Conservatorio di San Onofrio. 3. Conservatorio di Santa Maria di Loreto. 4. Conservatorio della Pietà dei Turchini.

her urgent entreaties; he finally abandoned the law, and gave himself once more heart and soul to an occupation for which he was in every way so eminently fitted. La Bulgarini insisted upon receiving him into her own family during the interval which must elapse before he could earn a sufficient livelihood by his new profession, and showered benefits upon him. At her house he learned from the great Porpora some of the science of music, and thus stimulated and encouraged, he wrote *La Didone Abbandonata*, in which La Bulgarini again performed the heroine's part, and drew tears from the eyes of the audience. It was afterwards represented in Russia before the Empress Catherine II., being set to music on that occasion by Galuppi of Venice. The Empress, at the conclusion of the piece, sent the great composer a present of a casket of rubies with a message to the effect that the unfortunate Dido, at the point of death, had left them as a legacy to him. La Bulgarini next transferred herself and family, always accompanied by her *protégé*, to Venice, and thence to Rome, where Metastasio's next composition, *Catone in Utica*, was represented. This drama was an exception to the now accepted law that the melodrama should end happily, and was censured on that account. Shortly after its representation a squib appeared inviting *La Compagnia della Morte* to give the corpse of Cato, now lying dead in the theatre, "a decent burial." Metastasio, nothing daunted, produced for the carnival of 1729 *L'Ezio* and *La Semiramide*, in the following year, *L'Alessandro nelle Indie*, and *L'Artaserse*, which have all been set to music,[1] some by good, some by indifferent masters. Later in life he improved these dramas, which, when they first appeared, had some of the defects of his early manner, a style too artificial, an intricacy of plot, and an occasional weakness of dialogue. By this time his fame was widely spread, and Apostolo Zeno, on taking leave of the Emperor, begged to propose as his successor the "best dramatic poet of Italy," the author of *Didone* and *Artaserse*. Metastasio was, in consequence, invited to the Imperial Court (1729) to fill the proud position of "Poeta Cesareo," with the offer of an annual salary of three thousand florins.

His first composition at Vienna was the oratorio of *S. Elena al Calvario*, a sacred drama on *The Invention of the Cross*,[2] set to music by Caldara, and represented in the Imperial Chapel during the Holy Week 1731. In this, as in all of his sacred dramas, there are many beautiful passages.[3] Those taken from the Old Testament are *Giuseppe riconosciuto*,[4] *L'Isaaco*,[5] *La Morte d'Abele*, *Gioas*,[6] in which he is said to have borrowed some ideas from Racine's *Athalie*. That from the New Testament, for the *Santissimo Natale*, recalls some of the varied and beautiful ideas of Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*. In that same year he composed *L'Olimpiade* and *Il Demofoonte*, two of his masterpieces, written in the best period of his second manner, showing more precision and simplicity in the dialogue, a greater sobriety of narration, and a combination of vigour and delicacy in the *ariette*. In 1734 Metastasio was engaged upon another sacred drama, *La Betulia Liberata*, treating of Judith and Holofernes, when intelligence reached him of the death of his friend and patroness, La Bulgarini, also that she had left him all her worldly possessions. But Metastasio at once renounced this second inheritance in favour of the husband of the famous *cantatrice*. He was deeply affected by the death of one who had been so real a benefactress, to whom, in fact, he owed his present fame, and *La Betulia Liberata* bears the stamp of the sorrow which her loss occasioned in him. It contains arguments worthy of a theo-

[1] Forty different compositions of *Artaserse*, and thirty-six of *Alessandro*, are quoted in Clement's *Dictionnaire lyrique*.

[2] Observed in our Calendar, September 14.

[3] *Giuseppe riconosciuto*, Metastasio, *Opere*, vol. 3, pp. 33, 54, 61. *Morte d'Abele*, *ibid.* 78, 82, 101.

[4] Set to music by Predieri, represented 1740.

[5] Set to music by Porsili, represented 1733.

[6] Set to music by Reutter, represented 1735.

logian as to the belief in the true God, winding up with the conclusive reply to the idolater's disbelieving questions.

> "Se Dio veder tu vuoi
> Guardalo in ogni oggetto,
> Cercalo nel tuo petto,
> Lo troverai con te.
>
> "E, se dov' ei dimora
> Non intendesti ancora,
> Confondimi, se puoi,
> Dimmi dov' Ei non è."[1]

He borrows all the ornaments of Eastern imagery to enrich his dialogue, while the beauty of the inspired words, "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," are recalled to our minds by the chorus—

> "Lodi al gran Dio, che oppresse
> Gli empj nemici suo,
> Che combattè per noi
> Che trionfo così."

La Clemenza di Tito (set to music by Caldara) was another production of this year, which Voltaire esteemed so highly as to declare that it rivalled the most sublime passages of Corneille and the most finished touches of Racine. Many others followed in quick succession, among others, *Le Cinesi*, his single comic opera.

In 1736, on the occasion of the marriage of Maria Theresa with Francis Duke of Lorraine, he wrote one of his cleverest and most amusing dramas, *L'Achille in Sciro*, in which, by representing the hero as torn in pieces by the passion of love contending with the desire for military glory, he seized the opportunity of paying the bridegroom a graceful compliment. It was not thrown away upon Francis, who in return offered to make the poet count, baron, privy-councillor, anything, in short, he liked. But Metastasio refused all honours, and continued steadily at work upon his dramas, which had now obtained a European fame. The death of Charles VI., the Seven Years' War which ensued, public calamities, and private infirmities arrested his labours for a time, but resuming them in 1749, he finished his *Attilio Regolo*, and sent it to Hasse to be set to music. It was his favourite production, and he used to declare that if he could only have saved one out of all his dramas he would have chosen the *Attilio*. To the general reader it does not offer so much attraction as many others. After this his poetical genius did not reach any loftier summit of perfection. He sustained his second manner through the *Re Pastore*, the *Trionfo di Clelio*, the *Nittetti*, *Romolo*, *L'Atenaide*, and *L'Egeria*, composed for the coronation of the Emperor Joseph, in which Maria Theresa said she recognised the undiminished vigour of his great genius.[2] But in his declining years he had a third manner inferior to the second, of which *La Festa Teatrale* and *Il Ruggiero* are the most favourable specimens. Two odes, one of sympathy with the Empress on the loss of her husband, the other in praise of her villa at Schönbrunn, procured him two notes of graceful compliment from Maria Theresa;[3] nor must we pass over the slight thread which connects him with the youngest Archduchess of Austria, afterwards the beautiful Dauphine, and finally the noble and hapless Queen of France. The undying sympathy which her fate must ever excite bids us pause with affectionate interest over the well-known couplet with which Metastasio ushered her birth into the world,[4] and the graceful *Complimenti*, as they were called, which he wrote for her to repeat when only five years, to celebrate her parents' respective birthdays, in the year 1760. They were set to music by Hasse, and arranged by Metastasio as a miniature drama, to be performed by the two sisters, Maria Carolina, afterwards Queen of Naples,

[1] *La Betulia Liberata*, parte seconda, p. 545. The writer has refrained from translating Metastasio's *arietta*, partly because they would lose so much of their grace and delicacy in the process, partly because they are so simple in their beauty that any one can understand them.

[2] Vol. vi., *Opere di Metastasio*, p. 260.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 263.

[4] Vol. xi., p. 273. To the Empress Maria Theresa:

> "Io perdei: l'augusta Figlia
> A pagar mi ha condannato
> Ma s' è ver che a Voi somiglia,
> Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato."

and Marie Antoinette. The heavier of the two parts seems to have fallen on Maria Carolina, then eight years old, who tries to prepare her sister for the august ceremony, to which the youngest archduchess replies—

"Prepararmi e perchè?
Arciduchessa I. Che dirai?
Arciduchessa II. Io gli dirò che l' amo,
Ch' essergli cara io bramo,
Che m' ami io gli dirò,
Ch' altro nel cor non ho." [1]

In the beautiful edition of Metastasio, published at Paris in 1780, and dedicated to Queen Marie Antoinette, a few graceful stanzas by Giuseppe Pezzana recall to her memory how in her childhood Metastasio used to teach her his *soave note*, and beg her to smile upon this new edition of his works from that lofty throne which she now adorns with every grace and virtue.

After the death of Maria Theresa, the Emperor Joseph continued to extend the same favours to Metastasio which he had enjoyed during the two preceding reigns, but his long and distinguished life was fast drawing to a close, and on the 12th of April, 1782, he died at Vienna, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Metastasio is considered by the greatest of his native critics to have surpassed all the other dramatic poets of Italy in the delicacy with which he has painted the passions, and the refinement with which he has expressed the affections of his *dramatis personæ*. There is no depth of the soul which his eloquence does not reach, no secret feeling which does not respond to his touch, and on this account he was prized by all readers, of all ages, and all conditions of life. This tender feeling may be said to be the leading feature of all his poetical works; but although his lyrics [2] would alone have won for him distinguished laurels, his fame really rests upon his dramas, which of their special kind are models of excellence. The plot of each drama naturally and simply unfolds itself—a verse, a word even, often suffices to make it clear. From the very beginning he is careful to inform the audience what it is needful for them to know, explaining the past and present, and preparing the way for the future with an ease and a dexterity quite unrivalled by any other dramatic poet. The opening scenes of the *Temistocle* and the *Artaserse* are worth referring to as specimens of this peculiar merit. The dialogue is smooth and rapid, avoiding equally the long narratives of the tragedians of the sixteenth century, and the ambitious ornaments of the modern French school, and bringing that vivacity of action on the scene which is the very life of dramatic representation. The plots are so carefully worked out that even those melodramas which were prepared with an especial view to musical rendering can be given, equally well and with the same effect, when merely recited. He has left his own opinion on record as to the secondary place which music should occupy in the melodrama. "When music," he says, "aspires to hold a position of equal importance with poetry in the drama it ruins the drama as well as itself. It would be as great an absurdity to suppose that the dress of the person is of as much consequence as the individual himself. My dramas are proved, throughout Italy, by daily experience, to be more sure of a good reception when recited by actors than when musically rendered." [3] In this same letter he refers to the amount of music employed in the old Greek tragedies, a subject upon which he enlarges at full length in his careful extract from the *Poetics* of Aristotle. This extract, or rather analysis, was made in the first instance for his own instruction to guide him in the composition of his dramas, according to those strict rules of art which he was always careful to maintain. It was afterwards printed at the request of his friends. The operas which are best known to have been also declaimed are the *Didone*, the *Clemenza di Tito*, *Siroe*, *Catone in Utica*, *Dem foonte*, and *Alessandro nelle In*

[1] Vol. xi. p. 256.

[2] See especially his Ode to the Spring. *Gia riede Primavera*, *Opere*, vol. ii. p. 525.

[3] *Lettere sopra la Musica*, vol. ix., p.

Goldoni, in his youth, was asked, when at Feltri, to choose a a drama for representation, and he selected the *Didone* and the *Siroe*, which were accordingly represented, but *senza musica misi soltanto le arie in recitativo.*[1] On these occasions the final choruses were omitted, but the airs were retained as connecting links of the dialogue. Indeed the Italian language, whose very prose is poetry, and whose poetry is music, almost naturally falls into recitative, and the ease with which Metastasio's compositions adapt themselves either to the opera or the drama would seem to prove this point. Again, the constant transposition of the parts of speech gives the Italian language an immense advantage, when employed either in oratory, poetry, or music, because the arrangement of the words is not governed by the natural order of the ideas, but according as the rounding of the period best pleases the ear. Take, for example, the opening lines of the *Orlando Furioso*, already once cited in this paper, "*Le donne, i cavalieri,*" &c. Every one perceives how the harmony of the verse is perfected by placing the words "*io canto*" at the end. Place them at the beginning, in their natural grammatical position, and who would recognise the pen of the immortal Ariosto? Of course this, like every other rhetorical art, is liable to be abused, as in truth it was by the *Cinquecentisti*, the *Speronis*, *Dolces*, and *Casas* of the sixteenth century. But Metastasio knew well how to avail himself of this inversion peculiar to the Italian language without carrying it to excess. He knew also how to make full use of the other great facilities for poetry in which it was naturally prolific, the imitative character of its phrases, the richness and variety of its terminations, the flexibility afforded by the augmentatives and diminutives, and profiting by each and all of these advantages, he wove them into a style so clear and sparkling, into verses so flowing and melodious, that without the effort of learning them they remain indelibly impressed on the mind. Not only did Metastasio overcome the difficulty of expressing with freedom and vigour in poetry those shades of affection and desire which it would have been no easy task to clothe in the ordinary language of prose, but he also contended successfully with the difficulty especially connected with his order of poetry, namely, that of adapting it to the music on which the success of the melodrama must in a great measure depend. Every sort of arbitrary rule interfered to hamper his genius—the supposed necessity of limiting each drama to a certain number of verses, of making each scene end with an air; the prohibition that one air should follow another on the lips of the same personage, the restriction of the *recitative*, within brief limits broken by the alternate speeches of each person as he appears on the scene, and many other artificial and irksome laws, which, however unnecessary they may appear, had to be carefully considered and adhered to by the then writers of the musical drama. These were some of the difficulties with which he battled, and over which he won so complete a triumph, that Italy is not only indebted to him for his compositions as a poet, but also for the high summit of musical perfection attained by the melodrama during this century.

The famous composers of the age were no doubt to a great extent inspired by Metastasio's genius. They caught, as it were, the rays of his brilliant poetical fancy, in order to reflect them and repeat them to their own divine art; and no one ever succeeded better than Metastasio in making the Italian language lend itself to the requirements of music. Discarding all words which were unsuitable for song, either from their length or from the harshness of their sound, he chose only those which, by their sweetness, or by the position of their accent, as in *ardì, piegò, sarà*, were peculiarly adapted for musical rendering. He divides the verses to shorten the periods and render the pause more agreeable; he makes a discreet use of the rhyme, so as to please the ear, without becoming monotonous. Then, seconded by music, he has the

[1] *Mem. del Sig. Goldoni*, t. i., p. 98.

art of making his verses exactly accord with the affections he wishes to describe. If he would paint the enervating influence of the tender passion, each line seems to shadow forth the fulness of a feeling which can scarcely find utterance in speech;[1] the full, quick throb of courage, and his words succeed each other with bounding rapidity;[2] the delighted measure of hope; the low, sullen sounds of despair; the loud clash of anger; the dread blast of revenge; the soul-subduing voice of dejected pity; the veering song of jealousy, which now courted love, now, raving, called on hate; or the mingled measure of pale melancholy, which stole

"O'er some haunted stream with fond delay
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing
In hollow murmurs died away."[3]

Thoroughly understanding the character of the opera, Metastasio knew how to make it combine the claims of lyrical and dramatic poetry. It is to be noticed how carefully he reserves his figures and metaphors for his narrative and descriptive scenes, never employing them when he wishes to make the affections speak. How rarely he introduces his comparisons into the *recitative*, leaving them for the *ariette* when the music requires imagery and warmth. We will select only one, and that the most perfect specimen, of the countless examples of lyric beauty which his dramas afford:—

"L'onda dal mar divisa
Bagna la valle, il monte
Va Passagiera
In Fiume,
Va Prigionera
In Fonte.
Mormora sempre, e geme
Finchè non torna al mar,
Al Mar dov' ella nacque,
Dove acquistó gli umori,
Dove dai lunghi errori
Spera di riposar."[4]

We have seen how perfect was the harmony established by Metastasio between music and poetry, but he did not rest satisfied until he had made the sister art of painting also contribute her services to perfect his work. The dexterity shown by him in managing this interesting portion of the melodrama is worthy of attention. His careful choice of the circumstances of his scenery, the masterly manner with which he varies the local situations, the study of contrast in those scenes which appeal more to the eye than to the ear, the intimate knowledge of the geographical position, manners, customs, dress of the different nations—everything, in short, which may lawfully enhance the effect of his *mise-en-scène*, every sort of ingenious contrivance, every kind of pleasing picture may be found in the scenical directions for his dramas.

These were some of the striking features of the great reform worked by Metastasio in the taste of Italy, but the high religious and moral tone of his works exercised a still more beneficial, as well as a more lasting, influence over his country. Never, surely, was the truth conveyed to men's minds in more *molli versi* than by him. Never was virtue depicted in more amiable or more glowing colours than in those characters which he places before us for our imitation.

Apart from his manifold charms, this alone would suffice to maintain him his place in the opinion of worthy minds, more especially as the effect is spontaneous, and not forced, as it is in some of the French dramatists. It seems to be the self-evident conclusion of each dramatic work; as, for instance, in the *Ezio*, where the whole moral of the play naturally sums itself up in the concluding lines:—

"Della vita nel dubbio cammino,
Si smarrisce l'umano pensier,
L'innocenza è quell' astro divino,
Che rischiara fra l'ombre il sentier."

Then, if we consider his power in representing the affections, no one has depicted them with more grace and delicacy, so that Metastasio has eve been the favourite author whose worl

[1] *Zenobia*, act ii. sc. 5.
[2] *Olimpiade*, act iii. sc. 4.
[3] Collins's *Ode to the Passions.*
[4] *Artaserse*, act iii. sc. 1.

all alike may read and enjoy. No one knew so well how to appeal to the heart; no one could better invest his characters with the motives which would naturally guide them. His touches are always those of a great master — clear, distinct, tender, and sublime.

Perhaps this extreme facility may have occasionally led him into a snare. He has been reproached with introducing too great a number of romantic episodes into one piece. Not content with one primary plot or passion, on which the whole drama turns, he gives each of the subordinate characters—as, for example, in the *Semiramide*—its separate romance; so that in these secondary positions it becomes hackneyed, frivolous, and insipid. The passion of Timante for Dircea (*Demofoonte*) is real, pathetic, tender to the last degree; so is the primary romance in the *Zenobia* and the *Temistocle:* but when all the subordinate characters play the same part, the force of the predominant interest of the play is weakened.

This is the principal cause of the want of power in Metastasio's characters—a want which is sometimes made more apparent by the smooth, gliding verses and the tripping *ariette* in which the courtly poet makes his Roman and Carthaginian heroes, to say nothing of the one-eyed monster, Polypheme, pay their addresses to their respective ladies.

To the same cause may be attributed an occasional superfluity of scenes, merely inserted for the sake of giving fresh scope for his favourite passion, and which, far from advancing the general action of the drama, only retard it, break the unity, and divert the threads which were converging towards the central point of interest. These slight defects might be illustrated by passages from the dramas, but the space has been already occupied with the more pleasing task of pointing out beauties which are quite inimitable, and before which these trifling flaws fade into insignificance.

His justly-earned fame won him not only the unanimous applause of his own country, but also that of most of the crowned heads of Europe, who invited him to their courts, and vied with one another how best to do him honour; but he remained faithful to the German sovereigns who had first befriended him, and who had bestowed upon him the proud title of "Poeta Cesareo," which he enjoyed for so many years. Pure and loyal in the midst of the temptations of a courtier's life, free from the ambition and envy which sometimes mar the character of great literary men, modest when applauded to the skies, he preserved that gentleness and simplicity of character which, often transpiring in his verses, imparts to them so much of their charm. He proved the truth of his own maxim—

"Un alma grande
È teatro a se stessa. Ella in segreto
S'approva, e si condanna,
E placida, e sicura
Del volgo spettator l'aura non cura."
Artaserse, act ii. sc. 2.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

To be continued.

THE BOGIES OF BULGARIAN SONG.

If, as sung by their own countrymen, the brigands of Bulgaria[1] are worse than any brigands that are to be found elsewhere, something analogous may be said of the elves proper to Bulgarian superstition, the native bards still being taken as authorities. Perhaps they are not quite so original in their badness, but every malignant quality recorded in faëry lore they have taken good care to secure. No Bulgarian Cinderella could have found a godmother to turn a pumpkin into a coach-and-six; no amiable figure presents itself that a Countess d'Aulnoy could have rendered presentable at the court of the Grand Monarch, and that Mr. J. R. Planché could have introduced into one of his elegant burlesques. There are none of those playful tiny fays who are distinctly visible to the mind's eye of a reader of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and can be but gawkily represented on the stage. Pleasant spirits, who keep in order the household of an industrious family when everybody is fast asleep, are not to be found. But all that belongs to child-stealing and that sort of thing we have in abundance. Take, for instance, our mischievous Puck, intensify his mischief into deliberate malignity, turn "Robin Goodfellow" into "Robbing Badfellow," and unsex him quite, and you will arrive at something that approximates to the terrible Samodivas of Bulgaria, who may as well be introduced in a native ballad:—

Where the sun is setting,
There a young maiden lies asleep,
On a spot of danger fast asleep,
On the spot where dance the Samodivas,
Where the cowherds often stop.
When from sleep the maiden woke,
Close to her three girls were sitting
And these girls were Samodivas.
Thus the first of them begins:
"Let us take Marika, let her
Be the priestess of the Samodivas."
But the second thus objected:
"Nay, how can we take Marika,
When she is her mother's only child,
Being son and daughter to her both?"
Out then boldly spake the third:
"Such a child is suited but for us;
We prefer an only child,
For we like to make a mother weep
Every Monday at the trough,
Every Tuesday in the little garden,
In the garden, likewise in the field,
In the field and in the vineyard too."
Then they all said to Marika:
"Quickly raise thyself, Marika,
Raise thyself and hasten home,
Tell thy mother
That we have resolv'd to make thee
Priestess of the Samodivas;
Thou shalt come into our country
See how happy is our life;
Never do we weave or spin,
Every day brings dance and fiddles,
Every day brings hearty feasting;
Tell thy mother all we tell thee,
She will surely be delighted."
To her home returned Marika,
And she told all to her mother;—
Then her soul at once departed.

The particular malignity shown by the third Samodiva, when she reflects on the misery caused to a mother, may be compared to the joy felt by a Bulgarian brigand when he remembers how many families he has plunged into grief. The especial honour conferred on poor Marika should not, however, pass unnoticed. The word in the original corresponding to "priestess" is "popadia," the title commonly given to the wife of a pope or priest. M. Dozon, the great authority in these matters, says that he never met a priestess of the Samodivas elsewhere. In one of his comedies Congreve mentions the chaplain to an atheist.

The wrath of the Samodivas when under the influence of their most violent moods is shown in a ballad treating

[1] Vide *The Brigands of Bulgarian Song*, p. 362.

of the unhappy lot of one of those very numerous young gentlemen named Stoïan :—

To Stoïan his mother said :
"Stoïan, my son, pray heed me,
Take care not to drive your flock
Through the Samodiva's forest.
If, however, thou must go there,
Do not play thy flageolet,
Lest, perchance, thou may'st be heard
By the savage Samodiva,
Who may come to fight with thee."
Stoïan paid no attention,
But at once he drove his flock
Through the Samodiva's forest ;
And he played the flageolet,
And he call'd the Samodiva
With him on the spot to wrestle.
Then the Samodiva came,
As a boy with hair dishevelled,
And they clapp'd their hands and closed ;
And for three whole days they wrestled.
Stoïan had nearly conquered,
When the Samodiva shouted :
"Hear me, hear me, sisters, tempests,
Stoïan will overcome me !"
Down then came the elements,
Fiercely raged the hurricanes,
Till they lifted up Stoïan,
Till upon a branch they fixed him ;
And from tree-top unto tree-top
He was whirl'd and torn to pieces,
While his flock abroad was scatter'd.

The theory that the Samodiva is primarily an impersonation of the hurricane receives confirmation from the song. But it must not be laid hold of as a master-key, by means of which a natural interpretation of every wild story may be obtained, since the instances where it utterly fails are numerous. There is nothing of the hurricane, for example, in the Samodiva of the following ballad, who, strange to say, is of a benevolent disposition :—

A hero, a Pomak, has gone to the accursed war,
The war against the Tatars.
He is wounded by three hundred balls,
By three hundred balls—three Tatar arrows.
Into a deep vale the hero fell,
Into a deep vale at the foot of a green tree ;
And upon the tree sat a falcon.
Stretch'd on the black soil the hero groan'd,
And his voice ascended to the sky.
Then the falcon thus began to say :
"Die, Pomak, die, gallant pallikar,
I shall eat thy milk-white flesh,
I shall drink thy crimson blood."
Anger'd was the wounded pallikar,
Thus spoke out the brave Pomak :
"Silence, bird, and irritate me not,
Let me not envenom all my wounds."
But the falcon said again :
"Die, Pomak, die, gallant pallikar,
I shall eat thy milk-white flesh,
I shall drink thy crimson blood."
The wounded hero now was moved to wrath ;
He crawl'd along upon his hands,
He reach'd his long Albanian gun,
And fired upon the falcon.
The falcon fell into the valley deep.
On the black soil the falcon groan'd,
And its voice ascended to the sky.
The wounded hero said :
"Groan, thou bird, we'll groan together ;
Lie there, bird, we'll lie together ;
Die, thou bird, we'll die together."
The pallikar was tired of lying there,
Wounded as he was, and shouted :
"Where art thou, my sister, Samodiva ?
Come, my sister, come and heal me."
And the Samodiva heard him,
Started forth, and soon was at his side ;
Washed the wounds those hundred balls had made,
And the wounds of those three Tatar arrows ;
Gather'd simples known to Samodivas,
Bound his wounds and healed them in a day,
That he might rise and go
Once again to battle with the Tsar.

This excellent Samodiva is so very unlike Samodivas in general that the reader should be apprised of the fact that, in the very manuscript which contained the original of the above song M. Dozon found another, in which the wounded pallikar, after holding a similar dialogue with a bird and breaking its wing, was by this very bird healed of his many hurts. Notable, too, are the name Pomak, which is commonly used to denote a Bulgarian who has adopted the Mohammedan religion, and the circumstance that the hero calls upon the Samodiva as his sister. The fairy, perhaps, had Turkish proclivities, and the benevolence which in our ignorance we admire may have been a sign of unmitigated depravity. In that case the Tsar would be the Sultan; but it is also considered probable that he was one of the ancient emperors of Bulgaria. Nevertheless, all that purports to belong to antique Bulgaria is so extremely uncertain, that unless we intend to devote ourselves to a very rigid investigation, the less we have to do with it the better. We are not yet

prepared for the great Bulgarian monarch Iskander and his horse Bucephalus.

A ballad which treats of the marriage of a Samodiva against her will is worth mentioning, although the subject belongs to a family spread all over Europe, if only for the sake of one little peculiarity. While one of the Stoïans, we learn, was playing on the flute, he observed three Samodivas come bathing under circumstances very similar to those under which Aktæon incurred the wrath of Artemis. He surreptitiously possessed himself of the garments which they had cast aside before going into the water, and when they had returned to the bank, they all begged him to restore them :—

The eldest said :
"Stoïan, return my garments :
For I have a dread stepmother
Who assuredly would kill me."
Stoïan made no reply,
But he gave her back her garments.
To him then the second said :
"Stoïan, return my garment :
It is new, and I have brothers
Who would slay both thee and me."
Stoïan made no reply,
But he gave her back her garment.
Then the third, by name Marika,
Spoke in turn to Stoïan :
"Stoïan, return my garment :
Pray restore my wondrous garment :
I'm my mother's only child,
To her I'm both son and daughter ;
Then, Stoïan, do not think
To take to wife a Samodiva.
She would not mind thy house,
Would not heed thee or thy children."
Stoïan then mildly answered :
"'Tis for such a girl I'm seeking,
For a mother's only child."
Then he took her home forthwith,
And with other garments clad her.
Then he duly married her,
And the witness was St. John.

That is to say, St. John placed upon the bride's head the crown (venetz) which is worn during the ceremony. When Stoïan had been married about three years his wife gave birth to a male child, to whom St. John, in accordance with custom, was godfather. A great feast was held on the occasion of the baptism, when an odd notion occurred to St. John. He suggests that Stoïan should play upon his bagpipe in order that his wife may dance after the manner of the Samodivas. Stoïan plays as requested, and Marika dances like an ordinary mortal ; but this does not satisfy St. John, who asks her why she will not dance after the fashion of her race. She informs him that she cannot do so without her pristine garments, and instructs St. John to persuade her husband to give them. The poor man, who thinks that she has settled down, allows himself to be talked over by the saint ; but no sooner is Marika in possession of the clothes, than she suddenly makes a pirouette.

And she hurries up the chimney,
Takes her stand upon the house-top,
Hisses like a Samodiva ;
And at last says to her husband :
"Stoïan, I plainly told thee,
Houses suit not Samodivas."
Then she leapt on high and went
To the solitary forests,
The abode of Samodivas."

The naturally spiteful disposition of the Samodivas appears in the sudden obliteration of all feeling for human ties which pervades her farewell speech, and it is strange that she finds such a ready ally in the person of St. John.[1] Very different is the spirit of a story, belonging to the same large family, brought from Finland by Dr. Bertram. In this a hunter, separating himself from his comrades, pursues a reindeer into the courtyard of a house, situated in a deep forest, which proves to be the residence of the Sylvan God Tapio, who becomes his friend at once. When the following morning arrives, he cannot find his snow-shoes, but Tapio, instead of giving them, asks him if he would rather become his son-in-law, and remain where he is.

The proposal is accepted with delight, and the hunter becomes the husband of Tapio's only daughter, Annikka. After

[1] It depends upon which St. John is intended. If St. John the Baptist, the wild Bedouin prophet of the desert and the representative of the fierce Elijah, there is little or no inconsistence ; and the dancing of Marika may be connected with the dancing of the daughter of Herodias which led to St. John's death.—EDITOR.

the lapse of three years, during which a child has been born, he is seized with a desire to return home, and Tapio, when informed of it, says that his desire shall be gratified if he will make for him a satisfactory pair of snow-shoes. After two failures the hunter, following the advice of a judicious little bird, performs the appointed task. He is to be accompanied by his wife and child, and his father-in-law, who undertakes to provide them on their route, enjoins him to stop and pass the night wherever he finds a fitting spot, at the same time warning him to make his temporary lodging thick, that it may not be penetrated by the light of the stars. This advice given, Tapio glided off in his new shoes, and soon afterwards the hunter, his wife and their child, took their departure in a sledge, following the foot-marks of their guide in the snow. Late on that and the following evenings, they found two fitting resting places, with a roasted deer by way of repast, and on each occasion made themselves a hut of the proper density. On the third evening they found only a roasted bird left for their refreshment, whence the hunter concluded that they must be near home, and, rendered careless by delight, laid the branches less thickly together. Sad to say, when he awoke in the morning his wife had fled. She had not been able to resist the fascination of the stars when they twinkled through the branches, and the spirits of the forest and the air bore her away from her mortal husband to return to her equals. The trace of Tapio's feet had also disappeared, and the hunter sat a desolate man in the front of his hut, staring listlessly before him. All his love for the chase had departed, and although a deer darted by, it passed almost unnoticed. But in the morning there was a roasted bird at the fire, with which he refreshed himself and his little son, and then returned to his position in the front of his hut; and in this manner, whole years flowed away, every morning a meal was ready, and every day a deer flitted by. This deer was Annikka herself, who had assumed that shape to bring food to her former husband, and to see her child, and she never looked upon them without tears in her eyes. When the son had grown up he displayed more than ordinary talent, made a sort of telescope out of a hollow reed, and was thus enabled to conduct the hunter to his native home. He has a name in mythical history as the ancestor of the Lapplanders; but the story is cited here for the sake of contrasting the Bulgarian Samodiva, who leaves her husband and child with a malignant hiss, and the woodland goddess of the Finns, who, after she has returned to her pristine state, continues to watch over the objects of her early affections.

Very closely allied to the Samodivas is the dragon (*zmeï*), to whom there are a corresponding female and young ones. There is a ballad in which one is confounded with the other, and perhaps both ought to be classed under the common head "Youda," which seems to denote an elementary spirit, and which, as M. Dozon conjectures, possibly takes its name from Judas Iscariot, who might easily be associated with the evil agencies of a spiritual world. Both Samodiva and dragons are assailed by spells with doubtful success. The following ballad recounts a failure:—

To fetch water Rada went one day
To the fountain of the dragons.
When she was returning home,
Two dragons met her on her way,
Two dragons—forms of fire.
The elder dragon passed her by,
The younger dragon stopp'd her;
His thirst he at her pitcher quench'd,
Then thus he spake to Rada:
"Rada, Rada, pretty pet,
Ev'ry evening when thou comest
Thou hast brought with thee a posy
Gayer than thou bringst me now."
To the dragon thus said Rada:
"Dragon, pray, thou fiery creature,
Prithee, dragon, let me pass,
And no longer keep me here;
For my mother is bedridden,
Grievous is her suffering,
And she stands in need of water."
Then to Rada said the dragon:
"Hear me, young and lovely Rada,
Tell thy falsehoods to another,

But ne'er tell them to a dragon;
For the dragon's flight is lofty,
And the dragon's sight is piercing;
Just now I pass'd above thy house,
There in the upper room thy mother,
The sorceress, the witch, is seated;
There for thee she makes a garment,
Sewing to it all the herbs,
All the herbs that waken hate,
Herbs that lead to separation.
That I may hate thee, my Rada.
She, the sorc'ress, the enchantress,
Charms the forest and the water.
She a living snake has taken,
Into a new pot has put it.
Has beneath it kindled charcoal,
Of white charcoal is the fire,
And the snake has writh'd and twisted,
Hissed and twisted in the vessel,
While thy mother spoke her charms:
'Even as the snake is writhing,
Thus Bulgarians, and Turks too,
Writhe, and make the dragon hate her;
Hate her, follow her no more.'
As the charm is not completed
I have come to take thee now."
Scarcely had the dragon finished,
When aloft he carried Rada,
Even to the sky above,
To the caverns that are yawning
On the highest mountain-tops.

The subject of the following ballad seems to me extremely curious:—

Stoïan is soundly rated
By his mother, loudly scolded:
"Stoïan, son Stoïan,
What betokens this strange conduct?
We have had our youthful days,
We have known the time of courtship,
But we ne'er saw aught so strange
As your conduct, son Stoïan.
Thou go'st up and down the village,
And thou call'st upon Malamka:
'Serve my breakfast hot, Malamka,
Give me, likewise, a good dinner,
And, Malamka, a good supper,
For I shall not go back home,
Shall not breakfast there my breakfast,
There I shall not dine my dinner,
There I shall not sup my supper.'"

[In the last three lines cited above, an instance is given of an idiom very common with the Bulgarians, by which the notion embodied in the verb is repeated in a substantive. This of course corresponds to a well-known Græcism, of which ἥδομαι τὰς μεγίστας ἡδονάς may serve as an example. In English we have the analogous expression, "Fight a good fight."]

Stoïan was moved to shame,
And to God this prayer he offer'd:
"Change me, change me, I implore Thee,
To what animal Thou wilt.
To an eagle, grey and white,
I would soar into the skies,
And let all think I was lost;
Would descend then as an eagle
To the garden of Malamka."
God received his prayer with pity,
And transform'd him to an eagle.
Then he soar'd into the clouds,
Then descended and alighted
In the garden of Malamka.
She was there transplanting flow'rs,
And Stoïan drew the water
Which Malamka scatter'd o'er them.
Now the mother of Stoïan,
When her son had disappear'd,
To Malamka's dwelling went,
There to see if he were hidden,
And walk'd straight into the garden.
Fiercely spake she to Malamka:
"Thou hast driven my boy away."
Stoïan approach'd his mother,
As an eagle grey and white,
And caress'd her with his wings;
And his mother recognized him,
And his wings she tore away.

It will be observed that in the above ballad there is no mention of Samodiva or dragon. Malamka simply appears as a mortal girl more than ordinarily attractive, and her lover prays to become an eagle, that he may reside in her garden. It is the Deity Himself who grants his request. Still his affection for his mother is not extinct, as he shows by his caresses. Is the conjecture permissible that the story is not quite perfect; that Malamka is not quite so innocent as she looks; and that we ought to know what became of Stoïan after his wings had been pulled out by his too-devoted mother?

Most classical of the "bogies" of Bulgaria, as I have pleased to call them from their resemblance to the mythical terrors of the nursery, is the Lamia (λαμία), who seems to have come from the Greeks. In one of the accounts of the Skylla, that well-known monster who, associated with Charybdis, has acquired a proverbial reputation, is the daughter of Lamia. The beings here especially referred to commonly reside in wells and lakes, and concede the use of the waters in consideration of a tribute of human victims, generally young girls. One of them very appropriately appears in a ballad, in w

the principal figure is St. George, and which, we learn, is one of the numerous songs sung in Bulgaria on the festival of that saint:—

St. George has sallied forth,
Early in the morning of St. George's day,
That he may cross the country while the corn
is green.
To meet him, lo! a fallow Lamia comes,
A fallow Lamia with three heads.
Thus begins St. George to speak:
"Take thou heed, thou fallow Lamia,
I shall wield my golden mace,
And shall smite off thy three heads;
Thence three torrents will rush forth,
Torrents of the blackest blood."
But the fallow Lamia turned not,
So the saint brought forth his mace,
And struck off the heads all three;
Thence three streams came rushing out,
Torrents of the blackest blood.
For the labourers was the first,
Yielding finest corn;
For the shepherds was the second,
Yielding freshest milk;
For the vine-dressers the third,
Yielding noble wine.
Master of this house, arise,
'Tis to thee we sing,
Pray to God for thy good health,
And all sorts of happiness.

M. Dozon makes mention of another ballad, in which St. George still more closely resembles the hero of the "Seven Champions," rescuing a lady corresponding to Sabra. Moreover the Lamia throws up, living, all the girls whom she has devoured during three years.

So much for the "bogies" of Bulgarian song; and I close the article with an obviously Christian ballad, which has nothing to do with them, save that it is contained in the same collection as the above, simply because it seemed too pretty and too remarkable to be passed over:—

A mother had a daughter,
A daughter named Ianka;
Since the day that she was born
Docile she has ever been.
Poor Ianka now is sick.
At her side her mother sits,
At her pillow sits her father.
The Lord has sent His angels
Down into this lower world,
Here to find a Christian soul,
And bear it straight to Paradise,
There to cultivate the flowers;
For the flow'rs are wither'd there,
Dead the basil and the pink;
So the Lord has sent His angels
To discover sinless souls.
Hither have the angels come,
Down into the lower world;
And they find Ianka without sin,
But they are unable to approach her,
For her mother's tears prevent them,
And her father's groans prevent them.
To the Lord return the angels,
Saying, "Lord, we are unable
To approach a sinless maiden,
For the mother's tears prevent us,
And her father's groans prevent us."
The Lord then sow'd an apple-tree;
Before morn the tree had budded,
And at noon it was in blossom,
It bore fruit long ere the sunset,
Three apples of pure gold.
God Himself the apples gather'd,
And He gave them to the angels
To be carried to Ianka;
Also give them this command:
"Give one apple to the mother,
And another to the father,
And the third give to Ianka."
Then the angels came to earth,
Gave an apple to the mother,
And another to the father,
And the other to Ianka.
Then Ianka smiled,
And her mother left the chamber
To repose herself from mourning;
Her Ianka would be cured.
Then the angels took the soul
And they bore it to the Lord.
And the Lord went forth to meet it,
Led it into Paradise.
There Ianka tends the flow'rs,
And they bloom the more she tends them.
When the mother had returned,
Then she said to her Ianka:
"Never, child, since thou wast born
Didst thou disobey me—never;
Now thou hast watched my absence
To deliver up thy soul."

JOHN OXENFORD.

SONNETS.

I.

Day after day I watch a level shore
  That the sea chafes and vexes into strife,
And hear the earth give back a sullen roar
  When eager waves would bring it light and life.
I linger though the voice of duty cries,
  And bids me seek a path I fear to tread,
Lest I should lose the memory of thine eyes,
  Oh love, and walk alone among the dead.
Thou shalt speak for me, love, I turn to thee;
  Oh tell me shall I follow them that weep,
And toil and know not rest, nor ever see
  A sunny heaven, smiling on their sleep;
Or shall I tarry here? On me doth fall
  A sudden light! I stay, it is thy call!

II.

Is this the truth, and is it thou dost stand
  Between my work and me, to turn away
My steps when I would seek the promised land,
  And hold me back from hope, and bid me stay
To listen ever to the moaning sound
  Of restless waves that break upon the shore,
And waken dreary echoes all around?
  Dost thou desire that I shall never more
The golden morn remember, never find
  The peace of evening and the sunset glow?
Is it thy will that all the past I bind
  Around a heavy heart, that beateth now
With stormy throbs, because that past is near,
  But thou, the light of life, thou art not here?

III.

My spirit hovers round thy happy home,
  And clings to every dear familiar nook,
And wanders where thy feet have loved to roam,
  And watches for thy step and for thy look.
Dost thou not hear the passionate sob and cry?
  Dost thou not heed the anguish of my lot,
Or see the strife when I am forced to fly
  From thee to those sad realms where thou art not
To them a stern fate points, and then I gaze
  On thee, and through the dark of cruel death
And silence of thy grave, I find the days,
  When all my life was thine, and every breath
Of aspiration raised my soul to thee;
  But now I weep, and thou, oh dost thou see?

IV.

I passed a night of anguish and of fear
  Upon the lake that laves that silent land
Where rest the spirits blest. Oh, will they hear
  My cry, or come to seek me on the strand?
So deep and sweet their sleep, they heed no moan,
  No pale form see from out the billows rise,
Watching the loved and lost. At last alone,
  Apart I see thee. Peace within those eyes,
Where late the eager spirit seemed to chafe,
  Peace reigns instead of sad solicitude;
And pitiful outstretched arms now draw me safe
  Unto thy faithful heart. The daylight rude
Has shattered my fond dream; but ever more
  I watch and wait for thee upon the shore.

V.

I think when I look back from some high sphere
  On the dim narrow path my feet have trod,—
Whilst I have struggled upward, to the clear
  Serene beatitude, the peace of God,—
I shall not heed the summer charm, the song
  Of wood-birds piping through the long sweet day,
The murmur of the limpid stream along
  The meadows, or the glad young flowers of May.
Stronger than action, deeper than all thought,
  And full and true and sweeter than the tone
Of any music that my heart hath caught
  Will be the memory of thy love. Alone
The beauteous earth, oh love, is dear to me,
  Because it leads me on to death and thee.

VI.

Bethink thee, oh my heart, if it be well,
  That beauty, when it maketh thee rejoice,
Recalls one vision only. Canst thou tell
  Why sweetest sounds seem echoes of one voice?
And wilt thou linger with the past alone,
  The dead and past and gone? Thou dost not hear
The cry of pain; thou dost not heed the moan
  Of them that work and die, that weep and fear!
Ah, yes, my heart makes answer, but I see
  A hope for all; I know there is no wrong,
No sorrow here for any, or for me,
  That is as great as love, or is as strong.
Oh love I fear not. Where thou art, I'm brave;
  I dare to follow thee, even to the grave.

VII.

A lonely bird that's prisoned in its cage,
  And hangs amidst a city's noise and strife,
With such hard fate doth ceaseless warfare wage,
  Will not forego the tenderness of life,
The melody of love; but with spread wings
  It seems to see again the happy nest,
The mate that broods and listens; and it sings
  With joy that looks as great as if the west
Was all aflame, and golden lights did play
  Beneath the leaves, and fleck the banks, and chase
The ripples of the stream, and every day
  Brought new delight, and love, and lover's grace.
That song of love, or hope, or memory,
  I too can sing when my heart aches for thee.

VIII.

I follow thee as doth the patient earth
  The star she loves. I follow, oh, my love!
But never find thee! Well I know the worth
  Of words and looks of thine, for high above
All hope I treasure memory. Ah, yes!
  But still I move, and still my life must flow
Apart from thine. Long winter days confess
  Thine absence, and the summer nights I know,
With all their beauty are but dark and sad.
  The sanguine spring still says that thou art near,
And bids me rise to greet thee and be glad.
  But day has sped; darkness again is here;
I do but follow thee alone, forlorn,
  Although I find thee at the break of morn.

IX.

Yes, love, thou art the one star that I seek.
  I follow thee afar, alone, and yet
I never lose thee. Hast thou seen how weak
  The earth is and how poor, that thou hast met
The bare cold mountains with thy sunny rays,
  And called forth even there a happy flower,
That lives through frosty nights and wintry days
  To blossom in thy sight for one short hour?
I bless thee for the darkness and the light;
  For full of thee are darkness, grief, and pain.
I bless thee for the day and for the night,
  And for the heavy loss that is my gain.
I follow, for 'tis thou that leadest me,
  Even through the dark I follow. Thou dost see.

X.

Am I so far from thee, or all too near?
  Lo! when I say my life is spent, and thou
Art absent, whispers tell me thou art here.
  The gentle touch of unseen hands even now
Doth draw me close; even now I hear thee chide
  With tender words the wrong of my despair;
I see how thin the veil that seems to hide
  Thy form, to cloud and darken all the air,
And blot the past. I see that all my life
  Is shared with thee for ever. Now I know;
That thou art with me, so at last the strife
  Is ended, and with it my bitter woe.
But do thou teach me patience, love, I pray;
  I pray thee make me patient day by day.

XI.

Methinks that thou hast led me to a vast
  And populous region! All around I see
Thick gathered forms, like those that in the past
  And in my dreams were wont to follow thee.
They rise up like the waves o'er which a wind
  Eager and keen doth blow, to toss and break
And vex them; when at dawn the sun-rays find
  A path, they pierce the clouds, and on the lake
Fall jubilant; then myriad colours start,
  And wake, and leap forth out of death and night.
Thus with a sudden flash comes to my heart
  The sure belief that where thou art is light.
Where'er thy noble spirit wanders, there
  Is high resolve and worthy life and fair.

XII.

I stand alone upon a mountain height
  And watch a white mist slowly melt away
Into the tender blue and golden light
  Of evening. Dark and stormy was the day;
But now I see the restless torrents find
  Their peace in yon still lake; I see the snow
Lie soft upon the hills. And now the wind
  That did in desolate places moan and blow,
The dreadful precipice and forests dark,
  Are void of terror. For from land and sea
They are thy messengers, sent forth to mark
  Thy path and guide me on my way to thee.
I linger not, but through the dark I come,
  Through dark and daylight unto thee, my home.

FRANCES MARTIN.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN CHINA.

AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER TO "GREATER BRITAIN."

I WAS not free from prejudice when I visited the coast of China last autumn: prejudice in favour of the Chinese. I had long ago formed a strong opinion against much of the action of foreigners in China, and against their views, if those views are represented by the China press. That my prejudices were honest, I am sure; that they were well grounded I still believe. They had first been formed by such paragraphs as this, from the *China Mail:* "Let us say to China, 'This must be done, because we choose.'" And this from the *North China Herald:* "The gunboat will once more at least appear on the stage in China, for its mission is not yet ended, and premature attempts to dispense with it will only make its employment the more necessary and prolonged." My prejudices had been strengthened by the mendacious telegrams from China, which, during some years, weekly murdered missionaries, or insulted ambassadors, in the innocent columns of the English papers. In spite of the Yunan difficulty, and Sir T. F. Wade's withdrawal from Pekin, our general relations with China may be said to have improved. The late Lord Clarendon, to his honour, set the approval of the English Foreign Office on the "co-operative policy," first adopted at Pekin by my friends Sir Frederick Bruce, General Vlangaly, and Mr. Anson Burlingame, of whom the Russian minister alone has lived to see the good results of the system then inaugurated. That wise policy consists in the strengthening of the Central Government at Pekin. That Government is the government of a Tartar dynasty, unpopular with the Chinese people, it is true; but our plan is not to support it against insurrection, but only against its delegated Provincial Governments, also Tartar, and also unpopular with the people. It is understood that we are not to prop up the Pekin Government against any future widespread insurrection, and we are not to defend it in the possible event of a Mohammedan invasion under the Ameer of Kashgar. All that we are to do is to keep China together, no matter who is the Emperor who may sit on the throne at Pekin. We are to deal with and through the Chinese Foreign Office, instead of with the local authorities in the various provinces. Force is to be used only to protect life and property immediately exposed, in opposition to the views of the fire-eating merchants at the ports, who think that China should be forced to do what they desire, and that force should be used at the caprice of any gunboat captain.

The success of the "co-operative policy" was jeopardised by the attack on the French missionaries at Tientsin, an attack which was due to the folly of those persons in employing professional kidnappers to collect children for them, but which was punished with most un-Oriental promptitude by the Pekin Government. On this occasion, however, the *North China Herald* showed the old bad spirit, and positively advised that "the heads of districts should be publicly flogged. . . that the prefect and city magistrates of Tientsin should be degraded and executed, . . . that Tientsin should be debarred for twenty years from sending candidates to the provincial examinations, . . . and that a permanent occupation of the Ta-ku Forts should be insisted on." All these for an attack, by the 'longshore men of the roughest city in the Chinese Empire upon the most injudicious body of good

men who ever inhabited a foreign country! As I have spoken thus plainly with regard to the injudicious conduct of certain missionaries, I feel bound to add that nothing could have been better than the conduct of the English missionary bodies. Their policy is expressed in a letter of the London Missionary Society, written a few years ago. The English Foreign Office had informed the missionaries of the exact nature of their treaty rights. They then replied: "The range of movement here indicated agrees with that which the missionaries understood that they possessed, and in the judgment of the directors it provides an ample sphere of usefulness for all the missionaries whom it is practicable to send forth to China. It is under these powers that the seven principal stations of our mission have been established. It is under them that visits have been paid to the churches and converts around these stations, and that long preaching tours, extending at times to hundreds of miles, have been undertaken. The directors were urged to seek additional powers when the treaties shall be revised, but when it is beyond their strength to exhaust existing privileges, they think it useless to ask that they should be enlarged. . . . The directors feel assured that there is not one of the missionaries of this society who, in the course of his duties, would desire any appeal whatever to physical force." Dr. Mullens, in his "Report on the China Missions," took the same view, and showed that fifteen cities of the very first importance were, by treaty and in fact, open to the missionaries, and that only seven of the fifteen had as yet been occupied. Let me state that these treaty cities contain a population of three and a half millions. In Pekin there are some 50 Protestant converts to 800,000 people, and in Hankow but the same number in a population of 1,000,000. Our Foreign Office summed up the whole question when it wrote, that "it is impossible to protect missionary establishments where no British Consul is stationed." When a few American missionaries, and when the French Catholic missionaries, wander away into the interior, and occasionally meet with a little stone-throwing from a mob, we should remember the Murphy riots in England, the "anti-Chinese" riots of Australia, and hold our peace. Has China ever obtained compensation for the ill-usage of her peaceable and unoffending subjects in California, and in our colonies?

The Chinese have also been much attacked in the China press for what are called violations by them of the treaties in the matter of transit dues. It is certain that a clearer understanding with the Chinese upon the subject of local taxes on British goods would be desirable; but such an arrangement has never been refused by the Chinese, and was contained in the Supplementary Articles of Sir Rutherford Alcock, to which they agreed, though our merchants refused to accept as sufficient concessions made by China without any consideration given to China in return. When I saw Sir Thomas Wade in November last, I found that, in spite of all the pressure of the merchants, he still believes that this question will ultimately be settled on the basis that Sir Rutherford Alcock proposed. I gathered from him, however, that he thought that the Chinese have broken the letter of the Transit Clause of the Treaty of Tientsin. They contend that they have not; but it must at all events be remembered that this was a treaty extorted from them, and in which Lord Elgin, having the empire at his mercy, obtained privileges far in excess of those for which he was told to ask. It was foreseen at the time that difficulties would arise out of a grasping policy upon this point. We were warned that the Chinese, whose whole customs' system is one of tolls levied at many places, could not with justice be asked suddenly to revolutionise it in our favour. We should have wondered if foreigners had been freed from paying toll for their carriages upon English roads while it continued to be paid by British subjects.

We allow our whole trade with Central Asia to be stopped by the tolls that our Cashmere feudatories levy, and are shocked and horrified beyond measure if the Chinese presume to raise from our people their ordinary dues. Lord Elgin himself, in his despatch about his treaty, wrote: "As duties of *octroi* are levied universally in China, on native as well as foreign goods, and as canals and roads are kept up at the expense of Government, it seemed to be unreasonable to require that goods, by the simple process of passing into the hands of foreigners, should be entitled to the use of canals and roads toll-free, and should moreover be relieved altogether from charges to which they would be liable if the property of natives." Sir Rutherford Alcock, when British Minister at Pekin, writing to the Inspector-General of Customs, said upon this question: "Lord Elgin made an admirable treaty upon paper. One thing only was wanting—that it should be practicable. Some of the stipulations, such as those on transit dues, ran counter to all established order, law, and custom, and were unworkable for that simple reason. The transit dues' stipulation gives to foreigners throughout the length and breadth of this vast empire, with its decentralised provinces and outlying dependencies, all larger than European kingdoms, the right of a favoured-nation clause as against all natives and native commerce. It purported to withdraw from all fiscal operations a portion of the inland commerce, which it was impossible to separate in any clear or definite way. It presupposed an organisation and a mode of national administration which had no existence, and the reconstruction under totally new forms, upon some European model, of the whole administration and government of China. Such ends are beyond the reach of treaties, and any attempt to secure them by such means must always lead to failure, for which it is absurd to hold the successors of the negotiators responsible, any more than the government or sovereign on whom impossible conditions have been imposed by superior force." It must be remembered, too, that China has conceded many privileges to foreign merchants, not included in the treaty, such as the coast trade, and participation by foreign coasters in the "four months' privilege."

With regard to another vexed question, that of inland residence, there is now less dispute. It used to be contended by some missionaries, and by all those merchants in the Treaty Ports, who see their interest in the forcible "opening" of the Chinese Empire, that besides the right of travel with passports, our subjects possess a general right of residence in the interior. This was claimed under the general articles of the French Treaty, or by the terms of the Russian Treaty, through the most-favoured nation-clause in our own. In some letters to the *Times*, I pointed out that which was not in those days admitted, namely, that the Russian stipulations referred only to certain special places in Mongolia, and that the general words in the French Treaty are a forgery. It is now allowed by our Foreign Office that this is so, and also that the words "or other places" in the English Treaty are "not general words," but intended only to include the cities at the Treaty Ports. Our Foreign Office now declares that the specification of a right to reside at the Treaty Ports implies the exclusion of the privilege of permanent residence in other parts of the Chinese Empire. The Chinese, when fairly approached, and when asked with civility to grant a favour, instead of being threatened if they do not concede an imaginary right, permit a wide extension of the privileges which the treaties give. Shanghaï merchants, on their shooting expeditions, travel like princes in the interior, with a numerous suite, their extra-territoriality, or exemption from the law, being at the same time preserved. In the valley of Cashmere, ruled by a prince feudatory to ourselves, whose father we first set upon the throne, no such liberality exists. There our sportsmen, and our

officers travelling for their health, are not only compelled to make use of passports, but are tied down by local rules as to the rate at which they shall move, and the number of servants in their retinue. The Chinese, in spite of the treaties, have always allowed of inland residence where it was practicable to do so; witness their quiet toleration of the presence of a missionary two hundred miles up the Pearl River, and of diggers and missionaries at Chefoo. On the passport matter the Chinese have observed the treaty, although Lord Elgin went beyond his instructions in insisting on it, and obtained the concession only by a threat of the renewal of the war. Sir Rutherford Alcock, in one of his despatches on the revision of the treaty, wrote: "As regards inland residence, the objections appear to be insuperable in connection with extraterritorial rights. The Chinese Government are willing that Chinese and foreigners should be placed on an equal footing; but not that the latter should also have exceptional privileges. They contend that if the foreign merchant claims the one, he must in common justice forego the other."

The Chinese suffer in English estimation by comparison with the Japanese. The progress of English influence in Japan has been so rapid and so startling, that many ask why China should not be "opened" with equal speed. Had it not been for the case of Japan, we should have thought the progress of European influence in China, in the last ten years, to have been remarkable. It is the extraordinary adaptability of the Japanese to foreign civilisation that makes the movement in China seem by comparison to be slow. The Japanese are a people, who, once before in their history, had accepted a foreign influence—the Chinese—which utterly changed their civilisation. What they had done once before, they have done again. European civilisation has not been forced upon Japan, but has been voluntarily adopted by the people. This is no argument for forcing it upon China; on the contrary, there is reason to hope that if the Chinese are but left alone they will adopt it very fast for themselves. The use of gunboats and of expeditionary armies makes it impossible for the Chinese to accept that foreign influence, which can make its way only when it is an influence of peace. The Chinese Empire is of enormous size; the Japanese is small, and surrounded by the sea. There are but 33,000,000 of Japanese; there are ten times as many Chinese. On the other hand, the consequences to the world, and especially to the whole of the coast and islands of the Pacific, of the adoption of European civilisation by China will be vastly more important than those of its adoption by the Japanese. Not only are the Chinese a migrating people, rapidly making their way in the Straits Settlements, in the whole of the Malay Archipelago, in South America, and in the United States, but they are a people with more steadiness of character, and with more power of prolonged labour than the Japanese. They are less popular with those who live among them. The Japanese are courteous, polished, and full of pleasing tolerance. The Chinese are irritating to the English who have to deal with them, although those who have lived the longest in intimate association with the Chinese people, come to respect them for their perseverance. The future of English influence in China is not, however, to be determined by personal likes or dislikes for the Chinese nation. We have to consider both policy and justice.

What right have we to force China suddenly to accept the demands of our merchants as to railroads, mining, and internal navigation by means of steamships? As for railroads, the merchants forget that it is but a generation and a half ago that they were bitterly opposed in England. It is true that the Chinese authorities give reasons against both railroads and mining which are not their real ones. They pretend that it is the disturbance

of the graves of their ancestors that they dread. What they really fear is the introduction of great numbers of foreigners into the interior of their country. They will be willing that railroads should be made so soon as they can be made by the natives of the country for themselves. The opposition to internal steam navigation rests upon a different ground. The Chinese believe that a vast number of people, the boatmen and their families, would be ruined by the change. In its more settled districts, and especially along the river banks, China is peopled up to a point at which living becomes precarious to a degree never reached in any other country. The economical consequences of any disturbance of the present equilibrium of poverty have never been investigated. It has never been denied by any economist that the introduction of machinery may cause severe temporary injury to the labouring class; but the policy of such introduction is defended on the ground of the increase of general prosperity. But in China the question is one of starvation and revolution or anarchy, in many provinces at the least. While machinery has been gradually introduced into European countries, in the case of China we are suddenly threatening a vast overpopulated empire with all the splendid mechanical contrivances of Europe planted there at once. One of our Consuls has written with regard to the disturbance even of the coasting trade,—for which the Chinese themselves are responsible, but which is trifling as compared with that which would be caused by the admission of steamers to the inland or river trade:—"Thousands of Chinamen were thrown out of employment by the introduction of foreign vessels. One may reckon that for every hundred tons of foreign shipping employed on the China coast, thirty Chinese were deprived of their means of living. The introduction of railways into China would create far greater distress, and I conscientiously believe that the Chinese Government is not yet capable of coping with the difficulties which too sudden an introduction of railroads would occasion."

The English newspapers have contained of late long letters relating to the opening of a Chinese railway. I am sorry to be forced to refer to this matter as an example of our unfair dealings with the Chinese. There used formerly to be a road from Shanghaï to Woosung. Permission was asked of the prefect of Shanghaï to re-make this road, which had fallen out of repair. A company was got up in London, and called "The Woosung Road Company." It is still so called. After a while rails were ordered, and "the road" was called a "tramway." The first that the Chinese authorities heard of the Woosung *railway* was when they were asked to let engines for it come into China duty-free. Messrs. Jardine and Matheson have made this railway; Sir Thomas Wade was at Shanghaï when it was opened, and was staying with that firm. He was invited to the opening ceremony, and he did not go; but Mr. Medhurst, Consul at Shanghaï, was present, and drank to the prosperity of the railroad. Are Messrs. Jardine and Matheson more powerful than the Chinese Empire, because this railroad of theirs has been made in defiance of treaty? From documents which have been published by the Shanghaï papers, I gather the following facts. The prospectus of the company, which stated that the Chinese authorities were "favourable to the scheme," stated that which was untrue. In 1872 the British Consular authorities asked leave of the prefect of Shanghaï, on behalf of the company, to take steps to re-open the old carriage road. In March 1873, the American Consul, who is, I believe, a shareholder in the company, made a similar application to the prefect. The prefect, in assenting to the road, objected to the levying of tolls upon it, as being contrary to Chinese custom, but made no other difficulty. In May 1873, the road began to be called a tramway by the papers. The prefect wrote to Mr. Medhurst to call his atten-

tion to this fact, and to repudiate the rumour that the Chinese Government had given its consent to such a scheme. Since he has learnt that a railway was to be made, he has repeatedly informed our Consul that its construction is most objectionable to his Government, and Mr. Medhurst has made no public answer to his protest. The prefect has lately written an important despatch, published in the Shanghaï papers, in which he sums up the whole question. He says: "The right of controlling public works, and the making of railroads in every country, is vested in the Government of that country. No railroads can be made in England which affect property, or interfere with roads and water-ways, without the express sanction of the legislature. When foreigners buy property in a foreign country, such property must be subject to the laws of the country in which it is situate, except in cases affected by express treaty stipulations. There are no treaty stipulations between England and China authorising the purchase of land for the making of railroads. In the formation of the Woosung railroad a number of public roads, pathways, and water-courses have been destroyed, to the great inconvenience of the population. Bridges have been built over creeks, and the passage of boats laden with cargo prevented." This despatch has not, it appears, been answered. It seems unanswerable, and I know not how Mr. Medhurst will be able to clear himself from the charge of a singular want of caution in attending the opening ceremony of the Woosung railroad, nor how Sir Thomas Wade will be able to explain the fact that he seems to have made no reply to the repeated communications of the Chinese authorities.

The result of our high-handed proceedings towards the Chinese Government can only be to drive China into a Russian alliance, which will not only have unpleasant consequences to our ally, the Ameer of Kashgar, but which in the long run will cause the granting of privileges to Russia in overland trade which may ruin our commerce upon the Chinese coast.

The Yunan difficulty would require a long paper to itself. Suffice it to say that many who well know the facts believe, as I believe, that we have a bad case. It will always remain chronicled to our shame in our own Parliamentary papers, that we mixed up demands for trade privileges with demands for satisfaction to our national honour, and that we allowed, and were indeed the cause of, the infliction of horrible tortures on the people of the place where Mr. Margary's death occurred. Judging from my conversation of last November with Sir Thomas Wade, and from all that has been published since, I cannot but fear that he has taken upon insufficient grounds the very serious step of removing the archives of the British Legation from Pekin. Our Foreign Office seems wisely to have forbidden him to do that which he proposed, namely, to continue to ask for money compensation, and for trade privileges, in connection with this Yunan affair. He seems to have been perplexed to know what he should ask for next, and in this perplexity to have cut the knot, which he himself had tied, by threatening force. I doubt whether "people at home" will approve the language of the *North China Herald* of the 1st of July, which, in announcing that Sir Thomas Wade has quarrelled with the Chinese Foreign Office, and has come to Shanghaï, declares that "war will be welcome."

Even at this moment, when by our own acts we check the tendency of the Chinese towards progress, they are planning schemes which will do more towards the opening-up of China then could be done by war. In 1875 the Pekin Government employed a gentleman from Newcastle to survey the coal measures of the Island of Formosa. Mines have since been opened there, and are being worked by the Chinese themselves with great success, and the same gentleman is about surveying the coal measures in the neighbourhood of Pekin. If peace should last there can be but

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little doubt that the coal mines of China will be worked within the next few years.

It must always be remembered, when we are describing our trade relations with the Chinese, that we cannot act alone. Other powers must be considered. America, which has about 16 per cent of the trade of the China coast, is reasonable, and will work with us, but Germany with 3 per cent, France with 1 per cent, and Russia with little or none, are unwilling to agree to changes which suit us. For instance, the French will not consent to a very moderate increase of the silk duty, although England is ready to agree to a heavy increase of the opium duty, which would tell against herself. These changes would form the consideration to the Chinese in return for a favourable adjustment of internal transit dues, and other matters. On the other hand, the merchants want us to negotiate with China at the point of the bayonet, and to say: "These things we will have, and will give you nothing in return." This, of course, is unacceptable to those who live "at home," and the result is a dead-lock. Of course the Chinese do not love us; it would be wonderful if they did. They have allowed Englishmen to organise their only perfect service, the Customs, but when Mr. Hart retires it is probable that a Chinese Mandarin will take his place. They are training a hundred students in America, and in a few years will be able to work their Customs service without foreign aid. On the whole, however, the *status quo* is preferable to war, and I left the China coast as I had reached it, with the conviction that the co-operative policy is the only policy which can maintain our China trade. Under the old system a Consul at a small port could provoke, in a single day, a difficulty which might destroy for years a trade of millions. It is impossible to leave it in the power of individuals to destroy the fabric of commercial prosperity, which has been built up upon the basis of our China treaties.

It must not be supposed that I am a thick and thin apologist of the Chinese. There are some points in which I would gladly see our influence over them used in a hostile sense. The atrocious tortures by which they wring confession from their criminals constitute a horror which western nations might properly put down by force; but force is a very different thing when used in the interests of pure humanity to what it is when made use of in the interests of trade.

The detestable climate of Southern China is a drawback to the strength of English influence. Any one who sees the clean and beautiful island-city of Hong Kong in its lovely winter season, will think that its residents have nothing to complain of; but the breathless summer of many months of a still and damp heat, ten times worse than that of Australia, is as exhausting as is the summer climate of Calcutta itself. Hong Kong, however, is a colony of which we have every reason to be proud. While the Portuguese settlement at Macao, which lies close at hand, enjoyed a short-lived prosperity, founded on the infamous Coolie traffic, the prosperity of Hong Kong is founded upon free-trade In the matter of the Chinese Coolie traffic we have cause for congratulation. In this, at all events, we have helped the Chinese Government with representations, and with action, which they never could have made or taken for themselves. It was time indeed that England should speak out, although it is to her honour that she should have spoken. The Chinese Coolie traffic was worse than the African slave-trade, to put down which we made such sacrifice. The truth is that the Chinese Coolies, taking to Cuba no women with them, are less respected and more cruelly tortured and worked-out by their masters than were even the negro slaves of the Spanish colonies, because they are not looked upon as breeding animals! Happily Macao is ruined, while Hong Kong thrives. If we were to believe some of the Hong Kong merchants we should have to echo their complaint that Hong Kong is ruined

too. I received the greatest kindness and hospitality from many of these gentlemen, but I feel bound to speak out with regard to their political ideas. I would far sooner go with them for the annexation of the Chinese Empire than say one word in approval of their custom of perpetually attacking the Chinese Government on questions in which it is strictly in the right. The Hong Kong merchants assured me with grave faces that the colony has been "ruined by a Chinese blockade." Trade is dull throughout the East, but the Hong Kong merchants protest that there is no cause for its dulness at Hong Kong, except this Chinese blockade. Chinese gunboats cruise around the island of Hong Kong and board the junks. Now it is notorious that there used to be more smuggling from Hong Kong into China than even into Spain from the similarly-situated Gibraltar. There is still much smuggling of opium, and by our treaty we seem to have taken away the natural right of the Chinese to fine the smugglers, and as they can only seize the goods, they are bound to be doubly strict. What then is the complaint? The merchants say that the gunboats "levy squeezes on the junks." All these gunboats have European custom officials on board, masters of the Chinese language, whose livelihood depends on no such case being proved against the gunboat on board which they are, for in that case Mr. Hart would be forced to dismiss them from his service. Is it likely that these persons levy illegal exactions from the junks? Who prove these cases of exaction? Chinese Coolies, on their bare word; when, on his most solemn oath, these same merchants will not believe any great Chinese official. Sir Brooke Robertson, our Consul at Canton, refused a little time ago to back a more than usually violent and absurd remonstrance of our merchants; he was in consequence called a "Mandarin," and told that he "prevaricated." The day after a number of Hong Kong merchants had told me their trade was ruined by the Chinese blockade, I examined for myself the statistics, and I also inquired of the highest authority in the colony what truth there was in the statement. I found that in spite of the general dulness of our Eastern trade the trade of Hong Kong had not at that time decreased. The fact, however, that our Eastern trade is stagnant is a small one by the side of another, for a fact I fear it is. Our export trade to China will disappear, and its disappearance is but a matter of time. The day will come when the Chinese, with cheap labour, will make for themselves all, with the exception perhaps of woollen goods, that we can make for them with dear. They have cotton, coal, water-power, and clever fingers; and we shall be lucky if they only supply themselves, and do not also rob us of foreign trade.

My mention just now of the Chinese gunboats reminds me of one point in which we have distinctly carried out what Lord Beaconsfield last year declared to be our policy—the preservation of China. When the first Chinese gunboats were built at Canton the Viceroy hoisted upon them his own flag. Our Admiral at Hong Kong refused to salute or to advise the captains of merchantmen to honour any flag, except the "Dragon Flag" of the Chinese Empire. The various viceroys have been driven by this policy to hoist the yellow flag with the black dragon on the local warships, and the moral effect in strengthening the hold of Pekin on the provinces, of this and similar acts has been considerable.

The value of Hong Kong as a door for the admission of English influence into China has been diminished by one act of Mr. Gladstone's Administration. All Englishmen in the East regret what they believe to have been the folly of abolishing our mint at Hong Kong, which was giving an English coinage to all China. China has no real coinage for purposes of trade. Little bits of silver assayed and weighed, and dollars of the Mexican Republic, battered out of shape, and classed one, two, and

three, at different values, according as an affected *comprador* pretends to have found more or less bronze in their composition—this is the ridiculous "coinage" of the coast. In Hong Kong itself, when I took my letters to the post and gave a dollar to the clerk to pay for stamps, I had to wait while he bit it, tried it with an acid, weighed it, and gave me change, not as though my dollar were a dollar, but according to its weight, which was $\frac{96}{100}$ths of what it should have been. This was no exceptional case, but was the practice gone through in every instance. Such is the repute of English coin, that the Hong Kong mint would in a few years have introduced the use of its dollars by the Chinese people throughout the trading portions of the Empire, without continuing to impose any charge whatever on the English tax-payer.

The history of dollars would be a very curious one. The Chinese look doubtfully upon all that do not bear the name of some well-known Chinese firm stamped upon them, as we write names across the back of a bank-note, except they are of one kind: Mexican pillar dollars, the two pillars of which are described in their Chinese name, "Two-piecey-canneltick" dollars, that is, two *candlestick* dollars. A note in the history of dollars that I propose would have to record the fact that our expeditionary force to Abyssinia had to be supplied with Maria Theresa dollars, of which none were to be obtained in the market, these being the only coins received by the natives of that country. The Austrian Government had to be applied to by the British Government, and the coins had to be specially struck for us at the Vienna mint.

The Compradors, of whom I have just now spoken, are important people in Hong Kong. I visited their club, where I was most hospitably received, and found it second only in splendour to that of the opium-farmers. The latter are so rich that the entrance fee to their club is fixed at 100*l.*, and their club is fitted up with a combination of Chinese comforts and English comforts which is far from being disagreeable.

The temptation to describe the city of Canton, and the extraordinary sights to be seen in its thronged streets must be resisted by me, because they have been described over and over again. Even the memories of the splendid hospitalities of the Dutch Governor-General of "India," at the palace of Buitenzorg, have not obscured those of my stay at the Tartar General's Yamun in the military quarter of Canton. I know no city, so easily accessible, which is so unlike every other in the world. Very little foreign influence is observable in its streets, except, indeed, in the shops, where "valuable old blue" is being manufactured and sold for the English market, and in the adoption of magenta and other hideous dyes in the new silks. The Chinese seem to have taught us their colours, and learnt ours, we gaining by the exchange. English influence in Canton is seen in one way, as to which there may be some difference of opinion. Our excellent and able Consul, Sir Brooke Robertson, has for many years been in the habit of drilling a battery of Tartar artillery and a brigade of Tartar infantry, belonging to the Chinese Government, to serve as his guard; but it is doubtful whether the Imperial Government has not taken advantage of his kindness, and of the services of his clever sergeant-major, to pass through Canton a large number of troops who have received European training in this way. The Tartar troops at Canton are armed with Sniders, they are splendid men, and as solid as our guards. It is to be hoped that English troops may not have to face them in any future war. Should such a war at any time unfortunately take place, I believe that it would be necessary that we should take China under our care, so far as her army and customs are concerned. Instead of taking Pekin, and levying a war contribution upon China, it would be wiser to hold the ports, to collect the Customs by English officers, and to continue to support the throne of China, by what-

ever dynasty it might be occupied, as the only symbol of order by which it would be possible to prevent anarchy and protect trade. I have used the words "whatever dynasty might occupy the throne," because the secret societies which are spreading throughout the Chinese Empire are believed to intend to set a native dynasty upon the Tartar throne. The wearing of pigtails by the Chinese is, as is well known, an emblem of their subjection to the Tartar dynasty, and the cutting off of pigtails, which is spreading through the Empire like a mysterious epidemic, is supposed by many to be the work of the White Lily Society, and to indicate the coming of a revolution. The policy of China would, however, I believe, be much the same were a native sovereign to be crowned at Pekin in place of a Tartar emperor.

The relations of Canton and Hong Kong are always somewhat strained. One of the greatest difficulties of Hong Kong is that it is an asylum for all the blackguards of Canton, who are far from few in number. Whenever a man commits a crime in Canton he flies naturally to Hong Kong, to be under the British flag. The Chinese officials follow their criminals sometimes, and claim their extradition, which we are often unable to accord, for fear lest they should be political offenders. Mandarins have been known to suborn false witness on the "Hill of Peace," as the worst portion of the Chinese town at Hong Kong is named, and to pretend that refugees, who were in fact concerned in a rebellion, were thieves and forgers. The turbulent nature of the population of both towns is seen by the fact that the river steamers, running from the one to the other city, are forced to keep their second-class passengers below, with an iron grating over each hatchway, and with sailors at each grating, revolver in hand, to prevent the possibility of the passengers plundering the ship, as once occurred. Hong Kong is an admirably policed city, and is a thoroughly well-kept and well-governed place. Its garrison is strong enough to take and hold Canton, the largest city in the Chinese Empire, in spite of the Tartar troops; but the Chinese can ruin Hong Kong whenever they please by the peaceful process of building a railway. A railway from the north, with a terminus opposite to the excellent anchorage of the Bogue, would cause the rise of a Chinese port which would destroy Hong Kong. When our merchants talk of "opening" China, we should remember that while the great English houses in China would gain in a thousand ways by such a change, English trade, as a whole, would suffer. The making of railroads throughout China will, in all probability, be accompanied by the starting of local manufactures upon an enormous scale. If ever our Eastern trade is ruined there is a future for many of the men, and for much of the capital employed in it, in the direction and support of manufacturing establishments in the Treaty Ports and in the coal-bearing provinces of China; but it must never be forgotten for one moment that the gain of these men would be the loss of Lancashire.

Hong Kong cannot be considered by itself; Singapore in many ways stands on the same footing. Both these cities, though called "colonies," are in fact nothing but free ports, depending on the trade of countries not under the British flag. The future of these depot towns is a gloomy one, I fear. Trade is yearly becoming more direct. In old days, if Australia wanted coffee, and to pay for it in flour, she sent her flour to England, and the tropical colonies sent coffee to England, by ships which called at depot ports; both the trades were carried on in English ships, and the profits of both were for England. Now, to take one example out of many, Java, as I found when I was there, sends sugar and coffee direct to Australia, and receives directly in exchange flour, butter, horses, leather, preserved meat, and wool. Still, while the outlook is bad for all depot ports, it is less gloomy for Singapore, Malacca, and Penang than it is for Hong Kong. The rich

Malay Peninsula, in which these British settlements are lost, ought to be British soil, so hopeless is it to preserve between the Chinese and native populations of the independent states that peace without which life and property cannot be protected, mines worked, or trade developed. I will not go into the Perak question, and will only say that I believe that the Singapore merchants are right in demanding the annexation of the Peninsula. As in 1874 and 1875 I strongly opposed the annexation of Fiji, it may be thought that I am guilty of inconsistency in advocating that of hitherto independent Malay States. There is annexation and annexation. In Fiji we were going for the first time to a country in which our Government, as such, had never interfered. The case of the Malay Peninsula rather resembles that of the Fanti Confederation upon the Gold Coast. There has been British protection of a country in which slavery exists, and in which Chinese and British subjects are constantly at war with the Malays. Rapine, piracy, cruel debt-slavery of innocent children, and gross misrule exist throughout the Malay Peninsula. We have not now for the first time to consider whether we will interfere with this state of things. We did interfere by appointing residents a long time back, and are made responsible for evils which we cannot check. Whether we annex the Malay Peninsula, of which there now seems no chance, or whether we do not, the future of Singapore seems less doubtful than the future of Hong Kong. The advance of Sumatra in material prosperity under the Dutch rule must bring some additional trade to Singapore. Already the tobacco of Dhelhi, in Sumatra, is making for itself a name which will soon stand second only to Cuba; but this again is a trade which will not much benefit our Straits Settlements, nor any depot ports, for the tobacco will be sent straight home. I had a very interesting conversation at Penang with a Chinese merchant, whose family has been established there for a long time. He was hot for the colonization of the Malay Peninsula, and told me that which I believe is true, that his countrymen, swarming in under our rule, would make of that country one of the richest on the face of earth.

My visit to the Straits was but a flying one, for a journey to Java was interpolated in its midst, a dream of Mangosteins and thunderstorms, of Dutch palaces with acres of orchids, ponds full of Victoria Regias, and butterflies as big as birds. It is as strange that more English travellers do not visit Java for its beauty, as that more do not visit Canton for its political and social interest. Newer scenes cannot be found. From the moment of embarkation upon dirty steamers, crowded with Dutch ladies in bare feet and native dress, to cross a sea that is covered with floating palm-trees from the Sumatra rivers, to that of disembarkation in that lovely tropical forest, dotted with houses here and there, which is called the city of Batavia, all is fresh even to the experienced traveller's eye. The system of the Dutch, the afternoon stillness of Buitenzorg Palace, a sort of tropical Versailles, the great rumbling coaches drawn by six pied-rats of ponies upon the levels, and dragged by eight great tawny buffaloes up the hills, the deafening screeching of the beetles, the tree-ferns of Sandanglaya, the "walking-flowers," or pink-orchid-insects, feeding on live butterflies, which they will not take dead; all these tempt the traveller to linger over descriptions of things which cannot be described. The Dutch statistics are eloquent as to the nature of the country which they occupy. Java is not large, but within its limits 300 people every year are eaten by carnivora, 200 by the crocodiles, 100 killed by the rhinoceros, 500 killed by lightning, while 100 die from snake-bites, and a varying number by earthquakes and volcanic action. The traveller journeying under Dutch protection along the well-known roads is safe against most of the accidents which

destroy the natives of the land; but the hospitalities by which he is surrounded, combined with want of knowledge of the language, prevent him from making observations upon the nature of the Dutch rule which are of any worth. It is certain that the Dutch have killed art in Java. They do but little for education, and the doubtful question is whether under their administration the material position of the people has been improved.

Whatever may be the faults of British rule, and however much it may be true, as is asserted by the Dutch, that we more frequently provoke rebellions by injudicious conduct than do they, it is certain that our annexation of the Malay Peninsula would not produce that abject degradation of the people before their rulers which is too evident in tropical countries occupied by the Dutch.

CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE.

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